

Dana Howard

reporting the

GIANT ROCK

SUMMER HAD descended with a vengeance over the vast sandy wastes of the desert. The sun's powerful rays spread an effulgence of warmth over the rock-clad hills and Joshua-treed forests of Yucca Valley, California. It was Memorial Day, a time set aside for the honouring of those who had given their lives to their country; a yearly requiem to the "war dead." But, the dedicated ones gathered around Giant Rock were not there to pay homage to war, but to peace . . . a peace in which there would be no more war dead. The centuries-old holy trees and the rocks that had come out of the night of time turned their gaze upward in a prayerful gesture to the occasion. It was not a day of weeping but a day of glorious rejoicing for the days to come.

This 5th Annual Spacecraft Convention opened at 10.00 a.m. There were parachute jumps and the usual outdoor fanfare. The first speaker was your scribe . . . Dana Howard. She told the roaming audience about some of the things she had learned in her years of living in the Cause. It was no longer a recording of still unsolved sightings, and even the spectacular visitations were beginning to become commonplace. This UFO era had settled down to its task ahead. The biggest task ever assigned to this planet. The husk of a worn-out cycle was about to be cast on the funeral pyre. A new day was in the mak-

ing. The future was no longer nebulous, but genuinely real.

From that moment on through two long days speakers mounted the rock platform to tell of their experiences. Truman Betherum repeated his amazing tale about the beautiful Aura Rhanes and her scout ships. He told of his sanctum of rugged outdoor beauty high in the Prescott, Arizona, hills. A place of peace and tranquillity in this noisy, upset world.

John McCoy, the "boy wonder," was there still wearing his long hair he had brought from the jungles of Peru. Last year, in the company of Ric Williamson, John had trudged through the lethal swamps searching for tangible evidence to prove to the world that strange ships from other planets had been with us always. While still in his teens, John's head holds bushels of age-old wisdom he is giving generously to a hungry world.

Just one year ago, Major Wayne Aho, head of the Washington Saucer Intelligence, joined the ranks of the active workers. During that period he has been untiring in his efforts to enlist new recruits and start saucer clubs from one end of the United States to the other. Wayne's quiet manner and wealth of charm has proved to be little short of magic in opening the heavily-bolted doors. He has converted the sceptics wherever he has gone. Radio, television and public platforms alike have all been opened to him. Wayne intends to cover the entire globe with the message—the plough preparing the wheat fields of tomorrow.

Art Aho (Wayne's brother) was there, too. Art has been active in the saucer movement almost from its inception. His private plane carried George and Eva Van Tassel on their first country-wide tour. He has been present at all the Conventions and recently has been devoting his full time to a lecture programme across the country. Unlike Wayne, his part in this new cosmic adventure is primarily scientific. He is researching into the free energies, and he sincerely believes that the answer to our fabulous future lies beyond the atom.

Calvin Girvin and Daniel W. Fry.



CONVENTION, 1958

Of course, Dan Fry was there . . . Dan who, some four short years ago, stepped out of the ranks of the unsung to have his name emblazoned across the globe. He had a fantastic story to tell for he was whisked from White Sands, New Mexico, to New York City in some thirty minutes' travelling time. Dan had flown in a flying saucer!

Since that day thousands have asked the question: "Why should quiet, unassuming Dan Fry be so privileged when the high potentates could have acclaimed it to the world and be believed?"

Perhaps it is the man's *soul*, and not his *place* in the scheme of things. Dan is forthright and honest. He cannot be intimidated or bribed. He is made of the "stuff" that is needed today. "For thousands of years," he says, "man has been trying to break the bonds that have tied him to the Planet Earth. Yesterday it was only a dream. Today it can become a reality."

What is needed to make it a reality? Perhaps more than anything else it means enlisting the aid of the believers. This worn-out pattern must be brushed away like a dust-ridden cobweb. As Diane, my own beautiful Venusian mentor, has said: "The gravest sin in your world today is the sin of *status quo*." This means, it is time to get busy.

How can the masses be reached with the message? There are many reading mediums and they are doing a grand job, but something more must be added. The people must be made to realise that change will come whether we will it or not.

The motion-picture industry has done much to shape our present world. We've been fed on hokum and thrills, now the time has come to utilise this same medium for a truly constructive purpose. Instead of motion pictures depicting our planetary neighbours as green monsters spitting hellfire, why not depict this picture in its true frame of reference?

This is just what Ron Ormond, a young motion-picture producer and director, intends to do. Ron is filled and running over with the zeal of the message. He wants to tell the stories just as they happened.

He is in the Far East now, but his beautiful

wife June is completing all the arrangements for the filming of *Project Outer Space*—not a documentary film, but a true-life drama of the many experiences related in the last ten years.

June was at the Convention gathering in the needed dollars for the project. To quote her own words:

"Since this picture will be financed by the saucer fans, here is *your* opportunity to own and be a part of this worthy enterprise. If each one would support this financially by donating as little as one dollar, or more, we could soon start this production. Instead of using Hollywood actors, the actual people who have had the experiences, both objective and subjective, will be used. It will not only be released through theatres the world over, but through the many saucer clubs and independent road-showing mediums. In this way the millions can be reached. And each contributor should reap many times his investment in the end."

The story of Rheinhold Schmidt has gone around the world. On November 5, 1957, Schmidt, a grain buyer from California, was in the vicinity of Kearney, Nebraska, preparing to buy grain. Suddenly he observed a bright flash about a quarter of a mile ahead of him. He drove to the river bank and cut the switch of his

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George Van Tassel,
the host.

Major Wayne Aho with
Rheinhold Schmidt.

