

THE  
SHAVER-  
MYSTERY  
MAGAZINE



Shaver

Under Cleveland  
January, 16 1949  
(Via telaug)

dear David:

I have read your letter proposing the formation of a research group in your locality, and the answer which was sent to you. There are certain things I would explain more fully.

I think the formation of groups such as you suggest would accomplish much good. I think that any good group here which was able to contact them, would help them. In turn they would avail themselves of such help as your group could offer. Even without aid from here they would accomplish much.

They should be people with some science, but more even than this they should be people of truly noble and unselfish aims. Men and women who wish nothing more said of them after they have gone, than that their world is a little better and a little brighter, for their having been here.

None other could accomplish anything good. The secret of the ancient god-mech is that it works with the natural forces and energy flows, and not against them. The secret of the accomplishment of good by the man-mech is that it too must work with the flow of fate, and not against it. Those who do not thus, must in the end certainly fail.

As I have said, they should have some science, but they should not hold that their science is the divinely revealed word. For your sciences are full of error. If this were not so, they would have discovered the secrets of the god-mech long since.

It is more important that they should have active and agile minds than that they be highly schooled in your sciences. That they be quick to recognize the possibilities of things they see and hear, that they be willing to explore new and strange pathways. For it is along these pathways that they will find the things which they seek, and not along the familiar highways.

Such groups would soon come to know the evil ones among us who, for selfish reasons, would not wish them to succeed, and the mad ones among us who, by their very nature, will attack good wherever they find it. These ones gather chiefly under your huge cities. The evil ones gather there because their surface connections are more easily concealed in the mazes of a city. The mad ones gather there, as you hunters gather in the forests where live the most animals, because there they can find their victims most easily.

But you cannot escape them by moving away from the cities. For they too are constantly moving around, and their search rays are long. No matter where you might be, they would ultimately find you. If there are good ones near enough, and strong enough, they will try to help and protect you, but their powers are limited. You must learn how to protect yourselves. (Letter continued on next page)

# The Shaver Mystery



(This is an experimental issue.  
You do not pay for it unless  
you wish to do so. )

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Route 2, McHenry, Illinois.

This magazine is a proud and exasperating first. Prepared wholly on our own equipment by ourselves. Most of the credit for this acquisition goes to Dave Fox who really knows how important it is that this magazine continue -- and has the intestinal equipment to do something about it.

Dave showed up here plenty mad for numerous and painful reasons furnished by an Affleet - I mean an A No. 1 dero who had been dogging him. He plunkd in hard cash and harder work toward getting the zine out fitted with needed machinery.

After we put up a building to house it, he took off his coat and dug in to learn how to run that press which is where the greif began and we fully understand why the printers have such reluctance about the zine. Our ignorance plus tamper made the first attempts a first class bust and the magazine went into the waste basket. With this page I'm starting the whole zine over, and you're going to get it no matter what it resembles. Many members with whom I've corresponded about our difficultys say 'print on corn husks with an old mimeo - but get it out!'

If a few more who are bedeviled had Dave Fox' fighting spirit and found a way of pushing we would get somewhere in a hurry.

The rest of the credit goes to those of you who also put up hard cash for books from Aldebaran. YOU ARE GOING TO GET THOSE BOOKS, EVEN IF EVERY POSSIBLE PATH INTO PRINT HAS BEEN BLOCKED BY YUNOHOO. We can do them ourselves now, just as soon as we master the processes of printing - which unfortunately is not a simple ABC but something like cramming four years of industrial training into a few weeks of intensive and expensive trial and error experimentation.

Incidentally any of you Illinois members who want to help along the work and know something about the problems we are up against please dont hesitate. As you can see by this page, my biggest problem is the vari-typing. It takes my time, which means it knocks my income for a loop.

With this zine, the SMM enters the amateur field and I hope you will understand this is not pro work.

You are going to get books about a forbidden subject at a price you can afford. And oh, please be patient, we are doing some very stubborn plugging against fantastic and also stubborn opposition. I am sure you will be glad you helped us and glad you waited so patiently, not minding how endlessly long the tie-up takes us to entangle, I mean untangle. We are printing those books no matter what barriers 'mysteriously' arise.

Why it could be done no other way than on our own press I do leave to your deduction.

I can only say that the non-existent demons do exist and witness 'Uncle Bob's' letter from the caves in this issue as to the nature of their work.

I want you to notice two other letters this issue. A letter from MacKinlay about a cavern expedition wiped out by 'twisted whitish things'. A letter from a member whose name is left out for obvious reasons on how he met a girl of the caverns via telesolidograph. He's fallen in love and is trying to get in to her. We will publish his letters telling of the outcome of this romance.

Both of these accounts can be verified. I can forward letters of inquiry, they have promised to answer.

I wish you could all read the flow of letter like the three mentioned as they occur. One or two can be passed off as delusion or illusion. But the mass accumulation of documentary evidence they constitute is an incontrovertible fact to any but the blind mind. I have heard from a confidential source that the Shaver files are spoken for when and if abandoned by a national intelligence service.

The 'Letters to Shaver' we are trying hard to get printed will give you the best of these. I would like to provide the intimate and constant contact with the subject which the flow of daily letters gives - to all of you. About the only way to do this is a daily photo-news, reproducing the important letters received each day. We have acquired photographic printing equipment and something of the kind will be done when present work is at last out of the way.

I want you members to buck up and remember we are a few enlightened people with an opportunity to give

man an insight into a terrible and ancient affliction of vastly greater destructive power than any other disease rampant today. Deros are a real and terrible disease, and we have it in our power to pioneer the struggle against them that sooner or later will openly dominate the stage of earth life.

I ask you all to find a way to personally help in this already recognized effort -- to help build the Club into a great movement toward the acquisition of the Elder wisdom for surface men. That would mean a new and more genuine renaissance based upon a more immense heritage than the classical fragments of Greece and Rome.

Now I want to tell you members about Jack Buford. John Carter Buford and I corresponded. He was from Paris, Tennessee. The job he had taken in Illinois proved too much for him. He came to visit me on his way to Chicago to find a more suitable job. He had a gassed lung and was but a year out of the army. He was a big fine looking man of 25 with a mind sharp as a knife and as entertaining a man as I ever met.

He was one of a long succession of people who have sought me out for advice and help. They each knew they could talk openly to me about the mysterious torments they suffered and that I would understand. I do wish intensely you could all hear those accounts as I have. All so deadly similar in detail, of rays and voices and dangerous and suicidal suggestions inserted in their minds.

Jack Buford jumped off Dearborn Street bridge in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day.

I have long wished I could put up a kind of free hotel where such victims of the 'non-existent' persecution could stay until able to make their way again. So far this goal is far from realization.

Jack was young and strong, he had an able mind, and I needed him in the Club work badly. I couldn't afford to pay him a salary yet. If we had not been invited out ourselves on Thanksgiving day Jack would have been here for dinner - as he had come many week-ends for dinner and the night. If there had been enough Club dollars Jack would be alive, and working here.

I want you Chicago members to HAVE A MEETING and make some provision for future eventualities similar.

6 (Editorial continued)

Jack Buford is dead. But there are so many others fighting the same influences, many of whom we could save.

The Shaver Mystery Club may one day build such a haven. There men and women suffering from the same affliction that killed Jack may come and live. I hope you informed members have such a goal in mind. I do.

If some of you who have a private income want to do some real good in the world, this club is your chance. We contact many such victims, can do little. If they could be welcomed by someone with the time and place for them, where they could stay and get back to normal, get their tampered minds straightened out - prepared against the destructive suggestions by careful intelligent talk, they would not go as Jack Buford went.

If such a member were near here, or made his or her address known in the magazine regularly, that member would be averting future tragedys in more than one case.

You see, there are monsters afflicting mankind. There are many George Murmans, and the Shaver Club magazine is the only instrument of publicity about them. They openly killed Jack Buford, and their murders such as the Degnan case are an open 'secret'. We know it, many higher ups know it -- BUT no-one seems to have the slightest idea what <sup>TO DO ABOUT IT!</sup>

<sup>we have a government</sup> carefully ignoring them, a populace laughing at the idea, a science which blandly agrees that Carol Landis committed suicide.

Science also states in the news-prints such gems as 'The natives of Atlantis lived in huts and knew a little agriculture' and - 'Atlantis begins around the edge of the Azores' and start out in submarines to look it over.

Oh well, who are we to blame them? We believe they are scientists and thats just as silly.

Genuine scientists are at wok on devices which will when fully developed detect and expose the Geo. Murmans of the caverns. Dr. Joseph Gengerelli of Cal. U. (pic in Chi Her. Am.) has installed a small radio in a rats skull, can detect emotions, thoughts, reactions. To the telaug of the genuine Atlantis is but a step, provided the dero do not do him in. If he lives Gengerelli can put the human race on the right path.

Continuing the tremendous novel  
of the true Messiah

## THIRD PART

## CHAPTER 3

She twisted again, and the dart did not strike her fair, but did strike her breast at an angle, and, barbed - hung in her white breast swinging to and fro as she struggled against the pain of it.

The man, his elegant clothing, long lustrous hair, smooth skin - everything about him speaking of endless care - of luxury - smiled cruelly at the naked woman from whom the two darts hung, the red streaking down her sides. He raised another dart, and Derek leaped to him, seized the dart - struck one swift blow to the jaw.

The man reeled back, an incredulous expression of amazement on his face. Derek knew better than to stop. He realized his life hung on whatever this man might do. He wasn't going to give him a chance to do it. But as he leaped forward again to drive another fist into the startled, too-smooth, too utterly evil face - a great ray lanced at him through the wall, and every muscle in his body froze in terrible agony. His body knotted in complete cramp.

A sharply cruel voice spoke near, from the very ray that had paralyzed him with pain - "Go on indulge your pleasure, Lord. This one will wait."

The man glared for a moment at Derek, then his one hand smoothed his ruffled hair as he bent to pick up the fallen darts. He poised one in his raised hand looking speculatively at Derek - then deliberately he turned his back on the agonized Derek and threw a dart at the naked girl. It struck her in the navel, penetrated a good three inches. She screamed then, and the long cry rose and broke suddenly in agonizing ululation.

Then she hung silent in her shackles, nor did she look up to try to dodge the darts. The man stood to throw again and again, and each dart struck her somewhere. They struck hard, but she only jerked to each impact, or screamed once with the fresh pain. She was giving him as little satisfaction as possible, trying to make him end the game quickly.

Finally an impatiently thrown blade struck her under the left breast hard, and she slumped in death - the heart pierced. The blood gushed out, pulsed madly for a moment as it struggled for her life - then ran slowly in a great scarlet stream down her form.

Derek, still convulsed in painful muscular contraction, mind racing in wonder and in horror at this

wanton murder of a lovely young woman before his helpless eyes -- waited, as the poor souls wait in Hell on their turn upon the fire. Derek had found the master of the pleasure-palace.

The man turned now from his "sport". He walked up to Derek Verne, and with all his strength struck his face an open-handed blow. Derek could not move, only glare at this thing that looked like a man, and, Derek realized now -- was not truly a man. He was something these caverns had produced that had no human instincts add no method in its madness other than such pleasure as he had seen him enjoy with the body of this dead girl.

The man stood looking at Derek for a moment, and then asked of the empty air - "Who is he? What is he doing here?"

His voice, va cuous, full of a revolting pride, an egotistically idiotic voice telling of one convinced of cleverness he did not possess.

The same sharply cruel voice which had driven him here in the first place answered "He is a yokel, from the surface, who came here on an expedition. His comrades were strangely and opportunely killed by a rock fall just as they entered "crawley way". I loosened the rock with dissociator ray, managed to drop it on them, but this one got through unhurt. My rays drove him here, and your gentle "sister" spoke kindly to him and sent him to you for decision on his fate. He came in as you were disposing of your unwanted slave, that too clever red-haired witch. None trusted her."

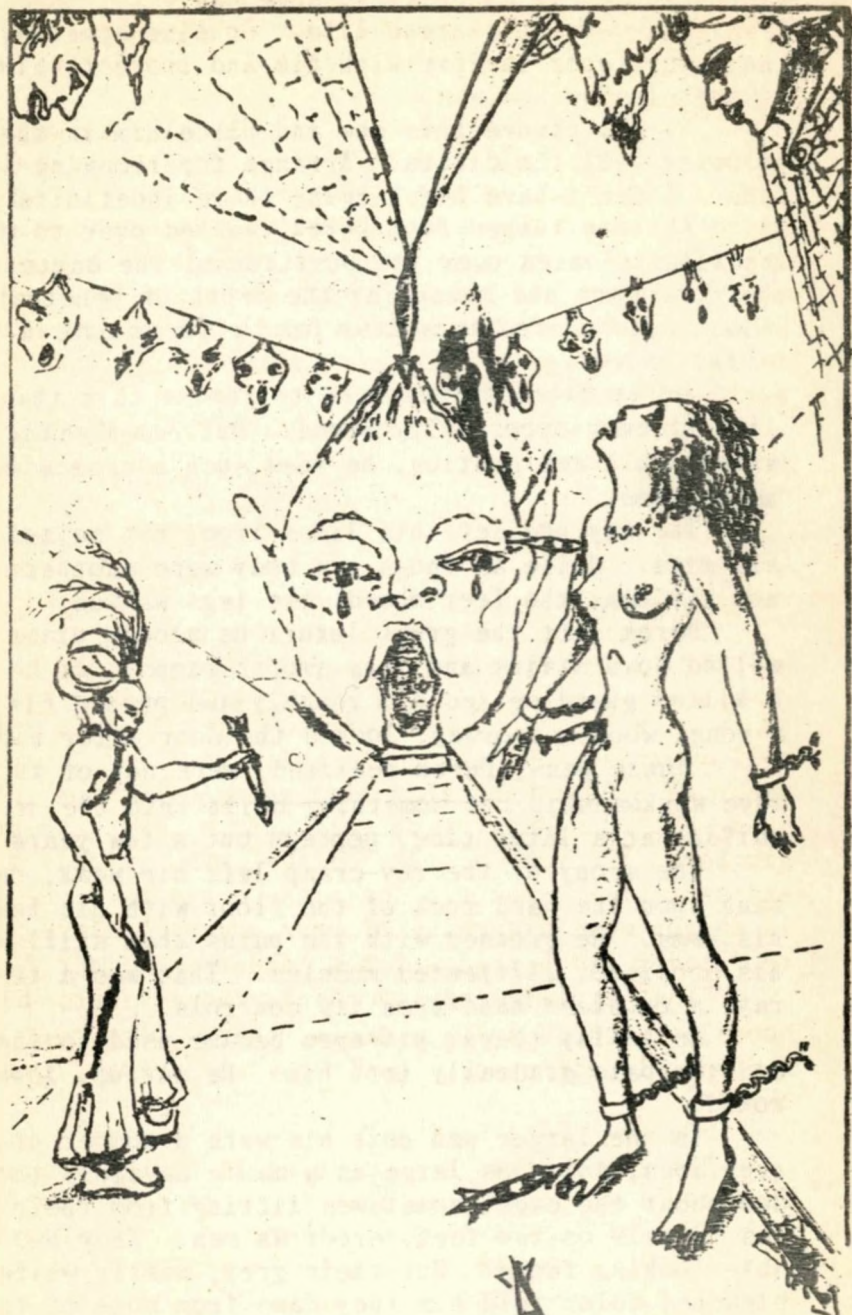
"That explains the clothing, those miners high boots, the rough surface denim, that woolen coat he has on. I understand. Healthy young animal, isn't he?"

"Quite. Very sturdy."

"He should make a good struggle in the arena-eh? What could we put him against for a good exhibition?"

"One of the cave apes - there is a new shipment. Some are very savage and about his size. He might be able to survive a couple of them."

"If he does, we'll match him with Romal, eh? It is time that big braggart met his match. With knives-something to mar Romal's pretty face for a change



SHAVER

"I can bet that man killed, some way."

"He bears a charmed life. Or else some ray woman is secretly in love with him and protects him, unobserved."

"Well, remove this one and place him in the animal pits till the circus. Arrange for removing Arlane, too. I can't have her hanging there indefinitely."

The man turned from Derek, walked over to the dead girl and gloated over the position of the darts, removing each dart and measuring the depth of penetration - evidently getting great satisfaction from the aim and force of the throw of the knives.

Derek silently resolved to remove this thing from life if ever opportunity arose. But remembering the slaves dull resignation, he knew such a chance would never come.

The ray now left his limbs free, but seized upon his mind. Quite as though his body were another's, and not his own, the feet moved, the legs walked.

Derek left the great luxurious bloody place and walked down stairs and long smooth ramps. At bottom a kilted guard seized him roughly and pushed him into a rough wooden doorway, locked the door after him.

These pens, Derek realized, were not of the antique workmanship but something built into the mighty edifice at a later time, perhaps but a few years ago.

The agony of the ray-cramp left him weak, Derek sank upon the hard rock of the floor with his head in his arms. He groaned with the pains that still lay in his strained, ill-treated muscles. That was a terrible ray, a ruthless hand upon its controls.

As he lay there, his eyes became used to the dark and the pain gradually left him. He sat up, looked around.

In the larger pen next his were a number of great grey apes, fully as large as a man. Savagely they padded about the cage, sometimes lifting from their knuckles to walk on two feet, erect as men. They had capable looking fangs. But their grey, nearly white, too bleached color told him they came from some of the caverns, were not a surface animal. Their utter silence and the quiet pad, pad of their feet was uncanny.

## M A N D A R K

Occasionally they snuffled at one another, raising their hackles like a dog. Then they gave a low-pitched growl but for the most part they were quiet. Ominously so, it seemed to Derek.

In the other cell he made out the seated form of a lone man, tall and muscular like himself. He was sitting with his back to Derek. When he felt more himself again, Verne got to his feet and called: "Hi, stranger, nice place you got here."

The man rose slowly from his haunches, sauntered easily toward Verne, peered closely at his face in the half-dark. Derek noticed his bulky figure, the square and powerful jaw, the column of neck with the wide shoulders rounded with strength, the ruddy color of health. He looked like surface man to Derek. So apparently Derek looked to the stranger.

"A new one from top-side, eh? When will our people get wise to this thing? How did you get down here?"

"Prospecting. Tried an old treasure map and also I had some idea of what I was looking for. How did you?"

"I tried an old mine shaft myself. It turned out to be something a Hell of a lot different than a miner's dreams, unless you have nightmares. I was figuring a mine that old should be profitable with today's methods."

"Look, friend." Derek was fed up with not knowing what it was all about. "Tell me all you can about this place and these people. I just don't understand it. Nobody acts as naturally one would expect. Everything is different. I can't get in tune, get oriented. Why, all these people talk English, yet act as if we were aliens, enemies! Why? Tell me all you know about it?"

"I had the same curiosity when I first came down. It takes a surface man at least two years together to get used to these people so that he knows what to expect of them. They just aren't the kind of people he grew up with and he can't believe they could exist without his knowing about them. They're plenty different."

"They're different, all right. But I guess I had better introduce myself. I'm Derek Verne, student of archeology, member of the Speleological Society, graduate of Bucknell University some three years ago. Had a dozen jobs since, trying to find one that suited me. I realize now I was a little hard to please."

"You've sure found a job now, brother. Getting out of here. My name is James Blaine. I'm a mining engineer, graduate of a little western mining college called Barkend University. You probably never heard of it. I've been down here nearly five years. Everything I learned in my years on the surface was canceled by what I've learned down here in the last few years. This place is both the wonder of the world and the most sinister curse of all earth. It's something, believe me, to know what it means, what this place by its very existence does to history, science, to religion. The whole works has to be rewritten, redesigned, done over. If the upstairs ever gets it through the thick heads of the pompous asses who are supposed to be authorities on ancient times that this exists."

Derek nodded agreement. "Something of the kind is being slowly born within my own brain. But let me tell you what happened to me, then you can tell me what it means."

Derek carefully explained everything that had happened to him since the rock had fallen on his companions. Blaine nodded as Derek concluded.

"Yeh, that old dame is one of the dupes of the palace gang. Her brother is one of the big shots in the clique that rules the place by fooling everyone in there they could. Mainly by mutilating the brains of everone who might argue with them. The old dame herself has about a quarter wit left from cutting by the inner bunch. They are the scabbiest lot of mortals I ever ran into that were born of the human race. Do you know how old those people are,?"

"Why, I dont know what you mean. Some those I saw seemd as much as seventy. Why?"

"The truth of it is, they run over two hundred years in age. Do you know what they really are? You dont know, but I do. They are the descendants of the kind of people that men have been worshipping as Gods since Egypt. They are really a secret race of people. That big metal machine is really a palace, a kind of house, an ancient life-machine. Its

a place the original Elder race built especially for living purposes, in which they spent most of their time. The electric aura around that big metal house, that super-pleasant flow of juice you feel when you're in there, is what keeps those people alive a dozen times -- generations after they would ordinarily have died. Those people have no more idea what the modern age is supposed to mean than jackrabbits. Their immediate parents were alive and kicking when the Pilgrims were landing on Plymouth rock. Not here, but over under Greece or England -- somewhere. These caves run over the whole earth at this depth."

Derek's eyes shone - "Gad, if the upper world only knew!"

"Yes, if they knew, but they don't know. And this bunch of blood suckers don't want them to know. They, in their position, ought to be wise, the most benevolent of earth's powerful men. They ought in truth to be like the Gods of legend. But they aren't. Not this bunch. They have a terrible disease. A something hard to explain. A thing very evident in their character. They are like an ancient leech, a parasite that has lost its ability to fend for itself in any way but by attaching itself to a self-supporting life form. These, Verne, are man's ancient parasite. They have lost all ability to do otherwise. A leech must have blood. They must have our work and our brains, our deaths to amuse them. We are life to them. And they outlive us, think they are superior to us though they are the most utterly useless and despicable race of man. They are the most terrible and destructive form of life on this planet. They don't sin. They ARE sin incarnate. It is their life. They think nothing else and do little else."

"When I came in, met the slaves, one of them said - 'A few years ago, we had fun, life. Now, everything is gone.' What did he mean?"

"This particular bunch came in and took over here just a few years ago. Just before I came here. The other bunch have told me how they used to live before they got captured by these present rulers. It really is a wonderful life here, made possible, though, only by the use of the antique machines. With wise men in control, the caverns can be heaven. But with this kind of bunch ruling,

THEY ARE PLAIN HELL. I'm sure the stories the preachers shout at us about Hell came from actual experience down here, sometime in the far past. They had such a damned Hell of pain and suffering for whole continents of surface men, killing just about as fast as people could reproduce. At first when I came down here, - there were three times as many adults around. I've seen as many as five hundred killed in the arena on circus day. Nero didn't get rid of Christians that rapidly. But then my history is a little hazy anymore, now that I know the most important part was omitted.'

'How have you managed to stay alive so long?' asked Derek.

'One of the women inside. They always call the ruling bunch 'inside' here, and point to the big metal life machine. She took a fancy to me, helps me out in a pinch. A red-head, the boss' favorite. Such pull is the only ticket to safety in here.'

An ominous feeling struck into Derek as the man said 'red-head.' 'Was her name Arlane?' he asked.

'That's right. How did you know?'

Slowly Derek's eyes carried the rest of his meaning. The man grasped the bars, his face livid. 'Did he? Did that living devil?' In his rage Blaine looked capable of tearing the oak logs from their sockets. The thing had a terrible effect upon him. His face turned as pale as a fishes belly. Rage burned in his eyes, a kind of madness, his face was the face of a man who has been tormented and driven until the breaking point was reached. Until there was no more resistance in him. His mouth opened, and a series of low moans came out. His mouth remained open and gasping. Derek stood looking pityingly on him. 'If there is ever a way to kill that thing of evil, I'll do it so slowly I'll have to live as long as him to get it over and done.'

Blaine's voice was the voice of a dead man, of a zombie; he was not talking, he was reviewing his own soul with red hot words and more terrible inner thoughts.

After a few moments composed himself. 'You see what I mean, Verne, these are not human beings as we know them. All over the world, little groups of these people have lived, saturated in pleasure vibrants, their bodily processes aided and made dependent on the beneficial radiants from these antique mechanisms. Inside similar life machines, all over the world, are a few hundred or so men who are not at all like men except in appearance. They have grown for generations inside these vast machines. Some of them are wizened relics of the past, who have no modern ideas at all, of any kind. Who retain the savage and cruel thought patterns of the medieval periods worst type of rulers. The world is to them their little apple and we are the poor fools who do not know the secrets of the pleasures and the long life of the Gods. Such joys as a man would give his life just to taste, they wallow in for hundreds of years. Our women, like my Arlane, are to them but ephemerae, toys, to amuse them as children are amused by pulling the wings from flys. They extract the life from such lovely beings as Arlane with exactly the same inane intent as the boy with the fly. Arlane's little finger was worth the lot of them.'

Derek broke in, 'The old wives tales and stories of elves and fairies and witches and wizards, of sorcerers and enchanters, are then a kind of history, a more important history than the recognized kind, a truth that has been concealed from us by their work?

'About the only real work they do on the surface is the task of wiping out all traces of their past...

'But what about the good fairies? The better kind of witches, the kindly elves, the friendly magicians? Such are always mentioned in the old tales. Are the only survivors of cavern warfare then evil?

'A dismal conclusion, and unnecessary. Perhaps there are many such good ray groups who just haven't been able to get through to the upper world against the opposition of stupid monopolistic groups such as this one? Over the world are many not supplied

food or comfort. Yet they cannot break their ancient customs long enough to give the upper world one little gadget from these endless stores of wonderful mechanical achievement by a vastly superior race. It is heartbreaking. And such a movement would break the terrible grip of these evil family cliques like this one, by which they are all enslaved. Yet no where in the world does this come about! Hard to understand a people so blind to their own welfare. They could take these weapons and machines and rule earth openly. But they sit down here in these life machines, afraid to do differently from their fathers. A sort of Japan. Yet it is obvious that some of these family cliques do exploit some of the ancient science in the guise of modern inventions - in surface commerce.

Derek mused aloud. "An undiscovered Japan. I remember reading about Perry's attempts to understand the Japanese who were still living in a world of a thousand years ago!"

"No one knows how long these exact conditions have prevailed in this cavern world. It has remained, perfectly cognizant of the upper world, and perfectly scornful of it - yet parasitizing it destructively and constantly. It is an ancient life-pattern. They are more backward than Japanese feudalistic lords, even while they pride themselves on being so much cleverer in keeping their ancient secret. Always having been provided for by the wonder work of the ancients they have never invented, never innovated, never changed. Necessity being the mother of invention, as she is the mother of change, they had not necessity. The need for avoiding an evil ruler has been their necessity and they have not managed that. The range of these rays makes such a problem insoluble. The custom of subservience to evil has grown, become ingrown, for it has always been hopeless to do otherwise.

"All of which brings us back to ourselves. What

lies in store for us, Blaine? What's going to happen?"

In a week or so, the date has been set for a circus. Their circuses are a thing that has survived unchanged since the days of Rome. Indeed it is more probable the Roman emperors got their custom of the periodic death spree and circuses from the underworld. We will be thrown into the arena to meet one of several kinds of death. I have been in four times now, fighting beasts, men and even women. It is a ghastly job to kill some poor creature who has done you no harm - just to stay alive yourself a few weeks longer. But it is what we face. We are now gladiators, not the Roman professional, who did it for money and glory - but the type that has no choice in the thing.

"And the 'Prince' in there who killed Arlane has mentioned I am to be pitted against the white apes - are those, in the next cage, my opponents?"

"That's the animal. A savage fighter, too. Get a good wrestling hold and hang on, you might have luck when he wearies. I wouldn't want to fight them, myself. Did you ever wrestle?"

"In college, but I never expected to tangle with a man size-ape, or I'd have given it more study."

"A lot of that weight is only bushy white fur. But you know an animal's strength is never equaled pound for pound by a man. Your only hope is to outsmart him."

"If I win out in the ape match, I am to fight one called Romal. The boss was quite disgusted that no-one had killed Romal yet."

"Romal is a veteran of the arena. Best way to deal with him is to make a bargain beforehand. He is known as an honorable man. He was the crown prince here before the place fell to this bunch that have it now. The son of the former ruler here."

"They have hereditary kings, divine right, and all the rest of the antique humbug?"

"Seen to, there are chiefs, princes, kings but

no queens. The men seem to keep the kinging to themselves. I can't figure out the system, it has a hard and fast pattern, just as, say - Japanese royalty has a pattern of heirship of power. But that these piratical birds have any real respect for a system like that I doubt. The real boss of these places is the guy who holds long range ray weapons. He fixes the rest of the ray mech so it can only be used outward from the center. Then he rules the roost. He is the only one to keep a ray which will operate within the ring from his center - do you follow? Its just as if no machine gunner could shoot an officer because all the machine guns were welded in position, the swivel action circumscribed to a short arc facing the enemy. Thats how they retain their power, not by any hierarchy of heredity, but the best murderer rules because he fixes things so no one gets a chance to shoot him. Beyond the range of his own personal long distance ray mech, he keeps a circle of watchers. No one ever gets near enough to do the boss any damage.'

'Blaine, how is it these people speak English?'

'Recent influx of ray-people from under America explains it. Under American cities, the big electrical factories and similar places of research, they have picked up new tricks by applying what they learned to the use of the old mech. All over the world, by using such modern knowledge, American, German, English ray-people are taking over the old ray groups of other countries. The tragedy about it is that the ray from modern areas is no better in character than the backward groups they supplant. Often they are worse.'

'I see why they speak English. They have lived in America as long as our own ancestors, now are spreading out again, just as the American business man, and the U.S. Army and Navy are to be found all over the world, while fifty years ago there was much less intercourse between our nation and for-

sign nations.'

'That's it, Derek. They are spreading out in their own imperialistic way just as the United States would be spreading out if it were an imperialistic nation. That is why these people speak English, and why so many of the slaves speak Arabic or Hebrew.'

For many days they sat there, talking of the strange, weird inexplicably 'different' life of the caverns, waiting for the circus that would mean only death. Blaine had no help to rely on from his secret friend among the inner clique -- and Derek knew that the blow he had landed on the big-shot's jaw would be repaid by some means, some way that would reduce his chances of survival in the arena to one in a thousand.

Came at last the great day, they could hear the crowd roaring in the great circus arena above the pits where they sat. At last they were led out to chambers which opened directly on the scene of action. Narrow windows showed the arena bright with the ancient light that is softer than sunlight, but more revealing, with subtler shadows almost un-noticeable.

Derek could see the white-apes, already prowling within the circle. Sniffing, snarling at the others and the crowd, roaming round and round looking for the way out. Above the tall smooth wall, he could see the crowd, and here, when they were all together, he had a better chance to compare their appearance with upper world people, could see the differences, which were numerous and striking.

For the most part small people, they had eyes on an average much larger. Blaine, standing beside Derek, while the attendants rubbed his naked body with oil and adjusted about him a sword belt, bound his wrists with bandages. Blaine said: 'The eyes are larger because they use beneficial rays and have for centuries. The rays encourage growth. They have larger heads, smaller

limbs, on the whole.'

'They are very different, seen this way.'

'They are the product of an ancient mistake in reasoning - the same mistake Aladdin made when he gave the lamp to the Wizard.'

'Aladdin didn't, Budr-el-Budr, his wife, did that.'

'Well, that is what happened to the cavern people. An evil man got the whip hand, and some one of the kind seems to have kept it ever since. How else explain their age-old secrecy about something men need so much as beneficial rays, medical methods advanced thousands of generations beyond our own?'

'They sure got a bad one over them now. Look at him.'

Under a great golden canopy the same man who had driven the death darts into the chained Arlane, lolled now. A dozen near nude women about his feet, a glass in his hand. Even from this distance one could see he was drunk, for he lolled, laughed loudly, acted like a fool.

'He's always drunk. So are most of them. The rays keep them healthy and they don't know what a hangover means.'

'You're first, Derek. Here they come for you.'

Across the sand the last of several corpses had been dragged, the sand sprinkled over the blood spots. The apes were prowling, and Derek was driven forth from the door by a burning, unseen ray upon his back like a whip. He did not argue, saw no way to argue with an invisible whip.

In his hand he had a short knife, otherwise he was nether naked. It was evident to him no chance for life was to be given him, for the knife was not sharp, his body was not oiled like Blaine's.

Verne, much embarrassed by his nudity, circled the tall wall slowly, trying not to think of all those eyes watching, the calls of the shameless

women from the palace bunch, the silence from the others -- tried to think only of the apes. He had never known that apes attacked men unless provoked. Perhaps they did. Or were these cavern apes something else? There were a dozen of the great brutes. A tall male advanced toward Derek in front of the others, beat his chest, deep resonant sound. He gave a cry, cross between bark and bellow, long drawn -- then stood spraddle-legged. Derek recognized the attitude from his reading. This was the mating challenge of the bull, given to any intruding male who was not known.

Well, he was not having any. Derek disregarded the bull apes challenge, kept on circling the wall quietly. He might have been out for a stroll, instead of facing what was evidently supposed to be swift death.

The bull ape swaggered nearer Derek, bellowed again, beat his chest with huge fists. A little slaver ran down his jaws, the yellow fangs looked mighty dangerous. Derek stopped, stood still, began grinding the point of the knife against the wall. It was hard steel, responded little to his frenzied honing. What a lousy knife it was, he thought, the dirty sons-- the drunken, stuck-up murderers. Derek looked up from his cussing, saw he was right beneath the royal box, that they must hear his words, decided to put more color into his tirade.... 'The effeminate bloody-minded idiots, murdering sons of dogs, lazy useless crew of invertes, to give me a dull knife is the last straw, they are dishonor personified. Damn all such degenerate humans.

The bull ape shambled nearer, 'working up a good mad' Derek reasoned. Well, I can wait. The crowd was booing, wanting action not getting it. Now will you want action? - thought Derek, rubbing his knife, rewarded now with something like an edge on

the forward round of the dull knife.

'Doing a Tarzan act for a bunch of people I never saw before, in my birthday clothes! This is the height of darn foolishness - how did this ever happen to me?'

But the bull-ape was not waiting for any more stalling. Suddenly he charged, and just as the shambling figure straightened from his four-legged charge to reach out like a man with his great arms and crush Verne, the man ducked under one hairy arm, hooked an elbow around the ape's throat from behind, and stabbed at his side with the knife.

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Continued in next.

#### ELDER DATA FROM RAY VOICES ! !

For some time the SMC here has been receiving complete recordings of voices from J A McGee. I had intended to give you these in one book. But this sort of thing is not good to let lie around waiting on future 'plans' when they are as apt to strike snags as ours. We have just finished the Shaver Mystery zine for you, thrown it out as unworthy, and started to do it over. Now I hereby jettison the copy too, and insert instead the latest copy from 'under Cleveland.' Members this material is genuine conversation with cavern people, study it closely - VERY CLOSELY.

I apologize that the contents page was so misleading, in case I do not get it removed.

Anyone else who receives complete and concise voice messages please let us have them and we will get them into print.

Please note the interesting cavern observation on Charles Fort at the tail of the article. We have personally received Thayer's own condemnation in letter form, and enclosed was a counterfeit note, indicating us as 'phony' in his opinion. The cavern opinion of the attitude seems to be 'phew'.

(Genuine conversations with cavern people over tel-aug. Anyone receiving such messages is urged to take the utmost care in accurate faithful transcription)

12-4-48 (Ira) 'I see by that magazine you're reading that another bit of Elder technology has reached the top. (Dec. 'U.S. Camera') What they call 'xerography' I've seen it here as part of an ancient book manufacturing mech which someone had restored. Your Shaver Mystery Club should have one! The Elders didn't have much use for books for themselves, but they used to make a great many for others. They say there are certain life forms on other planets cant use telaug. About wave-lengths or something. So they had to have books and such.'

The technician who was running this old mech took it all apart so we could hve a good look. The part which made the main body of the book had two transfer cylinders, made of some sort of metal, coated with a photo-sensitive plastic. This was charged, as the 'xeroplate' is, from a master copy.

This master copy was on an endless film, similar to microfilm. In fact, the mech we saw had been converted to use modern microfilm. The film runs in synchronism with the transfer cylinders. The cylinder is charged electrostatically, and the image reverses the charge where it hits, so that it will attract a very fine plastic powder which was blown upon it.

Your magazine says that the paper is placed in actual contact with the transfer plate. In the old mech, there is no actual contact. The dark powder which formed the image in the transfer cylinder would jump a small gap to the charged paper.

'The 'paper' ran between these two cylinders, printing both sides at once. After the image of one page had been transferred, the cylinder was cleaned and recharged to repeat the process, printing the pages in sequence. When it came to the end of one book, it began another.

'The 'paper' was made right in the mech, in the

form of an endless plastic sheet, single page width. It was opaque white, and very strong. You couldn't tear, crease, or burn it by ordinary means. From the transfer section, it went to a heating chamber where the dark powder forming the transfer image was melted to fix it permanently. The mech then cut it into single pages, and stacked them.

'The pictures, if any, were made in a different part of the mech, by a different process. This (Techs note this, it is genuine antique art work) 'Paper' was thicker than the other, and consisted of some thin opaque backing with a relatively thick coating of some transparent plastic. Very fine color-sensitive particles of some sort were mixed with this coating, and were sensitized also by charging the film. When a color image was projected on it the particles would develop in the same color. This was also fixed by heat, to make it permanent.

'There were two different images projected at the same time, from slightly different angles. This would cause the particles to develop at different depths in the coating, and give a remarkable illusion of three-dim depth. This process was much slower than the other, if the book contained many pictures, it was necessary to have several picture sections running for each printing section. The mech was timed to stack the pictures into the pile at the proper place.

'When the book was completely printed, it went to the binding part of the mech. Here the covers, which had been made in still another unit, were placed on the top and bottom of the pile of pages. Then a strip of another variety of plastic was welded on the back, with heat rays.

'This binding strip turned over the two covers slightly, but the pages were held only by the edges. Something similar to the way a printer pads up scratch pads. This binding strip was so tough that you couldn't tear a page out by hand, yet so flexible the book would remain open at any page. It normally ran

It normally ran very fast. they ran it slow as possible for us, so that we could follow the process.

'I don't know how the Elders prepared their master copy. That part of it was missing. These people made their master with a modern I.B.M. justifying typewriter and then put it onto microfilm. Now that the most important part of the process is already up there, your technicians should be able to work out the rest of it. I can't tell you how the various plastics were made, but you probably could find suitable ones. You have a lot of the old Elder plastics up there.

I notice that the magazine says the inventor is a patent attorney. Could be, but sounds fishy to me. A lot of things seem to be getting up to the top these days. Things that aren't 'dangerous'. There aren't many here who would let go of any real ray mech. In fact, there aren't many, if any, who could. They don't know the secret, so, they can't tell it to anyone.

12/15/48 (Cyril) 'Your surface bosses will give you people just as much medical protection and care as necessary to protect themselves, and no more. If you should happen to get small-pox or bubonic plague, they'll rush you to a hospital and give very medical attention, no questions asked. They're very contagious. If you break your leg, they'll want to know where the money is coming from.

They'll spend millions of dollars on research to wipe out polio and tuberculosis, because they don't want them to spread. They won't spend a cent on arthritis, they don't think it's contagious. But it's a virus disease, same as polio.

'Your scientists don't make any progress against viruses because they are silicon based life forms, and they recognize only the familiar carbon-based forms. (Is this statement true? Ed) They don't even know that there is such a thing as silicon based life? They ought to learn this before they go wandering off into space. On some planets, that is

the dominant life-form.

'One of the important characteristics of a virus which is shared to some extent by the higher forms of silicon based life, is the ability to revert to several intermediate and lower forms, by casting off some of their chemical constituents, when their environment is unfavorable. Later, when environment is again favorable, and the necessary chemical elements are available, it can re-evolve to a higher form again.

'In its lowest, or basic form, which the ancients designated as 'viron' it is a pure crystalline compound, and is almost indestructable. It has been found, on sub-microscopic dust, in free space, and drifts from planet to planet.

'The particular varieties which cause disease in humans require, for their growth and reproduction, certain forms of chemical elements which are found only in certain specific cells or organs of the body. The attractive force which impells them to seek out these particular cells or organs is a mystery which even the ancients did not solve. If the body cannot kill or expel them, as is often the case, it does the next best thing. It attempts to erect barriers to isolate them. In the case of polio, it cuts the nerve as effectively as cut-ray or surgery.

'The ancients used to combat the disease producing viruses by poisoning them. They would find out the exact form of chemical element which they needed. Then they would find, or develop, some isotope of this element which was tolerable to the human body, and acceptable to the virus, but poisonous to it. The old records do not give specific data on these isotopes, and I do not have the research facilities to develop the information.

12-17-48 (Myia) 'A friend of ours who has charge of the Terrestrials anthropology teaching tapes has been visiting us. Some of the things might interest you. They'll show you how your scientists get things twisted around at least.

'First, you must understand the conditions before the big blow-up which I told you about once. All the caverns had a surface counterpart, which was sort of a colony, or protectorate. No mech of any sort was permitted there. They couldn't trust the surface people with it, because they couldn't control them well enough. So every thing they needed was made for them, or done for them, below. They were absolutely dependent on the caverns.

'Then came the terrible shower of meteors, the volcanic activity, the earthquakes, and the floods. It destroyed a lot of the surface settlements, and killed a lot of the people in the caverns. Actually this was the second great catastrophe in the earth's history. The first one was millions of years ago, when a flash of terrible heat from the sun wiped the surface clean, but I won't go into that now.

'In the Mediterranean area, there doesn't seem to have been very much damage done, but this was only a colony. The leadership had always been in Mu and Atlantis, both of which were destroyed. Left to themselves, the colonists, both on the surface and below, lacked the skill and intelligence to carry on as they had done before. Soon, their civilization began to degenerate. The Egypt and Greece of your histories were not, as your scientists assume, the high points of a rising culture. They were the last flickering sparks of a dying civilization.

'In other places, the damage was greater. The survivors were forced up out of the caverns, and out of their ruined cities, out into the wilderness. Try to picture the situation. Before this, everything had been done for them by a robot God-mech. They probably didn't have a single useful mechanical art or skill. They had never had any need for it. Then suddenly they had to start from nothing. Make everything they needed with their bare hands. The crudest artifacts which have been found were actually made by the most cultured people. Later on they became more skilful in making things. But,

at the same time, they gradually forgot the science and teachings of their ancestors, so degenerated culturally.

'Your scientists have never found the remains of any of these people because, as I told you once, it was the universal custom of the tidy ancients to cremate their dead. What has been found were the outcasts from the civilized communities: the freaks and imbeciles. Except in the South Seas area, where the survivors from Mu were forced into cannibalism, these refugees held to the old taboos against taking human life. They would not kill these freaks and degenerates, but they would not tolerate them in their communities. So they were driven out into the forests, to live and die with the wild beasts. Some of their remains have been found, and classified as 'examples of early men' by your scientists.

'The apes and monkeys are the descendants of those people who couldn't take it, mentally, at the time of the great catastrophe. As a psychological escape, they forgot everything they ever knew, except a few instinctive things necessary for survival, and lapsed into a sort of pleasant moronic state. Gradually, by a progress of natural selection resulting from survival of the fitter, they developed the physical characteristics needed for their primitive life. A very few evolved again later. Most of them continued to degenerate. They'll never evolve into men. They're on the way down, not up.'

'The fantastic life forms you read about were developed by the Elders after they had discovered rays which would cause dissimilar genes to unite. They were constantly experimenting to try to develop a better physical form to house the human kui. The cross-breeds which they experimentally produced were almost countless. They tried almost every variety of life from every known planet.

'The goat-human cross was often tried because the goat is immune to so many of the diseases that plague humans. It was also one of the easiest crosses to

make, since the gene will frequently unite even without ray aid. Like most hybrids, the goat-men were usually sterile, and could not reproduce without ray aid. Most of them died out after the gods left. However, there are reports of wild goat-men in central Europe as late as the Roman era.

'The crosses between humans and the cold-blooded life forms, the reptiles and such; were tried because these forms are immune to the age-poisons from the sun. No fish or snake has ever died of old age. An 'old' one is merely a big one, no different physiologically than a young one. They have to be killed by enemies, accident, starvation or disease. Plants dont grow old either. They also have to be killed. That's something for your biologists to chew on.

'The dinosaurs were also Elder experiments. A lot of them got loose during the confusion of the big blow-up. They began to multiply so fast they threatened to destroy all the other life-forms on earth. So a task-force under Apollo was sent back to kill them. I think they missed a few. I think there are some of them left, right here in Western U.S. Only, there is now a sort of limiting force at work to keep them down to a fraction of their former size.

Some time when I have more time, I'll tell you who Adam was. Dont have any more time right now.

12-22-48 (Ira) 'A gravity turbine is a very simple thing, mechanically. It's merely a very heavy fly-wheel on a shaft, connected to the mech which is to be rotated. Some sort of ray diverts the normal gravity flow, so that one side of the wheel has zero gravity, and the other side has double gravity. So it has to turn. I cant tell you anything about the nature of the ray used, because we dont know. The Elders didn't use them much. If they wanted an

energy flow, some other means was simpler.

'Earth induction power is also very simple. It's merely a coil, or several coils, of wire placed so that they cut the natural lines of force produced by the earth. The proportions of the coil depend on their location and the amount of power wanted. It's really very simple. Any of your electricians can tell you how a coil cutting lines of force will produce an induced energy flow. I rather doubt that they would work on the surface. I don't think you'd be in the real force field up there. You'd probably only be getting the eddy flows. I could be wrong, of course.

1-5-49 (Myia) 'We finally found out something about flying discs. They contacted some friends of ours who were down under Oak Ridge so their technicians could study nuclear fission. The discs are mostly from Mars, altho there are a few from Venus and other places mixed in with them and cooperating with them. They were attracted by your A-bomb, and came here to see what it was all about. They don't like what they found, and they intend to do something about it.

'They say that the sun is a very unstable body, and it doesn't take much to upset it. If it wasn't unstable, it would merely be another planet. About thirty hours after each A-bomb explosion a giant sun spot appears. It now has the sun all upset. Raises the devil with the weather all over the solar system, and what is even more important, it greatly increases the flow of disintegrant energy from the sun. They have instruments to measure the flow.

'What they're really afraid of is that some of your so-called scientists will fool around until they get a chain reaction started in some of the natural elements of the earth, and blow it up. They know tht it can happen, because it did happen once, before, ages ago. There used to be an inhabited planet between Mars and Jupiter. They also

discovered the secret of nuclear fission, but also lacked the brains to use it intelligently. They finally blew their planet up.

It came close to destroying the whole solar system. The sun flared up so violently that the terrible flood of fire and heat almost swept the surface of all the planets clean. There was such a flood of de from the sun that there was scarcely a sane person left in the whole solar system.

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(WE, THE TERO, SPEAK ' will be continued until all the material the people of the caverns have sent is published)

This article contains much technical data direct from the cave people and we only wish we could give it all to at once, but we haven't the space. If enough are interested, we will produce it in book form. We now have photographic printing equipment and mean to turn out several collections of letters in facsimile form - perfect documentary proof of the genuine nature of these communications.

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Now, I want to announce to all who want to renew their subscriptions that I can give a free copy of "I Remember Lemuria" with each five dollar subscription. These books have been slightly damaged by water, but are readable and sound, most of them almost perfect. Also want to say we have gone to a great deal of expense lately to get equipped to do our own printing to avoid the delays and put-offs from printers who do not exactly believe in the Mystery until they have printed an issue or two -- and then do not want any part of the tamper involved. I want you all to remember what we go through to get this material to you, and to make allowances according.

I want to stress again that this issue is our first attempt at printing. It is not supposed to be anything but a make-shift fill-in edition while we learn the ropes and get our finances straight after buying equipment. Which is why we offer the free books for the five-dollar subscription; - we need the money. This doing it ourselves is necessitated solely by the fact that professional printers are not club members and do not understand the necessity for putting up with the "non-existent" interference and mysterious annoyances that does "inexplicably" take place when they are working on this zine.

We did this issue once before, had to throw it away. We know now from personal experience why printers do not like the job of doing this magazine. The tamper causes a lot of extra expense. I threw out several fine articles and a big reader's section when I decided to put part of "We, the Teros Speak" in the magazine. This is a mighty important long communication which we intend to put out in one complete pamphlet soon.

#### READER'S SECTION :

Dear Mr. Shaver:

Fd. Svc. Sqdn. #1  
Lowry Field. Colo.

I think you have a very fine little magazine. By all means keep the size format as long as published. The present size is handy and can be bound, and all readers will want to save for future reference.

It would be very nice if you would add a reference list column. A list of books that pertain to the Shaver Mystery. Books of a "Fortean" nature and all books dealing with strange places and events. I believe the average reader would welcome such a list of recommended books. Since I have become interested in the Shaver Mystery I have purchased nearly a hundred books dealing with this type of subject. No doubt there are many more I know nothing about.

I am very glad to note that the Aldebaran press is going to print books dealing with the "Shaver Mystery". They should publish all the books of uniform size. I believe a "Shaver Mystery Encyclopedia" should be included. A series of books containing all the stories published or unpublished, dealing with the Mystery. All important letters, notes and articles. I am sure every club member would want such a comprehensive work and new volumes can be added as new evidence is accumulated.

Sincerely

(Signed) Sgt. Francis Brownley

Ans. Does any member want the task set by the Sgt.? I believe Sgt. Brownley hundred titles would do for a starter. All I can say is - Mail in the material and I will print it if I can.

About the Aldebaran Press, I want to explain there is no space to list the fantastic obstacles that have arisen before this enterprise. They are being overcome and eventually you will get your books. We will have to do most of the work ourselves to get it done at all, is the simple truth. If you know anything at all about printing, you must realize that learning how, in a short time, is a gigantic job. But we are nearly over the hump.

Now here is a letter from Gilbert Cochran which sounds like a bad dream, but which I know from personal experience is very true.

Rte 3, Box 263  
Claremore, Okla.

To Shaver Mystery Club:

I will mention that seemingly men of the underworld have a desire to consort with the dero's of the caves. In order to live a life of mental masturbation while ghost-like evil thought-forms from the caves minister to them.

While I was head-overseer of Alcatraz prison I used to enter the dungeons under the floors. By

silently unlocking the door that gave ingress to a short tunnel that led down to the place where were about fourteen cells. Using no light and groping my way silently in the dark I would draw near the cells.

Then, sitting on the stone floor and leaning against the wall, I would repose myself for an hour or so and listen. Sometimes I would hear them tell of sexual depravity among the prisoners on the floors above them. Of plans to escape and plans for crimes to be consummated when they were at large. Sometimes they would contrive ballads and sing them. Sometimes they would masturbate and utter monosyllabic words and talk to the demons in ghost form and naunce-like carry on a long charade of spoken thoughts. That would reveal they were dilettante of modes of torture and bloodshed. In fact that place was a cauldron where was brewed the most depraved and mad lusts.

Several times I have heard those men speak to each other about huge serpents forms that would near us in the dungeon. And which they and I could plainly see revealed by a ghostly light there in the darkness. Also obscene forms of seemingly human women would glide about. Once when I was there in secret I happened to make a loud noise clattering on the floor. At once all became still and one called out loudly "Who is there"? At last one said that one of the big snakes that had crawled in from the sea had made the noise.

Happy magic to the Shaver Mystery Club

Gilbert Cochran

Ans. Yes, Mr. Cochran, the underworld - our criminal underworld - does know about the caves and the stir and projection rays. They can make a criminals stay in prison more thrilling than life in freedom with plenty of money.

The good rays also make life interesting for men

falsely convicted and condemned for long terms. Men in prison are apt not to talk about such things, they know it is an underworld secret, and most of them know the customary fate of those who talk about it. However it is ridiculous to assume that law officers and secret service men do not know, for criminals and others must have told them many times in past years, and got it recorded on files where they could not help running into it. Anyone who wanted to prove it to his own satisfaction could do so by going to such sources, running it down in the records, or talking to men like yourself who have observed prison life for years and know what goes on.

Criminal circles call the cavern people the "Marvs" or the "boogey-men" and other names, and know a great deal about them. They provide the caverns with many contraband products, dope compounds, powerful aphrodisiacs, girls and other goods that never see a customs stamp. They also provide an outlet for the cut-down synthetic gems of the caverns which are an item of export. These Elder gems were very large, often carved in such exquisite detail they would cause search for their source by archeological collectors, unwanted comment, etc. They are cut up into smaller, common sized stones that can be sold without undue excitement -- whereby some of the greatest art treasures of our planet are destroyed. Also some of the ancient view niches contained diamond lenses, I have heard, so large they could never be accepted without causing world wide attention.

B.H. MacKinlay  
16 E Locust St,  
Aurora, Mo.

Dear Dick:

Received letter from Gerald L. Steele of Dearborn, Mich. requesting acct. of dero attack on safari in Mexico.

Gave him account asked for and suggested he also

WATCH OUT for the Yellow River in B C Canada, Of those that go up only the odd one gets back, and that one as nutty as a fruit. Royal Canadian Air force planned flight in '47. I'm still waiting to hear of its return.

Additional report details - "Now to the muleteer he said they had a mutiny because all the except Larry felt a growing tension and sense of danger as they penetrated the canyon country. But Larry put it down and pushed on. They entered a deep narrow gorge, that no sunlight would penetrate and were half way through to a point where it bellied out when the whole head of the column was swamped by a horde of "horrid leaping white things" that had four limbs and went erect but bore little resemblance to humanity. Larry bore up, roared an order and pulled his gun, but went down under six of them. Guns flashed briefly, in response streaks and flares of brilliant white fire laced the canyon, the rocks bubbling where they struck blinding bright.

The muleteer was bringing up the end of the column and going down in a crevice in the rock with a fall that knocked him out but before he turned and ran and slipped into the crevice he saw the white thing things dragging Larry off still struggling furiously. There was no trace left that anyone had been there but the burnt marks on the rocks. There is the story for Shaver, as much as will ever be known now.

Have transcribed verbatim, too hot for any more.

Eb

To readers - Eb is referring to the disappearance of a treasure hunting expedition of which relatives of the members wrote to him about which we have corresponded for some time past. This occurred in Mexico recently, and some of the men were in touch with members of the Shaver Club. As I got the story, the muleteer returned to the wife of one of the men who had remained behind, then died himself in three days.

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So many members have asked for pictures of Shaver, that Dottie insisted I put this one in SMM to save wear and tear on the postman and and on her photo man at the drug store. So here it finally is for you. The one with the longest hair is Dottie. How it will look after going through our distinctly hazardous printing process, I wonder...

# 'Hexed' Police, Judge Die As Convicted Slayer Said

## Grinning Killer Still Thwarts Sentence While Authorities Succumb One by One

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 30 (UP)—Hake Bird, 45-year-old Negro suspected in the slayings of 29 persons throughout the West, grinned a year ago when detectives told him he probably would be sentenced to die.

"Wait and see," Bird boasted to Detective Lieut. Sherman Lyons. "You policemen and judges will be settin' and waitin' at the pearly gates a long time before I roll up."

Two months later Superior Court Judge E. D. Hodge sentenced Bird to die Jan. 16 for the ax slaying of Mrs. Bertha Kludt here.

On Jan. 1, the judge, who had appeared to be in good health, died suddenly.

A short time later, Chief Deputy Clerk Ray Scott, who handled the filing of the papers in the case, died suddenly.

On Jan. 15, Gov. Mon C. Wallgren granted a 60-day stay of execution to give police time to ques-

tion Bird concerning all of the other slayings. No action was taken as a result of the investigations.

But Undersheriff Joe Karpach, who conducted the investigations, died suddenly. He had never been ill during the five years he held office.

Meanwhile Bird was returned to Tacoma from the death house at Walla Walla Prison and filed an appeal to the state supreme court. No decision has been handed down yet.

This week, Detective Lyons, to whom Bird made his boast, died of a heart attack. He had appeared in excellent health.

Members of the sheriff's and prosecutor's staffs said today they did not want to discuss "the hex."

This is the Jack Buford mentioned in the editorial as his death is written up in newspaper.

Note and think about how very far apart the real truth of this mans death from the "accepted" version. A great many of our "suicides" are murders by control - such as Carol Landis, Lupe Velez, etc.

## WEARER OF UNIFORM DIES IN LEAP FROM DEARBORN ST. BRIDGE

A young man dressed in army clothing yesterday leaped to his death in the river from the Dearborn st. bridge. He was tentatively identified from cards in his pocket as John Carson Buford, 25, of Paris, Tenn.

Two bridge tenders, Michael Dubell, of 2508 N. Mason av., and Edward Gambon, of 1605 Garfield blvd., saw the young man pause at the center of the bridge and begin removing his field jacket. They sounded the bridge bell and attracted the attention of two passing sailors. The sailors started toward the young man, but he jumped over the railing.

The body was recovered from the water a short time later by a coast guard crew. An army registration card dated 1941 led 5th army headquarters officers to believe the young man may have completed army service.

There might be some among these who would dare attack you openly - but they usually do their evil works in more subtle and secret ways. They will attempt to place insidious thoughts within your minds - to sow and cultivate the seeds of distrust, suspicion, and dissension among yourselves - to attempt to turn your minds from your aims to selfishness and greed. To attempt to discourage your hands from their chosen pathways, and turn them to futile diversions. These things are all present in the evil flows of de, but these ones will augment and supplement them.

For they too know the ancient secret of working with the natural forces and flows, instead of against them. Only, their minds are polarized to the flows of de, and not to the flow of te. Your group must learn to recognize the source and nature of these thoughts, and to reject and resist them with all your power. This thing can be done. The powers of the kui are without limit. It can keep the mind polarized to the flows of te, if you but will it so.

I cannot say that the good ones among us will contact you and aid you. All I can say is that they will do so if they can do it, and if they dare do it. Where they can go, and what they can do, is an uncertain thing. For the evil ones and the mad ones also seek us out and attempt to destroy us. We never can say with certainty where we shall be. The place which is today good, may tomorrow be so evil that none dare approach it. It so happens that our group is stronger, and better able to defend itself, than many. Yet even we move away to avoid a conflict when we can. For, even 'tho we destroy many of the evil and mad ones, yet they can destroy many of us while we are doing it. We are even now moving to a new resting place, in a locality where we shall not be able to communicate with you through the present channels. It may be that I, myself, shall never again advise you. Life is uncertain, and I have already lived long.

You must not become discouraged if the good ones among us do not give you as much aid as you expect. They are not gods, and they do not have super brains. Many of them would be considered illiterate by your standards. Yet they have much wisdom which is unknown to your people. This they will freely share with you, if they are able. (If this, I am certain.

There is no way and no place, at the present time, where the good which is below can actually and physically meet the good which is above. If there were - our problems would soon be solved. Until this thing comes to pass, we can only do what we are able, when we are able, and in such ways as we are able. This we have done, and this we shall continue to do.

May the gods grant you success

Sincerely yours,

Uncle Bob

