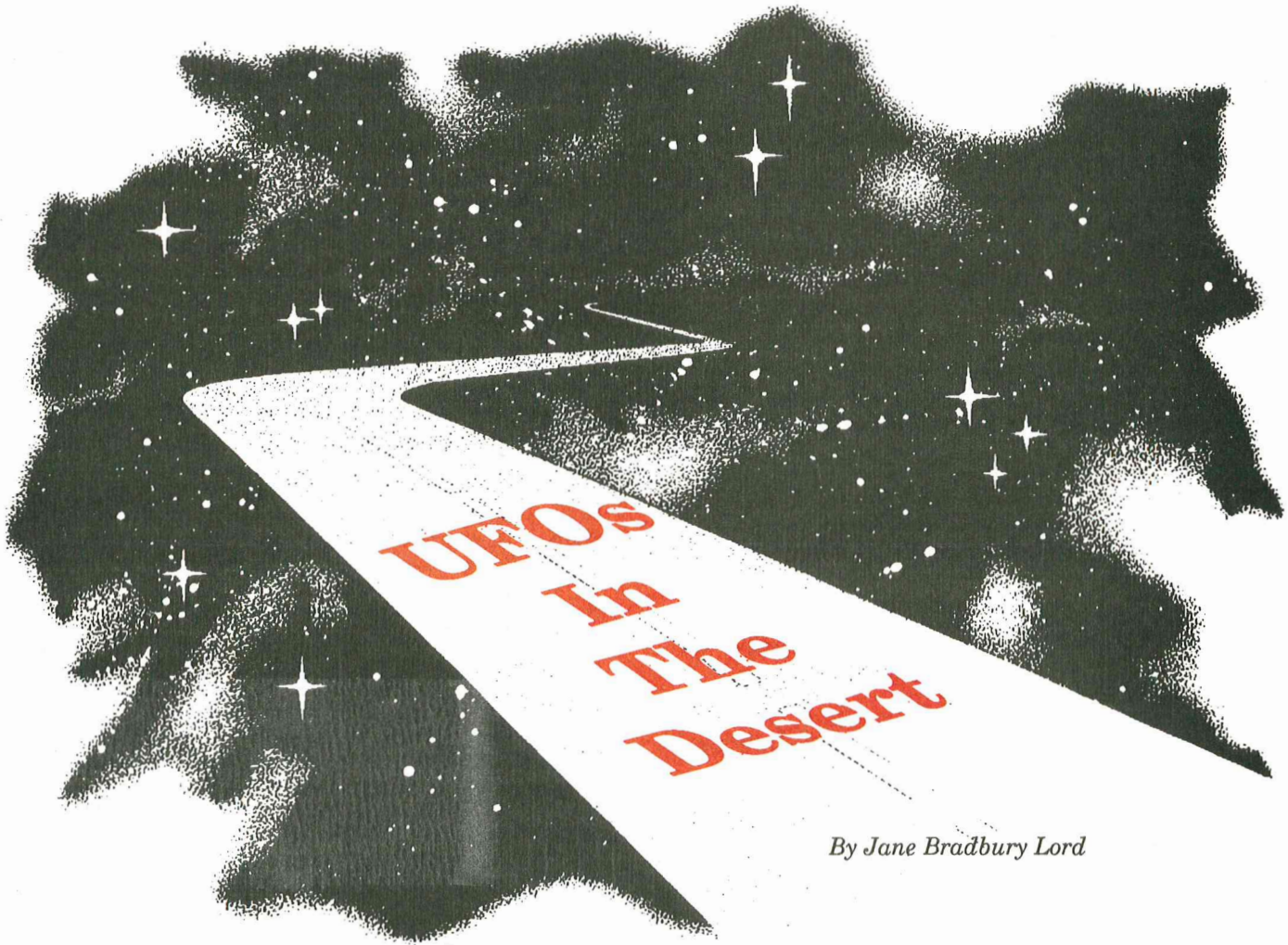

Cover Story



By Jane Bradbury Lord

Have you ever seen a UFO? President Jimmy Carter did in 1969, when he was governor of Georgia, and he filed an official report of the incident with the National Investigations Committee of Astral Phenomena.

The subject of UFOs is as vast as the universe. Some people study sightings and abduction phenomena. Others look to outer space beings as advanced spiritually and technically, ready to help us out of our bellicose actions. *Omni* magazine devoted its December 1990 issue to UFOs, and the bookstores are full of new findings and personal experiences.

Here in the Hi-Desert, many remember the heyday of George Van Tassel, whose annual UFO conventions brought people from all over the country to Giant Rock in the 1950s and '60s. (See Contents for historical feature on Giant Rock). When Van Tassel died in 1968, the desert was quiet, with only scattered individuals engaged in this study until recently.

At the first meeting of the Hi-Desert UFO Club in Joshua Tree last November, some 20 to 25 people

heard a talk on "Government Coverup of UFOs" by Guy Kirkwood of San Diego, a former Air Force pilot and commercial airline pilot.

Kirkwood grew up on apple pie, baseball, hot dogs and an insatiable desire to fly airplanes. By age 17, he had his private pilot's license and, in 1953, was flying F-86A Sabrejets for the Air Force.

That fall, he and others were trained in photo reconnaissance, given a top-secret Q-clearance, were shown six to seven hundred photos of UFOs, and asked to provide more documentation.

"They sent us a Col. Peterson from the Pentagon, a consummate military man who demanded perfection. He wanted air work, and he wanted it close up, our wing tips overlapping three feet."

On days of good visibility, the squadron flew from Salt Lake City to Boise, Idaho, and back. Machine guns were replaced with three-millimeter cameras which shot 1,100 frames a minute. The cameras were locked into the radar gunsights. When the red light came on, you pressed the button. There was no sophisticated radar lock-on at that time.

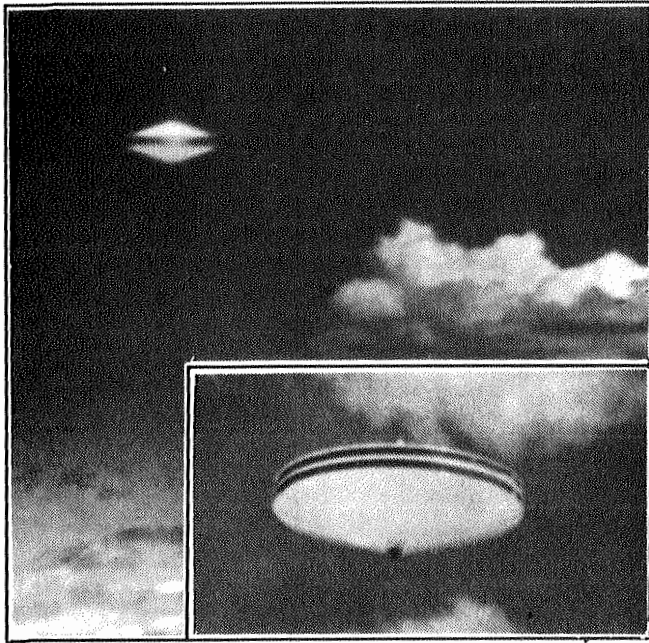
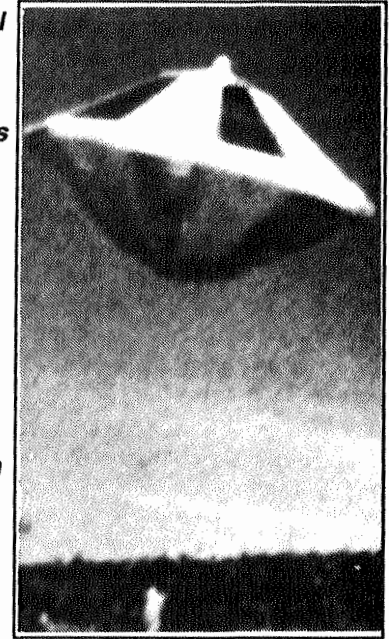


Photo and close-up detail (left) of saucer-shaped craft over Twentynine Palms Marine Corps Base. White section emits low electro-luminescence; dark rays absorb light. The dual positive and negative poles draw in and send out electromagnetic energy for propulsion, eliminating the need for fuel carried aboard.



Unmanned atmospheric sampling ship (right) with dark and light markings which disappear when power is off. Photographed in Joshua Tree. (Photos by Daniel Fry)

They had a 90-day tour with extra duty and extra pay. "On the 19th day we saw the UFOs. They were like the bumblebee which, by all laws of aerodynamics, cannot fly. What we saw stopped still, moved straight up and down, then overtook us."

In the aircraft, their instrument panels went crazy, needles dancing wildly, all primary information taken away, an electromagnetic anomaly. They lost their air speed indicator, altimeter, rate of climb, horizontal horizon and magnetic compass.

The UFO sightings occurred two more times, and they were able to get photos—this was in 1954. "After the third time, we wanted out. We were no longer heads up in the cockpit. We were coming apart, shaking uncontrollably after we landed. The only one who didn't come apart was Peterson. He was elated."

Their release from the project was granted, "we were told we did good jobs, and we all attempted to return to normal living...yet the questions go on nagging—no answers."

For the remaining three years in the Air Force and for many more as a commercial airline pilot, Kirkwood took special note of the government's tendency to discount public sector UFO sightings.

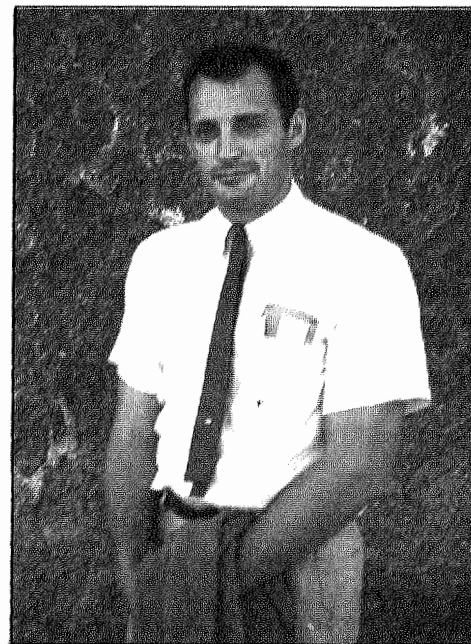
"The government was seeking a better handle on this UFO thing. They needed more data to work with. They were attempting to develop a wall of denial to the public. If someone persisted, the standard answer was, 'We're sorry but we don't know what you're talking about. We're looking into it. If you saw something take place, contact your local Air Force base, and they'll look into the matter.'"

This worked for a while. "Typically, if you saw something, you'd call the Air Force base and talk to

the Public Information Officer who usually is a Second Lieutenant, probably an ROTC graduate. He has his commission, has learned to type, but he has no meteorological training, is not pilot rated—a pretty low man on the totem pole."

These PIOs made up answers, but the sightings continued, and the questions became more probing.

So the Air Force, realizing this, created a whole sheet of paper of some 60 answers. "When someone called, you went down the sheet and matched your inquirer's description with something that seemed to



Guy Kirkwood.

fit, such as, 'particular clouds or flocks of geese or sunspots or the Planet Venus.'"

All went well until the early 1960s when a group of newspaper writers and reporters met for a conference in Kansas City, Missouri.

"They took a break and some of them went up on the hotel roof, standing, talking. One of them says, 'Hey, what was that?' They all see a disk object. 'Dammit, if it isn't one of those bloody flying saucers.' Another says, 'Will you look at this! And the Air Force says they don't exist.'" About 16 people were there.

One of them called the Air Force base and was told he saw the planet Venus. Several others called, and they all were given the same answer.

The reporters checked with the local weather bureau and asked, "Is it possible to see Venus from this vantage point at this time of day?"

"Not unless you can see through the center of the earth," was the cryptic reply. Venus was on the other side of our planet at the time. The newsmen secured a document stating that fact from the weather bureau and started writing.

"The stories they wrote carried the headlines, AIR FORCE LIES, GOVERNMENT WITHHOLDS INFORMATION. The bubble had burst. But the truth of the matter was the Air Force had been handed this hot potato by the Pentagon." They were told to investigate UFO phenomena but weren't given sufficient funding and were supposed to keep it secret.

In 1965 Kirkwood met a former Air Force officer, now a lawyer with his own radio show, who said to Kirkwood, "The Pentagon has a lid on things. Somebody has to stick his neck out—YOU!"

Kirkwood refused. It had taken him five years to be hired by the airlines and he didn't want to lose his job. "They don't like UFOs. They use the same questionnaire as the Air Force and call it Disconcerting Flying Objects. If a pilot sees anything, he's told to forget it! UFOs are bad publicity for the airlines."

The lawyer persisted, suggesting that Kirkwood change his name to Mel Noel and go on an evening talk show to test the waters. When they went on the

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air together, the board lit up with phone calls. They were on the air for five and a half hours. "The public appetite was starvation. They wanted knowledge and they wouldn't quit," said Kirkwood.

That radio show led to five hectic years of media exposure for the new Mel Noel who appeared on Johnny Carson, was interviewed by Paul Harvey, and conferred with Barry Goldwater, Richard Nixon and the General of the Air Force.

At the same time, he pursued his career as an airline pilot, leading a dual life as Guy Kirkwood. One day, while serving as flight engineer on a DC-8, he saw the captain rubbernecking out the window, looking at a black object which looked like a rifle barrel flying beside them.

"The object would not maintain the same airspeed. It would move forward, hang there, go back like a water spider." The captain took 17 frames of color photos, never getting more than a third of it in the photo. "Luckily, it was color film. It offers proof. You can't tamper with the dyes impregnated in the negative, as you can with black and white." Kirkwood showed the photos to the group at the Joshua Tree meeting.

Meanwhile, "There were 178 passengers climbing all over one side of the plane, trying to get a look. And our instruments all went out. We had the plane grounded at our next stop. We were the 11th commercial aircraft to see this thing."

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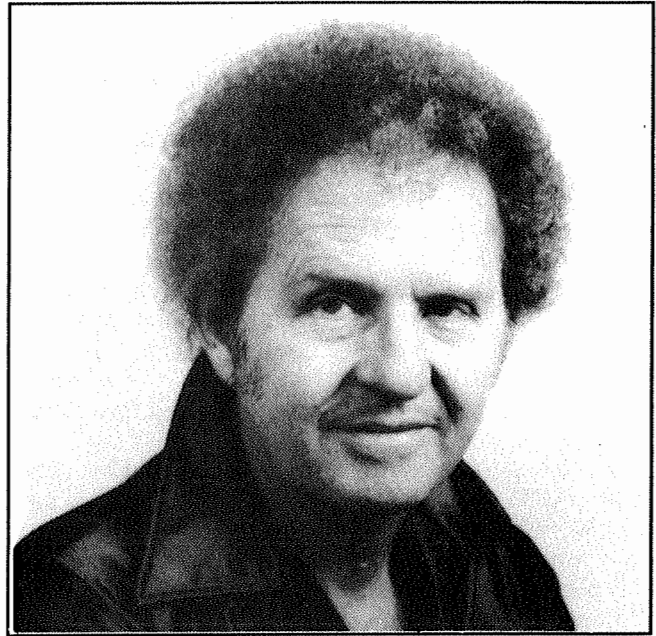
Kirkwood spoke of *the grays*, the ETs discussed in abduction accounts by New York UFO investigator/author Bud Hopkins. These are the little gray men that look like the extra terrestrial in the movie ET and which grace the cover of the bestseller, *Communion*.

"The abduction scenario is incredibly redundant. Over and over, people report the same thing. Typically, the first experience is at the age of five, followed by repeated contacts, where the ETs take hair and fingernail clippings, scrapings from tongue and teeth, blood, urine and fecal samples and other medical data."

These beings are commonly described as "totally hairless, no ears, no nose, no mouth—just a slit—a very narrow pointed chin, large eyes. They take samples of dirt, oceans, fresh water, vegetation, and cattle mutilations."

Why are they here? "These ETs have come here looking for some answers of their own. They don't have a perfect system. They have problems. In successive hybridizing of their kind, they have lost two characteristics: *emotion* and *love*. This baffles them when they observe it in us. They want it. They want to hybrid it."

The government doesn't want it to be a public sector subject. But it hasn't gone away, Kirkwood said, as he neared the end of his lecture.



Robert Short

Over the last 10-15 years, we've seen the emergence of the best minds—PhDs in the sciences, the social sciences, psychology, psychiatry—tackling this issue. "The only thing that's lacking is funding. A scientist can only do so much until he gets into a laboratory with six million dollars worth of equipment and comes up with numbers."

Joshua Tree resident Robert Short and his wife Shirley, both ordained ministers, have maintained the Blue Rose Ministry since 1970. Their work involves contacting extra-terrestrial intelligence—using Robert as a channel—and sending the recorded messages to people all over the world.

In his own words:

I was born in 1929 in Sioux City, Iowa. My father was an executive with W. Swift & Co. When I was five, we moved to Los Angeles where my father was a salesman and, later, a Hollywood agent. I was raised with music, sang and fooled around with drums, went to Hollywood High School with a lot of show people, then entered the Navy.

My family was not super religious—my Dad tried several churches—but even as a child, I believed someone would come here from out there, and this would be the greatest thing that's happened on earth.

After the Navy, I worked as a sales clerk in Southern California, and became interested in UFOs after hearing of Kenneth Arnold's sightings near Mount Rainier in 1947. In 1951 I went to Winslow, Arizona, and met Lyman Streeter who contacted extraterrestrial intelligence on his ham radio.



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Streeter first thought his leg was being pulled, but it wasn't. Many times while I was there the UFOs hovered right over where we were getting messages. Then they would answer questions we hadn't asked. I wondered if you could *bypass* the ham radio and use direct mental telepathy. In 1952 the government shut us down.

One night back in the San Fernando Valley, I took a flashlight and signaled a special UFO code, and some half a dozen of them streaked across the sky! I wanted to communicate with them. Someone suggested I try automatic writing, so I did, setting up a large artist's pad and holding my hand over it. All I got at first was swirls, but finally when *they* began writing, it was *so fast*. I would feed the paper in with my left hand, and feed it out again, it was so fast! My arm never got tired although sometimes I held it over the paper for an hour.

Finally they said: WE WISH YOU TO GO TO THE BIG ROCK IN THE DESERT IF YOU WISH TO LEARN MORE OF THE TRUTH ABOUT US.

"You show me how to get there," I said. But no word. My main contact was a being called Jon-al, along with another guy.

Later, my mother learned of a woman who had been to a place near Twentynine Palms where, "...there's a man that's underneath the big rock who talks to the space people."



George Van Tassel

I got out a map, saw no big rock in the Twentynine Palms area and said, "OK, smart guys, if you're telling me all this, you show me how to get there."

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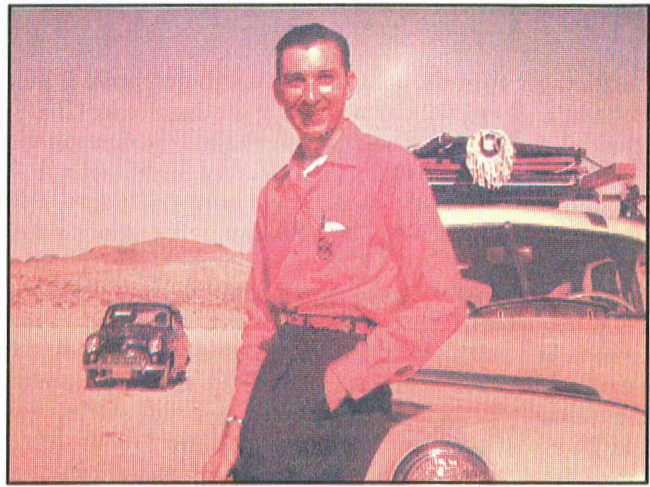
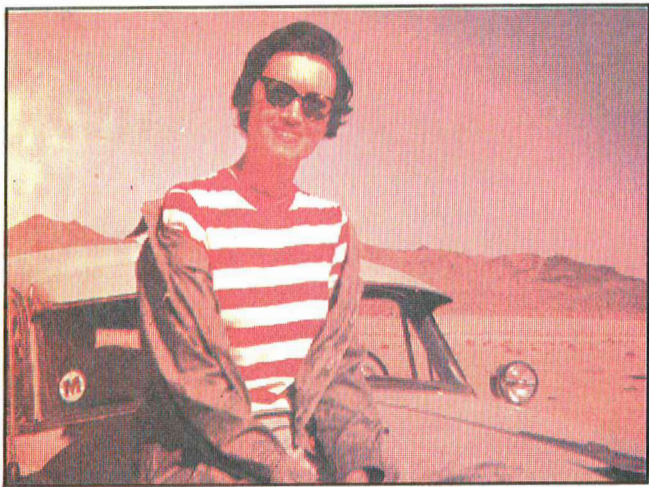
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Helen and Gabriel Green at 1955 Giant Rock convention.

That evening I got into my little Hudson Terraplane coupe, left North Hollywood with some water, food and blankets, and said, "Now I'm going to head out toward Twentynine Palms. If I'm supposed to find this place, you show me how to get there."

I wind up in the town of Joshua Tree where Mel Benson now has his real estate office, which used to be a Union 76 station. I get some gas and say to the guy, "Say, could you tell me where I can find this big rock out here?"

He looks at me like, oh boy, we got one of these, and says, "Ya! Take your pick. They're all around you."

Oh-oh, you ask a dumb question and get a dumb answer.

I pull out of the station, go five blocks east. All of a sudden, I hear this voice: **TURN LEFT!** I turn left, go up a dirt road—where do I go now, guys? No answer, so I head straight ahead into the desert. I get to a fork in the road and say, "OK, now where do I go?"

TAKE THE ROAD TO THE RIGHT.

I end up in a rock-strewn roadway, look to the left, see a light in the distance, drive along, finally see a big boulder with a wind socket and a light on top of it, a building and a sign, *Come On In*. It's late, so I take a

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stretch, have a bit of food, and crawl under the blankets, ready to find some gas in the morning and be on my merry way.

The next morning I walked in and saw this big, rawboned woman who said, "Good morning, how are you!" I said, "Oh, fine, fine."

"Well, what'll you have?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Aren't you going to have any breakfast?"

"Well, yeah, sure," I said.

"Well, what would you like?"

I said, "What have you got?"

"We have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, eggs and toast and coffee." It was like a restaurant. That's weird, I thought, out in the middle of nowhere, a restaurant!

I ordered. I'm sitting drinking my coffee when a guy walks in, she takes a cup of coffee for him, says "Good morning," and walks back to fry the bacon.

"By the way," I said, "do you know where I could find this place called The Big Rock in the Desert?"

"I might," she said.

"Well, where...is this...?"

She said, "It's called Giant Rock, and you're there."

I said, "What? Are you kidding me?"

"Why would I kid you?"

"I don't know but nobody's going to believe this."

"Nobody's going to believe—what?"

"That I was led to find this big rock that you call Giant Rock."

"Oh?" she said. "If you weren't meant to find it, you wouldn't find it. But obviously you have, so you're here."

"By the way," I asked, "do you know about this man that talks to...well, you know..."

"No, I don't know," she said. "What are you talking about?"

"Well, do you know these things that are called flying saucers?"

"Yes, what about them?"

I knew she must have thought I was crazy.

"You know, these beings that fly about..."

"You mean space intelligence?"

"Yeah!" I said.

She says, "Yes, that's my husband. He's sitting right over there—Mr. George Van Tassel." That was Mr. Van Tassel's first wife, the most wonderful lady you'd ever meet. A real pioneer—a big heart. She was wonderful.

I walked over to him and said, "Mr. Van Tassel?"

He said, "Yes?" He looked like he had been a business executive. He had a Dutch background, was very matter of fact.

"Mr. Van Tassel, I have some writings outside," I said. "Would you mind looking at them?"

"Well, I guess so," he said.

I brought them in, he thumbed through them and said, "Looks like the real McCoy to me." Then he said, "Now that you're here, we're going to have a meeting tonight. Would you care to attend?" Oh, wow, would I!

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"By the way," he added, "you went the back way. There's a front way."

Typical! I could just hear them sitting up there going yuck-yuck. They have a good sense of humor.

That night, people came from all over the United States, and some flew in. The underground room carved out of the rock was packed.

Soon they started singing, "I'm forever blowing bubbles..." I thought, oh my God, we've got a cult! Oh, no, no, no! Then they're chanting, "Ommmmmmmm."

Mrs. Van Tassel finally said, "We're doing this to raise the vibrations." I'm saying, OK, well, whatever, when in Rome...

Pretty soon her husband starts talking. His voice changes, is deeper, a monotone. He introduces himself as some space being, "...and we're coming from the realms of Bleaugh..." He had all these names, and I'm thinking, what's this? They were really goofy sounding.

But what he said made sense. He was talking about their civilization, what they were coming here for. It was like a briefing, alerting us to things that were taking place, what we had to do to bring about a peaceful solution to things that were taking place. They were very upset about atomic devices we were using. They would tell you things you could do, let your Congressman know, work as a group.

Then they told us they were going to fly over us in a few minutes. The communications ended, Van Tassel came out of his altered state, we went upstairs and saw them go overhead in formation.

After the first session, we had coffee and donuts, and then just before the second session Van Tassel said, "Would Bob Short care to come down and sit with us? I think something very interesting may happen here."

I sat down, they did the singing again, then he's in his other state. Suddenly my right arm started vibrating, then I was vibrating all over. I said to myself, stop this! Are you crazy? Stop! I couldn't get it to stop.

The next thing I know, bang! I'm out like a light. When I come to, people are staring at me. I'm going,

oh God (groan), I went to sleep. I turned to Van Tassel and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Van Tassel, I must have fallen asleep."

Van Tassel said, "Fall asleep, my fanny! How in God do they push a thing like that through a set of vocal cords? Holy mackerel! That voice came out of you—just boomed and rang off the rocks in here."

I said, "What? Are you kidding me? I don't remember anything. I thought I fell asleep. My body started shaking, I couldn't stop it, and I fell asleep."

He said, "No, you didn't. No sir. That voice—"

"What did it say? What did it say?"

"Well, it said it wished the people peace and blessings and love and so forth, and was most happy that the people were here to receive this information. Then it stopped and signed off."

I said, "Who was it?"

He said, "It sounded like Juneau, Junal—I don't know."

"Could it have been *Jon-al*?"

"Yeah, that could have been right."

I was almost in tears. I discovered I could do this, go into an altered state. I continued coming to Giant Rock every month and doing this. It was like being in training, and I continued with the automatic writing. I finally formed a group in North Hollywood and did it there before moving to the desert.

Have we ever had physical contact with these people? Yes, my wife and I both, sometimes in the presence of other witnesses. My whole family, my daughter, my son, my grandchildren, my friends, have all seen these ships hanging around this place.

The first time was October 10, 1958, in Paradise Valley, between Yucca Valley and Joshua Tree, on the highway. I was staying with a friend. At that time few houses were around.

The ship was one and a half football fields away from me. I saw it come down. It hovered just above the ground, and the hatch opened. That's when I

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began to get very scared. Oh my God, something's coming, I thought. I was crying, I didn't know what to do, and my mind was telling me, Run! Get out of here! I didn't, because I couldn't get my legs to move. I thought I was going to pass out.

He was human looking, a beautiful being, about 5'10", with a well-chiseled face, high cheekbones and shoulder-length hair blowing in the breeze. It was after 8 p.m., with some light in the heavens.

This was totally unexpected. When I finally realized I was looking at someone from another world, I was just totally blown away. Questions raced through my mind.

I was sweating profusely. I was scared and hyperventilating, and thought I was going to pass out. And yet when this being got close to me, within arm's reach, he put his hand over his heart as though to say, "Everything that I am, everything that you see, is open to you."

At that time, my mind cleared up. All that garbage went out. I felt like the most alive individual in the world and had a tremendous sense of peace and well being.

He looked right through me. I knew instinctively that he knew everything about me from the time of my birth, even before that.

He said, "We have come down to make an adjustment in the power of our craft, and we will see you at a future time." That's all he said and yet his lips never moved.

Gabriel Green, 66, quietly heads the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America from his modest Yucca Valley home.

For years he has striven to plant the seeds for a better government on our planet, based on principles he says he has received telepathically from higher space intelligence.

In 1960, Green attracted national press when he ran as an independent presidential candidate, later withdrawing to support John F. Kennedy in his race against Richard Nixon.

In 1962, he received 171,000 votes as a U.S. Senate candidate in the California Democratic primaries, campaigning as a Peace Candidate against nuclear testing. In 1972, he was the presidential candidate of the Universal Party.

Green rests his platform on Universal Economics, a space age economic system to equally distribute our resources; and The United World, a spiritually oriented world government which would resolve international disputes nonviolently through a new system of representing people and nations. His system combines the constructive aspects of capitalism and communism, without the disadvantages of either.

In his own words directly quoted here for the remainder of the article:

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Gabriel Green

The information given to us by the space people has changed over the years because we were very naive and unsophisticated, relative to what we are now, 40 years later.

As an example, when they first came here, our minds couldn't conceive that anyone beyond our own solar system could be coming here. We just couldn't imagine their ability to transcend time and space so fast. We thought it might take hundreds of years for anybody to come here.

They can travel millions of times the speed of light. The main time consumed is speeding up and slowing down to the speed of light or its multiples.

My first contact came about through a friend of mine who probably had more space contacts than anyone I knew of. He had been teleported halfway across the universe and had been beamed up and down like they do in *Star Trek*.

He was very unusual. He had mind pals as some people have pen pals. His communications weren't confined to this planet, but were all over the universe.

He contacted a young woman writer who was on a planet about 70 years in evolution behind that of earth. They were still going through the horse-drawn trolley stages. She was a bit like Jules Verne—a prophet or science fiction writer. By writing about the things my friend would tell her were happening on earth, she became the foremost science fiction writer of her time on her planet.

Through him I met several space people he had been in ships with. Renton from Alpha Centauri was one of those I met who later met JFK in the Oval Office of the White House. He used to give me reports of his meetings with Kennedy and also Khrushchev.

I didn't have any tangible evidence of that until 1968 when Robert Kennedy, a month before he was killed, acknowledged in a letter that he was a member of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, and that he was very interested in UFOs. I have a copy of that letter.

Very few planets are as backward as ours and, because of that, we are considered very important in the cosmos. Earth is known as the school of hard knocks, or penal colony, where rejects from the rest of the universe are sent, people who haven't grown as fast as others on other planets, or have fallen back.

There was a particular period allotted to this planet to serve as a penal colony, and now that this planet is ready to graduate to a higher vibration, you transport these laggards to some less evolved planet which agrees to serve as a school of hard knocks, where these people can learn lessons they need for their evolution.

At the same time, our planet is a training ground for future gods and goddesses. Put to the ultimate test, you go down to Earth, and by the time you get out of there, you really have some wisdom. By the time you graduate—if you graduate, if you make it through alive—you'll be given your own planet, be a god of your own planet, if that's what you want.

If you're on some other altruistic, heaven-like world, you can come down here and take a quick course of evolution, and experience in one lifetime here more than you would in a hundred or a thousand lifetimes on some other planet where there is very little change relative to what we're going through now.

I've regressed a number of people who've come from other planets in past lives. Most of them say if they were fully aware of what they were getting into when they came here, they wouldn't have come. I think that's probably true for most of us.

The people are more enlightened than the government because the leaders of most world governments are members of the hidden government that has as its goal the subjugation and domination of mankind.

It is the secret government—the *Illuminati*—who infiltrate and take names of respected organizations and subvert them. Another name for them is *Internationalists*. They start the wars and plan the wars for their own personal profit. Their goal is to keep mankind in bondage as long as possible.

That's why they oppose all knowledge of the benevolent space beings because the latter have as their goal the emancipation of mankind.

Rather, they're trying to make us fearful of the more advanced space beings. They've publicized the ETs, the grays, these little creatures, so mankind can feel superior to these bug-eyed looking humanoids.

Ninety-five percent of the information given out in the UFO and New Age movement is negative prophecy, a doom/gloom/destruction type of material:

"...you're going to have a polar flip...the ice age is coming...your society isn't going to make it...you've got all these problems unless you get off your behinds...the Internationalists are going to ensnare you and adulterate the Constitution so we don't have any freedoms left...anybody who doesn't go along with the norm is going to be put in concentration camps..."

The doom and gloom people are channels. The space people who give out this material do so in order to stimulate thinking. The positive constructive aspect of this is if people get scared enough—and some people are so low on the frequency scale in consciousness that they can only be motivated by fear—they will start thinking.

The space people are trying to reach everybody, to motivate as many people as they can.

We've got a different bait for every level of consciousness, so ultimately we can get everyone on a hook and reel them in. You have to use a very light line on some people because they're very strong and have a will of their own. You have to get them on a line where they won't even be able to see it, a line so thin they don't even know they're on the hook.

You need a number of different viewpoints to reach everyone. That is all part of the educational process.

For years, the anti-contactee groups were calling—so-called scientifically, but, really, pseudo-scientifically—the contactees fakes, phonies and liars to discredit the contactee movement. For years, they refused to acknowledge that any contacts had been made.

But they, like everyone else, were on one of these hooks where they are gradually reeled in to a higher level. They got reeled into becoming involved with these little humanoid creatures.

Because their egos wouldn't allow them to accept that we were making contacts with any advanced

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- ✓ **Operate swamp coolers for brief intervals, instead of all day long.**
- ✓ **Use a broom, not the hose, to clean driveways, patios and sidewalks.**
- ✓ **Take shorter showers.**

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Helen & Gabriel Green present political platform at 1956 Giant Rock convention.

movie star-looking benevolent beings, they would accept these little bug-eyed creatures.

The scientific community is still talking about hardware, and where the indentations were made—the wheat circles over in England. They're still trying to figure out whether flying saucers exist or not.

After you read 10 million sighting reports, so what? A hundred will be sufficient to let you know there's something there.

If we would cooperate with the space people and start living by the universal laws we've been given as guidelines to live by, we can create a heaven-like existence for everyone, and our Earth can be a joyful place to live.

The millenium age coming up is considered the Golden Age of mankind, a cycle which the solar planetary systems go through. But now we're graduating into a huge cycle that hasn't occurred for many millions of years. The solar system is moving into a different area of space with a higher frequency.

Two outlooks on UFOs are presented here: the military/scientific; and direct contact with UFOs, either physically or telepathically. Volumes have been written on the subject, available in major bookstores and libraries or in more esoteric pamphlets and newsletters. New Age bookstores offer even more in the field. Anyone interested in attending meetings of the Hi-Desert UFO Club is invited to call 366-2833 for further information.



Jane Bradbury Lord is editor of Hi-Desert Magazine.