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ASSISTANT EDITOR: John J. Robinson

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SHAVER—PALMER DEBATE

BY RICHARD S. SHAVER

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Since we have started printing articles by Shaver in SEARCHLIGHT we have received many letters asking us to have Dick, once and for all, tell us how much of the original "Shaver Stories" in AMAZING were his and how much of this material was from the pen of Ray Palmer. Thus for the first time, here is Shaver's answer to his many fans. We likewise open these pages to Mr. Palmer and hope he will set his side of the record straight.)

Many of my "fans" have continually asked for my account of how Ray Palmer changed my stories over the years. This subject is a painful one for me, because I like Ray Palmer. Yet there has always been this friction about the main message.

It is true that from the very first Palmer has confused this thing. My first story was named A WARNING TO FUTURE MAN and it is a terrible needed warning. It is a known fact that the deros have killed us off before and will again. It behooves us to take what measures we can against them for as a mass mankind doesn't even know they exist.

Palmer called this warning I REMEMBER LEMURIA and while he often says he wrote three quarters of it, or gives that impression, the truth is he did not write anything in it but a few paragraphs that managed to change the whole story from one of strict factual background to one of misty psychic remembering which was not my intention at all.

NO Palmer does not now, nor did he ever, write any of my stories. In fact I seldom approved of what changes he did make, such as chopping off an ending and putting in a few paragraphs of his own which would often slant the entire message the wrong way.

In my opinion this has not been so much intentional as unavoidable, because of his own fixed thoughts about spirits, reincarnation, etc. Much of this thought is due to tampering of his thinking which has always been intense for the sole purpose of keeping up the "stone curtain" behind which the deros hide.

My purpose was to tear DOWN that curtain, and Palmer unconsciously aided them in keeping up the curtain. This is something you cannot blame him for because it was so obviously the work of mind tampering deros. There was no way to get this fact across to him because of his own condition of being under their ray.

This is not just Palmer's trouble. witness the work of A. Merritt, he had to put the whole thing into the fictional framework and what he meant to say about the facts of the thing never came out at all. I always figured I was lucky to have Palmer, because he did let me put in foot-notes to emphasize the factual nature of the

background, and he did let me say a few things about the actual peril of all mankind from the caverns under us.

So I can't belly ache too much about his editorializing, which so many call riding the fence or double talking because they don't understand that Palmer is merely trying to soften the blow, or sugar coat the sour pill of truth. He does this to make the entire thing more acceptable to those people he thinks he understands better than we do. This takes in the various spiritualist, occult and religious groups we are all familiar with. I always wanted to hit them on the nose with the FACT that spiritualistic phenomena, while they are actual enough, are a smoke screen thrown up to hide the truth. Palmer always wanted to slide this across unnoticed so that he would not offend many of his readers.

That is the main difference that comes out in Palmer's writings.

Many times in conversations with me Palmer would like to say he "made" me. Always hinting that writers can be "made" by editors whether they had any talent or not. I always took this as a way of avoiding any attempts to get more money, and as a means of bolstering his ego. I never realized that readers were under the impression I didn't even exist, and that Palmer wrote everything under my name. And I don't like that impression!

I was raised as a writer more or less accidentally. My brother was well known as a writer in BOYS LIFE and similar magazines when I was still in my teens. My Mother was a well known poet in many slick magazines. She also wrote a great amount of "confession" stories, for the money and not for the by-line which never appears in such stories.

So I picked up writing at my Mother's knee as it were with the click clacking of those early typewriters. (Continued Page Two)

RICHARD SHAVER SAYS: "No saucer fan should be without pre-deluge picture rocks. These rocks contain the writings of the people who built the saucers."

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Write: Richard Shaver, Box 31, Summit, Arkansas

(Continued from Previous Issue)

Palmer didnt "Make" me though he may like to think so. I was a writer and a good one before I ever ran into Palmer and I would have done well even under another editor, maybe better. I avoided writing because I knew more about the painful discouragement of such a life and the utter back ache and lack of any security such as a regular job can give.

The day of the free lance writer is over. He went out with the advent of TV. Today most writers are stable writers, with some particular collar around their neck. They belong to a staff of some magazine, with a desk and an assignment.

I don't believe that anyone can get something like "The Shaver Mystery" published today because of the dero influence upon the minds of editors and publishers. I give Palmer ALL the credit, and he deserves it, for the courage to go ahead against what he must have realized were factual enemies who could have his life and job.

They got his job, even though Ziff-Davis had to move to New York to do it. They tried for his life several times so lets not under rate Palmer's courage.

Few people honestly realize the terrible grip of the dero minds in high places. I understand this "slant" of Palmer's because I have observed it for years, not only in him, but in high political figures. Privately they hear voices and take the advice of spirits (take Hitler as an example) publicly they don't dare admit it.

You have to remember that HELL has been there, right under our feet, an actual place full of actual degenerate and evil creatures who have our utter destruction at heart.

The HELL that we hear about is an actual fact. The deros are Devil's DEMILS, and not any figment of the past.

HELL is an actual place of stone and flesh and blood and ancient devices built by a people who were next to immortal in that early time before the deluge.

Otto Binder's syndicated cartoon feature called OUR SPACE AGE is now being featured in many newspapers throughout the country. His column for the week of July 4th centers around the Mel Noel contact story as printed in the last issue of the SEARCHLIGHT. If you would like to have OUR SPACE AGE in your local paper write at once: Otto Binder, 467 Vorhees St., Englewood, N.J. 07631 Otto is the former editor of SPACE WORLD and writes currently for Fawcett Publications.

Our man at the United Nations, Colman VonKeviczky, delivered his second press release on June 27 to 60 leading world newspaper representatives located in the U.N. plus 160 embassy's. First reply came a day later from the Australian Embassy. The U.S. and U.S.S.R haven't as yet acknowledged a possibility of life & traffic in outer space.

SCOUT SHIP WAS CONTROLLED BY A MOTHER-SHIP FAR ABOVE:

I was shown an oblong lens, which looked like it was part of a lens system -- it had a magnified, 3-D effect. On it I saw an object which I was told was the "Navigation Craft" -- he never referred to it as a Mother-Ship. It looked something like a cigar-shaped ship, but rounded in the middle - more like a blimp. This was 2:45 or 3:00 o' clock in the morning, & THE OBJECT WAS IN SUNLIGHT, so it had to be pretty far out - I imagine 1000 miles out, or better. I did not see any markings or portholes on it. As to the size, there was nothing to judge it against. It had haze between me and it -- and that was on a real clear night too. I could not see it when I was outside the craft, up on the hillside; I looked up & couldn't see a thing. And I also looked when they left -- I didn't see it then, either. I've been told that those things are around 7- or 8000 feet long - from all measurements that have been taken. He told me that the power source of the scout ship was transferred to them - from the other craft - and it did all the navigating, and all the manipulating thru space. As for the crew, with the complicated instrument panels, I think they were making observations from the instruments picking up anything they might want in the line of technical data; I cannot see any reason for them otherwise.

THE FLIGHT TO A REMOTE HILLSIDE:

(After a time) the spaceman told me we had moved & we were parked in this place used by a large house-trailer in the summertime, but not used in the wintertime - and he said, "We cannot be seen from here." I didn't have the slightest idea where we were, & I still don't. I received many letters describing trailer parks; only one fitted the description of the one I had gone to. I haven't gone out there yet. It's about 175 airline miles from my home - northwest of here.

DID YOU TOUCH THE OUTSIDE SURFACE OF THE CRAFT?:

After we landed on the hillside, he told me to step out so that I could come back to the place later - to know this was real & not dreamed. I stepped out - alone - & walked around the outside of the ship. I felt the hull, it seemed very hard, but not metallic; I never felt anything like it before. The closest thing to it I ever felt on this earth would be a windshield sort of like plexiglass. It had a very fine finish - a very highly-polished finish. He didn't tell me touching this craft would do me harm, & I had no bad effect from it - none whatever. I was outside for not more than 3 minutes. I got down and looked at the legs it was on, and tried to find markings on it; I didn't find a mark on it anyplace.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

FAMOUS SAUCER PHOTOGRAPHS

The pictures you want. Send for List.

Mike Mann, 140 E. 2nd Street
Brooklyn, New York 11218

READ OUR COLUMN IN FLYING SAUCERS MAG.

THE PHOTO OF THEIR CITY:

He showed me a photograph & said: "This is where we live." It showed buildings from 1/10 of a mile to 1/2 a mile in the background. Every building in that picture was rounded off, half-moon shaped. I saw windows in the buildings. I cannot say the picture looked like anything I had ever seen before, because the buildings were spaced differently -- offset from each other. It looked like they put one about 50 feet from another & the next one 150 ft. There appeared to be roads in the distance, & there was foliage in the foreground - trees & brush too. The photo was a shade of gray -- very sharp in detail; you could see every little feature in it.

HOW THEY LIVE ON THEIR HOME PLANET:

The spaceman said, "As you know it, we have no sickness; we have no crime; we have no vice; we have no police force. We have no schools -- our young are taught at an early age to do a job which they do very well. Because of our long life expectancy, we have a very strict birth control. We have no money. We live as one."

WAS YOUR ENCOUNTER PART OF A PLAN?:

Absolutely. It involves the religious or spiritual aspect. The spaceman took me to a room - similar to a chapel - but he referred to it only as the "Consultation Room." The color effect in that room was so pretty that I almost fainted when I went in. A mixture of many beautiful colors. I just can't describe it. There were 8 chairs, a stool & what appeared to be an altar. He said, "Would you like to pay your respects to the Supreme Deith?" When he said that, I almost fainted. I didn't know how to accept it. I said to him, "We have one, but we call it God. Are we talking about the same thing?" He replied, "There is only One." So I knelt on the little stool & did my usual prayer. I'm 45 years old, & until that night I had never felt the presence of the Supreme Being -- but I did feel Him that night. (Q. Was it an electrical feeling?) Yes, it was a very relieved & very exciting feeling, something that would lift you up, right out of your steps.

(TO BE CONTINUED: REPRINTED from LITTLE LISTENING POST, 4811 Illinois Ave., Washington, D.C.)

TWO I.N.S. STATE DIRECTORS TO MARRY.

John Prytz, New York state Director of the Interplanetary News Service, currently in the Air Force, announces his engagement to Miss Patricia Ellen Morgan I.N.S. state Director from Penna. Currently on active duty with the Air Force stationed at Lackland AFB, San Antonio, Texas Prytz is working towards his Bachelor's Degree in Astronomy. Miss Morgan is a 1966 graduate and plans to attend Business College this fall. A summer 1967 wedding is planned.

We hear at I.N.S. headquarters can not help but be proud of our side activity of cupid. The fondest wishes of our staff and entire membership goes out to these two dedicated researchers.

SUPER SAUCER SAGA by Don Duncan

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is reprinted from the March 21, 1966 edition of the SEATTLE TIMES. We print it only to show that there is a vast difference here between this and the run of the mill "contactee" story. We present it, as we do all material, with no thoughts or opinions. YOU BE THE JUDGE!)

Note carefully that recent news item from the Washington Post. Then hang onto your rocking chair, Esmeralda. Today we are going to relate a most implausible story. The truth is for you to decide.

The other day I went out to a little frame house in Ballard. Over coffee and hot rolls, I listened to a slender, gray haired automotive tell about his visit aboard a spacecraft northeast of Seattle during a snowstorm last month.

Two letters received at his home from a space visitor who signs himself "M" and who says his name, in other planet talk is Neosohm.

A prominent man who lives and works in Seattle, but who originated from another planet - though his earthling wife doesn't know this.

If you are still with us the man says he has been a skeptic about "flying saucers" for years, that he regards little green men from Mars as purest fiction, that he thinks telepathy and such are hogwash.

Yet he believes?

"Sure because I know a man from outer space. And, because I got to go aboard that spacecraft."

Our informant chooses his words carefully in a soft voice. He calls his experience "remarkable, and I suppose, unbelievable."

The mechanic's super-saucer saga begins several years ago. He was working in a garage when a fellow mechanic tossed him a lid and shouted, "Hey, here comes a flying saucer!" The mechanic laughed. A man standing nearby did not.

When the other mechanic was gone, the man in the shop told the Ballard man how he had lost his teaching job and his wife and had undergone a sanity hearing. All because he saw 4 men emerge from an odd aircraft and had publicly spoken of conversing with them, with digrams and pantomime. They had come to this planet, they informed him, in search of a mineral needed on their planet.

Our local mechanic remembered this odd story. He shared with a friend who looked at him quizzically and said he, too, knew a man from outer space - a man prominent in Seattle.

The mechanic said he was stunned when he was told the name. He had known this spaceman as a boy. He thought his leg was being pulled.

The story moves to Oregon. Last fall, the mechanic says, a spacecraft crashed near a group of hunters in the Oregon wilds. One spaceman was killed, another injured. Four were not hurt.

These non-earthlings spent a week with the hunters until their "leader"

came with another spacecraft and picked up the debris and flew it away.

The leader - "a man you could meet on the street" - conversed with the hunters for maybe 20 minutes. This man now is known to the Ballard mechanic as "M", the one who sent him two letters, nicely typewritten.

"One day about a month ago," the mechanic says, "I received a communication to help a man deliver several barrels of oil in a pickup truck. I don't know if it was really oil in the barrels.

"We drove out on a dark and snowy night. The man with me placed a homing device in a field and pretty soon this round object - about 30 feet in diameter - settled down on it, putting out three metal legs to balance it.

"Now I'm a mechanic and when I was allowed inside, I looked for mechanical things. If this was a hoax, I wanted to expose it.

"The pilot told me in Spanish (and I don't understand it very well), that this craft was used for travel around the earth. It was not for travel between planets. They have one big ship about 300 feet long for this.

"The pilot told me further that he has looked over all the space junk set up by the Americans and Russians. And he said the Russians sent a dead man to the moon on the probe that crashed there - at least, the man was dead before it crashed. He also said that a few days ago the Russians tried to put a four-man spacecraft into orbit and it blew up and killed all four."

The mechanic drew some diagrams in ink on a piece of plain white paper.

"The spacecraft I was inside of was nothing* but a glorified helicopter. It looked like a 1928 model automobile, compared with our*streamlined new ones.

"It really was quite crude in appearance - rather like a disk with a pill box hat on top - and nothing like those slick, streamlined phony saucer photos you see.

"It appeared to be operated by electricity. It had nine power packs aboard, which I figured were operated by a galvanic battery system. There were tables for five persons, foot pedals and hand sticks (one for each hand) for maneuvering. There was a round salad-bowl shaped thing in the center, that appeared to be covered with ceramic. I presumed it was an air intake.

"The whole outside was a sort of giant fan. I heard what I was sure was a compressor go off and on. The leader said the spacecraft sometimes leaked.

"I sat in the control seat and tried to memorize the instruments and gauges. The only familiar things in the cabin were what looked like a surplus American aircraft clock - maybe because they needed something to help them with our time and six American-made rifles in a cabinet.

"Everything was metal & very tightly fitted. I memorized the figures on the main gauge:

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"The ship did not glow. The man said it could not fly particularly fast, that they almost traveled at night and that those objects seen at night by saucer believers weren't his ships, if indeed, they were anything but imagination.

"The pilot told me he was from the third solar system, that there is a dead system between us. He said it took 18 to 20 years to get here.

The mechanic said the space visitors resembled us, but were only a little over 5 feet tall and has "wrestlers' necks."

Then came the letters from "M". They were dog-eared because the mechanics wife reads and re-reads them. One was postmarked in Seattle, the other in New Orleans.

Among the contents: The first spacecraft from "M's" planet visited here around 1745. His people have examined Mars and found it to have only lowly spore moss. Venus, also examined from a distance, has no life at all, only a sea of boiling gases.

These space visitors "M" continues, had 28 small craft here. 3 have been lost in accidents. There are about 300 spacemen on this planet. They operate a plant in a secret place to get magnesium from seawater.

The spacemen "M" says have no cures for sickness, no secrets of eternal life. They have not conquered war. They do have problems with over population and food shortage. They cannot reproduce with members of our earth family.

That's about it. "M" says he has visited several times in the Pacific Northwest, incognito, of course. He says he probably will die on this planet, even as thee and me.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Well as Don Duncan says "it is a fresh approach to saucer talk and may change the whole movement." Also if you get "a mysterious call to deliver some barrels of oil, take your camera along. Better yet, take me along too. I need convincing.")

BOOK NEWS & NOTES (All items mentioned here available from: Timothy Green Beckley, 3 Courtland St., New Brunswick, N.J. 08901)

WELL THEIR HERE: FLYING SAUCERS SERIOUS BUSINESS by news reporter Frank Edwards and INCIDENT AT EXETER by Saturday Review Editor John Fuller.

Both books have received rave reviews in many newspapers and magazines including the N.Y. TIMES. Both Fuller & Edwards are experienced men and these volumes will add alot of weight to "Flying Saucer" research.

The book by Edwards contains a good dozen or so NEW saucer photos. We can now supply copies of both NEW books, hot off the press, for \$5.95 each. You will be hearing alot about both of these two new tomes and we suggest you order your copies now before their all sold. We have top secret word that Fuller is currently working on a book to deal with the Hill contact case. This to be released in early January of 1967.

TWO OTHER NEW BOOKS OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST: "The Advent of Cosmic Consciousness" by Bryant Reeves (\$6.00) and ENIGMA FANTASTIQUE by Wm Allen. Life story of Nicola Tesla (\$4.25).