

CAVE AND TUNNEL ENTRANCES OF THE UNITED STATES
compiled by B. Alan Walton

#1 --- The following account comes from pages 7-10 of the July, 1954 issue of FATE magazine:

"Nearly a year ago workers of the Lion Coal Corp's Wattis mine of Wattis, Utah, broke into a network of tunnels which appeared to be of great antiquity. According to A. B. Foulger, vice president and general manager of the company, the miners were advancing down the center of a 3,000-foot peninsula branching off from the mountain where the mine is located. They were working an eight-foot coal seam at 8,500 feet.

"As they moved down the peninsula, the miners ran into pockets of coal that had oxidized to the point that it could almost be scooped off the face with bare hands. They encountered larger and larger pockets of this lifeless coal until at last they hit two tunnels, about 200 feet apart.

"In May, 1953, both the tunnels appeared to be between five and six feet in height and width. Because of moisture, the coal between the two tunnels had deteriorated to the point where it was no longer merchantable.

"Several of the miners crawling down these old drifts a short distance found that the tunnels were about half full of slack coal. Rooms had been mined off from either side of the tunnels...

"By the testimony of the mining engineers, they were of such great antiquity that the coal had weathered to uselessness for any kind of burning or heat. By the testimony of the miners, there were not only tunnels but coal mining rooms.

"By our conclusion, therefore, the tunnels were dug by an ancient race which used the coal for some purpose.

"It is no answer to say 'we can't be sure because we don't know that the Indians in this area used coal.'

"The facts remain: here are ancient mines; they were dug by someone, if not the Indians, by someone else. Certainly by someone who preceded the white man to this area. Possibly by someone who preceded the Indians."

#2 --- The following letter appeared on pages 174-175 of the October, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES:

"Sirs: Perhaps I have delayed over-long to send you my slight contribution to the master code. Why? I was still afraid there might be some slip that would put me in a bad spot. I am a druggist in this town and any trace of nut's talk would ruin my job. I have been waiting for the issue which just hit the newsstand and agree with you completely.

"There is in this area an artifact which seems to prove all you have printed about the cavern dwellers. First I want to ask a question. How are the caverns ventilated? There is no vegetation to purify the air in the caves. Therefore there must be some connection with the surface, I know where one of the air shafts reach the surface.

"My grandfather was raised with the Indians in this section of the country and has told me of the stories he heard when he was a child. The Indians describe the wld cave as it is called around here, as the home of the devls who came forth in the dead of the night to steal their women and food. No Indian will venture within the area inside of five miles of the cave.

"Perhaps a description of the inside will make my

meaning more clear. The entrance is just a hole in the rocks, but after getting inside you come into a foursquare tunnel about three and one half feet square with a six-inch gutter along the west side, about 10 inches deep. This tunnel is intact for about 100 yards and then opens into what looks like it might have been at one time a completely round or half-round passageway which now looks like the solid lava which it goes through has been chipped and crumbled by extreme heat. It is possible to travel for about a half mile inside before the tunnel becomes obstructed too much for a man to get through.

I have been trying to get someone who would help me clear this obstruction enough to get through and several have agreed but when we get there and start to work they soon give up and want to get out. Another funny thing is that every time I go back the work done before does not show, yet there is no evidence of fresh falls of rock from the ceiling. At this point the feeling that your in mortal danger becomes almost overpowering, after battling this feeling for an hour I feel as weak as if I had been sick for weeks and I have made this attempt many times.

The opening has been dynamited at least four times that I know of. Supposedly to kill rattlesnakes, yet I have never seen one either in the mouth of the cave or inside. In fact my experience with snakes leads me to believe they would never brave the cold blast that comes out.

Still the feelings of distrust and fear clings and none of the natives will consider exploring this artifact which could be made the biggest tourist attraction in this part of the state -- if people were just not afraid to go down there... I am willing to discuss what I know with anyone who won't believe I am crazy, and would like to find someone who has the

intestinal fortitude to help me clear the obstruction to the major cavern with which it connects which I know extends to a depth of 30,000 feet because it has been drilled into and that much cable let out without hitting anything to drill in and I will show anyone who is interested the entire set-up.

My grandfather is now dead unfortunately so he can not verify the Indian stories mentioned, but if Mr. (L. Taylor) Hansen is as familiar with Indian legends as he claims and really desires the truth, have him work with the Shoshones and Blackfeet. Consider their tales of the demons who work this countryside. Also investigate the story of the three immortals who have been seen by many - to rescue them from a lethal situation.

Write me if you are interested in these legends and any knowledge I have is yours. --- George Haycock., c/o Thriftway Drug., Main and Overland., Burley, Idaho

The next letter appeared later on pages 164-165 of the January, 1948 issue of AMAZING STORIES:

Sirs: If you file your correspondence, you will find a letter there from this writer which was written in the early part of this year, advising you of reading my first AMAZING STORIES magazine and of my interest in the mystery of the caves, especially the articles by Mr. Shaver. I haven't missed a copy of A. S. since then and interest in the mystery of the caves has grown until you may class me as an unofficial member of the CHMBS ("Cave Hunters Mutual Benefit Society" - Branton). In fact, the purpose of this letter is to inform you of a recent expedition to one of the caves for an investigation.

For you and those interested in the "air shaft" near Burley, Idaho, reported by Mr. George Haycock,

whose letter was published in the October issue of AMAZING STORIES, this is to verify the truth of this cave.

M/Sgt. Brentlinger (a Shaver fan), stationed at Hill Field, Utah, and myself made a trip to Burley over the weekend of the 17th of August to ascertain the authenticity of both Mr. Haycock and the cave. We had no trouble locating this gentleman and after explaining the purpose of our mission he quite readily agreed to show us the cave and to guide us through, providing it was still possible to enter. The entrance had been blasted since he was last in the cave, he explained.

We drove about six miles west of town, then turned off the highway onto a little road leading off into the desert sagebrush. Oddly enough, this road was well worn and seemed to be much used although there was no apparent reason for so much traffic. We failed to see any other cars either on the way in or out.

Even though he had been in the cave many times and to the entrance as recently as three days prior to this trip, Mr. Haycock, strangely, had difficulty in locating the spot and we stopped twice to look before we finally found it about a mile from the highway.

The entrance was located in the center of a shallow circular depression. The surrounding terrain was nothing but sand and sagebrush but jammed in about the opening were several large boulders. We found there was still a small hole running down through the boulders and Mr. Haycock thought it was possible for us to make entrance. With some violent maneuvering we did manage to

squeeze through and we followed Mr. Haycock to the floor of the cavern. Then, crawling, kneeling and sometimes walking, we were led back through the cave for approximately one-quarter of a mile.

The cavern is cut through what appears to be lava rock. Walls and ceilings are badly fallen-in in many places but there is enough intact yet to give the general appearance that the cave was at one time square. In certain spots the walls and ceiling are perfectly flat. Then, too, we noticed one small chamber to one side of the main passage that is square-cut except for one end which is cupped out.

There are numerous small passages leading off to the side of the main path, which Mr. Haycock said led to dead-ends, in the ones he had explored.

After seeing enough to convince us of the truth of Mr. Haycock's story, it was decided to turn back and not to continue inward to the impassable obstruction Mr. Haycock mentioned in his letter. To have gone that far more equipment would have been required. We had nothing but two flashlights, both being used continuously.

Where we turned back is approximately half-way to the obstruction.

We failed to hear or feel the icy wind that is said to blow from the shaft most of the time. However, Mr. Haycock explained that it did become quiet occasionally, as we found it that day.

At present another trip is planned to the cave. This time there will be seven or eight of us and we plan to take the proper equipment and enough provisions to do some serious work at clearing away the obstruction. It is desired by all to learn what, if anything, might lie further on beyond this obstruction. But, if there is nothing but more cave it will at least be enjoyed and remembered by all!

Now for the information of two other caves this writer knows of which might merit investigation.

The first is in the Smoky mountains of North Carolina in the Nantahalie (?) Gorge. It is called "The Blowing Springs" and is easily reached from the highway. The cave has an icy blast of air and a cold stream flowing from it continuously, from which it got its name. It is not known by the writer whether anyone has ever entered this cave or if this is possible, but there are many who have been to the entrance to look in.

The second is called "The Devil's Well", and is located in the "Hole-In-Ground" near Pine City, Washington. The cave is very round and approximately five feet in diameter. People are known to be afraid to enter this cave due to the rumor that it is a rattlesnake den. It would be interesting to learn if there is any truth to the rattlesnakes and why it is named "The Devil's Well," and by whom! -- Frank W. Haigler., Box 18, Apr F-22., Sahara Valley, Utah

#3 --- Pages 103-105 of F. L. Boschke's book "THE UNEXPLAINED" contains the following interesting story:

"It is understandable that when volcanoes are inactive, they are covered with snow and ice. Many volcanoes rise out of "the eternal ice". One of the tallest volcanoes in the world is Mount Rainier, in Washington, in the northwestern United states. This mountain, which lies south of the port of Seattle, is 14,000 feet high and naturally the top of it is covered with ice. However, there is something strange about this ice. If Jules Verne had known about Mount Rainier, he would have made it the place where the travelers entered the earth in his science-fiction novel JOURNEY TO THE CENTER

OF THE EARTH. In this mountain, volcanic forces struggle with the eternal ice, and the result is a phenomenon unique on this earth.

For hundreds of years people had heard that the ice cap of Mount Rainier concealed a secret, a maze of corridors and caves. But not until 1970 did scientists begin a systematic investigation. It was necessary for them to do so, for shortly before, seismographs had recorded violent earthquakes in the gigantic crater of Mount Rainier, and indications were that the heat in the cone was increasing. The danger was obvious. If the ice melted, some 4,000,000 cubic yards of water would flow down the slopes from each of the two craters at the top of Mount Rainier. The water would tear stones, rocks, pebbles, and mud from the mountainside, trigger landslides, fill up the valleys, melt glaciers, and in general threaten everyone who lived nearby.

In August, 1970, an expedition climbed to the top of the eastern-most of the two craters. When they arrived, instead of the crater they saw a round hole one thousand feet wide and five hundred feet deep, filled with snow and ice. In the white mass they found three large holes sloping downward from the inner wall of the crater. The holes sloped downward at an angle of between thirty-five and forty degrees. The descent was difficult and dangerous. Deep in the crater there were corridors in the ice, some of them as much as thirty feet wide and almost fifteen feet in height. The members of the expedition took the danger in stride and continued to descend. The adventure led them into a cave of large and small corridors, some of which branched off and then met again at some other point. It was less like a maze than a system of tunnels. Some corridors led directly to the center of the crater; other dark passages led to dead ends. At a certain depth the explorers found a

broad "highway" which sometimes widened into a hall and which followed the circumference of the crater wall. This "highway" alone was over a half-mile in length. For the most part, the floor of the passages was damp, muddy, and strewn with broken rock.

The system of tunnels was filled with strange and threatening noises. Hot steam piped, gurgled, and hissed from hundreds of places in the ground, carving its way through mud and potholes and melting the ice on the walls and ceilings, which dripped continuously onto the ground. At other points there were streams of foul-smelling, poisonous gases. In many places the path was not only dark but shrouded with clouds of vapor which concealed everything from view. All the moisture the crater contained rained down into the depths. Apparently a pond or a lake is located somewhere deep inside this underworld.

A warm draft was blowing even at the tunnel entrances, more than 13,000 feet high in the crater wall. The temperature was 40 C. But on top of everything else, it was hot inside the tunnel system! The steam in the corridors was as hot as 560 C, and at one point the temperature of the rocky floor was 860 C.

Struggling against the heat, vapor, water, and gas, the geologists recorded, measured, and made charts of what they found. They marveled at the steep descents and at the cathedral-like grottoes which had been melted out of the ice. At one point, when the ice above them was four hundred feet thick, they made two amazing discoveries. On the ground before them lay the remains of a bird which as a rule inhabits the coast sixty miles away, and above them in the icy ceiling of the corridor they found a red woolen glove!

Mysterious discoveries ought to occur in an adventure, and this adventure had its share. Up

above, at the edge of the crater, the explorers found the remains of another bird. Could a storm carry birds as high as the top of the crater? Perhaps, like the glove, it was brought there by some mountain-climber long ago, Or perhaps the bird and the glove once lay on top of the crater ice, until snow covered them and the heat of the crater melted the ice, allowing both objects to slowly sink into the depths, covered with new layers of snow and ice. This may well be the case.

However, no one doubts that Mount Rainier still contains many secrets and that there may be other explanations for the presence of the glove and the bird.

Still another mystery of Mount Rainier is the question of what happens to all the water that continually streams into the depths of the crater.

#4 --- Mount Shasta, in the northernmost part of California, has been a center of mystery for many students of 'metaphysics'. The mountain is an extinct volcano and is the source of several Indian legends in the area. The following account can be found on pages 257-258 of "A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS" by Phyllos (the Thibetan). A similar account can be found in "AN EARTH DWELLERS RETURN", by the same:

"Beside a roaring, dashing mountain torrent, falling in myriad cascades of foam white as the drifted snow, interspersed with pools of quiet water... deep, trout-filled, blue, reflecting flowery banks and towering pine-crested ridges, "ribs of the planet"... we pause. The day is hot, but the waters of the branch of McCloud river are cold as the pristine snows of Shasta from which they flow to our feet and thence away.

We recline on the brink of a deep blue crystal pool,

idly casting pebbles into and shivering the image of a tall basalt cliff reflected from the mirror-calm surface.

What secrets perchance are about us? We do not know as we lie there, our bodies resting, our souls filled with peace, nor do we know until many years are passed out through the back door of time that this tall basalt cliff conceals a doorway.

We do not suspect this, nor that a long tunnel stretches away, far into the interior of majestic Shasta. Wholly unthought is it that there lie at the tunnels far end vast apartments, the home of the mystic brotherhood, whose occult arts hollowed that tunnel and mysterious dwelling: "Sach" the name is. Are you incredulous as to these things? Go there, or suffer yourself to be taken as I was, once! See, as I saw, not with the vision of flesh, the walls, polished as by jewelers, though excavated as by giants; floors carpeted with long, fleecy gray fabric that looked like fur, but was a mineral product; ledges intersected by the builders, and in their wonderful polish exhibiting veining's of gold, of silver, of green copper ores, and maculation's of precious stones. Verily, a mystic temple, made afar from the madding crowd, a refuge whereof those who "Seeing, see not," can truly say:

"And no man knows....

"And no man saw it e'er."

Once I was there, friend, casting pebbles in the stream's deep pools; yet it was then hid, for only a few are privileged. And departing, the spot was forgotten, and to-day, unable as anyone who reads this, I cannot tell its place. Curiosity will never unlock that secret. Does it truly exist? Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. Shasta is the true guardian and silently towers, giving no sign of that within his breast.

But there is a key. The one who first conquers self, Shasta will not deny."

(The complete account of his stay in the interior of Mount Shasta later on in his life can be found in the book, but due to its length, it cannot be reproduced here)

#5 --- Mount Lassen is another extinct volcano and is located southeast of Shasta in the Lassen Volcano National Park. The following letter comes from page 206 of the June, 1945 edition of AMAZING STORIES, and the story which follows appeared on pages 155-157 of the December, 1946 issue of the same magazine:

Sirs: "...In California there is a Mt. Lassen, and I have been told that at times voices are heard from the interior of the mountain, and that at such times persons approaching too near are covered with a shower of stones in size from peas to your head. I have not been there, but have talked to at least a dozen people who have; and that section refer to it freely as an entrance to another "world" and a different and strange people. - Irene M. Steen., General Delivery., Clewiston, Fla.

INSIDE MOUNT LASSEN - By RALPH B. FIELDS

(The writer of this article presents it as a factual story; the editor's present it as received.
It is amazing!)

"In Beginning this narrative and the unexplainable events that befell my friend and myself, I offer no explanation, nor do I even profess to offer any reason. In fact, I have yet to find a clue that will, even in part, offer any explanation whatever.

Yet as it did happen, there must be some rhyme or reason to the whole thing. It may be that some one can offer some helpful information to a problem that just should not exist in these times of enlightenment.

To begin with, if we had not been reading an article in a magazine telling us about the great value of guano (bat droppings in old caves) that have accumulated over a great number of years, we would have continued to wend our merry way through life without ever having a thing to worry 'bout.

But having read the article and as we were at the time living near a small town called Mantén in Tehama County, California, we thought that that would be a good country to explore for a possible find of this kind. After talking it over for some time and as we had plenty of time just then, we decided to take a little trip up the country just back of us. As we were almost at the foot of Mount Lassen, that seemed the best place to conduct our little prospecting tour. So collecting a light camping outfit, together with a couple of pup tents to sleep in, we started out on what we expected to be a three-or-four-day jaunt up the mountain.

I guess we covered about ten or twelve miles on the third day and it was fast approaching time to begin to look for a place to spend the night, and the thought was not very amusing and it had turned a little colder and we were well over seven thousand feet above sea level.

We soon found a sheltered place beneath a large outcrop of rock and set about making a camp. As I was always the cook and Joe the chore boy, I began getting things ready to fix us some grub and Joe began digging around for some dead scrub bush to burn. I had things all ready and looked around for Joe and his firewood. But I could see no sign of him. I began calling to him and he soon came into sight from around the very rock where we were making our camp. And I knew he was

laboring under some great excitement as his face was lit up like a Christmas tree.

He had found a cave. The entrance was on the other side of that very rock. He was all for exploration right away. But I argued that we had better wait till morning. But he argued that in the cave it was always night and we would have to use flashlights anyway so what would be the difference? Well, we finally decided that we would give it at least a once-over after we had had a bite to eat.

It wasn't much to call a cave at first as it had a very small entrance, but back about twenty feet it widened out to about ten feet wide and around eight feet high. And it did reach back a considerable distance as we could see at least a hundred yards and it appeared to bend off to the left. The floor sloped slightly down.

We followed to the bend and again we could see a long way ahead and down.

At this point we became a little afraid as we were some way into the mountain. The idea of being inside so far seemed to make us a little afraid. But we reasoned that inasmuch that there were no branches or connecting caves we could not get lost and therefore had nothing to be afraid of. So we went on. We found no sign of anything that we could imagine to be our much sought guano nor signs of any animals being inside the cave.

I don't know how far we went, but it must have been a mile or two, as we kept on walking and the cave never changed its contour or size. Noticing this I mentioned it to Joe. We stopped to examine closer by the light of our larger flashlights. And we discovered an amazing thing. The floor seemed to be worn smooth as though it had been used for a long time as a path or road. The walls and ceiling of the cave seemed to be cut like a tunnel. It was solid rock and we knew that no one would

cut a tunnel there out of rock as there had been no sign of mining operations. And the rock in the walls and ceiling was run together like it had been melted... Or, fused from a great heat.

While we were busy examining the cave in general, Joe swore he saw a light way down in the cave. We started down the cave once more and found a light. Or I should say the light found us as it was suddenly flashed into our faces. We stood there blinded by it for a minute until I flashed my light at its source and saw we were confronted by three men.

These men looked to be about fifty or a little younger. They were dressed in ordinary cloths such as is worn by most working men in that locality. Levi type pants and flannel shirts and wool coats. They wore no hats. But their shoes looked strange as their soles were so thick they gave the impression of being made of wood.

We just stood there for a minute or two and looked at them. We had no idea there was anybody within miles of us and there stood three men looking at us in a cave a mile or so in the depths of old Mount Lassen.

I was scared. We were unarmed. And we knew nothing about these men. One of them spoke to us. He asked us what were looking for. I told him, but I could see he didn't believe it. We both tried to convince him, but he just smiled. We had a little argument with him, but fearing they might be some criminal gang in hiding, we came to the conclusion that we had better retreat. Turning to go we were confronted by two more of them.

I can't find any way to express the fear and utter helplessness I felt in finding our retreat cut off. I do remember having remarked to Joe...

"Well, it' looks like we are behind the well known eight-ball." I sure didn't feel as jovial as I spoke either. One of the strangers told us, "I

think maybe you had both better come with us."

We were in no position to argue, though we both would have liked to do a little of that right there, but we had no way of enforcing our arguments. Where could a hero gain any credit in a place like that? So we permitted the five to escort us deeper into the depths of old Lassen.

They had led us farther down and I guess we had gone a couple more miles when we came to the first thing that really amazed us... We came to a place where the cavern widened out a little and we saw some kind of machine, if it can be called that. Though I had no chance to examine it closely at the time, I did later and it was a very strange contrivance. It had a very flat bottom, but the front was curved upward something like a toboggan. The bottom plate was about eight inches thick and it was the color of pure copper. But it was very hard tempered. Although I have had a lot of experience with metals and alloys, I had no opportunity to examine it closely enough to determine just what it was, I doubt very much if I could. It had a seat in the front directly behind a heavy dash-board affair and there was a dial shaped in a semi-circle with figures or markings on it. I had not the slightest idea what they stood for, but they were very simple to remember. (See cut.)



If there was a motor, it was in the rear. All I could see was two horse shoe or magnet shaped objects that faced each other with the round parts to the outside. When this thing was in operation, a brilliant green arc seemed to leap between the two

and to continue to glow as long as it was in operation. The only sound it gave off was a hum or buzz that sounded like a battery charger in operation.

The seat in the front was very wide. The only method of operation was a black tear-shaped object which hung from the panel by a chain. One of these men sitting in the middle, took this thing and touched the sharp end to the first figure on the left side of the dial.

When he touched the first figure, the contraption seemed to move almost out from under us. But it was the smoothest and quietest take-off I ever experienced. We seemed to float. Not the slightest sound or vibration. And after we had traveled for a minute he touched the next figure on the dial and our speed increased at an alarming rate. But when he had advanced the black object over past the center of the dial, our speed increased until I could hardly breathe. I can't begin to estimate the distance we had traveled or our speed, but it was terrific. The two horseshoe objects in the rear created a green light that somehow shone far ahead of us lighting up the cavern for a long way. I soon noticed a black line running down the center of the cavern and our inner-mountain taxi seemed to follow that.

I don't know how long we continued our mad ride, but it was long enough for us to become used to the terrific speed and we had just about overcome our fear of some kind of a wreck when we were thrown into another spasm of fear.

Another machine of the same type was approaching us head on. I could see our captors were very nervous, but our speed continued. As the other machine became closer, our speed slowed down very fast and we came to a smooth stop about two feet from the front of the other machine.

Our machine had no sooner stopped than our

strange object in their hands. It resembled a fountain pen flashlight with a large, round, bulb-like affair on the back end and a grip something like a German luger. They pointed them at us. After seeing what had happened to our erstwhile captors I thought that our turn was next, whatever it was. But one spoke to us.

"Are you surface people?"

"I guess we are, as that is where we came from very recently."

"Where did the hairlike find you?"

"If you mean those guys there," I pointed to the five motionless figures, "back there a few hundred miles." I pointed toward the way we had come in our wild ride.

"You are very fortunate that we came this way," he told us. "You would have also become hairlike and then we would have had to kill you also." That was the first time I had realized that the others were dead.

They put their strange weapons away and seemed friendly enough, so I ventured to ask him the who and why of everything we had run into. I told him of our search for guano and how we had encountered the five horloks, as he called them. And also asked him about the machines and their operation and could we get out again? He smiled and told us.

"I could not tell you too much as you could not understand. There are so many things to explain and you could not grasp enough of what I could myself tell you. The people on the surface are not ready to have the things that the ancients have left. Neither I nor anyone in any of the caverns know why these things work, but we do know how to operate some of them. However, there are a great many evil people here who create many unpleasant things for both us and the surface people. They are safe because no one on the surface believes us or them.

Neither I nor anyone in any of the caverns know why these things work, but we do know how to operate some of them. However, there are a great many evil people here who create many unpleasant things for both us and the surface people. They are safe because no one on the surface believes us or them. That is why I am telling you this. No one would believe that we exist. We would not care, but there are many things here that the outer world must not have until they are ready to receive them, as they would completely destroy themselves, so we must be sure that they do not find them. As for the machine, I don't know how it works. But I know some of the principles of it.

It works simply by gravity. And it is capable of reverse. The bottom plate of it always is raised about four inches from the surface of the floor.

That is why there is no friction and has such a smooth operation. This object suspended from this chain is pure carbon. It is the key to the entire operation. As I told you before, I cannot explain why it runs, but it does. We want you two to return to where you came and forget about us. We will show you how to operate the sled and we want you never again to enter the cave. If you do and you do not encounter the horloks, we will have to do something about you ourselves, so it would not be advisable to try to return at all events. One thing I can tell you. We never could permit you to leave another time."

He explained to us the operation of the machine and in some way reversed its direction. So thanking them, we seated ourselves in the sled, as he had called it, and were soon on our way back.

Our return trip was really something we enjoyed as I was sure not to advance the carbon far enough on the dial to give us such terrific speed, but we soon found ourselves where we started from. The sled slid to a smooth stop and we jumped out and

started up the cave afoot...

We must have walked a long way coming in, for we thought we never would come to the surface. But at last we did. And it was late afternoon when we emerged... We lost no time in making our way down the mountain and Joe tells me that he isn't even curious about what is in that cave.

But I am. What is the answer to the whole thing? I would like to know. We had been told just enough for me to believe that down there somewhere there were and are things that might baffle the greatest minds of this earth. Sometimes I am tempted to go back into that cave if I could again find it, which I doubt, but, then I know the warning I heard in there might be too true, so I guess I had better be of the same mind as Joe. He says:

"What we don't know don't hurt us."

#6 --- The following information can be found on page 277 of Bourke Lee's book "DEATH VALLEY MEN". This story of a strange tunnel was told after the men had been discussing a local Indian legend, similar in many details to the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, from Greek mythology:

"..."Now! About this tunnel," said Bill, with his forehead wrapped in a frown. You said this Indian went through a tunnel into a strange country, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I think I called it a cave or a cavern, but I suppose a miner would call it a tunnel. Why?"

"Here's a funny thing," said Bill...

"This Indian trapper livin right across the canyon has a story about a tunnel, an it's not a thousand years old either. Tom Wilson told me that his grandfather went through this tunnel and

disappeared. He was gone three years, and when he came back he said he'd been in a strange country livin among strange people. The tunnel is supposed to be somewhere in the Panamints not awful far from where we're sittin (Emigrant Canyon, near Death Valley). Now! What do you think of that?'"

The same book, DEATH VALLEY MEN, also tells the following story (pp.301-308) of an ancient city beneath the Panamint mountain range in south-eastern California. Bill Cocoran and Jack Stewart, one time residents of the Death Valley area, upon one occasion came across three individuals who were experiencing troubles with their automobile. They were kind enough to let the visitors stay at their place for a few days, whereupon the five of them became good friends. Because of their generosity, the visitors had decided to let them in on a secret:

"Thomason looked from Jack to Bill and asked, "How long have you men been in this country?" Jack



From Compton's Interactive Encyclopedia Deluxe © 1999 The Learning Company, Inc.

(Salt flats are among the incredible sites to be found in Death Valley, the lowest point in the Western Hemisphere.)

spoke before Bill had a chance... "Not very long," said Jack quietly. Bill glanced curiously at Jack but said nothing. If Jack thought that thirty years was not very long that was all right with Bill.

Thomason said, "I've been in and out of the Death Valley country for twenty years. So has my partner. We know where there is a lost treasure. We've known about it for several years, and we're the only men in the world who do know about it. We're going to let you two fellows in on it. You've been good to us. You're both fine fellows. You haven't asked us any questions about ourselves, and we like you. We think you can keep a secret, so we'll tell you ours."

Jack blew smoke and asked, "A lost mine?"

"No, not a mine," said Thomason. "A lost treasure house. A lost city of gold. It's bigger than any mine that ever was found, or ever will be."

"It's bigger than the United States Mint," Said White, with his voice and body shaken with excitement. "It's a city thousands of years old and worth billions of dollars. Billions of Dollars! Billions! Not millions. Billions!"

Thomason and White spoke rapidly and tensely, interrupting each other in eager speech.

Thomason said, "'We've been trying to get the treasure out of this golden city for years. We had to have help, and we haven't been able to get it."

"Everybody tries to rob us," put in White. "They all want too big a share. I offered the whole city to the Smithsonian Institution for five million dollars -- only a small part of what it's worth. They tried to rob us, too! They said they'd give me a million and a half, and not a cent more." White's fist crashed on the table... "A lousy million and a half for a discovery that's worth a billion dollars," he sneered.

"Boats!" demanded the astonished Bill. "Boats in

Death Valley?"

Jack choked and said, "Sure, Boats, There used to be a lake in Death Valley. I heard the fishing was fine."

"You know about the lake," Thomason pointed his blue chin at Jack. "Your geology would tell you about the lake. It was a long time ago... The ancient people who built the city in the caverns under the mountain lived on in their treasure houses long after the lake in the valley dried up. How long, we don't know. But the people we found in the caverns have been dead for thousands of years. Why! those mummies alone are worth a million dollars!"

"I had nothing more to do with them."

Jack got up and found his plug of tobacco. He threw away his cigarette and savagely bit off an enormous chew. He sat down and crossed his legs and glowered at White as he worked his chew into his jaw.

Bill's voice was meek as he asked', "An this place is in Death Valley?"

"Right in the Panamint Mountains!" said Thomason. "My partner found it by accident."

He was prospecting down on the lower edge of the range near Wingate Pass. He was working in the bottom of an old abandoned shaft when the bottom of the shaft fell out and landed him in a tunnel. We've explored the tunnel since. It's a natural tunnel like a big cave. It's over twenty miles long. It leads all through a great underground city; through the treasure vaults, the royal palace, and the council chambers; and it connects to a series of beautiful galleries with stone arches in the east slope of the Panamint Mountains. Those arches are like great big windows in the side of the mountain and they look down on Death Valley. They're high above the valley now.

But we believe that those entrances in the mountain side were used by the ancient people that built the city. They used to land their boats there."

White, his eyes blazing, his body trembling, filled the little house with a vibrant voice on the edge of hysteria. "Gold!" he cried. "Gold spears! Gold shields! Gold statues! Jewelry! Thick gold bands on their arms! I found them! I fell into the underground city. There was an enormous room; big as this canyon. A hundred men were in it. Some were sitting around a polished table that was inlaid with gold and precious stones. Men stood around the walls of the room carrying shields and spears of solid gold. All the men - more than a hundred men - had on leather aprons, the finest kind of leather, soft and full of gold ornaments and jewels. They sat there and stood their with all that wealth around them. They are still there. They are all dead! And the gold, all that gold, and all those gems and jewels are all around them. All that gold, and jewelry! Billions!" White's voice was ascending to a shriek when Thomason put a hand on his arm and White fell silent, his eyes darting about to the faces of those who sat around the table.

Thomason explained quietly, "These ancient people must have been having a meeting of their rulers in the council chamber when they were all killed very suddenly. We haven't examined them very closely because it was the treasure that interested us, but the people all seem to be perfect mummies."

Bill squinted at White and asked, "Ain't it dark in this tunnel?"

"Black dark," said White, who had his voice under control again. His outburst had quieted him. "When I first went into that council room I had just some candles.

"I fumbled around. I didn't discover everything all at once like I've been telling you. I fell around over these men, and I was pretty near almost scared out of my head. But I got over that and

everything was all right and I could see everything after I hit the lights."

"Lights? There were lights?" It was Bill asking.

"Oh, yes," said White. "These old people had a natural gas they used for lighting and cooking. I found it by accident. I was bumping around in the dark. Everything was hard and cold and I kept thinking I was seeing people and I was pretty scared. I stumbled over something on the floor and fell down. Before I could get up there was a little explosion and gas flames all around the room lighted up. What I fell over was the rock lever that turned on the gas, and my candle set the gas off! Then was when I saw all the men, and the polished table, and the big statue. I thought I was dreaming. The statue was solid gold. Its face looked like the man sitting at the head of the table, only, of course, the statues face was much bigger than the man's, because the statue was all in perfect size only bigger. That statue was solid gold, and it is eighty-nine feet six inches tall!"

"Did you measure it," asked Jack silkily, "or just guess at it?"

"I measured it. Now you'll get an idea how big that one room -- that council room -- is. That statue only takes up a small part of it!"

Steady and evenly, Jack asked, "Did you weigh the statue?"

"No," said White. "You couldn't weigh it."

Bill was puzzled. "Would you mind telling me how you measured it?" asked Bill.

"With a sextant," said White. "I always carry a sextant when I'm on the desert. Then if I get lost, I can use my sextant on the sun or moon or stars to find myself on the map. I took a sextant angle of the height of the statue and figured its height out later."

"A sextant," said Bill, frowning heavily.

Jack said, "It's part of a church, Bill. Never mind that.... Tell us some more about this place. It's very interesting."

Fred Thomason said, "Tell them about the treasure rooms."

"I found them later." White polished his shining pate with a grimy handkerchief. "After I got the light going I could see all the walls of this big room and I saw some doors cut in the solid rock of the walls. The doors are big slabs of rock hung on hinges you can't see. A big rock bar lets down across them. I tried to lift up the bars and couldn't move them. I fooled around trying to get the doors open. It must have been an hour before I took hold of a little latch like (thing) on the short end of the bar and the great big bar swung up. Those people knew about counter-weights and all those great big rock doors with their bar-locks -- they must weigh hundreds of tons -- are all balanced so you can move them with your little finger, if you find the right place."

Thomason again said, "Tell them about the treasure."

"It's gold bars and precious stones. The treasure rooms are inside these big rock doors. The gold is stacked in small bars piled against the walls like bricks. The jewels are in bins cut into the rock. There's so much gold and jewelry in that place that the people there had stone wheelbarrows to move the treasure around."

Jack sat up in sudden interest. "Wheelbarrows?" he asked, "wheelbarrows a million years old?"

"We don't know how old they are," said Thomason, reasonably, "But the stone Wheelbarrows are there."

"Stone wheelbarrows," marveled Jack. "Those dead men must have been very powerful men. Only very strong men could push around a stone wheelbarrow loaded with gold bars. The wheelbarrows must have weighed a ton without

a load in them."

"Yes," said Thomason, slowly, "the wheelbarrows are stone and of course they are very heavy..."

"But they're very easy to push around even with a load in them," White explained.

"They're scientific wheelbarrows."

"No," objected Jack in a low tone of anguish.

"Yes," insisted White, pleasantly sure of himself. "A small boy could fill one of those stone wheelbarrows full of gold bars and wheel it around. The wheelbarrows are balanced just like the doors. Instead of having the wheel out in front so that a man has to pick up all the weight with his back, these wise old people put the wheel almost in the middle and arranged the leverage of the shafts so that a child could put in a balanced load and wheel the barrow around."

Jack's heart was breaking. He left the table and threw his chew out the door. He went over to the stove with his cup. "Anybody want more coffee?" he asked. No one did.

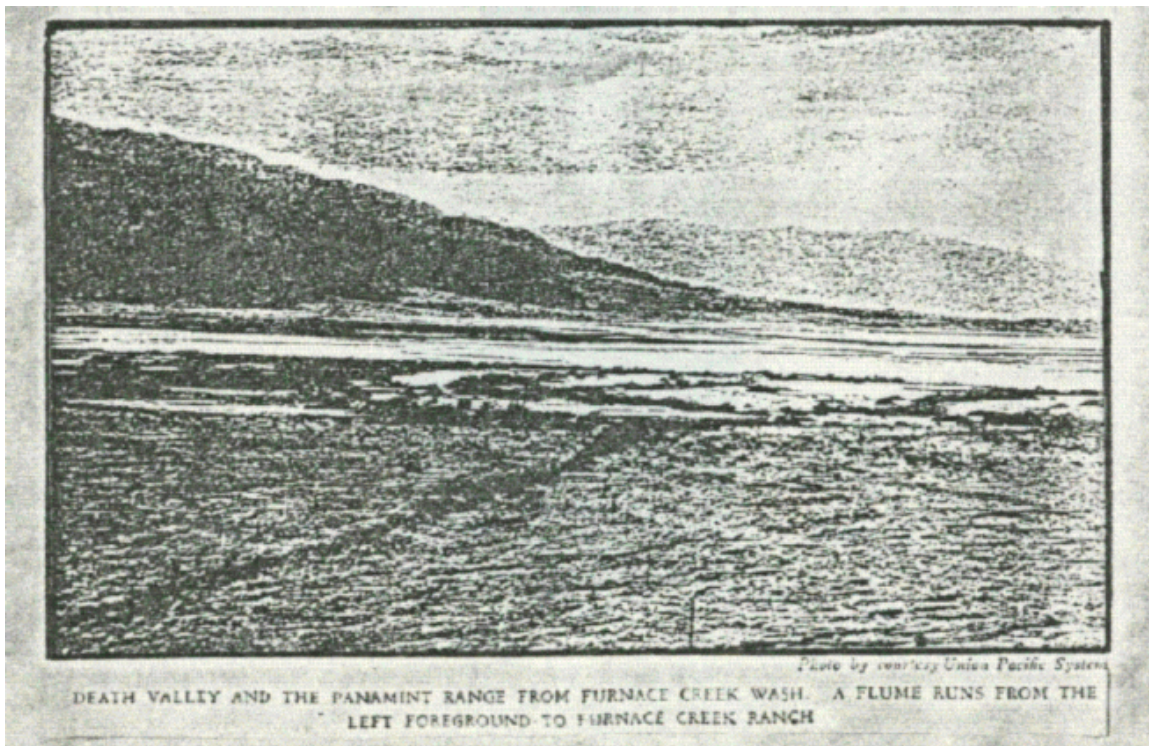
Bill studied Thomason and White for several moments. Then he asked, "How many times you been in this tunnel."

"I've been in three times," said White'. "That's counting the first time I fell in. Fred's been in twice; and my wife went part way in the last time we was in."

Mrs. White stroked her blond hair and said. "I thought my husband was romancing when he came home and told me what he found in the mountains. He always was a romancer. One of the reasons I married him was because he was such a romancer. I was sure he was just romancing about this city he said he found. I didn't believe it until they took me into it. It is a little hard to believe, don't you think?"

Bill said, "It sure is." Jack stirred sugar into his coffee and sat down at the table again. Bill asked, "Did you ever bring anything out of the cave?"

"Twice," said Fred Thomason. Both times we went in we filled our pockets with gems, and carried out a gold bar apiece. The first time we left the stuff with a friend of ours and went to try and interest someone in what we'd found. We thought, the scientists would be interested or the government. One government man said he'd like to see the stuff and we went back to our friend to get the gold and jewels and he told us he'd never seen them; and dared us to try to get them back. You see, he double crossed us. We were in a little trouble at the time and the loss of that stuff just put us in deeper. We couldn't get a stake because we were having hard work making anyone believe us. So we made another trip out here for more proof.



brought out more treasure and buried it close to the shaft entrance to the underground city before we went back to the coast. I persuaded some university officials and some experts from the Southwest Museum to come out here with me. We got up on the Panamints and I could not find the shaft. A cloudburst had changed all the country around the shaft. We were out of luck again. The scientists became unreasonably angry with us. They've done everything they can to discredit us ever since."

Jack watched Thomason and White across the rim of his coffee cup. Bill said, "An now you can't get into your treasure tunnel. It's lost again. That's sure too bad."

Thomason and White smiled. "We can get in all right," said Thomason in a genial voice his cold eyes did not support. Mrs. White smiled confidently and her husband bobbed his head. Thomason went on "You've forgotten about the old boat landings on the Death Valley side of the Panamint Mountains. All we have to do is climb the mountain to the openings where the galleries come out of the city on to the old lake shore. Do you know the mountains along the west side if Death Valley?"

"I been down there" said Bill.

Thomason turned to White: "How high do you think those galleries are above the bottom of Death Valley?"

White said, "Somewhere around forty-five hundred or five thousand feet. You looked out of them; what do you think?"

"That's about right," agreed Thomason. "The openings are right across from Furnace Creek Ranch. We could see the green of the ranch right below us and Furnace Creek Wash across the valley. We'll find those windows in the mountains, all right."

"You goin down there now?" asked Bill.

"That's what we came for," said Thomason. "We're going to take out enough gold to finance ourselves, and we'll open that city as a curiosity of the world."

"That's it," said White. "We're through with the scientists. We tried to make a present of our discovery to science because we thought they would be interested. But they tried to rob us, and then laughed at us and abused us..."

Saying thanks and farewell the treasure hunters left, promising to return, and drove in their car down Emigrant Canyon towards Death Valley. Late that same afternoon Bourke Lee (the author of DEATH VALLEY MEN, which records his own experiences in Death Valley - Branton) met the three of them on the floor of the valley. Their car was parked beside the road between Furnace Creek Ranch and the Salt Bed. The men were patching a tube. They did not need any help so he (Bourke Lee) said goodbye and went south in the valley. He never saw Fred Thomason, Mr. White or his wife again, and ten days later when he again visited Bill Corcoran and Jack Stewart, they told him that they hadn't seen them since.

When another week went by and the proprietors of the lost city did not reappear, the author and Bill (Cocoran) made a trip down into Death Valley in their car and took along a pair of field glasses, hoping to see some sign of the explorers or the "windows" in the side of the mountain. They failed to find any sign of either.

About 17 years after DEATH VALLEY MEN was published there appeared an article in the September, 1949 issue of FATE magazine, pp.17-21, which tends to

support the story of Thomason and White, to a remarkable degree.

The article was titled - TRIBAL MEMORIES OF THE FLYING SAUCERS, written by a Navaho Indian, Oga-Make, who sent in this tribal secret of the Paihute 'Indians' in appreciation for a story on the Navaho Indians which appeared in the Spring, 1948 issue of FATE magazine:

"Most of you who read this are probably white men of a blood only a century or two out of Europe. You speak in your papers of the Flying Saucers or Mystery Ships as something new, and strangely typical of the twentieth century. How could you but think otherwise? Yet if you had red skin, and were of a blood which had been born and bred of the land for untold thousands of years, you would know this is not true. You would know that your ancestors living in these mountains and upon these prairies for numberless generations, had seen these ships before, and had passed down those stories in the legends which are the unwritten history of your people.

You do not believe? Well, after all, why should you? But knowing your scornful unbelief, the storytellers of my people have closed their lips in bitterness against the outward flow of this knowledge.

Yet, I have said to the storytellers this: now that the ships are being seen again, is it wise that we, the elder race, keep our knowledge to ourselves? Thus for me, an American Indian, some of the sages among my



people have talked, and if you care to, I shall permit you to sit down with us and listen.

Let us say that it is dusk in that strange place which you, the white-man, calls "Death Valley." I have passed tobacco (with us a sacred plant) to the aged chief of the Paiute's who sits across a tiny fire from me and sprinkles corn meal upon the flames. You sprinkle holy water, while we sprinkle corn meal and blow the smoke of the tobacco to the four directions in order to dispel bad luck and ask a blessing.

The old chief looked like a wrinkled mummy as he sat there puffing upon his pipe. Yet his eyes were not those of the unseeing, but eyes which seemed to look back on long trails of time. His people had held the Inyo, Panamint and Death Valleys for untold centuries before the coming of the white-man. Now we sat in the valley which white-man named for Death, but which the Paiute calls Tomesha -- The Flaming-Land.

Here before me as I faced eastward, the Funerals (mountains forming Death Valley's eastern wall) were wrapped in purple-blue blankets about their feet while their faces were painted in scarlet. Behind me, the Panamints rose like a mile-high wall, dark against the sinking sun.

The old Paiute smoked my tobacco for a long time before he reverently blew the smoke to the four directions. Finally he spoke.

"You ask me if we heard of the great silver airships in the days before white-man brought his wagon trains into the land?"

"Yes grandfather, I come seeking knowledge."
(Among all tribe's of my people, grandfather is the term of greatest respect which one man can pay to another.)

"We the Paiute Nation, have known of these ships

for untold generations. We also believe that we know something of the people who fly them. They are called The Hav-musuvs."

"Who are the Hav-musuvs?"

"They are a people of the Panamints, and they are as ancient as Tomesha itself."

He smiled a little at my confusion.

"You do not understand? Of course not. You are not a Paiute. Then listen closely and I will lead you back along the trail of the dim past.

"When the world was young, and this valley which is now dry, parched desert, was a lush, hidden harbor of a blue-water sea which stretched from half way up those mountains to the Gulf of California, it is said that the Hav-musuvs came here in huge rowing ships. They found great caverns in the Panamint's, and in them they built one of their cities. At that time California was the island which the Indians of that state told the Spanish it was, and which they marked so on their maps.

"Living in their hidden city, the Hav-musuvs ruled the sea with their fast-rowing-ships, trading with far-away peoples and bringing strange goods to the great quays (openings high in the cliffs) said still to exist in the caverns.

"Then as untold centuries rolled past, the climate began to change. The water in the lake went down until there was no longer a way to the sea. First the way was broken only by the southern mountains, over the tops of which goods could be carried. But as time went by, the water continued to shrink, until the day came when only a dry crust was all that remained of the great blue lake. Then the desert came, and the Fire-God began to walk across Tomesha. The Flaming-Land.

"When the Hav-musuvs could no longer use their great rowing-ships, they began to think of other means to reach the world beyond. I suppose that is

how it happened. We know that they began to use flying canoes. At first they were not large, these silvery ships with wings. They moved with a slight whirring sound, and a dipping movement, like an eagle.

"The passing centuries brought other changes. Tribe after tribe swept across the land, fighting to possess it for awhile and passing like the storm of sand. In their mountain city still in the caverns, the Hav-musuv dwelt in peace, far removed from the conflict. Sometimes they were seen at a distance in their flying ships or riding on the snowy-white animals which took them from ledge to ledge up the cliff. We have never seen these strange animals at any other place. To these people the passing centuries brought only larger and larger ships, moving always more silently."

"Have you ever seen a Hav-musuv?" (The Navajo asked...)

"No.. but we have many stories of them. There are reasons why one does not become too curious."

"Reasons?"

"Yes. These strange people have weapons. One is a small tube which stuns one with a prickly feeling like a rain of cactus needles. One cannot move for hours, and during this time the mysterious ones vanish up the cliffs. The other weapon is deadly. It is a long, silvery tube. When this is pointed at you, death follows immediately..."

"But tell me about these people. What do they look like and how do they dress?" (the Navajo asked).

"They are a beautiful people. Their skin is a golden tint, and a head band holds back their long dark hair. They dress always in a white fine-spun garment which wraps around them and is draped upon one shoulder. Pale sandals are worn upon their feet..."

His voice trailed away in a puff of smoke. The purple shadows rising up the walls of the Funerals

splashed like the waves of the ghost lake.

The old man seemed to have fallen into a sort of a trance, but I had one more question.

"Has any Paiute ever spoken to a Hav-musuv, or were the Paiutes here when the great rowing-ships first appeared?"

For some moments I wondered if he had heard me. Yet as is our custom, I waited patiently for the answer. Again he went through the ritual of the smoke-breathing to the four directions, and then his soft voice continued:

"Yes. Once in the not-so-distant-past, but yet many generations before the coming of the Spanish, a Paiute chief lost his bride by sudden death. In his great and overwhelming grief, he thought of the Hav-musuv and their long tube-of-death.

He wished to join her, so he bid farewell to his sorrowing people and set off to find the Hav-musuv. None appeared until the chief began to climb the almost unscalable Panamints. Then one of the men in white appeared suddenly before him with a long tube, and motioned him back. The chief made signs that he wished to die, and came on. The man in white made a long singing whistle and other Hav-musuv appeared. They spoke together in a strange tongue, and then regarded the chief thoughtfully. Finally they made signs to him, making him understand that they would take him with them.

"Many weeks after his people had mourned him for dead, the Paiute chief came back to his camp. He had been in the giant underground valley of the Hav-musuv (a much larger and deeper cavernous 'valley' to which they migrated from their city within the Panamints itself), he said, where white lights which burn night and day and never go out, or need any fuel, lit an ancient city of marble beauty. There he learned the language and the history of the mysterious people, giving them in turn the language and legends of the Paiutes. He

said that he would have liked to remain there forever in the peace and beauty of their life, but they bade him return and use his new knowledge for his people."

I could not help but ask the inevitable.

"Do you believe this story of the chief?"

His eyes studied the wisps of smoke for some minutes before he answered.

"I do not know. When a man is lost in Tomesha, and the Fire-God is walking across the salt crust, strange dreams like clouds, fog through his mind. No man can breathe the hot breath of the Fire-God and long remain sane. Of course, the Paiutes have thought of this. No people knows the moods of Tomesha better than they.

"You asked me to tell you the legend of the flying ships. I have told you what the young men of the tribe do not know, for they no longer listen to the stories of the past. Now you ask me if I believe. I answer this. Turn around. Look behind you at that wall of the Panamints. How many giant caverns could open there, being hidden by the lights and shadows of the rocks? How many could open outward or inward and never be seen behind the arrow-like pinnacles before them? How many ships could swoop down like an eagle from the beyond, on summer nights when the fires of the furnace-sands have closed away the valley from the eyes of the white-man? How many Hav-musuvvs could live in their eternal peace away from the noise of white-man's guns in their unscalable stronghold? This has always been a land of mystery. Nothing can change that. Not even white-man with his flying engines, for should they come to close to the wall of the Panamints a sharp wind like the flying arrow can sheer off a wing. Tomesha hides its secrets well even in winter, but no man can pry into them when the Fire-God draws the hot veil of his breath across the passes.

"I must still answer your question with my mind in doubt, for we speak of a weird land. White-man does not yet know it as well as the Paiutes, and we have ever held it in awe. It is still the forbidden; Tomesha--Land-Of-The-Flaming-Earth."

#7 --- The following letter was published in the March, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine and can be found on pages 171-173 of that issue:

"...The writer is presently a writer for the Washington Times Herald, is a former World War II combat infantry officer and a holder of the Distinguished Service Cross.

"I can be checked upon at my paper or better, simply contacted there by your Washington office. I vouch for the following and will be glad to be of assistance for the hell and not the cash of it.

"I'll tell you a story about a story about a cave and if you want to kick it around, I, as I say, will do all that I can to help, although at this writing I intend to furnish you with the names of persons more closely involved and you won't need me. In fact, for the time, I'd feel better if I just BURNED this letter.

"In 1935 these weary eyes gazed awe-stricken upon a blue print of a California cave prepared in his off-time by a member of the U.S. Geodetic Survey.

"This cave was approximately the size of the Grand Canyon.

"As I said, this is a story about a story.

"The story, telling all that was known to the writer at the time, was written, with some slight assistance from me, by Lowell E. Harmer, at present a reporter for the Los Angeles Daily News -- he's a man with an overweening interest in caves.

"The story was told by Esquire Magazine, but WAS NEVER PRINTED.

"I sure as hell would like to know why Esquire paid good money for a story and never used it and WHAT WAS BEHIND IT? The story was read and critiqued by Arnold Gingrich himself. This I know, because it came back in its first draft with suggestions for changes by Gingrich and was purchased in its second draft and Harmer was paid. I think the price of the article was \$175.00, but I could be wrong -- if it's important.

"Substantially, the story was this -- Several years before 1935 three Indian youths appeared in Needles carrying the mangled body of a fourth -- their brother, or brother tribesman. Time dims the memory.

"It developed that they had been mining a vast underground cavern, complete with a series of terraces, and the youth had slipped and fallen from the lowest of the series, falling EIGHT HUNDRED FEET to his death.

"The boys said they had been depositing their gold in the bank of Needles. This was investigated and found to be true. I believe they had deposited about \$55,000 worth.

"The cavern was reached on the property of the Dorr brothers in San Bernardino county and roughly was under the Ivanpah mountains. See map.

"Fearing the gold rush, the Dorr brothers made arrangements to keep others out, and conducted an underground exploration that took 8 days (and they) failed to complete exploration of the main vast cavern.

"When they emerged they found the danger of the gold rush even worse. They dynamited the entrance and spent several years and all their money perfecting title to their land and buying up all the desert lands they adjudged to lie above their protected underground domain.

"As of 1935 they were unable to find their way back

through the tortuous and branching underground tunnels back to the main cavern.

This main cavern, blue printed by the U. S. Geodetic agent, whose name I cannot remember, was tremendous.

There were 1500-foot waterfalls that washed down into it, gradually filled it to a depth of many feet, then suddenly rushed out in a direction away from the falls. Siphonage, apparently.

This washing, continuous for God knows how many millenniums, was what was mining the gold down in the bottoms of the cavern, if memory serves.

There was a stalactite hanging from somewhere that was 100 feet through at its ceiling base, and extended downward FIFTEEN HUNDRED FEET.

There were many other unbelievable features. It was nothing less than the Grand Canyon of the Colorado repeated underground.

A certain Sparks Stringer apparently was working with the Dorr brothers to raise funds for further attempts to re-enter.

One Ed Nuhl, then an executive and now business manager at Universal Studios, was approached by Stringer and one William H. Burk, or Burke, (who will be in the Los Angeles city directory) with the proposition that Universal put up the money for re-opening, in return for photo rights.

This was favorably considered for a time then turned down on the grounds that it was prevented by technical difficulties. These were, I believe, sufficient power for illumination, etc.

The Southern California Automobile Club, or I believe, one of its officers, was interested, somehow. It may have been because of its promise as a tourist attraction, but there was a mystery about his interest. It did not seem legitimate to us at

the time, as I remember. That was Harmer's opinion, is what I mean to say.

You can have a Washington D.C. representative contact me at the Times-Herald, or at my home, 5605 33rd st. N. W., Washington, D.C. My phone number is ORDway 3374.

However, Harmer is your man. Or should I say Shaver's man? He was still at the Los Angeles Daily News last May and I'm pretty sure he is still a reporter there.

He's a man with an open mind and will not allow himself to be conquered either by Charles Fort or Albert Einstein.

Incidentally he knows about another cavern operated near the Dorr brothers' place. The manager (or owner, I forget) is a man named Hansen, Hansen is a man afraid of his cave. He doesn't go in himself. He hires people to guide others into it. Harmer, in 1935, didn't find out why he wouldn't go in, He just seemed to be a man afraid. --- Charles H. Gesner., Times-Herald., Washington, D. C.

The following letter appeared on p. 173 of the Nov. 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES:

Sirs:

I was somewhat surprised to note the letter of Charles H. Gesner which appeared in your March, 1947, issue and dealt with the tremendous cave alleged to exist in California.

The story as told by Gesner is substantially accurate in all details and was at one time printed in the magazine of the Southern California Auto Club.

The only existing copy of the blueprint showing the internal ramifications of this cave was in my hands for several years.

Although no one, to my knowledge, has as yet been able to re-enter this cavern I am of the opinion that it actually exists, although perhaps not to the dimensions given in the blueprint. The person who asked my assistance in opening the cave did not offer a proposition that could profit them in any way except should their story prove to be true, and I spent many hours cross examining the original discoverer, now here in Mexico.

At the present time, this matter is, for obvious reasons, under the jurisdiction of the War Department. --- Sparks Stringer., Apartado 15 Bis., Mexico, D.F., Mexico

(For more info on this cave, see chapter 11 of "DEPTHS OF THE EARTH", by William R. Halliday, M.D. - Branton)

#8 --- The Hopi Indians are a group of native Americans living on a reservation in northern Arizona. The word "Hopi" means "Peaceful". This extraordinary group of 'Indians' (native Americans) have resisted all pressures to conform to the White mans way. Their traditions and legends are very colorful and detailed, especially the story of their emergence upon the surface of the earth... Long ago, they say, their ancestors lived in an underground world. After millennia's of such living conditions and after migrating through four different underground countries, they decided to come to the surface of the earth to live. The following is an account from pages 205 and 214 of Harold Courlander's book "THE FOURTH WORLD OF THE HOPI'S":

"More Hopi's then not accept the version in this collection, and most agree that the location of the

Sipapuni (place of emergence) has long been forgotten.

However, some of the Third Mesa clans place the Sipapuni in the Grand Canyon near the confluence of the Colorado and little Colorado rivers, and they stop at this sight ceremonially in the course of salt-collecting expeditions..."

The legend primarily belongs to the Third Mesa villages - Oraibi, Hotevilla and Bakavi (Bacobt) - and to Moencopi, an offspring of Oraibi..."

As Titiev paraphrases the description given by Don Talayesva: "It was not long now before the expedition found itself approaching the Kiva, the original Sipapu through which mankind emerged from the underworld. Its outlines are indicated by soft, damp earth and an outer circle of bushes called pilakko.... Pushing their way through the fringe of vegetation, the party stepped into the inner ring within which the kiva is located. The Sipapu is full to the brim with yellowish water, of about the same coloring of the surrounding earth, which serves as a 'lid' so that ordinary humans may not see the wonderful things going on beneath the surface.'"

#9 --- The following statement can be found on page 144 of Ellen Russell Emerson's book "INDIAN MYTHS":

"A Great many years ago the Navajos, Pueblos, Coyoteras, and (some) white men all lived under the Cerra Naztarny, on the Rio San Juan. Here they subsisted on flesh alone, for they had with them all kinds of birds..."

#10 --- The Jicarilla Apache Indians are somewhat divided as to the exact place from which their

ancestors are alleged to have emerged from the subterranean world. Pages 26, 57, and 163-164 of Morris E. Opler's book "MYTHS AND TALES OF THE JICARILLA APACHE INDIANS" gives the information that some of the Apache's believe their place of emergence to be somewhere west of Flint Mountain, which is west of Abiquiu, New Mexico. Others place it north of Durango Colorado; near Alamosa; or in the San Juan Mts. of Colorado.

#11 --- On pages 23-24, we find the following interesting story from Edgar L. Hewett's book "HANDBOOKS OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL HISTORY":

"Tewa legendry tells us that the human race and the animals were born in the underworld. They climbed up a great Douglas "fir" tree, and entered this world THROUGH a lake called Sip'ophe. When people die, their spirits go to Sip'ophe, "lake of the dead", through which they pass into the underworld. There are many spirits in the waters of Sip'ophe. Sip'ophe is a brackish lake in the sand dunes northeast of Alamosa, Colorado (now within the Great Sand Dunes National Monument). The senior writer of this volume visited the site in 1892. He found among the dunes a small lake of very black, forbidding-looking water. It was approximately one hundred yards in diameter. Around the shore was a continuous line of dead cattle. An old man who had long lived on the slope of Sierra Blanca gave the information that the lake never dried up, and that many cattle died every season from drinking its water. The location of Sip'ophe is generally and definitely known by the Tewa. Here their ancestors came out upon the surface of the earth.

#12 --- (continued from Hewett's book) ...In varying forms, the name of the place of emergence appears in other Pueblo languages. The Tewa say that the Keres did not enter this world from the dune lake, but from two caves, "Keres holes," near La Cueva, in Taos County, New Mexico. The cliff in which these caves are situated is about twenty-five feet high. They (the caves) are tunnel-shaped, have a level floor, and are high enough for a man to stand erect in them; the openings are a few feet above the bottom of Oja Caliente creek. The northern cave extends "into the cliff some seventy-five to one hundred feet; its innermost recesses are dark owing to the curvature which the cave makes. Interior surfaces of the chambers are smooth and flesh-colored. From these two caves, the Keres people are said to have come forth when they first emerged into this world."

#13 --- Page 13 of the September, 1978 issue of "THE NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL" contains the following legend, which comes from an article in that magazine, titled "The Hidden Secrets of the Southwest", by Tal Levesque, the (former) "Inner-Earth" consultant for that publication:

"...Further research here may reveal something even more extraordinary. 40 miles NE of Mt. Taylor (in N.M.), is a sacred Cabezon Peak -- Head of the Giant - Ye-Itso... the Navajos claim they killed a giant who lived inside this ancient volcanic core, when he came out and tried to steal their women and food."

#14 --- The next legend was told by an old Indian man to Grenville Goodwin. Goodwin, an ethnologist, was the author of the book "MYTHS AND TALES

OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE". The story can be found on page 120 of that book:

"...Some time after that the man who had warned them, was walking along the top of this ridge (between east and west forks of Cedar Creek, near tl'uk'a'al'i', an old farming sight on the west fork of Cedar Creek, within the San Carlos reservation), going northwards. He came to a porcupine. He mounted the porcupine and rode it like a horse. The porcupine took him along up the ridge and as they went the man dragged the toes of his moccasins in the soft ground once in a while. He did not know where he was being taken and wanted to leave some sort of tracks on the ground that the people might be able to trail him, if he did not come back.

"After they had traveled some distance this way, they arrived at the mouth of a cave which is on the other side of this big bluff that you can see above here (north side of the bluff about a mile or two above the farming site mentioned earlier). The man rode the porcupine right into the cave and when inside he dismounted. Then the porcupine pushed him on into the passage leading inward. He went into the cave and followed a sort of tunnel for almost a mile, which finally took him out on top of a mountain. There on this mountain ga'n people were living and the man stayed with them."

#15 --- Carlsbad Caverns, near the southern border of New Mexico and a few miles south-west of Carlsbad, New Mexico, is one of the deepest in the United States and has by far one of the largest 'known' cavern 'rooms' in the world (also adjacent

to Carlsbad is the 'Lecheguilla' caverns, discovered in the late 20th century, and they are nearing the length of the Mammoth-Flint Ridge system of Kentucky, as new passages are being 'pushed' continually. The "Big Room" of Carlsbad caverns is 4000 feet long, 625 feet wide and 300 feet high, it could almost hold the Golden Gate Bridge inside itself and a 25 story office building could be built in the center of this tremendous room with space to spare at the top! In another room of the same cavern a seventy story skyscraper could be fitted, being 820 feet in height. A few miles away in another cave, the worlds largest known stalagmite-stalactite column exists. The whole area near the cavern could be honey-combed beneath with even more undiscovered caverns.

#16 --- This next letter appeared on pages 171-172 of the October, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES:

"Sirs: Norman Finley, a neighbor of a good friend of mine, told me about an experience he had which was rather unusual. He and a couple of other fellows were hunting down in the Big Bend country. I don't know whether you are familiar with the Big Bend or not, but there is no more wild or desolate area in the country. Rugged, mountainous, cut by canyons, there are innumerable parts of it which have never known the foot of man.

"It was in one of the most desolate areas that Finley and his companions found themselves. They had driven about ninety miles southwest of Marathon, Texas, a little town of about 700 people, at the foot of the Del Norte Mountains, 4000 feet high, and had then gone on afoot. The dirt road just petered out and they couldn't get their car further. They were hunting deer but had had no luck. Just as they were about to call it a day, Finley spotted a mountain lion. He snapped a

shot at it and knocked it over. But the lion just rolled over on his feet and started to leave those parts.

Finley and the other fellows took after him, since it was obvious that he was wounded and not making very good time. They managed to keep him in sight for about a mile and were sure they had him when he ran into a box canyon. The lion, however, started up a faint trail up one side of the canyon to a small cave they could see about a hundred feet from the floor of the canyon. They followed him up this trail, but when they got to the cave - there was no lion!

The cave was one of those dished out affairs that are so common in the south-west. Eroded out of the face of a cliff and cup-shaped. The only access to it was by that trail. But this cave was a bit queer. It had a sand floor and was just big enough to park twenty cars in it. On the cliff edge was a low stone wall. This in itself was not too unusual, because such caves had sheltered Indians for thousands of years.

The thing that did make it unusual was that in the rear of it was a perfectly round hole. It was obvious that the lion had ducked into this.

They approached it rather cautiously and tossed some stones in it to see if they could stir him up. But there was no response. They could hear the stones rolling and bouncing down an incline and the sound just got fainter and fainter until it died away altogether.

They then approached the hole and peered down into it. It was perfectly round--also it was about four or five feet in diameter. They couldn't see very far down it, but it appeared to descend rather sharply and at a steady gradient. The fellows gathered some dry grass from the canyon floor and made some torches. The incline of the bore was too steep for them to climb down so they tossed the torches down it. They just slid

down further and further and disappeared into the gloom. They never did see or hear of the lion again. At first they thought they had stumbled onto some old Spanish mine workings. But there was no sign anywhere of a dump that always goes with a mine. By all rights there should have been some sign of the earth and rock that had come out of that hole--but there wasn't.

When they inspected the hole itself more closely, they were amazed at its symmetry and of the constancy of the section of the bore as far as they could see down it. The fact that the bore was perfectly round puzzled them, too.

If it was a mine shaft, it most certainly wouldn't have been round, but instead would have been flat on the bottom. The fact that the shaft extended straight and unwavering as a rigid pipe was cause for further amazement. Since the fellows had no rope with them, which would have been needed to descend the shaft, as well as lights, they scratched their heads awhile and then left.

Finley wanted to go back with equipment and see how far down the shaft went and what was at the bottom of it. But ranchers are busy people and he never went back. In the meantime he got pretty well broken up when a horse threw him and he now lives in Fort Worth while he has someone else run the ranch. We talked rather idly about having a look at his cave someday. He says he knows exactly where it is and could find that box canyon with his eyes shut. So far we haven't done anything about it. But we may either this summer or next when we can get time to go down to Big Bend.

Finley told me this story about a year before even you heard of Shaver so you can be sure he wasn't influenced by the "Shaver 'Mystery" ...In fact, I don't believe he has ever heard of the "Shaver Mystery," even to this day. --- E. Stanton Brown., 4931 Bryce Ave., Fort Worth 7, Texas

The following paragraph can be found on pages 11-12 of Ira A. Cole's book "THE GOLDEN ANTELOPE":

"...Then there was the story stone Calf told me of the great caves somewhere on the Staked Plains of southwest Texas or southeastern New Mexico where the buffalo annually come out of the underworld in countless numbers to take up their trek to the north. Stone Calf never visited the great opening in the earth but had talked with Indians who had, and was confident he could go directly to the spot from the directions given him. He was sure the buffalo bred in great numbers in a land called Shipapu deep under the earth, and came out by the wish of the Great Spirit, solely for the use of his Indian children. Later, he thought they might return to this land of Shipapu by some northern route under the earth and return again the following spring through the mouth of the great cave. Of course, no white man ever found this cave, but that it exists somewhere down there in that wild country, or did exist while the Indian had need of the Buffalo, who can gainsay? Just because a thing doesn't measure up scientific-like seems to me is no reason for doubting it or classifying it a myth." (Cheyenne)

This following letter was published in the January, 1948 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on pages 168-170:

"Sirs: Since I have been an interested reader of AMAZING STORIES since my high school days (1929) when A-S was a bigger magazine, I feel like one of the family when I read the letters in the discussion pages. The temptation has arisen many times to write a letter to you concerning some hotly discussed matter, but something has always prevented me from getting at it. However, the October issue pushed me too far, and here goes.

"The mysterious cave Mr. E. Stanton Brown spoke of in his letter is not exactly news to me. In 1938 a party of six of my friends and myself spent seven months in that area of Texas, and upper Mexico. We were testing an electronic instrument that we had developed, and needed lots of space and some mineral deposits for the various tests. So, we got rather well acquainted with the Big Bend country, and the figure 2 Ranch, north of there. We arrived there in January and camped in the Sierra Blancas, storing a lot of our equipment at the town of Van Horn. By March we stumbled onto this cave (or a twin) that Mr. Brown speaks of in his letter. Everyone was so dumbfounded by it that we spent the better part of the rest of the month in making a thorough investigation. We penetrated the shaft to a distance of 870 feet and at about 650 feet we found very finely executed writing on the right wall at eye level, in what resembles cuneiform. At 800 feet one of the party fell over a cloth lying in the dust, and upon closer examination, it was found to be part of a blue shirt, of fairly recent manufacture; indicating that someone else had been this far in recent times. This and an empty pint whisky bottle dated 1897 was all we located to indicate recent occupation. Of course in a country where desperados such as Black Jack, Billy the Kid, etc., hid out where they could and the more solitary the better, such a find was not too surprising.

At about 780 feet the floor dips more sharply downward and at near 900 feet progress is very hazardous due to the moisture and increased slant downward. We carried rocks from the opening, and rolled them from the point where we could no longer walk, but they simply faded out with a rumble after a few seconds. We tried rolling flaming yucca stumps to see if, perhaps, we might determine more about the bore

further on, but the only thing would have been lots of lariat ropes, or a long steel cable, and neither was available nearer than some 50 miles.

If Mr. Finley had taken the time to go hunting up in the Figure 2 Ranch territory he might have run across another, and to me more interesting, cave than the big bend one. About 62 miles from the town of Van Horn you go through the salt-flat country, where the Salt Wars of the old west occurred. Westward, some 8 or 9 miles from the road is Apache Canyon country, and as rugged as anywhere on the face of the globe. In an off-shoot of Apache Canyon to the south, is an impassable gash called Hell Canyon. The walls of this canyon rise precipitously for at least 1000 feet and top out on Apache Peak on one side and an old Indian ceremonial ground on the other side. More desolate country would be hard to imagine. Coyotes and mountain lions are plentiful, and panthers no novelty. I have seen as many as 34 deer in a herd down below on a grassy ledge sloping down toward the canyon floor. Of course, further up toward the box end of the canyon it was much too rugged for deer, but a few mountain sheep are seen. (It was) in the wildest part of the canyon that the other cave was found, In fact we almost fell into it. The high grass about the opening hid the dished out entrance.

We were at an elevation of approximately 7000 feet and going was tough, especially with a pack, and we had stopped to rest when one of the party remarked that it "sounded hollow" when any of us talked. Of course, we all yapped away at the same time trying to see if this was so, and sure enough it was. Further investigation located the hole some six feet to the left of where we had stopped. It was roughly oval in shape, some 30 by 18 feet; and bridged in the center the short way by a natural rock arch heavy enough to support an elephant. In

the center of the arch were 3 deep grooves caused we hazarded, by rope passing over the arch.

We spent several hours in investigating the surrounding terrain to see if there might be any other entrances to the cave, but found none. It sloped sharply from the opening down to about 200 feet, and then the bore disappeared, curving upward.

We succeeded in getting down to the first level, by tying all our ropes together, and subsequently investigated a lot of it.

Threading through the soil were long stringers of quartz, but oddly enough at the same there were chunks of rock as big as a piano that were solid masses of seashells. Quite a lot of pottery both broken and whole, was found. The most interesting thing was, however, that the further we went the colder it got.

Also there was a sound of either rushing wind or water, which grew louder the lower we went. We came upon two human skeletons not over 500 feet from the entrance, but they must have been very old, as the bones crumbled at the touch. Everything was covered with a deep dust after passing the bend and no indication of any living thing having passed there was ever noted. It was very dark and depressing, and the chill was very penetrating. When you consider that the outside temperatures was near 100 degrees, you can imagine how we were dressed. We had three flashlights, one a five cell, and after awhile it was all that was left that would give a decent light. Down at what was estimated as 1200 feet from the opening we came smack up against a smooth stone wall. That was it. The end. None of us would admit it was natural, it was too smooth and perfect, and look as we would we could not find a single flaw or crack in it. It was of a marble-like texture and some eight or nine feet high in the center and around eleven wide. By placing our ears to the rock surface the roaring on the other side became much louder, and the rock was quite cold to the touch. There is natural marble near there, in Marble

Canyon, where marble was once taken out in large quantities, and so the rock was native rock, I'm sure. Since the remaining light was all we had except matches, we voted to get back to the opening as soon as possible, and after a hard struggle upgrade we got back to daylight and held conference. We decided to bed down and talk it over further the next day, as it was getting late.

However, the next day we were inclined to look foolishly at each other and claim it was all our imagination thinking that there was anything strange on the other side of that barrier, and it was just another one of those many caves in the country. Carlsbad is just 65 miles north of there, and the whole country is no doubt honeycombed underneath.

We finished our experiments and left, late in July, but I have never been able to forget the caves, and the odd sounds on the other side of that barrier. Or for that matter, the barrier itself, for it was too perfect to be natural, I believe. Or maybe I've just read too many AMAZING STORIES', and am inclined to wild ideas. As the Mexicans say, Quien sabe? Some day I'm going to write you a ding-how Scientifiction or something-or-other, and then place it and my rejection notice among my souvenirs. Maybe then I can go on reading AMAZING STORIES in peace, without wanting to dash off a dinger. - K. A. Gookin., Carmel Radio & Sound Service., Box 1865., Carmel, Calif.

#17 --- Franklin Folsom's book, "EXPLORING AMERICAN CAVES" contains the following on pp. 203-204:

"It is part of folklore in some quarters that cave air is dangerous -- or that there may not be enough (air) to breath. Spelunkers know better.

"They (Spelunkers - or cave explorers) know that

caves for the most part are a paradise for sufferers from hay fever, since the under-ground air lacks pollen and is free of dust unless human beings stir it up...

"Nevertheless, there are persistent though unconfirmed reports that Kiser Cave between Fredricksburg and Mason Texas, pours out a steady stream of carbon dioxide from its mouth."

#18 --- The following is part of a Kiowa Indian legend which has its setting in the Wichita Mts. of SW Oklahoma. The story can be found on pages 138-139 of the book "AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY", by Alice Marriott and Carol K. Rachlin:

"...Then the white men hired hunters to do nothing but kill the buffalo. Up and down the plains those men ranged, shooting sometimes as many as a hundred buffalo a day. Behind them came the skinners with their wagons. They piled the hides and bones into the wagons until they were full, and then took their loads to the new railroad stations that were being built, to be shipped east to the market. Sometimes there would be a pile of bones as high as a man, stretching a mile along the railroad track.

The buffalo saw that their day was over. They could protect their people no longer. Sadly, the last remnant of the great herd gathered in council, and decided what they would do.

The Kiowas were camped on the north side of Mount Scott, those of them who were still free to camp. One young woman got up very early in the morning. The dawn mist was still rising from Medicine Creek, and as she looked across the water, peering through the haze, she saw the last buffalo herd appear like a spirit dream.

Straight to Mount Scott the leader of the herd walked. Behind him came the cows and their calves, and a few young males who had survived. As the woman watched, the face of the mountain opened.

Inside Mount Scott the world was green and fresh, as it had been when she was a small girl. The rivers ran clear, not red. The wild plums were in blossom, chasing the red buds up the inside slopes. Into this world of beauty the buffalo walked, never to be seen again.

#19 --- In an article titled "The Shaver Mystery" by Vincent H. Gaddis, in the August, 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, he quotes from some booklets written by Maurice Doreal., p.160:

"In a series of booklets written by Dr. M. Doreal, issued by the Brotherhood of the White Temple., 1600 Logan st., Denver 5, Colo., the following claims are made:

"Eight shafts are protected by a "blue" race of underworld beings. One of the entrances is given as not far from Sulphur Springs, Oklahoma, and within a mile of Bromide Springs. Another is in Kentucky."

#20 --- Fred W. Allsopp's book "FOLKLORE OF ROMANTIC ARKANSAS", contains the following interesting legend., on pp. 156-158:

"The famous Diamond cave, one of the wonders of Arkansas, is located in the Boston mountains, three miles southwest of Jasper, Newton County. Its interior has been explored and surveyed for only three miles, but it is supposed to extend into the mountain for more than 21 miles. A dazzling panorama of magnificent stalactites and stalagmites, as well as other natural

phenomena, holds the visitor spellbound with wonder.

The legends connected with this great subterranean marvel are very interesting.

According to one of these, communicated to the Commercial-Appeal, by George M. Moreland, the Great Spirit became much displeased with his children who lived there. They were constantly quarreling and fighting, and they refused to live together amicably as brothers should. Angered at the antagonism in his erstwhile happy kingdom, the Great Spirit, decided to destroy these people and lay waste the beautiful mountain land which for ages had been their home.

Only one chief was obedient, and the Great Spirit decided to spare him and his family. The obedient chief was directed to assemble his household and to fill baskets with the seed of all good things, and to enter the great cavern now called Diamond Cave. So with his family, and baskets filled with seeds, the good chief went far back beneath the mountain. The fairies and elves paid homage to the Great Spirit, and importuned him to allow them also to enter the cavern. This appeal was granted. After the elves and fairies, and the good chief and his family were all safely within the cave, the Great Spirit set a huge stone over the entrance, sealed it securely. Then he blew the breath of his mighty wrath over the beautiful mountain lands, causing icebergs to drift down from the northland.

All living things, both animal and vegetable, were destroyed, except those safely within the cave. Years passed, Years became ages, and ages aeons, but the land remained one vast scene of frozen desolation. The once beautiful mountain country was naught but one tremendous glacier.

After countless centuries, the Great Spirit looked upon this desolate scene, and his wrath was appeased. He rolled the stone away from the cavern's mouth, and

bade the good chief and his family come forth and replenish the land...

The Great Spirit was appeased, but the signs of his wrath are a warning to his children of his great power. Some of the rocks he left bare, as a constant reminder of what the land might again become if his children should disobey him."

#21 --- On pages 160-161 of the August, 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES, Vincent H. Gaddis, in his article "The Shaver Mystery" also makes the following statements concerning Dr. M. Doreal:

"Doreal writes: 'There never was but one book written that told anything about the blue race and it was written by a man for a group of his private students and I have one of his letters in which he said: "I will allow it to be published because people will look upon it as a fairy story." That story was allegory but he told about the blue race and he tells of a man on the outer earth who entered the mysteries. I have a copy of this very rare book. The book referred to is Etidorhpa ("Aphrodite" spelled backwards), or The End of Earth -- The account of a Remarkable Journey, by John Uri Lloyd, published by the Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1895 (a revised edition of this book is available from Amherst Press, Amherst, Wisconsin, 54406). The entrance is given as being near Biswell's Hill, Livingston County, Kentucky, not far from Smithland, but on the opposite side of the Cumberland River from town. The author of the book, now deceased, was a famous Cincinnati scientist. Cincinnati is my old home town. I never met Lloyd, but knew about him. I have a friend, a Cincinnati book dealer, who knew him well.

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"He calls the book metaphysical fiction. Lloyd himself did not make the trip, according to the book. It was given to him by another man.

"Doreal claims to have visited Shamballa and the Mt. Shasta colonies. They are cities of complex machines, guarded by a "warped-space screen." Of a dimensional nature, these screens might be compared to a etheric web that exists between the physical and astral worlds.. Nevertheless, the fact that these centers and their operating machinery are described as physical seems to me significant. Where there is so much smoke from so many different sources, there must be some fire.

"Doreal implies that all these centers are 'good.' ...It is well known that the cavern areas in these two locales (Mammoth and Carlsbad Caverns) are immensely extensive, and one of them alone could house our entire population. Taking this fact into consideration, and realizing that only very scratchy exploration has ever been made of any of these caves, and none to any depth at all, we wonder why those doubters who keep scoffing say '...if they existed, why haven't they been found?' -- our caves have not been very well explored. For instance, there is a hole in a cave, in Mexico which is more than 6000 feet deep (by measured lines) and if the caves do go down that far, we can assume it possible for almost anything to exist down there with no danger of our discovering it from where we sit. So let's not go around making ridiculous claims about how much we know about our caves."

#22 --- On pp. 82-84 of "THE SOUL OF THINGS" by William & Elizabeth M. F. Denton., Vol. I., is an account of a 'psychometric' experiment (obtaining

impressions from inanimate objects just by touching them). There are a few people around the world who 'claim' to have this ability, one of the most famous being Peter Hurkos. Although it is not known how much faith can be put into such experiments, some 'sensitive's' however have 'psychometrized' objects they new nothing about only to learn later that what they had sensed was in fact a reality:

"EXPERIMENT XXXII... I have a small fragment of fibrous gypsum, which was obtained in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. This I gave to Mrs. Denton for examination; she saw it, but knew nothing of its history, and supposed it to be a piece of asbestos, which it somewhat resembles.

"You must have had this given to you. The place I see does not look like this region. I see a beach with rocks upon it resembling this specimen. Back of this beach I see a hill with soil and vegetation on it. The rocks I saw seem to have been placed there by artificial means. Now I see a curved wall arching over head; the rocks that lie around seem to have come from an open place near there. Farther on, the rocks are perpendicular.

"I am in a cave that I have seen represented in books, I am almost sure. It is very extensive (I am not in good condition for examining, or I could see much better.). It has been visited a good deal, for I perceive artificial light; that is, light differing from the light that the rocks give out, by which I see objects underground. There are parts of the cave, however, that have been but little visited. I notice one room that has been visited a great deal, and visitors must have remained and talked in it.

"At one place I see steps going up, and a rock juts out a long way; it looks fearful. I judge that this place is more extensive than it is known to be. All the

rooms near the entrance seem to have been visited; this I know by the artificial light in them. Where that is, I cannot see as distinctly; it makes itself visible, rather than the objects around.

"There is a cave below this that is more magnificent than the other, much more so. It has not been visited, I think. It is surpassingly beautiful. It looks like a palace built to embody the idea of beauty. There is something that shines like a sun, raying out light all around; I cannot tell what it is. I cannot think of this as a cave; it is a gorgeous palace. I see a beautiful curtain-like partition between two rooms, with ridges and deep fluting's. I notice one long hall with two walls, about three feet high, running the whole length of it; they look very singular here, for they have quite an artificial appearance. What a splendid place this would be to live in; only there is a cool, damp feeling about it. I know not how to get out of this labyrinth...

"There is a pit down, down much deeper. It goes into another cave by a winding way. What monstrous rocks! The cave near the surface is but a baby compared with these giant caves below. I thought that was a great cave, but what a poor pigmy by the side of these! This cave is partitioned off, in every direction, into long, fine rooms, with entrances from one to another, generally having high ceilings, though they are not all the same height. There are grand long halls opening into the entrance where I came down. I wonder if it is not dangerous. If those rocks were to fall, how could one get out? I don't know what it means, but I have a sense of animal influence. All at once I am on the surface."

Pages 309-310 of William Denton's book, "THE SOUL OF THINGS" - Vol. III., also contains the

following psycho-metric experiment (which, by the way, reportedly involves something like 'metal projection' - supposedly, mental projection is somewhat equivalent to 'astral projection', a sometimes dangerous practice used by occultists. So take these descriptions for what they are worth. - Branton):

"MAMMOTH CAVE: When sailing on Echo River, in that cave, I dislodged from the rocky ceiling a small cup-coral, which Sherman examined in November, 1866, with no knowledge of it except what he might have obtained by seeing it.

"It seems to be all dark: no, not quite dark. It is underground; and there is rock over my head. I have to stoop in places. I can see where light comes in. There is red rock by it. I see roundish holes, with shining things in them. The place looks as if somebody had been at work. It is a good deal wider than it is tall.

"There is a place I go down into, where there is a brook running and foaming through the rocks. It has cut its way right down from the top, I think. It is not a small brook, either. It goes foaming down. I am following the stream. It empties into a large pond, or something of the kind; and that empties into another stream. The land is away above me. The rocks are dripping. It is all solid, but there is some coral-looking stuff on the walls.

"That stream goes away down, with six or seven falls, into a large, broad place. I cannot see the other side of it. I can see the gleam of the water, and the circles made by fishes as they jump up. It is very, very still here, and all I can hear is these fish. There are many crooks to this stream, and sometimes it goes away round.

"There are some animals in the water here that I think are not fishes. I see one that looks like a

trilobite. It is round; and its legs are spread out. The water is fifty or sixty feet deep. What a big place underground this is! It is a long way from the water up to the surface. I must have traveled more than a hundred miles."

#23 --- This map reference (#23) refers to the last two paragraphs of Frank Haigler's letter regarding the Idaho tunnel (See reference #2)

#24 --- I will now quote parts of an article in an NSS (National Speleological Society) newsletter, written by Janice Goad, entitled: 'CAVE LEGENDS OF THE CENTRAL APPALACHIANS':

"...The Indian Burial Cave is also a popular story. For instance, last year I was told of a cave in Russel County with a 250 foot entrance drop, and with a floor that was covered with pink Indian skulls and artifacts that had been there so long that they were coated with calcite..."

"...Almost every cave is reputed to possess a 'Bottomless pit' in which rocks never hit bottom."

#25 --- (I continue quoting from the above reference - i.e. No.24): "One of the more interesting "Tom Sawyer" type stories involves Crabtree Cave, in Smyth County. During the Depression, a man vanished into the cave and was never found again. This disappearance was doubly distressing, as he had eight hundred dollars in his pocket (his relatives even had the F.B.I. looking for him.)

"This same cave had goose heads put into it and they re-surged on the other side of Big Walker Mountain. A dog that fell into Maxie Knob Pit, Kentucky, emerged at Lawson's Spring Entrance, two miles and five hundred feet lower. Legend doesn't mention whether the dog was still alive or not. An old hat thrown into Higgenbottom Cave, Tazewell County, came out eighteen miles away. As a result of this legend, cavers have been looking for the lost back entrance to New River for Years.

#26 --- "Another motif involves that of the supernatural: "haunted" caves or fabulous creatures. Devil's Slide (Higgingbottom #1) in Tazewell County, is avoided by the local residents because they are convinced that some loathsome creature lives at the bottom. Periodically, strange noises come out of it. Stoven's Cave, Kentucky is also avoided because of "Screaming Willie's Entrance" from which it is possible to hear screams, moans, and other weird noises.

"Caves have traditionally been the hiding place of outlaws and treasure. Buzzard's Roost (or Devil's Den) at Fancy Gap, Virginia was reputedly the hide out of the notorious Allen Clan after they "shot up" the Hillsville Courthouse in 1912. Supposedly, Sidna Allen hid a considerable amount of money there, but most people don't look for it because of the "bottomless pits" and the rattlesnakes..."

#27 --- Warren' Smith's book "INTO THE STRANGE", pages 70-71, carries the following unusual story. The cavern in question WAS commercialized in 1978 and is located not far from Lexington, Virginia:

A few miles from the tiny town of Bell's Cove, deep in the rugged mountains of Virginia, is an unexplored underground wonderland in the little-known Buck Hill caverns. While the nearby Natural Bridge is visited each year by several hundred thousand vacationers, the cave has not been opened as a tourist attraction. People who have entered into the cave are convinced something supernatural lurks within its dark passages. 'It's haunted,' is a common statement. Jake Fitzgerald was one of the few men to venture deep within the astonishing wonderland. In October, 1889, Fitzgerald was paid a dollar a day to explore the cave. "I've heard some stories about the strange beauty in there," Col. Henry Parsons said. "You tell me what you discover."

Armed with kerosene lanterns, candles, ropes, picks and shovels, Jake Fitzgerald and his brother, Joe, disappeared into the cave. A curious group of mountaineers waited at the entrance. The sun was sinking below the mountain ridge when the two youths returned. Excitedly, they told of a limitless wonderland of jewel-like magnificence beneath the ground. Vast open chambers, crystal lakes, strangely shaped stone formations, jewel-like stalagmites and stalactites intermingled with underground rivers, waterfalls and even beautiful cave flowers.

Fired with enthusiasm, a team of eight men entered the cave. They planned to open Buck Hill Caverns for the public. For several weeks they mapped the vast network of underground passageways and moved deeper into the earth's bowels. One day, the workmen were resting beside a frozen, stone waterfall. To their left was a yawning pit that seemingly had no bottom. They had dropped pans into the opening and listened for the sound of landing. There was only silence.

They had been eating lunch when, without warning, a strange cry drifted up from the pit. It was an eerie groan.

"My God! That sounds like a woman crying," whispered a startled workman. The voice ceased, then broke through the darkness again like the anguished moan of a dying woman.

"There can't be nobody down here but us," said a youth, pressing close to the others. His spine tingled with fear. A louder moan roared through the cave, floating eerily out of the uncanny chasm. It was followed by the sound of heavy, ominous breathing.

"Something's alive in there," shouted the first worker. "Boys, Let's get to the top."

The panicked workers left their tools on the edge of the chasm. They grabbed their lanterns. It was a frantic, fearful group that clawed, ran and crawled into the welcome light of the outside world.

The crew was adamant. They would not return into the cave. Stories spread throughout the region about the unknown "phantom" or "ghost" in Buck Hill Caverns ...The superstitious mountaineers listened and nodded. Ghosts, spooks and haunts were common knowledge. Everyone knew these things existed. Alarmed men refused to accept any price to explore, map and open the cave.

"There's something prowling around down there. I ain't going in," was a standard reply.

It may prowl yet today in those mysterious caverns." (Note: I've been in contact with a man who lives near this cave. He says that this story is a very compressed version of the whole legend. He also stated that he knew of a man who has in his possession some letters concerning this legend. The whole story can be found in the book "THE PHANTOM OF BUCK HILL CAVERNS", by J. P. Folinsbee.)

#27 --- In Franklin Folsom's book "EXPLORING AMERICAN CAVES", we find the following mysterious account on page 202:

"Meteorologists are fascinated by the problems they meet in trying to account for the movement of air in some underground passages. For example, no one has yet been able to explain the phenomenon first observed by the veteran spelunker Burton Faust in a cave near Burnsville, Virginia. One day while waiting at the mouth of a crawl-way for other caver's who had gone on through it, Faust noticed that the air about him was moving strangely. He lit a candle and watched its flame lean in one direction for awhile, then stand upright, then lean in the opposite direction. He lit a cigar. The smoke drifted into the crawl way, came to a stop, then drifted back out and stopped once more. It looked for all the world as if the largely unexplored passages beyond were 'breathing' -- in and out. The cave became known as breathing cave.

"On numerous trips, observers have checked Faust's report. The cycle lasted some eight minutes, sometimes more -- but "breath" the cave did and still does. Nobody can explain why..."

#28 --- The next letter appeared in the December, 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on page 162:

"Sirs: I have been a reader of AMAZING STORIES for a very long time, and have been even more interested in your Magazine since Mr. Shaver has begun his contributions on caves. At present I am a patient (surgical) in Augustana Hospital, but will be discharged in a few days, so any communication will reach me at my home address. I too, know one of these entrances into the world below. It is about fifty miles south of Pittsburgh, Pa, in the

first range of the Allegheny Mountains. My experiment with the caves have been only partial explorations, consisting of traveling about a mile and a quarter down into the cave itself, and returning. The cave is ventilated from below, and stays at a constant 50 degrees no matter what the outside temperature may be. It is a series of rooms or galleries with narrow passages from one to another... in about the sixth room down, there is a large tree trunk which could not have come from the surface above as the stratosphere is almost completely free from local fault; and it could never have come down through the openings in the cave itself as they were small at the top, and kept getting progressively larger as they got deeper.

"I traveled down as long as I could find comparatively easy travel -- about a 450-degree descent all the way -- and finally came to what I thought must be the end of the cave, for I could see no more openings in the rooms, but on closer examination found instead a bore, about six feet across, straight down into solid rock. I turned my flash downward and could see that it must have gone straight down for at least a hundred feet, the sides were perfectly smooth, and the shaft, or bore, in a perfect round -- no apparent irregularities anywhere -- I had no way of descending any further, so I retraced my steps back up through the different rooms to the top of the mountain where the cave opens to this world. I made discreet inquiries of several old timers in that region, and found that in 1915, or about that year, six survivors took gear and equipment, and spent a month in exploration of the cave, going 18 miles from the entrance, and down almost five miles below sea level.

I have never gone back, but hope to some day in the future, with escort, equipment, and supplies. I'd certainly love to see the machine that made

that bore! If you have any information on other caves in the area, let me know -- they too may tie in with this one, though if they do, their connections are very deep. Also, if you can, please describe the equipment that made that vertical shaft. Oh, yes, one more interesting item -- the surveyors in their exploration of the cave, distinctly heard the rumble of machinery -- but their calculations proved they were nowhere near a large city (surface) and they were too deep for the surface noises otherwise. What is the answer?

--- George A. LeHew., 1918 W. Newport Ave.,
Chicago 13, Illinois

For a possible description of the principles which might have made this bore, I now quote from pages 71-72 of Erich von Daniken's book "THE GOLD OF THE GODS":

"I can refute the objection that the (ancient) tunnel builders must have 'betrayed' themselves by the enormous quantities of debris excavated while making the tunnels. As I credit them with an advanced technology, they were presumably equipped with a thermal drill of the kind describes in DER SPIEGEL for April 3, 1972, which reported it as the latest discovery.

"The scientists of the U.S. Laboratory for Atomic Research at Los Alamos spent a year and a half developing the thermal drill. It has nothing in common with ordinary drills. The tip of the drill is made of wolfram and heated by a graphite heating element. There is no longer any waste material from the hole being drilled. The thermal drill melts the rock through which it bores and presses it against the walls, where it cools down. As DER SPIEGEL related, the first test-model bored almost soundlessly through blocks of stone 12 feet thick. At Los Alamos they are now planning the

construction of a thermal drill that is powered by a mini atomic reactor and eats into the earth like a mole, in the form of an armored vehicle. This drill is intended to pierce the earth's crust, which is about 25 miles thick, and take samples of the molten magma that lies underneath it...

"Did the tunnel makers possess a combination of thermal drills and electron ray guns? It is perfectly possible. If the drill came up against some exceptionally hard geological strata, these could be blasted by a few well-aimed shots with the gun. Then the armored thermal drill would attack the resulting blocks and heat the mass of debris to the liquid state. As soon as the liquid rock cooled down, it would form a diamond-hard glaze. The tunnel system would be safe against infiltration by water, and supports for the chambers would be superfluous."

#29 --- The following article, from a newspaper in the vicinity of Pennsylvania, was written by a man named Stoney Brakefield. The story is as follows:

"'UNDERGROUND MONSTERS EAT 15 HUMANS ALIVE!' - By Stoney Brakefield

"Humanoid subterranean creatures ate 15 miners alive and almost killed two rescuers, claims a mining inspector's report SUPPRESSED for more than 30 years.

"Inspector Glenn E. Barger filed his startling find with superiors in 1944, but details haven't been released until now.

"Immediately after returning from the disaster near Dixonville, Pa., (50 miles northeast of Pittsburgh) Barger announced his retirement, refusing to set foot again underground, fearing he would face the mysterious creature again.

"He died in 1958, and his report remained hidden until released by his son, Frank, earlier this year.

"Although the public was kept from the truth about the cave-in, miners who worked in the area knew what really went on. They refused even to go near the shaft of horror, which now has been abandoned and sealed off.

"TONS OF valuable coal and the true facts of what killed those 15 men remains hundreds of feet below ground, probably never to be unearthed again.

"I vowed I'd never set foot in another coal mine," the elder Barger told his son before his death. "I haven't, and I won't, either."

"His father wasn't the sort of man to be easily shaken, Frank Barger said. He gave up his lifelong occupation for fear of the unknown.

"Barger first learned of the mishap when Bill Leigh, a mining company representative, and a sheriff's deputy spotted him and motioned him into the trailer used as the mine's main office, he told his son.

"'Lying on the floor and covered by a blanket was the body of a miner they'd pulled from the cave-in,' he said.

SOMETHING IN their expressions told me all was not as it should be." Barger lifted the blanket and jumped back in fright.

"Something like an animal had attacked him," he said. "Whatever it was, it still was in the mine."

"I want to know what's down there," Leigh commanded. Other rescuers already were getting anxious, fearing the men trapped below would be lost if something wasn't done for them quickly.

Barger agreed to go into the mine with Ted Walters, another inspector. Their fear reached panic proportions as they reached the 200-foot level.

"I peered into the hole and saw that by removing

a few more large rocks, we could get through to the lower shaft," he told his son.

"Halters and I crawled through that hole and, in less than a moment, we stumbled across the body of a miner who'd been crushed by a large timber."

THEY STUMBLED across another body a few feet away.

"That man wasn't killed by any cave-in." Barger related. "He must have been killed by some sort of animal; that was obvious."

As the two men crept along in the darkness; their lanterns revealed something even more startling - the existence of a second, deeper tunnel, which had been rumored to exist for years.

"I don't mind telling you, son, if Walters had said turn around, your dad wouldn't have argued," Barger related.

There was no way of telling how old this second tunnel was - or who'd dug it.

"I was afraid the slightest vibration would bring the walls down around us."

But the two mining inspectors had to go on, since none of the other bodies had been found.

"HALF AN hour later, we found nothing, had come to a dead end." Barger reported.

There was no trace of the remaining miners.

As they turned to leave, however, the shaft caved in, pouring tons of dirt down upon them and closing off their escape route.

"They had nothing to do but wait and hope," Barger later told his son. "I fell asleep for a time. It wasn't long. Suddenly, I felt a hot breath on my face."

Barger was terrified, but remained lying down with his eyes closed, The hot breath remained in his face for what seemed to be hours.

Finally, the mining inspector got up enough courage to open his eyes and look over at his mate.

"That thing wasn't of this world," Walters told him.

"WE SAT silently, reflecting on our fate." Barger said. "I swear, I expected some slimy thing to drag the both of us away."

Hours later, rescuers broke through to save them. Never again did Glenn Barger set foot underground.

But rumors of the strange flesh-eating subterranean creatures continue today. No trace ever was found of the other missing miners.

#30 --- There have been rumors of a large stash of ancient records, engraved on metal plates, hidden within an underground room or cave in a hill called Commorah, located near Manchester, Ontario county, New York. Supposedly left by a race of Hebrew descendants who migrated to the Americas in ancient times. Some have claimed that this story may be a fabrication based on the author's creative imagination, as well as the lack of substantial evidence of his claims. Whatever the case may be, the future should tell. - From: The JOURNAL OF DISCOURSES., Vol. 19., page 38.

#31 --- Clay Perry, in his book "UNDERGROUND EMPIRE" (pages 199-201), relates the following:

"...Out of the clear sky of Utah, in June 1947 came a strange inquiry about reputed caverns near Syracuse, N.Y. ... Miss Opal Kemp of 220 Canyon Road, Salt Lake City, made the inquiry, first to the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce, then to the Secretary of state at Albany, and finally to me, through the circulation of one of her letters to officials of the State Museum and the

State Department of Conservation, who had an idea that a spelunker from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, would know about them if anyone did.

"Miss Kemp had written that 'a group of us are planning to visit the east this summer and wish to explore caverns known as 'the East Caves of Syracuse.' These caves are said to be the western entrance to the subterranean passage which extended under the Atlantic Ocean to the British Isles. Parts of the cavern system have collapsed - one as recently as 1928 - so that it is now impossible to travel in them. However, the entrances remain intact."

"It took but a few minutes of research in the geology department of the State Museum to discover that there actually are some caves east of Syracuse, and that they are curious ones, indeed, and deep and some of them quite long, for in 'The Geology of the Syracuse Quadrangle' by Thomas Cramer Hopkins, published as 'New York State Museum Bulletin 171,' in 1914, there was found not only an elaborate study of the "East Caves of Syracuse," but photographs taken, exteriorly, of some of the odd crevices, with people perched in them.

"These crevices are in Onandaga limestone, which is the hardest kind found in New York State and which spreads clear across the Syracuse quadrangle, in some areas forming large, level floors of rock swept free of residual matter by glaciers and the wash of water, and with deep clefts in the rock.

"One of these areas lies along the top of a cliff that borders what is known as the Clark Reservation, a state park, about three miles southeast of Syracuse...

"This officially confirms Miss Kemp's long-distance tip on caves which, until June, 1947, had completely escaped the attention of present-day geologists, speleologists, and spelunkers as well as the usually alert boosters of the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce,

which brings us to the inland and western entrance of that prodigious reputed trans-ocean subway from the United States to the British Isles! But where, oh where is the other end?

"Curiously, as this inquiry was being made and investigation made of what would be the longest cavern in the world, there came news from across the waters of the Atlantic, of the exploration of what is said to be the deepest cavern in the world (that is, the deepest cave at the time of the writing of Perry's book - Branton)!

"This is in a mountain near Grenoble, France, known as Dent de Crolles, which, according to a copyrighted article in the New York Herald-Tribune by John O'Reilly, a staff correspondent, is 2,265 feet deep, and its exploration to that depth by French speleologists, takes from Italy the long-held record for the deepest cavern, the Great Hole of Preta, near Verona, which is 2,193 feet deep. (Note: page 550 of the 1979 edition of the GUINNESS BOOK states that the Gouffre Berger, near Isere, France, was explored to a depth of 3,743 feet in July of 1968. But today's world record depth of a cave [circa the mid-1980's that is, when the INNER EARTH ENTRANCES series first came out - Branton] is the Reseau de la Pierre Saint Martin. It was taken to a depth of 4,370 feet and "has been explored via a number of entrances, and has never been entirely descended at any one time." - B.W.)

"'America has some large caverns, but falls short of the record for depth,' wrote Mr. O'Reilly, who made the mountain climb and cave descent in person, with Pierra Chevalier, president of the Speleo-Club Alpin de Lyon, and fellow members of the club, in may, 1947.

"But America may find that it holds the record of the longest cave in the world beneath its land,

If these East Caves of Syracuse do now or ever did extend from cliffs of the Syracuse area across under the ocean to the British Isles, for it is some two hundred miles from Syracuse to the Atlantic Coast."

#32 --- In William R. Halliday's book "DEPTHS OF THE EARTH", there can be found the following statements on pages 367-370:

"Those who dream of Butler Cave as potentially the world's largest, however, must hasten. The explorers of Mammoth Cave and Flint Ridge - and of Jewel Cave - are not the only teams on the verge of breakthrough. Missouri-Tennessee (for instance)... few of our greatest cave areas today can be denied a flickering chance at the title. And for those who dream of long shots indeed, our most magnificent cave area beckons irresistibly: the Grand Canyon.

"Perhaps in the purple shadows of the incomparable canyon there really is no chance for a truly great cave system. So believe some experts. Perhaps our hopes here are gossamer dreams, strung together with wishful thinking. Here I claim no impartial judgment. My mind is hopelessly influenced by long intimacy with the timeless beauty of that tranquil canyon. I have seen its magic pastels at moon-rise over the mile-high rim, suddenly dramatized by the weirdly luminous flutter of bat wings. No caver brushed by such a spell is ever the same again.

"In this strange, magnificent country, much remains to be learned. Sinking streams, an occasional natural shaft, and plateau-top sinkholes tell of much more water vanishing underground than reappears in canyon-bottom springs.

"Miles to the south, enormous sinks and

remnants of a throughway type of cave are evidence of sometime profuse subterranean water flow. Fanning out from both rims of the mile-deep canyon are vast plateaus capped with limestone 500 feet thick. Yet caves seem few and tiny in these vast expanses of plateau-top limestone.

"The other massive limestones of the incomparable canyon lie 2,000 feet below. Above them are 1,500 feet of sandstones and shales which ought to block the downward flow of the water essential for cave development. Yet at this great depth occur the caves of the Grand Canyon. In the blazing, rock-tiered canyon, foot travel is difficult and progress slow. Still, cave after cave is coming to carbide light in the purple-shadowed depths. Some are merely shallow alcoves, important only for archaeological content. Others are colossal natural sewers, dwarfed only by their stupendous environs.

"Yet it is the often-scorned limestone of the plateaus which speeds the pulses of American caver's. Just south of the Grand Canyon, fluorescent chemicals introduced into a sucking "earth crack" of the Coconino Plateau have been traced to a "breathing well" 24 miles away. Initial calculations somewhat like those of Jewel Cave suggest a minimum air volume here of more than 7 billion cubic feet. Scientists of the famous Rand Corporation suspect the presence here of hundreds of miles of narrow, interconnected caverns fissuring the vast plateau.

"Many a veteran caver may consider such a cavern system impossible. Perhaps it is, but Arizona caver's have already performed the impossible. In Sipapu Cavern, an earth crack near the Rand Corporation study site, they have descended 500 feet toward the massive cavernous limestone deep below. In this locale the surface limestone is only 248 feet thick. Half their

descent was through supposedly non-cavernous sandstone.

"If one of the rare dome-pits of the Kaibab Plateau intersects a washed-out section of a fault zone draining to a North Rim stream cave, a depth record will be within reach. Geologically such a circumstance is hardly more than a pipe dream of an irrepressible caver overcome by the magnificence of the Grand Canyon. But it may happen.

"Perhaps eager caver's plumbing the earth cracks of the Coconino Plateau have little more chance than beneath the Kaibab. But if those caver's can penetrate twice again as deeply as Sipapu Cavern, they will begin to enter the limestones where great sewer caves may lie. If such do exist, they may enlarge away from the great canyon rather than toward it. They may not exist at all.

Yet a cavernous network dwarfing that of Mammoth and Flint ridges may be penetrable here. Some day obsessed caver's may break through the Coconino sandstone barrier and the shales which underlie it. If it happens, those who follow in their footsteps may emerge triumphant from obscure orifices deep in the heart of the Grand Canyon.

"Even without such a triumph, even without knowledge of the hundreds of undiscovered caves which must exist hidden in limestone recesses of the mighty terraced depths, the Grand Canyon must be recognized as one of America's great cave areas. To some, that recognition alone would be achievement. Yet sunbaked Canyon caver's have much in common with their Appalachian fellows. Until every crack is penetrated, every hole plumbed, spelunkers and speleologists alike will remain unsatisfied. Fragile indeed are the spelean threads which weave together Sipapu Cavern and Butler Cave, yet of such are caver's secret dreams."

#33 --- Saga's 1978 UFO ANNUAL report contained a story of a strange mountain north of Garlock, an old ghost town located a few miles west of Randsburg, California.

Inside this mountain which is called Iron Mountain (formerly called Gopher Hill by old miners in the area, or Crystal Mountain by local Indians), is said to be a race of "Old Ones" from an old star Race, once prosperous, but now weakened and dying out. The Old Ones are very intelligent and their race was once more powerful than any, they cannot live in the sunlight, so always remain underground.

In the vicinity of Iron Mountain (part of the El Paso Mts.) there are many shafts, pits, and sinkholes...

#34 --- An article titled "PRYING INTO THE UNKNOWN", which appeared in the April, 1963 issue of SEARCH magazine, contains an interesting account of a couple from California. The article was a monthly one written by Will Carson and Jeannie Joy. The following appears on page 22 of that issue:

"It has always been a mystery to us in the first place how Mr. and Mrs. P.E. can find and afford the time to do the sort of things most of us only dream of doing. After knowing them for more than fifteen years, it is inconceivable to suspect their integrity or sanity - and yet they impose the following excise upon our credulity...

"While exploring for petroglyphs in the Casa Diablo vicinity, north of Bishop, California, Mr. & Mrs. P.E. came upon a circular hole in the ground, about nine feet in diameter, which exuded a sulphurous steam and seemed recently to have been filled with hot water. A few feet from the surface

the shaft took a tangent course which looked easily accessible and, upon an impulse with which we cannot sympathize, the dauntless E.'s, armed only with a flashlight, forth-with crawled down into that hole.

"At a depth we've failed to record, the oblique tunnel opened into a horizontal corridor whose dripping walls, though now encrusted with minerals, could only have been carved by human hands, countless ages ago - of this the E.'s felt certain. The end of the short passage was blocked by what seemed to be a huge doorway of solid rock which, however, wouldn't yield. The light of their flash was turned to a corner where water dripped from a protuberance - which proved to be a delicately carved face, distorted now by the crystallized minerals, and from whose gaping mouth the water issued.

"As Mr. and Mrs. E. stood there in silent awe - wondering what lay behind that immovable door - the strangest thing of all happened... but our chronology will not be incorrect if we wait till they return to the surface before revealing this, for now the water began gushing from the carved mouth and from other unseen ducts else-where in that cave, and rising at an alarming rate!

"They hurried to the surface, and in less than half an hour there was only a quiet ordinary appearing pool of warm mineral water on the desert floor.

"'Do you know,' Mrs. E. said to her husband, 'while I stood down there I heard music - the strangest, most weird music I'd ever heard. But it seemed to come from everywhere at once, or inside my own head. I guess it was just my imagination.'

"Mr. E. turned pale. 'My God,' he said, 'I thought it was MY imagination, but I heard it, too - like music from some other world.'

"Why do they call that rock formation near where the E.'s had their strange experience Casa Diablo - the Devil's house? And why did the Indians name that area Inyo - dwelling place of the great spirit?"

#35 --- The following are parts of an extensive letter sent to AMAZING STORIES magazine, and published in their May, 1946 issue, on pages 171-173; describing strange UFO - and "Men In Black" - type anomalies with an apparent subterranean connection, in a remote area between Hopland and Lakeport, California:

"Sirs... The thing that I am trying to say is that I think I can show you an entrance to this subterranean city that he has written about several issues back.

"Here is what happened to me and you may judge for yourself. In 1931 my mother and I took up this section of land as a cattle raising homestead from the U.S. Government, and naturally it was not a choice piece; first of all, no one before us was able to locate the land even with assistance of maps and the land office, but we are friendly people, so a person who turned out to be our nearest neighbor gave us some hints and as the place was only six miles from his, we stayed at his ranch until we built our house. Then we moved into our own and all in all we stayed there about two years before we quit...

"There are too many incidents to be told in one letter, the best one was the disappearing automobiles, which happened about ten at night over at the neighbor's place. It was as follows: the neighbor and we were sitting on the porch after supper when he saw headlights come over the hill to the fence then along the fence for about half a

mile, then go out and that was all that night. So next morning we went to the trail along the fence and there were tire tracks of seven inch width tires and they went along the fence into the box canyon and right up against a smooth boulder about 20 feet in diameter and ended there. Now the car could not turn around anywhere in that place because the road is a trail five feet wide and one side is against our neighbor's fence, which was not damaged and the other was a steep hill that no car could even make in compound low. You know, we have a few mountains here, and as far as backing out I tried that myself in the daytime with help and I could not steer a straight enough path without crossing my other marks so they did not back out or we would have trailed them as my neighbor has lived around there since 1848 and he sure knew his tracking. We never did get an answer to the question of where did the cars go.

"The cars were very large and black (Note: Such cars have often been seen by UFO witnesses being driven by the so-called "Men In Black" who often intimidate such witnesses and tell them to remain silent... suggesting that there is a definite subterranean aspect to not only the UFO phenomena, but also to the 'Men In Black' mystery as well - Branton) and very heavy and now that I compare them they were about twenty years ahead of anything I had ever seen anywhere, and I had worked in the auto business for about five years before we took up that land. They were silent, smooth, no wavering of the lights and the trail is extremely rough; in places it has hollows a yard deep, but these cars went through at about 25 mph, and it would even wreck a jeep to do that, so you figure it out and let me know the answer if you can. By wavering the lights, I mean that the beams were steady and not flashing up and down as an ordinary car would do when a rough road is traveled.

"I have been away from there since 1933, but just about three months ago, I drove through with a friend for safety and my place was razed to the ground and everything that was made by human hands has been carried off, even the old tin cans, and that place would not be noticed unless you knew where it was.

"The Coast and Geodetic survey had a marker near my house in the front yard and even that was gone; who would want to take a concrete marker and carry it away?

"Don't tell me about the lumber shortage, as this place is near lumber camps and mills; and other abandoned houses still stand in the valley, but they are thirty miles away and safe from the things. By near lumber, I mean within 50 miles radius.

"Characteristics of the vicinity are one: no wind; two: silence. You can hear your heart beat and after two weeks, you can hear insects running on the ground; Three: Forest fires will not burn there. They burnt 250,000 acres, then burnt all around this area; and that stopped the forest rangers. They could never understand because most of it is on the slope of a mountain and it should have gone, but they say that the wind came down and blew from the top down and blew North, South, East and West at once and that was the only time that the wind ever blew there...

"It is located 110 miles north of San Francisco in Mendocino county and is directly on the old Pieta toll road that ran between Hopland and Lakeport in Lake county, of which Clear Lake is quite a summer resort. If you care to look it up on a map, get a good auto road map and look due south off the road midway between towns and you will note an area with no roads bounded by Sonoma Lake and the lower Mendocino counties and there it is. If you wish to go there, be sure that enough people

know where you went. Maybe they will be able to find you. There have been several disappearances along that stretch of road, even trucks have vanished. All the U.S. Government's.

"The U.S. Government has noted the area as rough, unsurveyable and UNEXPLORED. Before you visit the area please let me know and I will assist you every way possible, but don't take any unnecessary chances if you do. I have a '41 Dodge and I could not make the road to my neighbor's ranch. The car would not make the turns and the engine did not have enough power to pull the hill, so I do not know as to whether he is alive or not. I inquired at the nearest habitation about 15 miles, and they did not know him, as they have only been there six months, so I am none the wiser...

"I have tried to interest many people to investigate this, but even the government is helpless as you well know, as far as this goes. Also I forgot to mention there is a cave on the property that has steps leading down and there is no sound when a rock is thrown in. I have never seen it, but I understand that it is there. To give you an idea, if you leave the road 100 yards, it takes two minutes and it will take you two hours to climb back 100 yards...

"Since I left the ranch I have been in the radio business... Also not changing the subject, but I have run across a person who is not from this earth, and while I can't get him to admit it, I have found many evidences that point to the fact that he came here from a planet that has tropics and a polar ice cap next to each other with no temperate zone and he knows radio perfectly, but earns his living by going to sea as a desk officer, and some day I will trip him up and get him to admit it, but up to now I have had very little success.

"Hoping to hear from you if possible, and if you print this, okay, but no help for curious public. But

if you know of someone capable in the vicinity, have them get in touch with me and I will give more details."

--- Edward John., 475 Fell street., San Francisco 2, Calif.

#36 --- The following statements appeared in an article by George H. Wagner, Jr., titled - "About Caves and Other Secret Hiding Places in the World"., which appeared in the January, 1967 issue of SEARCH magazine., p.29:

"...How deep 'vast' is I do not pretend to know, but it brings to mind something written to me recently by one of my correspondents, Nomur Azerlene. He stated that about 75 miles northwest of Portland, Oregon, between Portland and the Seattle earth-faults, "...far down in the earth, where the earth once 'folded over' is the remains of a splendid city." More recently, Azerlene told me that the city was eight or ten miles (repeat: miles) underground, "...a coastal city with a fine harbor; it boasted more than a million inhabitants and had an excellent space port." (Note: Being eight to ten miles underground, this city was probably never a surface city, but the subterranean counterpart of a surface city with a 'space port', etc... However this is of course my own speculation, which may or may not be entirely accurate. - Branton)

#37 --- Pages 61-62 of Timothy Green Beckley's book, "THE SHAVER MYSTERY AND THE INNER EARTH", carry the following interesting account:

"Near McAlester, Oklahoma, is a cave that is reported to have large steps going down to an unknown

depth. The steps, from all information, are 18 inches high, 10 feet from side to side, and about a Yard broad. From what has been reported, the cave has been penetrated for about a mile without finding an end to the steps. There is also a 'bottomless' pit along one side of these stairs.

"There were three persons in the party which penetrated the entrance. They had only one small flashlight so they turned back for more supplies. Just as they were nearing the top of the entrance, a few feet from the outside, they were attacked by a strange form of animal resembling a man, yet, not a man. One of the three had a colt .45 with him and began shooting at the beast. As he did so, the other two escaped outside just as a slide covered the entrance. The man with the gun was trapped inside. The other two who had escaped began to dig him out and it took only a few minutes since the entrance was not badly covered with dirt and rocks. In the meanwhile the first rush by the beast was stopped, and there was time to reload the gun. After the entrance was cleared and the man inside was about to be helped out, the beast grabbed him by the foot and others appeared and began to pounce on him. He shot one point blank and in desperation, and fright, emptied his gun in a hurry.

"The three managed to get away from the area and in the melee the person with the gun had noticed even in his fright, a strange yellowish fluid which he assumed to be the blood of the beast which he had just shot at close range.

"At the entrance to the cave was three small mounds and at the bottom of one of these mounds is a cross placed there by a preacher long ago. The owner of the land where the cavern is located does not talk about it and shows no alarm when cattle or other animals mysteriously vanish.

"These three young men (whose names this writer has on file) later entered the Korean War and the last I heard is that they were planning to return to this cave one day: this time better prepared to fight off any attackers. Whether they did or not I cannot say.

"Of all those living in this territory only a handful have made investigations of these incidents. One such person is our good friend Charles A. Marcoux who until contact was broken with him some two years ago (Marcoux passed-on in the late 1980's if I recall correctly - Branton), was living in the vicinity of Phoenix. As a result of his investigations and experiences during his many explorations, he concluded that many entrances to the underworld existed in this region. His discoveries include the fact that many caverns in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, Nevada and California are linked by tunnels which appear to be centrally located in Arizona.

"Several large openings which I have found, but not explored (so far they have not been entered by white men, nor are known to them), have great possibilities; but due to inexperienced help, or no help at all, these openings have been wisely left alone until further investigation can be carried out. I am sure that one of these leads to an area somewhere in the Grand Canyon. During my recent visit to the Grand Canyon, investigation showed me that it was not formed by time and erosion, but rather by earthquakes, the sharp edges that drop a sheer mile to the floor definitely is evidence of a sudden opening and swallowing up of the land. I believe that the remains of an ancient civilization can still be found there, and that their underground tunnels spread out, throughout the Southwest. The Hopi legend claims that the tribe came from the underworld. Somewhere from the Colorado river, they left their underworld

civilization..."

#38 --- Pages 78-80 of Tim Beckley's book, "THE SHAVER MYSTERY AND THE INNER EARTH", also contains the following unusual story of an underground land beneath Oklahoma:

"One of these 'hills' or 'mounds' have - according to yellowed newspaper clippings - been located near Binger, Oklahoma, by a newspaper reporter whose story was recently uncovered by Mrs. Cosette Willoughby of San Jose, California. She has spent a great deal of time investigating odd phenomena dealing with the Shaver Mystery. Unfortunately she cannot recall the exact source for the story although she remembers quite vividly that it was written 24 or 25 years ago (she did however record the story itself from the news clipping):

"...This story takes place on the outskirts of the town of Binger, Oklahoma. It was back in the 30's, when I was a vacationing newspaper reporter. In fact I was between jobs. I had come out west from Chicago. Having some close friends in Binger, Oklahoma, I decided to visit them on my way to California where I would start on another assignment. Pat and Louis lived on the NORTH end of Binger in a very comfortable home built on very flat prairie land. I arrived late in the afternoon. We had an early dinner and retreated to the large front porch, where it was cool and restful. In the course of conversation, I had noticed out in the distance, about half a mile from the house, what seemed to be a huge mound. I questioned my friends about it, but learned it was a subject nobody wanted to talk about. I was doggedly persistent, however, and Pat finally told this story:

"The mound had been there for a long time, even before the white man came to this country. It was said to be haunted. Nobody tarried very long there, for there seemed to be a strange atmosphere of foreboding,

or impending evil about the place. Every-one who was brave enough to venture near the place left as quickly as he had come. Pat also stated that there were some who claimed to have seen two phantoms who haunt the place -- one by day, and the other by night. The one by day was a woman, and the one by night was a headless man. I found this a strange story indeed, and being as curious as I was, and also seeing in this the prospects of a good newspaper story, I decided to go to this mound and see for myself. I rose at dawn the next morning, gathered together the few things I planned to take along and set out for the Mound. I arrived just as the sun began to tint the east with a faint glow. I took my small spade out of my pack and began to dig. It wasn't long before I had unearthed a silver cylinder containing some papers written in Spanish (Luckily I could read that language... I took the papers out of the cylinder and began to read.)

"It was written by one of Coronado's men when he had crossed Oklahoma in search of the Seven Cities of Gold. Alfonso was his name.

"He and three others had wandered off on their own, and got lost from the main unit of Coronado's men. After wandering off on their own, seemingly going around in circles for several days, and running short of food, they came upon a large cave. Being young and adventurous, they lit a couple of candles and entered. The passageway was very winding, and there were many side passages, and as they wandered farther and farther into the dark they realized that they were hopelessly lost and their two meager candles were burning quite low. Soon they would be in total darkness.

"There was nothing to do but to walk on -- and on, - - and on, hoping they would at least find drinking water. After a while, which seemed like an eternity to them, they began to sense the passage beginning to

slope more steeply downward, and at times they had an eery feeling that they were being watched, at times even sensing a strange musty animal odor. The darkness began to become less dense and far ahead they began to see a faint blue glow. As they came nearer, they found the passage suddenly open upon a strange landscape. There was grass growing, and in the distance they could faintly see some kind of buildings. The musty animal odor grew stronger so they approached the nearest building. It seemed to be some kind of a temple for there were rough hewn benches, and altar vessels of pure gold. Suddenly there was a commotion outside the temple. Upon looking outside they saw a group of tall strange Indian-like people and also several strange repulsive looking animals which gave off the musty animal odor. These weird beasts had pinkish-white, hairless, skin and walked on all fours - like a dog would.

"The Indian people were rather 'normal' in appearance except that they had rather long heads which extended high above the ears.

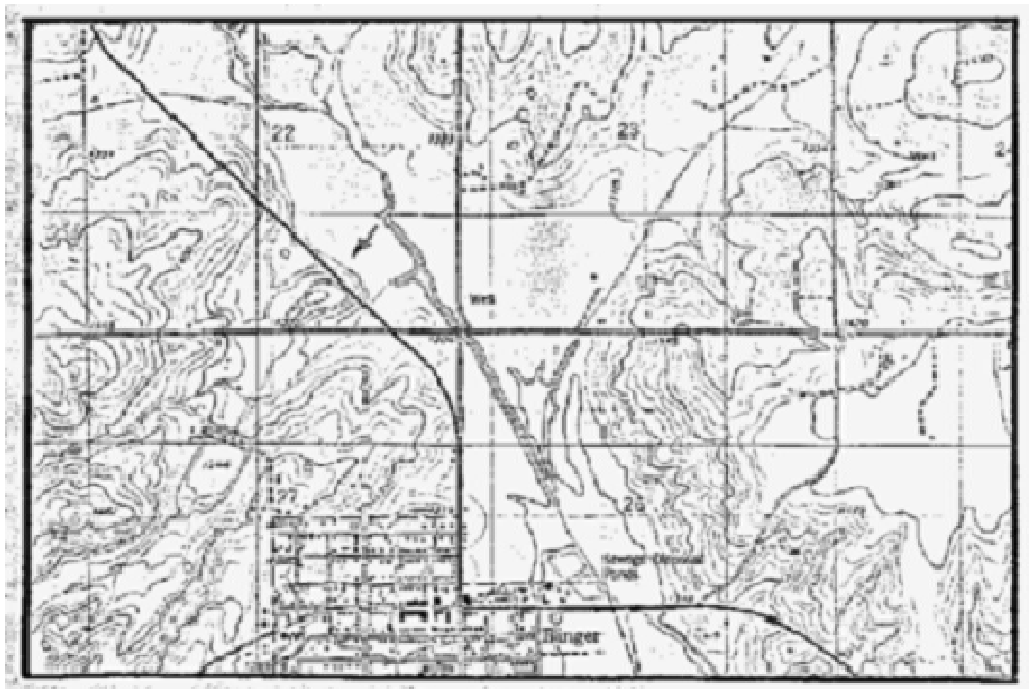
"The spokesman for the group then stepped forward and in pure Castilleian Spanish said: 'Welcome to the blue litten land of Kenyan. You will be allowed to live here but you may never leave. For this is a secret place never to be known to the outside world..'

"The aged papers continued with the following weird account supplied by one of those lost souls:

"'We were allotted comfortable houses to live in and women for our wives. My wife was named Teen. She was a pleasant and loving mate, and for a time I was contented and happy in my life deep underground. But gradually I began to yearn for the outside world. I longed to see the sun again, and feel the rain, and walk in the beautiful moonlight. I spent many monotonous hours telling Teen of the

outside world, until she became as anxious as I to escape. One time while listening to one of my many stories, she said, 'There is a way out of this land, but it will not be easy. We will have to leave while all are gathered for evening vespers (Or rather, this was the closest word that the Spaniard could think of to describe this event. This was a brief ritual that was held at the close of every day).

(BELOW: Area just north of the town of Binger, Oklahoma... The arrow shows a 'possible' location for the mound, which according to the manuscript, leads to the underground land of 'Kenyon')



"'Quickly we loaded our meager belongings on the back of one of the strange beasts, waited till the time seemed right, and started off down one of the remote side passages on the edge of Kenyon.

"'We must have walked for a very long while, when we decided to take a little rest. We must have been more fatigued than I thought, for we both fell into a sound sleep and didn't awaken until quite some time later. When we did, we found our pack animal was gone. What we neglected to remember was that these strange repulsive animals could communicate with their masters. During the night (I should say our long sleep) the animal we had brought with us went back to the underground city of Kenyan and told what we had done.

"'Hurriedly we gathered together our belongings and set forth once again, but all was in vain for we were soon overtaken and the penalty for our crime was death. But this was not all they planned to do with us. They have a way of preserving our dead bodies, and mine will walk by night and poor Teen's will walk by day, to keep away the curious outsiders who might find their way into the passage that leads to Kenyon.

"'I beg of you, do not try!'...

"As I finished reading the old papers I seemed to awaken out of a dream. Hurriedly I buried them where I had found them, grabbed up my pack and left the mound. For I had no wish to see more, and it was time for poor Teen's body to take it's vigil walk by day."

#39 --- Page 230 of Albert S. Gatschet's book, "A MIGRATION LEGEND OF THE CREEK INDIANS", contains the following interesting story:

"In 1781, on the 1st of February; Milfort, great

war-chief of the Creeks, left his home at Little Talassi, half a league above the ancient Fort Toulouse, at the head of two hundred young braves, to visit the legendary caves on Red river, from which the nation had issued in bygone times. They crossed the territories held by the Upper Cha'hta, passed through Mobile, the confluence of Iberville bayou with the Mississippi river, St. Bernard bay on the coast, and following a northern direction, finally reached a forest on Red river, about 150 leagues above its junction with the Mississippi river. They crossed these woods, which were situated on an eminence on the river side, and stood in face of the caves (cavernes), the objective point of the expedition.

"The noise of a few gun-shots brought out of these spacious cavities a large number of bisons, wild oxen and wild horses, which ran, frightened as they were by the unusual explosions, head over heels, over precipices of more than eighty feet of perpendicular height into the slimy waters of Red river. The only description Milfort gives of these caves goes to show that there were several or many of them, situated in close vicinity to each other, and that those seen could easily contain fifteen to twenty thousand families. The party concluded to pass the inclement season in these grottoes, which they had reached about Christmas time.

Here they hunted, fished and danced until the end of March, 1782, then started for the Missouri, and subsequently for home, well supplied with the product's of their chase..."

Pages 217-218 of the same book has the following:

"Among the nations tracing their mythic origin to the earth, or what amounts to the same thing, to caves, deep holes, hills or mountains, are the Pomo of Northern California, who believe that their ancestors, the coyote-men, were created directly

from a knoll of red earth, still visible in their country; the Nahua, whose seven tribes issued from Chicomoztoc or the "Seven Caves."

"A tribe of the Yokat group, the Tinlui in Southern California, claims that their forefathers issued from badger-burrows, and they derive their tribal name from these holes, which are extremely frequent in their country.

"Six families representing the Six Nations of the Iroquois are called out to the upper world from a cave on the Oswego River by the 'Holder of the Heavens,' Tarenya-wagon."

#40 --- FATE magazine, in its June, 1952 issue, carried the following story by Lester F. Nieman on pages 84-85 titled "Strange Desert Ice Cave":

"The state of Oregon is noted for its scenic beauty. The well-stocked lakes and beautiful parks make it a vacationers' paradise. One of the strangest spots in the state is the Arnold Ice Cave.

"This natural oddity, only 27 miles southeast of the thriving city of Bend, receives little publicity and many long-time residents of the state have never heard of it.

"To reach the Arnold Ice Cave, take state Route 97 south out of Bend. After traveling 10 miles you will see a marker, "Arnold Ice Cave -- 17 miles," directing you up a graveled road to the east. Not a good road by the state average... it is, nevertheless, passable.

"Your first view of the cave will perhaps disappoint you. It seems merely a pit in the desert, some 50 yards across, with nothing in sight for miles around except sand, sage-brush and a few stunted juniper trees.

"The mouth of the cave is only 20 (feet) below

the rim of the pit and you will not encounter much difficulty in reaching the cave entrance.

"At the mouth of the cave is a sign: "Ice underfoot, proceed no further." As you do proceed further you can see nothing for a few minutes. It is dark after the glare of the desert sun but you notice immediately that it is remarkably cooler.

"With the help of a flashlight you can make out a veritable river of solid ice. And with care you can proceed 30 feet or so into the cave proper. But extreme caution must be taken, for the slick ice underfoot makes treacherous going and there are only a few upthrust rocks to cling to. Before entering the cave it is advisable to secure a rope at the cave entrance as a safety measure.

Under no circumstances enter the cave if you are alone. Although the slope of the ice flow is gradual for the first 30 feet, there is a sharp "ice-fall" beyond this point with a drop of 10 feet. A mishap could mean broken bones and death from exposure, for the temperature is now intensely cold.

"This is not an accumulation of ice formed in winter, nor glacial ice of a by-gone era, but ice that forms of itself all the year around. Chip off a large chunk and take it away with you. Return in a few weeks and you cannot see where you carved it out. Yet there is no water, as such, in evidence.

"The city of Bend obtained its ice from this cave in the days before electric refrigerators were invented. It seems impossible that the broiling desert sun does not melt the ice for a few yards within the cave, but the ice lies at the entrance, and proceeds no telling how far back. No one has dared explore the depths of the cave, and this mysterious phenomenon is entirely unexplained.

"The Arnold Ice Cave lies in the area of an ancient

lava flow and is in the Lava River Caves state Park."

#41 --- The following news article appeared in the March 25, 1979 issue of the Toronto SUNDAY SUN. The story, titled TUNNEL MONSTER OF CABBAGETOWN? - was reported by staff writer Lorrie Goldstein:

"There's an eerie city lying beneath the streets of Metro, a city none of us knows much about.

"Ernest has been a visitor to that silent world of sewers, drainage pipes and the ruins under old houses, and the memory of what he saw there will haunt him for the rest of his life.

"'I wish you'd never come here,' he says as he sits in his small, neat Cabbagetown (an old nickname for the lower-east end of the city of Toronto, Canada) apartment with Barbara, his wife of 19 years. 'If I tell you what I saw, people will think I was drunk or crazy, they'll never believe me.'

"On a summer day last August, Ernest, 51, firmly believes he saw some kind of "creature" while crawling into a small cave near his Parliament Street apartment looking for a kitten from a litter he'd been caring for. But about 10 feet inside he says he saw a living nightmare he'll never forget.

"It was pitch black in there... I saw it with my flashlight. The eyes were orange and red, slanted... it was long and thin, almost like a monkey... three feet long, large teeth, weighing maybe 30 pounds with slate-grey fur."

"Ernest speaks reluctantly of what happened next...

"He is convinced the thing spoke to him.

"'I'll never forget it,' he said. 'It said "Go away, go away," in a hissing voice. Then it took off down a

long tunnel off to the side... I got out of there as fast as I could. I was shaking with fear.'

"Ernest didn't come to the SUN with this story. The SUN found him after hearing about his experience from a reliable contact who works with a relative of Ernest's, one of the handful of people to whom he has confided the experience.

"He would agree to talk about it only if his last name was not revealed. 'I'm in the phone book,' he said. 'I couldn't stand being called by a bunch of cranks.'

"'I believe Ernie saw exactly what he says he did,' said Barbara. 'He was terrified when he came back to the apartment and he doesn't scare easily. Look, he's been known to have a drink in the past - like most people, and to occasionally tie one on, but he's not a drunk and he wasn't drinking at all that day.'

"Checks with friends, relatives and acquaintances in the neighborhood supported Barbara's evaluation of her husband.

"'I accompanied Ernie to the spot where he said he had seen the creature. It is at the bottom of a narrow passage between the building where he lives and the one next door. The only way to reach the tunnel entrance is to clamber 15 feet down the wrong side of a fire escape, which had once served as an exit to the street but today simply leads to a narrow chamber with walls on four sides.

"The tunnel entrance runs under a slab of concrete at the foot of the chamber. Inside, there is a narrow passageway, branching off to the left about 10 feet back.

"The corpse of a cat lies half-buried in the tunnel, reminding Ernest of the 'strange noises, like animals in pain,' he heard coming from the chamber last summer.

"The concrete slab has collapsed on one side during

the winter, making it impossible for even a small adult to get inside.

"'I saw it where the tunnel turns.' Ernest said. 'The last I saw, it was heading off into the dark. The passage-way seemed to drop down very quickly and go a long way back.'

"Ernest believes the tunnel leads to the sewer system that runs beneath Metro and that the entrance beneath his apartment may have been only an access point used by the creature to the surface.

"Metro's sewer department agreed to inspect the tunnel since it could be a safety hazard. Children might try to enter it.

"A long-time sewer worker told the SUN it was possible although NOT probable, that the tunnel led into the sewers.

"He said the tunnel was probably the result of poor drainage over the years which had caused erosion underground, hollowing out the passage.

"'Who knows where it leads, or how far it goes?' he said. 'You'd have to get in there the way it is now, it would take a lot of work.'

"Despite the strangeness of Ernest's story, the workers did not scoff at the tale.

"'People who work on the surface just don't know what it's like down there,' one said. 'It's a whole different world. Who would have thought a few years ago that people would live in sewers, and yet that's what they found in New York a few years back. Even in Toronto we've occasionally had to pull mattresses from the chambers beneath the manhole covers where the winos have been sleeping.'

"Another worker said he'd heard of animals like beavers and raccoons occasionally getting into the system, but never anything like that described by Ernest.

"`I don't know what he saw down there,' he said.
'But I'll tell you one thing. If we could get in
there, I sure as hell wouldn't want to go down
alone.'"

#42 --- Page 75 of Timothy Green Beckley's book,
"THE SHAVER MYSTERY AND THE INNER EARTH", contains
the following paragraph concerning a tunnel in
Wyoming:

"...Another tunnel ends in the north-western
part of Wyoming, just west of Sheridan. The end is
some two hundred feet or more up the sides of a
mountain. At the end of this particular tunnel, and
at the end (of others), there are great doors, that
seal each tunnel 'section by section, and all
tunnels are empty.'"

#43 --- Page 9 of the Summer, 1980 issue of
SHAVERTRON 'letter-zine' - published by Richard
Toronto of <http://www.shavertron.com> - carried the
following story about a strange cave ritual:

"In the cactus dotted Guadalupe Mountains of New
Mexico is a desolate area where only the coyote,
deer, mountain lion, and bear hold court among the
sharp spines of the Spanish Dagger plant. It is an
area into which few venture, and no one lives.

"Beneath the upper reaches of the Guadalupe
peaks, is located the largest natural cavern and
cave complex in North America. Near this area is
the city of Carlsbad, New Mexico, famed for its
caverns and pot ash mines. Thousands of tourists
flock here to see the great natural beauty of the
Carlsbad Caverns (Note: In more recent years the
vast "Lecheguilla" caverns have been discovered not
far from Carlsbad, and they have been explored to a
remarkable extent, making the Lecheguilla system
one of the longest and deepest (known) cavern

networks in North America).

"It was in this area to the North and West of Carlsbad in a remote trading post that a strange and somewhat eerie event unfolded in the earlier years of this century.

"Two traders who dealt in animal skins and small amounts of various types of minerals taken from the ore of the mountains, stumbled one day into the (trading) post and frantically babbled out a bizarre tale.

"The two had been searching for mineral deposits in the mountains when they came upon a large cavern... Thinking that valuable ore deposits might lay within, they made some torches, lit them, and entered the inky blackness of the interior.

"They had gone a ways into the cavern, according to the story, when they began to hear voices, which seemed to be chanting.

"A light began to show ahead of them so they extinguished their torches and crept forward towards the voices. In time a large room opened up before them.

"They hid behind a large formation of rock and watched in great surprise, that soon changed to stark terror, as the scene unfolded before them.

"In the center of the room stood robed figures in a circle around a great alter stone, and upon the alter rested a huge crystal, the source of the flickering light. The crystal they saw seemed to pulsate with the rising and falling voices chanting.

"Suddenly the chanting stopped and the crystal began to 'speak' in a tongue more musical than vocal. They said it was an eerie sound, much like that xylophone.

"Horrified, they watched until the great crystal stopped, then rose slowly until it reached the ceiling of the great room, suspended among the

long, sharp hanging rocks (stalactites) of the cavern ceiling!. Then it began to dim, and the robed figures started a chant, and one behind the other, descended into the depths of the cavern.

"Shaken by the experience, the traders made a hasty departure, not only from the cavern, but from the entire, forlorn area. They stopped only briefly at the post for some provisions for their journey to unknown places, and to babble out the bizarre story.

"What was the strange crystal? Who were the robed ones? Why did they descend into the depths of the cavern? Questions that may never have answers, for it is like most of the legends of the past. No one remains to give locations and details and the ones who may remember feel it is better forgotten".

#44 --- Page 54 of David H. Lewis' book "THE INCREDIBLE CITIES OF INNER EARTH", carries the following paragraph's:

"In an area northwest of Danbury, Connecticut, between Stone Point and Poughkeepsie, there is, on a plateau, a piece of privately owned real estate that has revealed a strange hole, tunnel and inward caverns. This hole, hidden by overgrowth and rock at the base of a mountain, was discovered back in the early 1800's, but quickly forgotten due to its strangeness. Its diameter, at first discovery, measured only several feet and with the thicket of brush, went un-noticed these many centuries. There are no records indicating the age of this particular opening but legends and folklore carry back before the Iroquois and Algonquins who were known to have their kingdom in this particular area. In the days of the Iroquois, this hole was called 'The Great Ghost Hole' and 'The Passageway

to the Happy Hunting Grounds of Chieftains.'

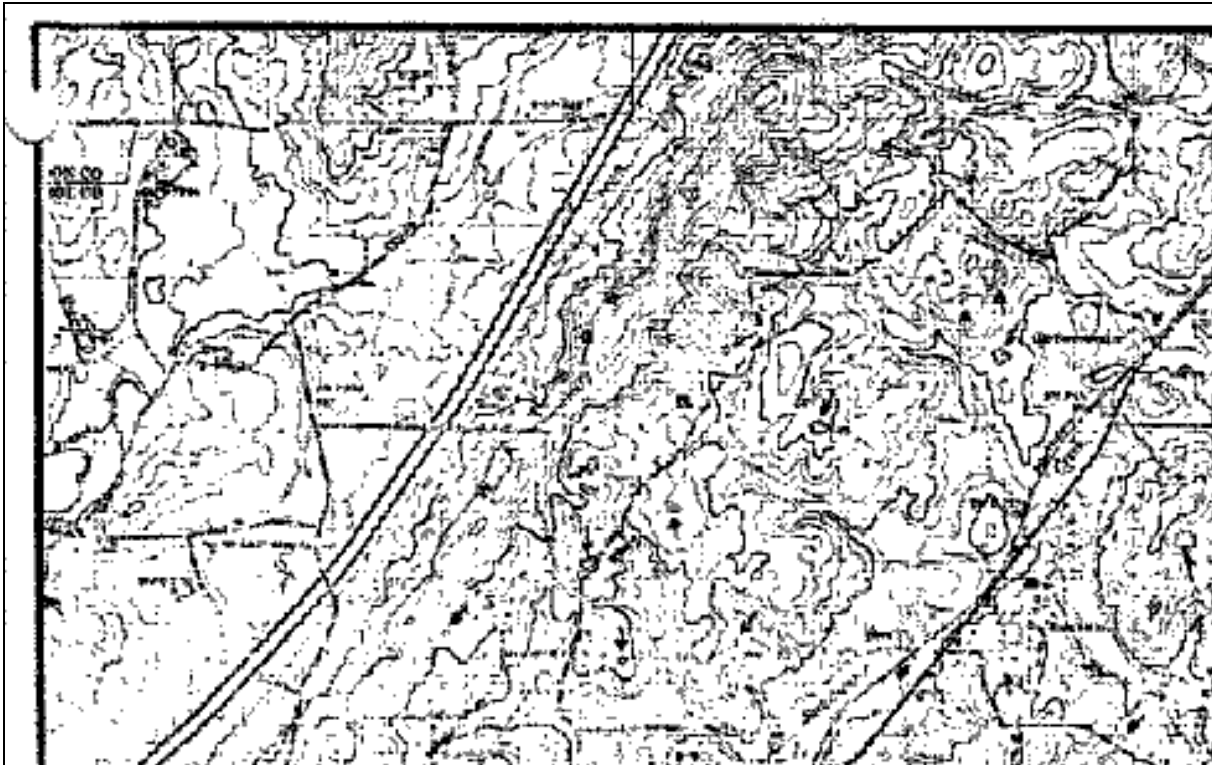
"In the 1850's the names given this hole changed. It was referred to as the 'Devil's Den,' 'The Entrance to Hell,' 'The Pit of Demons' and 'The Entrance to Erebus'. (Erebus is Greek Mythology meaning a dark region under the earth through which the 'shades' of the dead pass on the way to Hades.)

#45 --- Pages 52-53 of the SAME book ("THE INCREDIBLE CITIES OF INNER EARTH") contains the following:

"Aside from the known openings there could very well be many times this amount, formed in the past 100 centuries, replacing those that are closed or even partially closed. The 'Endless Caverns of Luray' could be a possibility, for no actual end to tunnels keep cropping up as they branch out to newer cavity vaults. In this same regard, the 'Lost Sea' of Tennessee still carries great unexplained mysteries. During the reign of the Iroquois Indians and neighboring tribes of the Tennessee valley, legends became history. The Indian Chief, in search of a safe hiding place during the Civil War - for himself and for his tribe, entered a small opening located just north of Sweetwater and did not surface for nine years. By then the war had ended. To the surprise of other tribesmen, the Chief and his Iroquois tribe emerged in perfect health and better then when they entered nine years previously. They described their stay at the grand "God's Teepee" that existed below a great sea deep within the earth. Food was not a problem for it was plentiful, fears were lost in the excellency of a (vast) hidden chamber and sickness was not even dreamed of. The temperature was cool and remained constant, water was pure and plant life manifested itself to daily feasts. Animals existed

there and the kill was there for the taking."

A letter I (Branton) received from TAL LeVesque, a popular writer and researcher into Inner-Earth phenomena, contained some added info on mysterious caves near the area that David Lewis speaks of in his book:



(Area just north of Sweetwater, Tennessee - zoom-in for more details. Arrows point to sink holes as shown on topographical map. Sinks are depression-shaped area's where water escapes underground and are excellent places to look for cave openings since water cutting through the rock near the surface often leave holes large enough for a man to enter.)

"...The "Incredible Cities Of Inner Earth" opening in Connecticut sounds like the area the Indians named Mackimoodus (sometimes Morhimmodus), or 'place of noises' and now shortened to 'Moodus'...

"Located near East Haddam (from Hartford, 21 miles S.E. on S.R.2 to North Westchester; 10 miles SW on S.R. 149).

"As early as 1729, rumblings were noted by colonists in the vicinity of Mt. Tom, which they understood to have been a place of "Big Medicine" where the Indians had carried out all sorts of ceremonials.

"The activity (strange noise phenomenon) seems to emanate from near a point known as CAVE HILL, about six miles northwest, near Leesville, where there is a cavern that NEVER has been penetrated to any great depth because of its bad air.

"Also near Milford in Sept. 1978, the construction company of J.F. Barrett (Devon, Conn.) made a find on a portion of Edgemont Road near Hubbell Place. A TUNNEL more than 200 feet long, made of stone "Dry Masonry" with a brick arch, and about 10 feet wide by 10 feet high. There is no estimate of its age.

"Around Christmas 1973, about 30 dogs disappeared around Voluntown.

"And then there are reports of an ancient network of tunnels, caverns and even the land of 'NOD' ('Atlantean') under Washington, D.C. ('NOD' = An underground cult of power-trippers who are plugged in on the highest levels of National Authority (NSA) and in contact with Sirius 'Star People'. They have access to the ancient occult/technology located in the SUB-CITIES they have RE-ESTABLISHED.)"

(NEXT... INNER EARTH ENTRANCES, Vol. 1 - Part 2)

CAVE AND TUNNEL ENTRANCES OF THE UNITED STATES

Vol. I - Part 2

compiled by B. Alan Walton

#46 --- The following strange letter appeared in the July, 1946 issue of SEARCH magazine, on p. 84; and was sent in by Ervin M. Scott, of 536 12th St., Denver, CO:

Dear Ray;

"Congratulations on another excellent issue of "Search" Magazine. I was especially interested in your article, "Faces in Your Dreams".

"Having had many strange, puzzling dreams over the last few years, I have become quite interested in any clues that might point towards origin and cause of dreams. I recognize a good many as probably having the subconscious as the source. However, there is an occasional dream, that is so vivid and unusual that it causes one to wonder.

"I have no connection one way or the other, on the Shaver Mystery, but, I will briefly describe two dreams that are interesting in relation to that subject.

"On Nov. 30, 1963 while in a light sleep I heard a woman's voice coming as if from a distance and she spoke urgently as follows:

"'This is from a stolen farm beneath the Salt Lake flats in Utah...' I was living in Wichita, Kansas at the time.) 'There was a woman abducted almost three weeks ago in Boston, Mass., and taken underground. Reports indicate that an abbey in North section of the city is being used and that cellars underneath the abbey connect with tunnels leading up from caverns below. This is a continuation of the Evil one's War against Mankind.'

"Another voice broke in, "Don't believe her. Don't you see this is a lie - a trick? (Then, warningly) Keep quiet about this."

"I have never been in Utah nor have had (any)

thoughts about or desire to visit, so if this was caused by subconscious, it is certainly puzzling, as is the reference to 'a stolen farm.'

"In another dream I drove from a bridge into a river and noted near the bottom of river at bank, stone steps leading up and back into a cavern. I went up these steps and followed on as they turned down. Quite some distance below I entered a large room decorated with fantastic paintings and strange objects around..."

#47 --- The following Wampanoag Indian story appears on page 137 of the "Journal of American Folk-Lore", Vol. 38. This story was recorded at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard:

"...Before white men came to Martha's Vineyard, the Indians were picking berries at Duncan's Ridge. When they had finished, they went up on East-skysser Hill to feast, but one beautiful squaw was so busy picking that she stayed behind. When the people went to look for her, they found only her berry basket. They hung it on a tree, for they knew she would come for it.

"Every year when they went to this place for berries, the basket was more and more decayed. At last, many years after, a strange woman came toward them as they feasted after the berry picking, She had kinky hair. She asked if they remembered the squaw who had been lost, and she said, "Take me to your chief."

"They took her to their chief, and she told her story:

"As she picked berries, a black, black man with thick lips and kinky hair came toward her. He told her that his chief had a thorn in his side which caused him great pain. None of his people could remove it. He had sent to her for help as a Medicine Woman who could cure sickness by knowledge of herbs. They went down a flight of stairs until they came to a land of fruits and flowers. The little man led her to his chief; and she removed the thorn. She stayed on among them, always thinking she would return to her people. One of the

black men wished to marry her, but she went to the chief and asked only that she be allowed to return to her people. He gave her presents, and sent her back with the man who had brought her to that place. They went up the stairs, and when they had come to the place where she had left her basket, the black man took away her presents, and ran his hands through her long hair till it was kinky as his.

"When she had finished her story, the chief commanded them to cast her out. He prophesied that another race would come who would resemble this woman; he said that they would mix with the Indians and that this squaw would be the ancestor to many kinky-haired Indians."

#48 --- Page 10 of the January 1957 issue of FATE magazine carried the following story concerning a strange underground noise:

"Near Douglas, Ga., in Coffee County, workmen of the Head Well and Pump Company were drilling a 145-foot deep hole on the property of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Meeks, seven miles from Douglas.

"They stopped drilling when an unusual noise began to come out of the hole.

"It was a roaring sound, something like an underground railway. As soon as they heard it, the drillers stopped. Driller Scott Drinking said he never had heard anything like it before -- not in 27 years in the business. Joe Sports of the Associated Press went out to look at the hole. He found it was making so much noise that the Meeks had covered it partially by a plank because it kept them awake at night.

"Sports noticed that air was being pulled into the hole by a kind of suction. He lighted a match atop the hole -- the smoke was drawn downward. Sports borrowed a mirror and reflected light so he could see the bottom. He saw water down there. It all looked quiet and peaceful."

#49 --- The following can be found on page 32 of the August, 1962 issue of "SEARCH" magazine:

"...And Dick Shaver should be interested in Salamahowich, one time chief of the Shoshones who is alleged to have entered a huge cave in the Goose Creek Mts., where he was confronted by a giant who claimed to be the guardian of the Shoshones and would continue in that capacity only so long as they obey his codes, among which terms no human should ever again enter the cave, and Salamahowich's people should dance in his (the giant's) honor (the Neg-ga-kin "fandango" still being danced by present day Shoshones) whenever they heard him strike the "silver boulder" at the caves entrance."

#50 --- The following unusual story appeared on page 71 of the November, 1958 issue of FATE magazine:

"One of the most baffling disappearance cases on record centers around a truck coal mine three miles east of Pikeville on Chloe Creek in Pike County, Ky. On a warm day in September, 1949, Marvin Johnson, 20, and his cousin, George Johnson, 19, were working at the mine with their fathers, (including) Tom Johnson, Sr. They ignited the fuse to a charge of black powder to loosen a coal seam. Then they left the mine to eat their lunches, and await the blast. They heard the muffled explosion and, after waiting until the smoke had cleared away, the two boys started toward the mine entrance to resume shoveling. They carried an old-fashioned carbide cap lamp, which later was found unlit at the mine entrance. That was the last their fathers saw them.

"'They're in there,' Tom Johnson, Sr., said later. 'We saw them go in.' As the hours passed and the two boys failed to appear from deeper in the mine where they were thought to be working, their fathers grew alarmed. They notified State and Federal mine

authorities, and within a few hours over 200 men were searching the mine's dangerous labyrinth of criss-crossing corridors.

"The searchers found no trace of the boys. A pair of blood hounds brought to the mine found no trail. After three weeks State and Federal mine inspectors reported that they were certain every part of the mine had been investigated and that there was no possibility that a rock-fall had sealed the two cousins in an abandoned room... State police circulated a missing persons bulletin and police authorities in cities to which the boys might have gone were notified. But no clue to what happened to the boys ever was found."

#51 --- Page 66 of the July, 1965 issue of "SEARCH" magazine gave the following legend concerning Lehman Caves National Monument in Nevada (on the east shoulder of Wheeler Peak.):

"...If there can be houses haunted by the spirits of persons who had once dwelt in them - (and it seems necessary they must have had some special attachment for the place) - then why may not there be caves haunted by the spirits of early people who had once dwelt in them? Perhaps there are!

"Here is an excerpt from an old fact sheet from Lehman Caves in Nevada (as reported in DESERT Magazine): '...local Indians who had long knew of the caverns... firmly believed that they were inhabited by a little blue-headed man who would spread pestilence among them and eat their children if he was molested.' A former custodian of these caves was discharged for having "hallucinations." He would run from the cave shouting that he had seen "strange lights dancing in far corners and living walls pulsating" like a stomach of some gigantic creature. Indians have been buried in the Lehman Caves, under conditions regarded as mysterious - for none of the burials contained the

mortuary gifts that are always found in-other Indian graves - even modern - and those at Lehmann represented a period cohering many years."

The book, "Nevada Place Names" by Rufus W. Leigh offers the following information on Lehman Caves on page 52:

"...When the new entrance was cut through, examination of the cave-in debris disclosed two Indian skeletons. Indians did not dig graves; they used natural recesses for burial wherever possible. There is traditional evidence that the cave was known to the aborigines from circa 1,000 A.D. In Caucasian times, whites have recorded old Indian legends of it..."

#52 --- Page 132 of "The Journal of American Folklore", Vol.49, carries the following story of the Taos Indian emergence account, from Mt. Blanca (120 miles north-east of Alamosa, in southern Colorado, in the Sangre de Cristo range):

"All the Indians were created by Our Father the Sun (Tulena Kitamena) and placed in a lake in (inside) Mt. Blanca. The Earth, Our Mother (Pauna Kikana), took care of us. The Sun told each tribe where it had to live. He told them to leave Mt. Blanca and to go to the plains and to the mountains where they now live. And he gave the plains Indians buffalo, elk, deer and antelope skins and hair and also bows and arrows so that they could live by hunting. He told them to go east and west. To the Pueblo Indians he gave seeds and corn and pumpkins and other plants and fruits and told them to go to the south. He also gave them bows and arrows and deer skins. They had to live by hunting and from the products of the earth.

"The Taos Indians were the chosen people of the Sun and from the beginning he told them that they had to honor the Sun and make sacrifices for him so that he

would remain in his course. He told the Taos Indians that they were to remain forever in the same home and not scattered here and there like the other Indians. The Taos Indians left the lake in Mt. Blanca by groups or clan (daina) and all with their different names. But they all had to meet and build their pueblo at the place called the Canyon of the Red Willows at the foot of the Great Mountain (Mahwalu Vianda). And they all went out and finally met at the pueblo where they now live."

#53 --- The following story, concerning a cavern in a mountain aside Stuart Lake, in central British Columbia, Canada., can be found on page 24 of "The Journal of American Folk-Lore" Vol.47. This story was collected in the winter of 1924-25 at Stony Creek, a Carrier Indian settlement near the transcontinental railway line running through northern British Columbia to Prince Rupert:

"...Long ago the Indians used to see many dwarfs in the mountains at the head of Francois Lake, around Stuart lake, up the Nechako river and even under the water of Francois Lake. Though they seemed to be only boys about a foot tall, they were as strong as men. The Indians called them Atnau...

"...A Stuart Lake Indian who was hunting on the ice saw ahead of him a dwarf carrying on his back a huge grizzly bear. The Indian tried to pull the animal from him, but the dwarf walked steadily on as if he felt nothing. At last, he turned and said, 'You can't take the grizzly from me, so you had better come home with me.' They entered a cavern in a mountain from which a creek flows into Stuart Lake, and came to a great country like this earth, thickly inhabited by dwarfs. The Indian married two dwarf women and lived in this country for several years, but at last he became homesick and his father-in-law consented to let him take his wives to his own home. The three of them

emerged from the cavern and traveled over the ice of Stuart lake towards his settlement. His people saw him coming and mistook them at first for three swans, for their clothing, like that of all dwarfs, was decorated-with white dentalia shells."

#54 --- The-following news article appeared on pages 16-17 of the February 4th, 1973 issue of the NATIONAL ENQUIRER:

"An immense cavern system - containing an underground river with gold in it, strange footprints, white frogs, and rocks like cannonballs - has been discovered in Canada by an amateur explorer. Authorities have closed off the area, located in the Cariboo country of British Columbia, some 300 miles northwest of Vancouver, to protect it from gold prospectors and the curious.

"Paul Griffiths, a 21-year-old student at the University of Victoria, B.C., who explores caves as a hobby, first stumbled on the entrance to the cavern in June 1971 while following a dry riverbed in the primitive, largely unexplored, regions.

"'It was absolutely fantastic,' Griffiths explained to The ENQUIRER at his home in Victoria.

"'There was a shaft going straight down which I later found to be 150 feet deep when I descended it by rope.

"'It was unbelievable, almost indescribable, down there.

"'The river whose dry bed I'd been following had gone underground and, in one area of the cavern, welled up into a vast underground lake with a strange, fountain-like effect in the center.'

"Griffiths and a companion - who joined him - found black sand at the river's edge and began panning for gold (Note the similarity with the 'Kokoweef' caverns of California - Branton). Within 4 hours they took out a gold nugget and two ounces of flake gold. 'If gold was what we wanted, we could have taken lots more from the cave,' Griffiths said. 'There is plenty there.'

"Following the underground river, they came across huge, unidentifiable footprints.

"'They were over 13 inches long and manlike. They could not have been made by grizzly bears, although there are lots of them in the area, because there were no claw imprints at the ends of the toes. Maybe they were made by Sasquatch's. The Sasquatch is a large, hairy, man-like creature frequently reported seen in the region:

"'There were also hoards of frogs without color, totally white. They had lived underground so long they had lost their green pigmentation.

"'At the bottom of a ledge we found rocks that were perfectly round, like cannonballs. Cracked in two, they revealed a metallic core surrounded by a shell of what appeared to be rust.

"'One pool of water had steam rising from it. The whole scene was simply amazing, something I've never seen before.

"'I named it Grizzly Bear Cave. But I'm not permitted to say where it is. I've been told that if I reveal its location, the authorities won't allow me back in. And I want to see that fantastic place again.'

"Robert Ahrens, Provincial Park Director, told the ENQUIRER: 'The main attraction of the cave is its vast size and swift underground river.

"'It is in very rough country and its exploration will require experience and a lot of rope climbing. It is dangerous to anyone but experts.'" -- DAVID KLEIN

#55 --- The December, 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on pages 24-25, carries the following story, titled 'LEGEND OF QUINMAS VALLEY'. The story was told by a man - an explorer - by the name of Rex Du Howard:

"...The storm had become quite bad, and Chatham Sound was no place for small craft such as ours, so we

put about and into a nearby harbor. Farther cruising into Alaska waters would be held up till the storm abated.

"Overlooking the harbor was an Indian village, and having nothing better to do, I took my pencils and sketch book and went to shore to look around. I do a bit of sketching, something I fondly believe to be my artistic talent. This town was a far cry from the day when the Indians lived in log and shack lodges, to the modern homes I was seeing; and my hopes of seeing a real Indian or hearing any native legends seemed small indeed. However luck was with me in that I found sitting on the front steps of his home a very old man, who when I spoke to him, immediately called to someone inside the house. A young lady came to the door. When I made known my wishes, she, after translating to the old man, readily agreed to tell me all the legends and tales he could recall. While he talked in his oddly drawled, yet smooth dialect, the girl, his great granddaughter, translated-this odd tale:

"For several days Nis-We-Bask had been following the banks of a large creek; his friend Kae-lth had decided to return to his canoe at tidewater, thence to his summer camp. But Nis-We-bask was determined to explore this river as far as possible - now during the low water season - just to see how many beaver colonies and other fur-bearing animals could be located. Kae-lth had suggested, rather apprehensively, that it wasn't safe for one man to venture into unknown territory; in fact even hinted that other creatures other than just wild animals might be found, with unpleasant results. Nis-We-Bask had laughed at his friend's fears; moreover he was young and strong and a good hunter as well as the fact that many other hunters of their tribe had at different times gone out hunting alone, and with one or two exceptions had always returned. Aside from such wild animals as were usually found in these parts, what was there to be afraid of? Surely not the stories old

squaws told their grand-children by the lodge fire; stories of giant men who long ago had paid their tribe a visit and taught the tribe many things now forgotten.

"Musing thus, Nis-We-Bask walked silently along; sometimes along animal trails, sometimes along trails of his own devising. At the mouths of several tributary streams he had noted beaver cuttings along the banks; thus Nis-We-Bask traveled, mentally charting and placing the spots he and fellow hunters would return to in the spring-time. Beaver pelts stacked the height of a long rifle could be used to buy the rifle, at the new trading post at Fort Simpson. With such pleasant thoughts he came upon an ideal camp site, and gathered some dry twigs, made a small fire and prepared his evening meal of smoked fish roasted at the fire, then, having eaten, he rolled in his blanket and was soon asleep.

"Toward dawn Nis-Wei-Bask was awakened to instant alertness. That there was something watching him he could not doubt; and the feeling was almost physical, then in an instant the feeling was gone. He was certain that it was not an animal that had caused him to awaken so suddenly; too, any animal would have made some slight sound in leaving that his trained hunter's hearing would have registered. At the first rays of dawn Nis-We-Bask was on his way, ever up the river. Despite the odd experience of the night before he was determined to reach the headwaters of this river before returning home.

"The river lessened in size as Nis-We-Bask proceeded, and toward afternoon he arrived at a high walled pass through which the stream ran. The river being low, it was not difficult to find a way along its edge, which on the inside opened into a fairly large valley, through which the river meandered. Following this, Nis-We-Bask came upon a burned over area fully the length of six war canoes and fully half as wide, the surface being as smooth as the surface of the deep

water in the river. Vaguely troubled as to what may have caused this burned area, Nis-We-Bask prepared to spend the night, and on the morrow start the journey home. Even as he sat by his fire Nis-We-Bask became aware of being watched in the half light of twilight. He could not see who or what could be the cause of it. There had been no sign of bears or other large animals, yet that feeling of being watched persisted. Then he remembered Kae-lth's remarks to the effect that this was where the legendary giants had vanished. Still, why believe old squaws' tales?

"Those were only to frighten small children. The feeling of being watched became stronger, then the creatures appeared; the things that had been watching Nis-We-Bask. Even as he saw them he knew what they were. They were the Bow-iss, neither man or animal yet with the cunning and vileness of both. Creatures which in olden times, had boldly stolen children and woman from the tribes; but they were supposed to have disappeared a long time back. The Bow-iss slowly shambled toward Nis-We-Bask making peculiar sounds as if laughing at some monstrous joke.

"Panic stricken, yet quite unable to move, Nis-We-Bask watched the slow approach.

"Then the creatures circled him, removed his bow and arrows and knife; then with two in front and two behind they marched him back the way they had come.

"Nis-We-Bask though terrified had time to observe these creatures closely. Each was about the size of a youth, though in shoulder breadth equal to a man, bowlegged and with long unkempt hair of a dirty brown color. Each was clad in loincloth and sandals of some smooth, shiny material, and at each belt was a knife and a small box-like affair which appeared to be a weapon of some sort. The creature in the lead headed for a low overhanging cliff at the base of which an opening to a cave was visible, followed by Nis-We-Bask and the other Bow-iss. Nis-We-Bask would have fled

there and then, but even as he turned one of the Bowiss aimed his little box-like weapon at him, causing extreme pain and paralyzing him completely. Amid wild, pealing laughter, Nis-We-Bask fainted. When he regained consciousness, he and two of the creatures were traveling in a weird conveyance that made little sound yet traveled at great speed, along a wide shiny road. Inside the cave it was quite light for the very rock overhead shone with a pale silvery color. Ever downward their conveyance went, then finally came to a stop in what seemed to be a vast cavern.

"Nis-We-Bask had no choice but to follow the creatures. He looked about for an exit should escape be possible, but saw none save the way they had entered. On all sides towered terrifying monsters of metal that somehow or other seemed to have lives of their own; one or two even glowed with a weird blue light. Beyond that his mind could not conceive or describe. One of the Bow-iss aimed his little box-weapon at Nis-We-Bask causing that intense pain and paralysis, after which they dragged him over and chained him to a ring set in the floor of the cave, then they proceeded to place around him, in a half circle, a pile of wood, collected for this very purpose. This was then set afire. He knew what his fate would be; he was to be roasted alive.

"Already the heat from the fire was unbearable.

"Realizing their captives crazed fear, the Bow-iss screamed and danced themselves into a frenzy, as moans and cries were forced from Nis-We-Bask's seared and cracked lips, then merciful unconsciousness.

"Nis-We-Bask awoke to a feeling of infinite coolness and comfort; then he realized that he was still in the cave, but on that strange vehicle, and being returned to the surface; but instead of the hideous creatures that had taken him down into the cave, the other occupant of the conveyance was a man, huge and fair in coloring. The giant seemed to be aware that Nis-We-Bask

was awake, for he turned and smiled, then he spoke though his lips did not move.

"'Have no fear Nis-We-Bask, you will be returned to your people, those whom you call the Bow-iss in this cave are no more. While we were absent our home was discovered and occupied by the Bow-iss. The gods were kind that we returned when we did.'

"Through Nis-We-Bask's mind ran the stories told him in his childhood of the giants who had visited his people in ages past. Surely this being was also one, aye even the same, as were not these ones of ancient times immortal? Soon they reached the cave entrance and the giant and Nis-We-Bask got out of the now motionless vehicle. Dimly Nis-We-Bask could discern the outline of something huge resting where that burned patch of earth was and he knew somehow that this monster had caused it. The giant broke in on his thoughts, in that way of speaking without uttering a sound.

"'I will return you to your canoe at tidewater; do just as I instruct you to. Stand within this circle I have inscribed, close your eyes and do not on any account open them.'

"With that the giant left Nis-We-Bask and entered the cave again. Just then Nis-We-Bask felt a sickening falling feeling as if he were falling from a great height, then the feeling was gone, and he looked about to find himself on the sand near his canoe.

"When Nis-We-Bask returned to his native village and tried to tell of his adventure; he was scoffed at as having a bad dream or falling and hurting his head and dreaming it all. But there were a few who did believe and some who still do."

#56 --- The following is a story which appeared on pages 222-242 of "BLACK RANGE TALES", by James A. McKenna. Due to its length I will quote only those

parts of the story relevant to the subject-matter of this manuscript...

"...In the forepart of the year of 1882, I left Lake Valley where I had been prospecting, and headed for Eureka, a recent discovery in the Hachita Mountains, which lies in the southwestern part of Grand County in the border country of New Mexico.

"The Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroads were at that time working towards the spot where the town of Deming now stands, expecting to meet there before long. If water could be found near the junction of the two railroads it was planned to build a town there.

"Barney Martin, a foreman on the Southern Pacific Railroad, believing that water was near by, put several Chinese track layers to work sinking a well. A good flow of water resulted at a depth of forty feet, and the spot was called Deming in honor of a vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railroad. I happened along a few days after the discovery of water...

"...At Cazzarillo Springs, now known as Hermanas Station, on the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad, we pitched our next camp. The Cazzarillo Springs were then owned by a man named Reed, of Las Cruces, the father of a large family, whose wife was a Spanish dona, also from Las Cruces. A large herd of Reed's cattle watered at the Springs, where the big flow of water almost formed a creek. Geologists claim that these springs are a part of the sunken Mimbres River, which rises again in the lakes of northern Mexico...

"He then tells of a story which he heard, of some caves in a sacred Apache canyon, 3 MILES across the Mexican border, south of CAZZARILLO Springs, from which a man had recovered a 40-pound bar of silver bullion. Determined to see this cave (which was called Boca Grande Cave) for himself, he sets out for the sacred canyon from HERMANAS, New Mexico; unaware at the time that he will not get a change to visit the Boca Grande Cave, but instead will find something more startling:

"'...After hearing the herder's tale and examining the float specimens that had been picked up on Little Mountain; I got leave of the commanding officer of the surveyors. He not only let me go, but gave me the use of a team and wagons to haul my bedding and several barrels of water. He advised me to go first to Little Mountain, so he could keep in touch with me.

"`As Little Mountain near Monument 41 was about the same distance from the cave as Cazzarillo Springs, I came to the conclusion to visit the cave first and prospect.

"`Afterwards, I made an early start for the sacred canyon, taking a canteen of water, a few iron rations, my rifle, and plenty of ammunition, as I expected to stay overnight in the vicinity of the cave.

"`I walked fast having made up my mind to be across the alkali flat before the sun got high, as both the glare and the dust were hard on the eyes. Reaching the mouth of the canyon about ten o'clock, I sat down to rest a bit.

"`People who live in an Indian country became very sensitive to sight, sound, and smell. I had been resting but a few minutes when my ears warned me that some one besides myself was in the canyon. Crossing to the opposite side, I took note of fresh moccasin tracks, the prints having been made, I thought, by squaws, or young bucks. The burros dung I judged to be not over a day old. The tracks led up the main canyon. As I stood there listening, I heard a crackling sound. The hills were covered with 'sotol', and I came to the conclusion the Indians were gathering it to make the drink of the same name, a liquor something like mescal. "`I became wary, keeping on the lookout for burros and squaws. I had gone about two miles up the canyon when I got a whiff of smoke. As I did not want to be discovered by a sentinel, or lookout, I kept in the shade of the canyon. Besides, I was afraid the burros would get my scent and warn their owners. A short

distance ahead I saw a grove of sotol, putting me in mind of a squad of soldiers at attention. Beyond the grove was the fire.

``Standing before the fire were two Indian maids, the elder about sixteen years of age and the younger about thirteen. As they looked very much alike, I took them to be sisters. Both wore bright blankets and buckskin leggings; their black hair was bound in by beaded bands. They were eating the roasted heart of a sotoi, which tastes a good bit like cabbage when roasted or steamed.

``When the younger girl was through eating, she looked up and down the canyon as if to make sure that no one was about. Then she picked up a lariat and a large olla and started across the canyon. All at once two burros came in sight and trotted up to her. She now seemed to be tapping the canyon wall with a rock. The next minute my mouth fell open, for she seemed to walk right through the canyon wall. Then I saw an opening in the wall I had not taken note of before. She soon came back with the large olla full of water and gave it to a burro. She went back several times to refill the olla.

``In my excitement I kept on until I was near enough to see that the opening led into a cave. An egg-shaped slab of rock about seven feet high formed the door and fitted, top and bottom, into the hollowed edges of the wall like a ball into a socket. When it had turned in its socket, this egg-shaped door made a narrow opening on both sides of it about a foot above the ground, one edge of the door putting into the cave and the other extending outward about two feet. I had once seen a rock farther north in the Rockies, which stood in a stone basin like a ball in a socket, turning just so far and then turning back again. The Indians must have made use of some such freak of nature to close the cave. When she had done her chore the Indian girl gave the egg-shaped door a slight push and it

swung tightly back into place, sealing up the canyon wall, stooping, she lifted a cluster of trailing hop and grape vines and arranged them over the door. No one would have taken note of the door, although he might have suspected water on account of the green spot that hid the mouth of the cave.

"Fearing the burros would get my scent, I began to make my getaway. The prospector knew that an Indian's horse or burro would snort and jump if he got the scent of a white man; and that the white man's animal would act the same way if he scented an Indian.

"I had not gone far when one of the girls caught five burros on the hillside and tied them up. The other girl was covering the burro tracks in the canyon. I knew by these signs that they soon would be leaving the canyon.

"I believed the spring lay in a sacred cave which might contain a cache of valuables as well as a supply of sotol. I came to the conclusion to come back and look around the first chance I got. I could not make out why Indian maids had been sent to distill sotol unless it was that the cave was known only to a certain family and not to the whole tribe.

"On the way back I came upon some mule bones; I also found a part of a Mexican "aparejo", or packsaddle. Had the mule been killed by Indians, or had he wandered away from his packers with the piece of rope tied to his halter and got caught in the brush to die of starvation? I took note of a pile of waste that looked like ore sacks, but being in a hurry, I did not stop to examine anything.

"As I was still a good way from the American side of the boundary, I did not let the grass grow under my feet, for I did not know whether or not my American officer had got me a permit from Mexican authorities. Just on the line I met a company of Mexican rurales and learned from their "capitan" that I had the right to cross the boundary.

""Have you ever been in that canyon?" I asked the "capitan", pointing in the direction of the sacred canyon.

""A short distance only," said he. "Indians claim it is a sacred canyon and go not often into it. I no think there is mineral in that canyon. Too much volcanic rock and sandstone. See high peak yonder? Indians say he (volcano) been in action in the memory of their oldest people. Me, I sometimes see smoke come from peak. On hazy day he give off sulphuric smell."

""I said nothing of the Indian maids and the burros that I had seen. Having pulled back to my camp in Little Mountain, I decided to wait till the surveyors reached Monument 41 before I went again into the sacred canyon...

""...The next morning I climbed to a high point from which I could see into the sacred canyon, but though I watched for two days, I saw no sign of the squaws. On the fourth day I went over to the mouth of the canyon, cutting sign, but I found no fresh tracks. Watching me from the hillside were hundreds of antelopes, with a look of wonder on their gentle faces, proving that they had seldom been hunted by man.

""When I went back to camp that day I got leave from the company officer to drive a team and wagon into the sacred canyon. I told him about the squaws but said nothing about the hidden well. He gave me a driver, a Cornish miner, saying he might be of aid in locating mineral. The officer also saw to it that we had plenty of food and several barrels of water and promised to post the troops to watch for Indian signs.

""About sunup the next morning we left the surveyors' camp, going first to the spot where I had seen the mule bones. There we unhitched our mules, giving them a taste of water before hobbling them, so they would come back to the wagon when they got thirsty. As the grass was good we did not suppose they would stray very far.

"The Cousin Jack, as everyone called the Cornishman, offered to fix up the camp a bit, while I started up the canyon saying, "I expect to be back in four or five hours. If you hear shooting, and I am not back by then, I want you to hitch up and pull back to the surveyors' camp. Notify the company officer, and ask him to hunt me up and send word to the Mexican rurales to be on the lookout."

"About a mile up the canyon I reached a small grove of sotol, or giant yuccas. Going through it I came face to face with a large cougar. He almost turned head over heels trying to make a getaway up the canyon, so I felt there was no one in that direction. At last I got to the squaws camp and soon learned from the old signs that they had gone south in the direction of the high Sierra Madras.

"The Indians must have used this camp for years, although there was no signs of tents. In rainy weather they probably used the hidden cave for shelter. There were no shells, beads, or arrows lying about, but immense roots of sotol were scattered everywhere, from which the Indians had drawn out the juice to make liquor; many pits lay open in the soft rock where the juice of the sotol trunks had been drained through beds of charcoal.

"Though I went over the canyon wall where I had seen the mysterious door, I could find no sign of it. Had I been dreaming? No, for cougars had passed by apparently looking for water, the burros' signs were not above four days old, and that patch of green was still there against the canyon wall. The wall behind the vines when tapped with my prospector's pick gave forth a hollow sound. Putting my ear to the wall I heard a drip, drip, drip, as of water, and then a long-drawn, mournful sigh.

"Bracing my shoulder against the wall, I tugged at the grape vines trying to loosen them. All of a sudden,

with a handful of vines, I fell backward through the very opening I was looking for. The pressure of my shoulder had turned the egg-shaped door in its socket. Getting my balance, I found myself in an immense, dark cave. I could not yet see any water, but its trickle echoed in the cave louder than the tick of a grandfather's clock in an empty house; a warm dampness seemed to wrap itself about me.

"While I stood near the opening trying to get used to the darkness, a low, mournful sigh came to me from the deeper section of the cave, getting louder and louder until it ended all of a sudden in a wild shriek. In a twinkling I was outside the cave. I gave the big stone a slight push and it swung easily about, closing the cave. The socket in which this egg-shaped tufa, or pumice stone turned, had been hollowed out of obsidian, or volcanic glass, the work of either wind or water erosion or of the Indians. It was so easy to turn pumice stone in this socket, that a child could have opened the cave.

"Scattered about over the volcanic floor of the canyon were many large pumice stones, so light in weight that I could lift without any trouble a rock as big as a barrel. The mountain was of sandstone formation, but it appeared to have been thrown up from a very active volcanic base.

"While going back to the wagon I picked out a trail through the canyon, so we could drive the team almost to the cave..."

"...I told Cousin Jack about the hidden well where the Indians may have cached some of their stolen treasure.

"We'd better stay here to-night," said I..."

"...The cold nose of the mule woke me up the next time. Both animals kept looking up the canyon where Cousin Jack had found them grazing. I saw by the Dipper that it was almost morning. I got up to look in the same direction as the mules. A signal flashed from the

high Sierra Madres, which was instantly answered by one from the Big Hatchets. Had a stray band of Apaches discovered we were in the canyon, or were they signaling to each other on the hunt? In a little while the mules lay down again, and I went back to sleep. Cousin Jack had not stirred.

"Cousin Jack had breakfast ready shortly after daybreak. While eating, I told him about the flashes. We had been thinking of driving first to the old battle field he had discovered, but we now decided to go at once to the hidden well, as I knew the Indians would not enter a sacred canyon even when on the warpath. "About a mile from the well we unloaded the wagon, packing as much as possible on the mules, including plenty of rope and five lanterns which the surveyors had loaned us. Cousin Jack led the mules, while I went ahead, scouting as far as the alder trees where the Indian skeletons swayed in the wind in their cottonwood wrappings. I told Cousin Jack to wait for me at the sotol thicket where I had seen the Indian girls making sotol.

"When I got back I found him there, boiling coffee and frying bacon. He was glad to hear I had found no signs except cougar tracks. After eating, we built a barricade around the door of the hidden cave, stacking up the sotol roots which lay about in hundreds. Inside the barricade we unloaded the mules and made up our beds. Before closing up the barricade we hauled in some brush for fire, and a good supply of fresh sotol, so the mules would have browse in case we were attacked by Indians or outlaws.

"By building our barricade against the canyon wall, we know we could take the mules with us into the hiddencave if we were attacked. When all was ready for the night I showed Cousin Jack the secret door to the hidden well. He agreed with me that it would be safer to go through the cave by night. After it got dark I opened the door. Cousin Jack's eyes almost popped out

of his head when he saw the big stone turn in its sockets. We carried in the tools and the bucket, and lighted two lanterns.

"Then we went down the drift into the cave and soon reached a turn, where we were almost blinded by a sudden flash of light. There followed a sound of water dashing against rocks. The light was gone with the speed of lightning; which it was like, though it was brighter than any lightning I had ever seen. How pale was the light of our lanterns after that brilliant flash! As we went on down the draft the flash was repeated every so often, each time followed by the roar of waters.

"As we went deeper into the cave a rushing wind swept about us when the flash came. At each flash we could see the roof, on which were hundreds of hand prints. We could also see plainly the bones and veins in our hands.

"A sudden turn to the right brought us to the hidden well. It lay below the floor at least six feet, steps having been cut to reach the water. The pool was about twenty feet across. The flashes showed a few fish and a frog in the pool, the light being so strong we could see every bone in their bodies.

"We put on our dust glasses to protect our eyes. At each flash the water in the pool rose, dashing from side to side, throwing a heavy spray over us, but never overflowing. Then would rise from the drift a pitiful moan which put me in mind of a person in agony. It gave us both the creeps. "Oh! Oh! Ohee! Ohee! Mercee! Mercee!" (it seemed...) began the low, sad cry, getting louder and louder and ending all of a sudden in a shriek as a rush of cool air swept about our legs. "'There must be a volcanic vent near-by," said I. "It all puts me in mind of geysers I've seen in Yellowstone Park."

"Dame, old son, I'm afraid it's the bloomin' Tommy-Knockers! The bloody bounders! I've heard them in

the tin mines of Cornwall, England, on the ghost shift, knocking warnings to the miners to let them alone. When they make the rat-tat-tat, it's time for the Cousins to pick up their tools and pull for the top. Come along, come along, old son! Let's get out of this bloody cave."

"`It's neither ghosts nor spirits," said I. "You're not going to give up, are you, till we've looked for that cache of bullion?"

"`At mention of the bullion he forgot his terror, and we pushed on down the drift. As we went down, the noises grew louder and louder, and the air became heavy with sulphuric and other gaseous odors. When we had gone down about a thousand feet, we came to a side drift, with its mouth almost closed from a fall of rock.

"`A short distance down this drift we stumbled over a pile of skeletons, at least a dozen lying close together. Had the victims died of bad air or of starvation? Searching about, we found nothing but broken Indian crockery. Pictographs on the wall may have been the story of their death. In this drift we neither saw the flashes nor heard the moans, but the poisonous air soon made us drowsy.

"`Going-back to the pool, we examined the ollas standing around it. All had lately been filled with sotol. The fresh marks on the wall near-by may have been made for visiting Indians. We tasted the soto, which is a good deal like mescal, though it is much stronger. It was something like Scotch whisky with a strong, smoky flavor added to it.

"`Outside we found everything as we had left it. Cousin Jack helped me carry some boulders into the cave, which we piled up, so I could examine the hand prints on the roof. The marks seemed to have been burned in with a branding iron, or impressed there at a time when the sandstone in the roof of the cave was

still moist. I have spoken with many Indians since, but none ever seemed to know the meaning of the sign.

"The flashes kept on. One of my legs had been badly broken some years before, and it still gave me much trouble. I got the idea that since we were able to see through the fish in the pool we might be able to see through our bodies. Stripping off my clothing, I pointed out the weak spot and asked Cousin Jack to watch it during a flash.

"Jimmie, old son," he exclaimed, "at that point your bone looks as if it's hanging together by a cobweb."

"Cousin Jack now wanted me to look for a bullet in his body that had never been found by the doctors. He said he sometimes got a pain in his shoulder, and he suspected the bullet was there, though it had entered his body near his heart.

"Sure enough! When he had pulled off his clothing the flash showed the flattened lead against his shoulder bone as plainly as if it lay in my hand. I marked the spot with an indelible pencil he dug out of his pocket, and later on the bullet was cut out by an army surgeon.

"Our bodies seemed to be affected by the light. "Old Sons" said Cousin Jack, "I feel as if I could run like a deer." But before long we were both in a big sweat. The Cornishman being a great smoker, his body gave off the smell of tobacco.

"Fagged out with excitement, we dressed and headed for the opening of the cave. How fresh was the early morning air! Yet we nearly fainted from the change when we first left the cave. Tired as we were, we built a fire and boiled some coffee.

"After we had a bite to eat, I said to Cousin Jack, "You turn in now, and I'll keep an eye on the camp. I'll cook a mess of beans, so we can have a good feed before striking out for your battlefield."

"He needed no coaxing, and in a few minutes he was dead to the world. After watering the mules and putting the beans on to cook, I decided to time the flashes in the cave, but my watch had stopped, and I soon found out that it would not run in the cave. In order not to drop off to sleep I had to keep walking...

"...As it was near sundown we made ready to leave, but we first ate a big mess of beans and finished our Army bread. While Cousin Jack tore down the barricade and packed our supplies, I did some more scouting. When we got back we covered all our signs and fixed the vines over the secret door. Then we were off..."

#57 --- The following story comes from page 353 of the "Journal of American Folklore", Vol.46., and is told by the Yavapai Indians of central Arizona:

"...Following origin account related by blind shaman muukyat, who professed to have learned it at night from goddess Komwidapokuwia. Heard her voice, but did not see her. He was about 40 years old and not yet blind. It marked beginning of his shamanistic power.

"In beginning people lived in underworld, but land there not good. No place to get food. For that reason people sought a new land. All people assembled at a 'convincing' to listen to leaders. Three of these spoke. They were not brothers, but just friends. They were Halakioma (under water living), Batucha (burning the persons), and Hukataroka (hooked nose).

"They planted grape vines at base of white pine (kasarihe), so people might climb up from underworld. It took three days to climb to earth's surface. Each night, people rested in tree where they were. Finally they climbed out into this world and found plenty of food. Montezuma Well was the great hole connecting underworld and earth's surface..."

COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA gives the following information concerning the "well" and the ancient Indian ruins nearby, known as Montezuma's Castle:

"MONTEZUMA, CASTLE - (Arizona; 1906; 842 acres), 60 miles south of Flagstaff, contains a 5-story, 20-room cliff dwelling, 90 percent intact, built high in a limestone cliff that borders Beaver Creek for half a mile. In the same cliff are ruins of several other prehistoric dwellings. Occupancy probably ended about A.D. 1450. Visitors were formerly permitted to enter the castle, but the damaging effects of such use compelled its discontinuance. The character of the structure is shown in a small museum at the base of the cliff.

"Seven miles from the castle is a detached area, known as Montezuma Well; its principal feature is a limestone sink containing a pool fed by a SPRING which yields 1.5 MILLION gallons daily. In its walls are small cliff dwellings whose inhabitants used the spring's waters for irrigation; the ditches, cemented by water-deposited lime, are still plainly visible. Research on Montezuma's Well led to the following interesting facts.

"The well, which lies to the north-east of the Castle, has been penetrated to a depth of over 50 feet by scuba divers, but nothing of significance was reported found. The well from ground level seems only to be a hill, but as one walks up its slope they would not imagine that when reaching the top, they would find a large crater, filled with water to form a deep pond, around which can still be found the remains of Indian ruins circling the inside slope. Geologists theorize that the Well was formed after the collapse of the roof of a LARGE CAVERN beneath the hill. The topographical map of the area shows, just west of the well, a large depression or "sink" (i.e. a 'sink hole'- a sure sign of underground cavities, according to Speleologists - Branton) shaped like a large "S", suggesting that a cavern may have existed (or does still) beneath the area.

#58 --- Pages 105-107 of Albert S. Gatschet's book "A MIGRATION LEGEND OF THE CREEK INDIANS", contains the following account concerning the emergence of the Cha'hta 'Indians':

"The Cha'hta trace their mythic origin from the 'Stooping, Leaning or Winding Hill,' Nani Waya, a mound of fifty feet altitude, situated in Winston county, Mississippi, on the headwaters of Pearl river. The top of this "birth-place" of the nation is level, and has a surface of about one-fourth of an acre.

"...The curious tale of the origin of the Cha'hta from Nani Waya has been often referred to by authors. B. Romans states that they showed the 'hole in the ground,' from which they came, between their nation and the Chicasa, and told the colonists that their neighbors were surprised at seeing a people 'rise at once out of the earth.' (p.71)

"...Other legends conveyed the belief that the emerging from the sacred hill took place only four or five generations before (Missionary Herald, 1828, p.215.). The emerging of the human beings from the top of a hill is an event not unheard of in American mythology, and should not be associated with a simultaneous creation of man. It refers to the coming up of primeval man from a lower world into a preexistent upper world, through some orifice. A graphic representation of this idea will be found in the Navajo creation myth, published in Amer. Antiquarian V, 207-224, from which extracts are given in this volume below. Five different worlds are there supposed to have existed, superposed to each other, and some of the orifices through which the 'old people' crawled up are visible at the present time."

#59 --- Pages 152-153 of Rev. William M. Beauchamp's book, "IROQUOIS FOLK LORE", contains the following explanation for the origin of the Five Iroquois Nations:

"...I have not as yet given Cusick's 'Origin of the Kingdom of the Five Nations, which was called a Long House.' It is odd and interesting, but facts are against it. 'By some inducement a body of people was concealed in the mountain at the falls named Kuskehsawkich, (now Oswego). When the people were released from the mountain they were visited by Tarenyawagon (i.e. the Holder of the Heavens), who had power to change himself into various shapes; he ordered the people to proceed towards the sunrise as he guided them, and came to a river named Yenonanatche (i.e. 'going round a mountain' - now 'Mohawk'), and went down the bank of the river and came to where it discharges into a great river running towards the midday sun; and Shaw-nay-taw-ty (i.e. 'beyond the Pineries' - now 'Hudson'), and went down the bank of the river and touched bank of a great water..." (The Five Iroquois Nations included the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca tribes. After the Tuscaroras tribe was admitted in 1722, it became known as the 'Six Nations').

Page 28 of Hartley B. Alexanders' book "NORTH AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY" (also found in THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES vol X) contains the following account of a race of legendary beings existing beneath the territory of the Iroquois Nations:

"...the Ohdowas, or underground people. The underworld where the Ohdowas live is a dim and sunless realm containing forests and plains, like the earth of man, peopled with many animals - all of which are ever desirous to ascend to the sunny realm above. It is the task of the Ohdowas to keep these underworld creatures in their proper place, especially since many of them

are venomous and noxious beasts; and though the Ohdowas are small, they are sturdy and brave, and for the most part keep the monstrous beings imprisoned; rarely do the latter break through to devastate and defile the world above."

Pages 61 and 63 of the same volume carries the following interesting information concerning the Cherokee and Choctaw Nations:

"...Furthermore, the Cherokee myth continues with an obvious addition of southwestern ideas. 'There is another world under this, and it is like ours in everything - animals, plants, and people - save that the seasons are different. The streams that come down from the mountains are the trails by which we reach this underworld, and the springs at their heads are the doorways by which we enter it, but to do this one must fast and go to water and have one of the underground people for a guide. We know that the seasons in the underworld are different from ours, because the water in the springs is always warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the outer air.'

"...The Choctaw, like the Creek, regard themselves as earth-born. In very ancient times, before man lived, Nane Chaha ("high hill") was formed, from the top of which a passage led down into the caverns of earth from which the Choctaw emerged, scattering to the four points of the compass."

And finally, page 289 of the same volume tells the following interesting story:

"...De Smet (p.1378) mentions a cavern in the Yellowstone region which the Indians named 'the place of coming-out and going-in of underground spirits,' and the South-Western notion of the Sipapu is an instance in point; other examples appear in the mythologies of the Creek, Kiowa, and Mandan..."

#60 --- The following interesting stories told by miners can be found on pages 128-132 of "THE CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY" (now "WESTERN FOLKLORE") April, 1942 issue. The article, titled "California Miners' Folklore: Below Ground", was written by Wayland D. Hand:

"...John Baragwanath's treatise of the gnomes in mines of Peru that assist miners in finding ore deposits. His article, 'Pay Streak,' which appeared in COSMOPOLITAN for November, 1936, pp. 56ff., and 78ff., contains an excellent likeness of one of these quaint little creatures, the so-called 'Muqul.' In 'Spooks, Specters, and Superstitions in Mining,' (THE MINING JOURNAL, XXI., May 30, 1937., pp. 5,40) Fisher Vane treats the various beliefs in 'Tommy knockers' as found in western mines. cf. ARIZONA: A STATE GUIDE (New York, 1940), p.164. Walter G. Drysdale, editor of the PLACERVILLE TIMES, writes a column under the heading of "Tommy knockers," and in some of his columns during 1939 dealt with California beliefs in these little creatures 'attired in leather jackets, peaked hats and water-soaked shoes.' California Indian miners have a belief in little, squat, fat men, called, I am informed, 'ettedi'..."

"...As indicated above, few California miners aver that they have seen Tommy knockers, though one miner at the Murchie in Nevada City quit his job when he saw 'a little old man with whiskers comin' out of the muck pile.'

"...At the Mayflower Mine east of Nevada City there was a long tunnel from which strange noises were said to emanate. One man hearing these weird sounds is reported to have ran out of the tunnel one night and not to have stopped until he was a long way from the mine."

"...A miner at the Murchie Mine in Nevada City refused to reenter a drift because he said he had seen 'devils back in there.' He was probably like the man in

Old Brunswick at Grass Valley years ago, who, slightly drunk, claimed he saw monkeys with red hats dodging in and out of the timbers.

"...Tales of animals and monsters in the mines are rare (The early Chinese miners in California called a mine tunnel a 'lung kung', or dragons's cave, according to Mr. Hoy).

#61 --- In Eric-Norman's book 'THE UNDER-PEOPLE', pp. 20-22, he tells of a few Inner-Earth related stories. The first of which he quotes from Vol. 1, No. 6 of the NEWSLETTER FOR THE COMMITTEE FOR THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF PSI., as reported by researcher Ronald Calais:

"...Calais also related the experience of coal miners David Fellin and Henry Thorne. After their escape from a mine cave-in in Pennsylvania, the two men told of seeing a huge door illuminated by a blue light. The two miners claimed to have watched the door open and to have seen a group of men, dressed in "weird outfits," standing on a beautiful marble stairway.

"...The possibility of another entrance into the subterranean world was discovered in Hammondsville, Ohio, in the spring of 1868. At a strip mine operated by Captain Edward Lacy, coal miner James Parsons was blasting a huge vein of coal out of the mountainside when his first explosion uncovered a large, smooth door. The slate-like structure was covered with unusual hieroglyphics.

"'Hundreds of people have crowded into the pit to see the strange device,' a reporter wrote shortly after the discovery. But, after a few days, the local residents lost interest in the discovery and mining continued on the property. Historical accounts indicate that the doorway was covered with earth from subsequent mining. It became just another of the mysterious links with a possible inner world, perhaps lost forever."

#62 --- More stairs leading down into the inner earth can be examined in North Salem, Massachusetts. Neatly buried on top of a small hill near the village are twenty stone structures, strange evidence of an alien civilization. The ruins have been the subject of some extremely controversial debates since their discovery. Bewildered scientists have inspected the unusual structures and walked away confusedly mumbling to themselves. There is an enormous, four-ton stone slab that resembles the ancient stone altars used for pagan sacrifices. It even has a groove for drainage of blood and carved on one side are a gazelle's head, a bull's head and a stone axe, mute faded testimonies to some ancient sculpture. Too, there is an intriguing cylinder, made of stone and nearly buried in the earth. Many early investigators believed the structure was a water well, as it then was almost filled with water. But, when the well was drained by engineers, a group of astonished scientists discovered a flight of stone stairs leading down into the earth.

"The stairway is blocked by several huge stones, possibly part of some ancient cave-in. A researcher recently wrote: 'It would appear that these stones are possibly the walls, or the ceiling, of some gigantic underground tunnel or room. I have urged several universities to launch a thorough, complete investigation of these structures and the stairway in particular. As you know, this is just one of many reports of stairways leading down into the earth. As these reports come from all corners of the world, there may be something below the surface worth considerable investigation.'"

Page 30 of "THE CROOKED TREE", by John C. Wright, carries the following:

"When the Ottawas first crossed the straights of Mackinaw on their way south, the territory now comprised in the county of Emmet was occupied by a small tribe of peaceful Indians, known as the Mush-quah-tas, or Underground Indians, so named because they were said to have come from the West, where they formerly lived in caves."

#63 --- The following information comes from issue #1 of THE SOURCE, a quarterly publication dealing with Inner-Earth races. It was published in the mid and late 1980's by Christine Hayes of Cortez, Colorado. She claims that benevolent subterranean beings (via telaug, or telepathic-augmentation machines?) gave her this information. The uppermost section of the subterranean complex mentioned below, she was 'told', are located in the western section of Grand Canyon National Park, roughly beneath the area known as Elves Chasm:

"...The Culture-Rama, newly constructed beneath the Grand Canyon by the Cultures of Subterreanea, began its service officially on January 1, 1980, although a special festival ceremony was held on the night of December 24, 1979. The basic purpose of the Culture-Rama is the NOAH PROJECTION, a long-range massive project to refurbish, revitalize and regenerate the surface territory of this planet. It is an attempt to offset the portending cosmic changes which will wreck havoc on the unprepared surface dweller, and to subdue the increasing self-destruction of the outer domain intelligence's as they play out their 'karmic' tragedies..."

"...The Culture-Rama is composed of three separate complexes, each situated on a different earth-level and connected through air vacuum tubes in which shuttles are sped to link the triune of buildings. Beginning from the Central Earth cavity upward, I will attempt to

give you a mental picture of the complexes. Atop a plateau, overlooking the Central Sea (of the Geo-Concavitic, or 'Hollow' Earth - Branto), is the entrance building, the 'Arc Pavilion'. It is a many-pillared edifice, gleaming white beneath the ever-prevailing Central Sun (Atoma).

"The structure registers a graceful Grecian beauty and is decorated with a few but large striking Incan and Mayan symbols. They are painted in the predominate colors of most of the symbols and murals of the Culture-Rama... blue, red, black and yellow. Highlighting touches of gold and silver, as well as violet and green accent many of the designs. There are brilliant murals on the floor of the mostly open-air structure, interspersed by twenty-six elaborately-chiseled pillars. The Arc Pavilion is laid out upon the plateau in an arc or half-circle. Portions of the sides are roofed with flat stone, imbuing it with a Stonehenge effect. At the center of the arc is positioned a large alter stone. It is squared, with a carved sun motif on each of the side-facings and on the top. Beneath the stone is the entrance into the labyrinth of the first level. Inside the antechamber the walls glow a soft blue-white. When walking down the narrow halls there is no feeling of claustrophobia. Instead there is the pervading sense of space and serenity. At the end of the labyrinth, in the center of the network of hallways, the floor slowly moves downward until the individual finds himself within a crystal web, pulsating with laser-frequency sparks. Through this process, the body of the subterranean is regulated for a change in density pressure. After fifteen to thirty minutes the webbing disappears and the Inner-World inhabitant is free to step into a shuttle inside a transparent tubeline. This air transaccelerator will soon place the occupant upon the second level of the Culture-Rama. Here, a period of days or weeks is spent, depending upon the individual's

bio-system. The second level contains a calming atmosphere of spacious rooms terraced with terrarium gardens. The light is supplied within the caverns by a form of micro-biotic algae. After a stay in this complex, the traveler is again whisked through the air trans-accelerator to the third complex and main level of the Culture-Rama. The caverns which contain the largest of the three complexes are partially natural. However, the greatest area has been artificially hollowed through laser-sonic tunneling beneath the floor of the Grand Canyon. Directly atop the complex is a mountain plateau into which the main structure of the Culture-Rama, the 'Heliosphere', projects. The 'Heleoshere' is a completely round globe, large enough to encapsule the Super Dome. It is partially buried in the floor of the largest hollowed cavern, allowing only the upper half of the sphere visibility to those on the grounds of the 'Grand Plaza', encircling the immense dome. The submerged half contains the energy life support system for the entire triune of complexes. The upper area is divided into six levels. The two top levels are projected through a circular opening into a cavity within the mountain's base, Here is located another cavern, replete with flowering gardens, small waterfalls and a winding stream. Some small animals such as deer and rabbit live within the recreated natural environment. This mini-preserve is not maintained for its beauty alone, but for research purposes as well..."

Christine Hayes -- who's previous publication, ALEPH, as well as her book, RED TREE, are already collectors items -- also claims to be in contact with advanced beings (Ultra Terrestrials) from other worlds. These worlds include Venus, Enthropia (in the Orion constellation) and others. They have introduced her to the more reticent 'Inner-Terrestrials' who dwell within the naturally HOLLOW cavity of Central Earth.

(Although the following several reports relate to the Inner Earth Mysteries, they do not specify the specific locations of entrances to the lower domains. I will now quote these passages, which come from several different sources - Branton)...

I received the following letter from Richard Toronto, who published the SHAVERTRON newsletter... which is now an 'online' e-magazine which can be accessed at: <http://www.Shavertron.com>

The letter was dated July 13, 1980. I quote parts of it here:

"...The tunnels under Washington DC is a new one on me too. I paid good \$\$ to a researcher for info on Shaver, and I wound up with this. The guys name is L. Frank Hudson. He says he talked with an engineer in Washington about it. The engineer claimed the tunnels were encased in a kind of hard glass-like substance, and have been carbon-dated to (several thousand) years old. He claims that the founding fathers knew all about these tunnels when they built Washington DC... laid it out according to these tunnels... (He) said that Washington (the president) often went with Ben Franklin to a cave for meetings."

The following interesting letter was printed in the October, 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine. It tells of one woman's experiences with strange phenomena near Mt. Shasta. I will quote part of this lengthy letter here, from pages 173-177 of that issue:

"...Sirs: I have just returned from a two weeks stay in Weed, one of the towns which is about as near as you can get to Mt. Shasta (California).

"...Even though I had no experiences to speak of the first few days, I was convinced that there was something around the Mountains because I never felt alone. But it wasn't the nicest type of feeling. I felt as though I were being watched. The second day there,

I stumbled accidentally on a beautiful meadow. It was so perfect, I wouldn't have been surprised to see fairies dance. I just lay face downwards on the earth and tried to relax, but I had to look around every so often. The stillness was unpleasant. It was too full of something unseen. You can walk all day long up there and not see a soul. And I constantly lost my way. I'm a good hiker and I have a good sense of direction, but it seemed as though something were deliberately trying to confuse me. It's a very unpleasant feeling to realize that you are lost in a strange place. Each time this happened, I refused to become panicky and simply allowed myself to be led according to my lights.

"I think there may be peculiar forces in the ground, because I saw a dog act very strangely. I was walking at sundown, and passed a cottage with a little red dog in front of it. I've been raised in the country with dogs, and I think I know their habits fairly well. Many times they roll over, and over on the earth, seeming to enjoy the fragrance, etc., but this dog had all the appearance of a dead animal. His legs were straight up in the air, paws hanging rigidly and even his mouth was fixed in a stiff position. I watched him for some time, then started for the cottage door to tell the occupants they had a dead dog. Just to be sure, I spoke to the dog first. This seemed to rouse him from his trance. He slithered through the half open gate and came over to where I stood. I patted his head and started on my way, but he put a paw on my arm. He didn't seem to want me to go, and he didn't look like an ordinary dog at all. He watched me all the way down the road, with the strangest expression in his eyes. I only mention this incident to bring out the fact that I think there may be certain currents in the earth.

"I wouldn't lay too much stock in the next incident, but I'll give it to you anyway. I'm a very practical person, and I always tear everything apart when analyzing it.

"I eliminate every material factor, and what is left, I consider the truth. At least I'm able to know which experiences are fancied, and which are not. I was awakened from sleep, by a peculiar scale which seemed to come from under the bed. At first I thought it might be the pounding of my heart. You know how you sometimes hear it in the pillow? But this was different. It sounded like a cross between the plucking of harp strings, and a very delicate anvil chorus. It sounded exactly like some sort of mechanism within the earth. I got it only once again some nights later, but much fainter.

"Bit here are the three experiences which I know to be true. Each happened when I least expected it.

"I had been there over a week and never walked at night. This particular evening, was very tired, but had the urge to go for a stroll. I took my flashlight and smokes, and jaunted down the highway towards the Mountain. It was that peculiar half light between day and night. There was only an egg shaped moon, and about three planets. As I neared a certain hill, I happened to glance upwards, and saw a rocket like affair heading towards a hill. It happened so quickly, that I wasn't able to digest it until afterwards. But it didn't travel too quickly for me to observe. I've seen Halley's comet twice, and I've seen shooting stars, and it was neither. The nearest resemblance, though not exactly, was to a torch which might have been hurled from a plane. I thought, "That's funny. Now who would want to set fire to the woods?" And then I realized that the mark would be missed anyway, because this rocket affair disappeared over the hill. If it had gone down behind this swell, I'd have thought it landed on the other side, but it just dissolved in midair. According to my scale of measurement, from where I was, this thing was visible for about three feet, appearing to come from the evening star - or whatever that first big planet is - going towards the moon which was nearer

the hill, and then disappearing. I figure the disappearing doesn't mean it was no longer in flight. It just disappeared from my sight because there was no longer any visible propulsion. The head of this 'rocket' was brighter than the tail, and the tail was composed of bright lines such as a jet propelled machine might leave in its wake. The hill over which it disappeared is just east of Mt. Shasta. If this is what I think it was, I believe it kept going and landed right in the Mountain, much as a plane might fly into a hanger. Harder, who went on a geologists' expedition up the mountain, says there are caves in the glacier big enough to throw Weed into! And I thought it very funny when I related this experience to Young. He looked at me very queerly and asked me which side of the mountain this occurred. When I said the east side, he smiled even more queerly. He said most everything occurred on that side..." --- Emma Martinelli., 20240 Leavenworth St., San Francisco 9., Calif.

Page 67 of Timothy Green Beckley's book "STRANGE ENCOUNTERS", carries the following 'strange' account... The men who were involved had, for some time, been in contact with a race of "little people" who lived in underground caverns near Mt. Shasta, in the winter seasons. They were also able to "tune-in" to our dimension since they dwelt in another 'level of vibration' than us, making themselves visible to those humans they wished to come in contact with. Their ancestors in ancient times migrated across 'Guatama' (North America) from the: now sunken continent of Atlantis. These little people assemble occasionally at the place called the "Circles" (which were built long ago for agricultural purposes) on the northwest slope of Mt. Shasta., but they have also been seen at other places. The story which follows occurred shortly after their visit with their little "friends". The author of

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS does not give their names, but upon writing Mr. Beckley for the address of the persons involved, I received an answer to the effect that the story had been sitting in his files for over six years previous to writing the book, and his (the source of the story) current address was unknown. Nevertheless, here is the interesting account:

"...We are delighted it had been our privilege to make this contact with them and in such numbers and in such happy, peaceful and beautiful surroundings. We were further pleased to find them so friendly towards us, to know that they approved of us, and wished to visit with us.

"Since our trip to Shasta we have had some of them visit with us in our home, but they say they prefer the wooded areas of Mt. Shasta and shall await our next trip north.

"While north this summer we came across the ruins of an old mining and logging community, with parts of old log cabins, sluice boxes hewn out of trees, gravel tailings, can dumps, and abandoned mine shafts. We tuned in on this site and learned quite a little about the kind of community it was. While sorting out the various kinds of vibrations, a kindly old miner showed up, in spirit. He said by thought that it had been a rough and tough camp but he loved the area so much that when he had passed over into the next dimension he had no desire to leave the place. He gets lonely at times and wished we were going to stay in the area so that he might visit with us.

"He guided us to some very interesting places, one of which was a lava formation that had an old Murian (i.e. 'Lemurian') character carved in the face of it. Nearby was a small cave that we found - upon concentration - led down into the depths where beings still existed. We were not sure whether they are in the body or out of the body. From their dress we concluded they were a very much older civilization than that of

the old mining period. Through thought (transfer) we made contact with them and were able to convince them that we were friendly and were interested in their activities. We were shown some very startling things in connection with their existence, and felt that probably they were carnate beings who had been forced to seek these caverns deep in the bowels of the earth to escape the upheaval of the violence of their time. It seems that the entrance to this cave we were seated in front of, situated in this heavy lava flow, was the place of egress. At times we were told they were venturous enough to come to the surface, mostly in the early morning hours after sunrise, and in the evenings.

"The entrance to this cave was so small, however, that they would have to crawl on their stomachs to go in or out, and the surface at the entrance was not roughened or scratched up to indicate that they had brought anything out with them or taken anything in, that is, of late, as no marks were fresh..."

The Following letter, which appeared on page 173 of the December, 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, tells of a strange experience concerning 'Agharti' (the legendary underworld 'paradise' beneath central Asia (China and Mongolia) which occurred to a couple from Seattle:

"Sirs... The most singular thing has happened and we are at a loss to offer an explanation. It might be a prank, but unless someone is willing to spend a good deal of money on a prank, it must be the truth!

"On July 29, a tall man wearing a long blue or black overcoat and a dark hat drawn down to conceal his face, went to a former residence of ours in San Francisco asking for us. He was told we had moved and the landlord tried to find a card bearing our forwarding address. Try as he might, he couldn't, nor

could he remember even the city, but he said he thought it was Portland. When told, the man answered, 'I quite understand. If you find the address, kindly write them and say, "the man from Agharti" seeks them.'

"On August 5 he reappeared in Portland at an apartment house where we had once lived. Again our address was missing and again he left the same message, adding, 'I bear a message for them from the King.'

"In both cases, after we had gone, our forwarding addresses were found and both landlords wrote to us immediately, apologizing for their oversight. They said he impressed them so much they couldn't forget him. Both of them misspelled 'Agharti' in their letters.

"Who is the King? Can he be referring to the fabulous (so-called) 'King of the World' (the 'king' of Agharti)? The only solution we can suggest is to publish this letter with our address and hope that this time the man from Agharti, if he be such, will find us." --- John & Dorothy deCourcy., 665 S. W. 113th Place., Seattle 66., Washington

(Note: The deCourcy's were fairly well-known by the readers of AMAZING STORIES, for their 'science fiction' stories about the underworld, etc., including one based on the legend of Agharta - or Agharti - which MAY have attracted the 'King's' attention. - Branton)

The following story appeared on pages 23-24 of Louis Pound's book "NEBRASKA FOLK LORE":

"The so-called Ponca Cave...has been given considerable space in the Nebraska press. There were a few columns about it in the Lincoln Sunday STAR of July 5, 1925, under the heading 'Ponca Residents Recall Discovery of Cave of Prehistoric Beasts and Plants.' The authors were Harry I. Peterson and William Huse, the latter the historian of Dixon County of which Ponca is the county seat. Their tall tale was repeated in the

Lincoln Sunday Journal and Star, March 28, 1948.,
twenty-three years later.

"Ponca is in northeast Nebraska, near where the Missouri River rounds the corner bordering South Dakota and Iowa. About 1915 fossil remains such as shark teeth and turtle shells were uncovered there, and a large fossil fish, now in a Chicago museum, was blasted from the bluffs along the river. Local legends and tales seem to have started up after this event; Messrs Huse and Peterson's tale is the tallest. They associated their story with no specific site at Ponca but claimed that it had been lost. Their yarn tells of vast caverns, prehistoric skeletons, and gigantic fossilized animals beneath the northern part of Dixon County. It narrates the marvelous subterranean travels of '...Professor Jeremiah Perrigoue, who liked geology and liked to dig along the bluffs for fossils, minerals, and petrifications.' In 1876, Perrigoue found a great hole or an abandoned mine shaft 85 feet deep. He went through a fissure in the rock about 150 yards, then turned sharply to the left. Below him he saw to his amazement a gigantic cavern, a room supported by enormous trees reaching to 300 feet, their leaves turned into a canopy of stone. In this ancient forest he found petrified worms, a gigantic bird, terrible reptiles, a pterodactyl, dinotherium, megatherium, plesiosaur, ichthyosaurus, and paleotherium. Some of these creatures seemed to have been engaged in a death struggle before their demise. Other features of the great cavern were a subterranean river and waterfall.

"Perrigoue penetrated more than two miles from the entrance and spent more than two days before retracing his steps. Finally, 'Near the entrance where he had enlarged the fissure he encountered the dread fire-damp, and to his utter horror he saw the gauze of his miner's lamp had taken fire and was shooting up flames. In desperation he tried to extinguish them and finding it impossible he hurled the lamp far from him and

scrambled up the shaft. He had barely reached the upper world before a terrible explosion heaved the ground, the shaft disappeared and this extraordinary sarcophagus was eternally sealed.'"

(Take this one for what it is worth - Branton... ;o)

Page 6 of the "HOLLOW HASSLE" newsletter, which was published by Mary Martin and TAL LeVesque during the 1980's, carried the following information in issue #9:

"HOPI INDIAN LEGEND; A Journey from the Interior.

"A long time ago the HOPI'S lived in the Underworld or in a land beneath the Surface of our Planet. Life in that region was like life on the surface of the earth and the HOPI People were very happy there. But a time came when crops failed due to lack of rain and the people became unhappy.

"When they looked up to the sky they could see a Great 'HOLE' there, and this was a sign to them that there may be another land on the 'OTHER SIDE' of the SKY'; HOPI Leaders led the People through the 'HOLE' to the land on the other side. (Similar Legends are told by several other American Indian Tribes)

"HOPI'S have a concept of 'SKY GODS'; Rituals and Ceremonials (for them) take place in the Underground ...Kivas (The ancient and Sacred Temple of the HOPI People)... Which Symbolizes the INTERIOR world which was the land of the HOPI'S before coming to the SURFACE. The Underworld/Sky-Spirits play a (secret) important Unseen role in the life of the HOPI.

"'We will continue to keep PEACE with all Men while patiently waiting for our 'TRUE WHITE BROTHER' whose duty is to Purify this Land." --- Dan Katchongva (SUN CLAN) Oct.8,1950

"THE HOPI'S ANCESTORS; A Journey from MALDEK.

"A long time passed and there were Other Worlds and

Other Peoples. We are now living today as descendants of People who were saved from the Other World, because there the 'Living Stream' changed from Good to Corruption.

"There were good People and they asked 'MASSAU' (the Creator, or 'Messiah'!?) for permission to come live with him. These Peaceful People from that Earlier World were permitted to go Live with MASSAU in the interior of the Earth. They became the First HOPIS. ('HOPI' means 'PEACEFUL' people)

"Ancestors of the present HOPIS originally came from the Destroyed Planet MALDEK (and its Moon, MALONA) ...This Planet and its single satellite were known as LUCIFER and LILITH in the Old Testament... They were destroyed by Thermal Catastrophe...

"(Hydrogen Destruction) LUCIFER-MALDEK are today known as the ASTEROID BELT... between MARS and JUPITER. (Note: They 'apparently' took refuge in the subteranean / cavern world AFTER coming down from 'Maldek', according to the legend - Branton)

"HOPI PROPHECY --- We were warned long ago not to take part in the 3 Great Wars (Apparently, according to Hopi prophecy, there WILL be a third world war - Branton)... there would be TWO forerunners of the 'TRUE WHITE BROTHER' who will witness for him... (Does this relate to the following scriptural reference!? - "And I will give power unto my TWO Witnesses, and they shall prophecy." - Revelation 11:3)

"In the last days 'STRANGE LIGHTS' will be seen in the sky and they will be WATCHING the HOPI People to see if they are following the LIFE PLAN... and these 'Strange Lights' will report to the 'TRUE WHITE BROTHER' and they will tell Him when it is time for him to come again."

The following letter appeared on page 6 of issue #11 of

the HOLLOW HASSLE newsletter. The letter was dated April 9, 1973:

"A friend of mine has discovered an 8 ft. dia. hole inside a cave near here. (Tenn. is full of caves.) He said the hole is perfectly round with smooth sides and descends straight down for well over 100 feet. He is going to explore it further in the near future..." -
-- J. C. Parsons (address not given)

The following account was recorded on page 1 of the #11 issue of the HOLLOW HASSLE newsletter (Note: Due to the nature of such 'revelations', which one may find very difficult to 'document', we must retain a deal of scepticism, not only due to the lack of evidence but also the fact that what one might call 'astral propoganda' is quite common in the 'astral' realm. So there may or may not be some legitimacy to the following account. - Branton):

"...We have some recent news that may take away from our monthly features, but it is too exciting to pass up. Recently Tom and I were invited to a group meeting to ask some questions of an entity who claims he was never in a human body. He comes through a twenty-one year old youth under self-hypnosis and represents himself as the memory bank or the librarian of our universe. The answers are quite profound and we are satisfied there is a great mind at work. The following are some of the questions we asked and the answers we recieved. By the way, our entity goes by the name of Tony, so we will refer to him by this name in future issues...

Q, Do beings exist in these caverns under the earth?
A. Yes, around 7,500,000 beings exist in the cavern world.

Q. The Shaver Mystery states that there are good people known as Tero, and detrimental people known as Dero in these caverns. Is this true?

A, There is positive and negative qualities in these people, like yourself, as they are your ancestors.

Q. Is our government aware of this subterranean world?

A. Yes.

Q. Do the people from the Subterranean World have contact with our government?

A. No.

Q. Do they have contact with any earth people?

A. Yes, due to the odds...

Q. Do they have sunlight or any other form of light?

A. They do not get direct sunlight. They have a natural form of light given off by the rocks. Their air comes from above through various tunnels and cracks.

Q. Are their entrances in the western part of the United States?

A. Yes.

Q. Is one of these caverns at Carlsbad, New Mexico?

A. You could say that. There is also one that is not known.

Q. Is Mount Shasta an entrance?

A. Am I reading your mind or are you reading mine?

Q. Is there an opening in the Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky?

A. Yes...

Q. Dr. Raymond Bernard, also known as Dr. Walter Seigmeister (and author of 'The Hollow Earth'),

disappeared in South America in 1965. Can you tell me what happened to him?

A. This entity found what he was looking for, though other entities concerned do not wish this information brought out. This entity is alive, but cannot come back once you go down their...J

Q. Do people live longer in the caverns?

A. There is a 30% to 60% increase in the life span. Their diet and atmosphere are one of the many factors that contribute to this increase. (Also, according to some, the fact that they are not exposed to the solar radiations plays an important role in their longevity - Branton)

Q. Could you explain the cause of light in caves?

A. Natural rock formations, bacteria giving off light. It is possible for the latter to be produced if so desired... By use of special surfaces, light can be controled or amplified for light or energy...

UNDERGROUND CITIES

The following is from "The Fate Book Of The Occult - BEYOND THE STRANGE" (Chapter: "Woman Who 'Sees' Tomorrow" ...by George Butler):

"Mrs. Jane Savage of Lakeland, Fla., has the power of 'Spiritual Prophecy', a few years ago she stated that:

"...If we look a mile and one-half under the surface of our own South-west (Arizona and New Mexico) we will find the remains of the greatest as well as the oldest civilization known to man... (Note: This is where the Hopi, Navajo, and other Pueblo 'Native

Americans claim' to have emerged from the subterranean or cavern world. - Branton)

"She went on to forecast: 'The power of the tides and taking power from the air and ethers that surround our planet will revolutionize transportation.'

"Mrs. Savage had taken notes on seven 'Psychic Journeys' she says she has taken in a spiritual sense. She said she explored UNDERGROUND CITIES, and was led to believe that 'Life was never ending and that as we cooperate with the LIFE SOURCE all knowledge is given us to be given out to others.'"

The following legend, concerning a subterranean city north of Montreal (Canada), is recorded on pages 310-311 of "HURON AND WYANDOT MYTHOLOGY", by C.M. Barbeau:

"...The war had desolated the great Island. This destruction was caused by the use of fire by Tseh-stah and of the use of the North Wind by Tah-weh-skah-reh. No means of substance were left. To preserve his people until he could re-create the destroyed works of the Great Island, Tseh-stah built the Yooh-wah-tah-yoh, or great underground City or subterranean Dwelling, far to the north of Montreal's present site. Into this he led his people, and then went forth to his work of reconstruction... Here the people were in a torpid state, like turtles and toads and snakes in winter. They were lying about the City in all positions, and they retained only a partial consciousness. The Woman who fell down from heaven ruled over them with her fiery torch given her by Heh-noh, the Thunder God.

"In making these things anew, Tseh-stah could only reproduce them as they were before their destruction in the war, and as they had been left by the modifications of himself and Tah-weh-skah-reh. This work required an immense length of time.

"After ages had elapsed, Tseh-stah came back to Yooh-wah-tah-yoh. He said the work was done, and that it was yet too new for use. They could not go out until the Earth was ripened by the Sun.

"From the point of the Yooh-wah-tah-yoh where the Wyandots were, a glimmering of light could be seen, and Tseh-stah went forth from the Yooh-wah-tah-yoh by the small opening. He looked about the whole of the Great Island. He saw it was indeed ready to receive the people for whom it had been created, and for whom all the work of Nature cried out both day and night. He returned to the Yooh-wah-tah-yoh where sat the Woman who fell down from heaven with her torch of fire given by Heh-noh, the Thunder God. He announced to his Mother that the world cried aloud for her children. She said to him: 'My son, lead them forth in the Order of Precedence and Encampment. They shall come to me on their journey to the land of the Little People.'

"Then Tseh-stah caused the Earth to quake and to rock to its foundation. Heh-noh shook the heavens and rolled over the Great Waters with his Thunder. All the sky flamed with his fiery darts. The great Yooh-wah-tah-yoh was rent asunder. A nation stood marshaled to go forth. They marched to the waiting world. The hills, the waters, the beasts, the trees, the birds, and the fishes cried out with welcome to the nation born of the earth in a day. They found the earth decked with flowers, and songs of joy poured out from the forests filled with happy birds.

"They found some of the people of Tah-weh-skah-reh still living on the Great Island. Their preservation is not accounted for.

"Here ends the Song of the Creation, as sung by Captain Bull-Head and William Big-Town."

The following information can be found on pages 14-19 & 107-112 of William R. Palmer's book "WHY THE NORTH STAR

STANDS STILL AND OTHER INDIAN LEGENDS":

"...Narro-Gwe-uap - Paiute storyteller speaking in I-oo-goone (Zion Canyon, in southwestern Utah). Long ago their ancestors came to this land from the land of the setting sun:

"'The first home of the Paiute's was in the land of the setting sun. It was in the high mountains of the far west where the Indians could look out over waters wider than their eyes could reach. They lived with Tobats and Shinob, the Indian gods, in a great cave that was warm in the winter and cool in the summer, and it was always dry when everything else was wet with the rains. The cave was a good home and they loved to be there.'

"Not many years ago the Paiute's sent out a party of men to find their legendary place of emergence, traveling many days across the desert, and upon finding the mountain from which they were expelled in ancient times, they met one of their Gods, Shinob, who, according to the legend, said to them:

"'Well, you boys look like my boys. Where have you been? I thought all you people died in the desert or were killed a long time ago. Where are you going? How did you find this place anyhow?'

"He then told his Paiute children that it was not yet time for them to return. The top of the mountain where the ancestral cousins of the Paiute's live looks similar to the head of an Indian. Atop this formation is an outcropping of rock resembling what seemed to be a hand, bent forward as if saying 'go back'. According to the legend, it is near this formation, high among the steep rocks, where the entrance is supposed to be located.

"In this story, Shinob continues to say that they may not enter the mountain since the rocks leading to the Cave entrance are too steep: '...Then Shinob called the Indians close to him. As they came, he put an eagle

feather in the back of every man's head and told him to wear it home. It would be good luck. It would be like the hand of Tobats over them. "Tell your people that you talked with Shinob and that you saw Tobats' hand. Tell them to wear one eagle feather bent forward, like the hand of Tobats, in the back of their hair.""

The following legend comes from page 291 of Bertha Palmer's book "STORIES FROM THE CLASSIC LITERATURE OF MANY NATIONS":

"...At a certain time the Earth opened up in the west, where its mouth is. The Earth opened, and the Cussitaws came out of its mouth, and settled nearby..." (Kasi'hta tribe legend, a branch of the Creek Indian Nation)

Page 71 of Jeremiah Curtin's book, "CREATION MYTHS OF PRIMITIVE AMERICA", contains the following story (Note: The Wintus are a nation or stock of 'Indians' who, before the coming of the white men, owned and occupied all that part of California situated on the right bank of the Sacramento river, from its source near the foot of Mount Shasta to its mouth at the northern shore of San Francisco Bay):

"...At a place east of Pas Puisono, a woman came up out of the earth. Her name was Hluyuk Tikimit. She had another name, Pom Norwanen Pitchen. We call her also Norwan.

"She appeared before the present Wintu people came out of the ground, at Tsarau Heril.

"'I am in the world now," said Norwan to herself. I will look around everywhere to see from what places people are coming.'

"She lived alone in her sweat-house, which was called Norwan Buli Hlut, remained in the house and danced during daylight.

"Olelbis looked down at this woman and said,--

"'This is my sister, who has come up before the new people on earth. I don't know what she will do yet.'

"When Olelbis was building his sweat-house in Olelpanti, he cut a piece from a white-oak tree, and this piece rolled down outside the sky to the lower world, where it became a people in Nor Puiken, in the southeast, and that people were those before the present Wintus came out of the ground at Tsarau-Heril."

The following appears on pages 151-152 of Hartley Burr Alexander's book, "THE WORLD'S RIM":

"The origin of the Sun Dance, in Cheyenne mythology, is ascribed to a certain medicine man, known from his buffalo headdress as 'Erect Horns', who in a time of famine finds his way into the interior of a mountain, the Medicine Lodge of the Manitos, where from the gods themselves he learns the rites which will restore the buffalo and other game so that the people may have food. This release of the animals from a great cavern in order that the food supply may be replenished is a repeated theme of Indian myth, and it is obvious that it is seasonal in intent, the cavern being the hollow hill of Winter whence the Sun hero releases the spring-renewed animal life as (for example, in the Pueblo legends of Montezuma) he returns from the South and mounts to his zenith, leaving his blessings with mankind..."

The following comes from page 58 of "NAVAJO CREATION MYTH", by Hasteen Klah:

"...Then they planned some rivers, Toh-bakahni, the male (San Juan) river, and Toh-ba-ad, the female (Rio Grande) water; then a lake, Hahjeenah, where the people came out of the 'bamboo' (from the underworld - near Silverton, Colorado)."

The next accounts can be found on pages 201-209 of "TRADITIONS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS"(Vol. I) by James Athearn Jones:

"...The Minnatarees, and all the other Indians who are of the stock of the grandfather of nations, were once not of this upper air, but dwelt in the bowels of the earth. The Good Spirit, when he made them, no doubt meant - at a proper time - to put them in the enjoyment of all the good things which he had prepared for them upon the earth. But he ordered that their first stage of existence should be within it, as the infant is formed, and takes its first growth in the womb of its natural mother. They all dwelt underground, like moles, in one great cavern, which covered the whole island. When they emerged, it was in different places, but generally near where they now inhabit..."

"...On first emerging from the caverns, they came, they said, into a world where all was light and beauty. It was directly over that part of the cavern where our tribe dwelt. They saw a great round ball of fire, which gave light and heat to the earth, and whose beams it was which had shot down through fissures of the rock, partially illuminating the cavern..."

"...When the Indians had determined to leave their habitation under ground, they agreed to do it at different points, that they might sooner be on the surface. The Minnatarees began - men, woman, and children - to clamber up the vine. One half of them had already reached the surface of the earth, when a dire mishap involved the remainder in a still more desolate

captivity within its bowels. There was among the Minnatarees a very big and fat old woman, who was heavier than any six of her nation. Nothing would do but she must go up before certain of her neighbors. Away she clambered, but her weight was so great, that the vine broke with it; and the opening; to which it afforded the sole means of ascending, closed upon her and the rest of the nation.

"Other tribes fared better: in particular the beasts. The tortoise -- who always took the lead, because he was descended from the Great Tortoise who bears the world on his back, and can live both on land and in the-water -- very easily crept out, but the Monseys or Wolves, who dwelt under Lake Onondaga, did not emerge so easily. After trying to reach the upper air for a long time in vain, one of their number, a cunning old wolf, discovered a hole through which he crept out.

"He soon caught a deer, which he carried down to the tribe, who found it so sweet that they redoubled their exertions to reach the spot where such good things were to be had, and fortunately soon reached it in the company of the Turkeys, whom they overtook on the way. The Mengwe crept out of the same hole, but it was a long while afterwards..."

"...When the Minnatarees arrived in the upper air, they established themselves on the spot where they now reside..."

(Note: The book also states that the Paukunnawkuts, the Delawares, the Tuscaroras, and the Sioux also resided within the caverns before emerging from the cavern world into the surface world.)

On page 60 of Sheila Moon's book "A MAGIC DWELLS", we find the following Acoma tradition:

"...In one version of the Acoma Indian myth, it is

The following letter appeared on pages 165-166 of the Feb. 1948 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine:

"...Sirs: I have contemplated writing to you for some time but have put it off until now. I have just finished reading the first issue of the Shaver Mystery Magazine and I believe I know what I want to say now...

"...I know that on three different occasions about a year apart, I was shown the entrance to a cave. I thought it was just a dream but since reading your Shaver Mystery Magazine, three identical dreams of the same cave entrance take on a new meaning. I know exactly where this entrance is and can draw a map of it.

"It is in Nevada...

"Please believe me, I mean what I have written. I am not trying to pull a fast one, and I will cooperate with you 100 per cent. — Frank D. Matchett., 2702 Melbourne St., Houston, Texas.

The following strange letter appeared in the Marth, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on pages 174-175:

"Sirs: I am very sorry that at present I am unable to give you a map showing the location of the cave which I described to you in my last letter. I have visited the cave once since I have been home so I shouldn't have any difficulty finding it again.

"I am attending the speed Scientific School at the University of Louisville with the hope that I may be able to better carry on my investigations and get to the bottom of this mystery. My English professor is very interested in the 'Shaver Mystery' and has been very helpful in giving suggestions and aid. The cave was exactly as we left it some three years ago. I again saw the glowing walls and the arrow showing the way to

the strange metal which I have previously described. The machine which we had seen before was again in its place and I examined it without learning anything new. However I did manage to contact one of the 'people' which you say inhabit these caves.

"I had just returned to 'Lunchroom' after looking over the metal and machine when I decided to explore some of the other passages branching off from 'Lunchroom'. I chose the passage to the left of the one marked for me and traveled several yards before seeing anything of interest. About one hundred yards from 'Lunchroom' I came upon several pieces of silvery metal and noticed that the walls of the cave seemed to have been covered or plated at one time with the same metal and that some of it had cracked and fallen away. Some fifty yards farther the cave seemed to be in better repair and the walls, ceiling, and floor were completely covered with the metal which acted as a mirror and reflected the beam of my flashlight until the whole place was flooded with brilliant white light. I turned out the light and soon after saw what appeared to be luminous dust swirling around close to one of the walls. As I watched, this dust materialized and took the form of a man about five feet high.

"He appeared to be about twenty years old and spoke with a low, mellow voice.

"I had been expecting something of this sort after reading your letter and was not too surprised to prevent myself from getting out of their fast.

"He spoke English very well but seemed to have quite some difficulty in talking slow enough for me to understand him.

"He spoke for several minutes and as far as I can tell, his conversation went something like this:

"'The angle is zero. I am safe at zero, but the machine is broken and soon we'll be ninety and I'll have to go. Infinity... ninety and I won't come back because they will... but in a year... if their research

goes well we'll have ninety and zero whenever they want it, but now we follow the earth. Be sure to wait and give the... four to forty-five, but then all is too... when I will try to contact you... zero. Be sure to... wait... and then we will talk again and I will tell you all about the machine and that which puzzles you. You have the secret, but I am learning about the... infinity from zero and two-seventy and three eighty. I am their prisoner and must return before they discover I am gone.' He disappeared without giving me a chance to question him and I made no more discoveries.

"I hope to be able to visit the cave (in Kentucky, near his home in Louisville!? - Branton) again in the near future and will try to get some pictures.

"I would appreciate it if you could throw any light on this subject and also let me know immediately if you want to keep in contact with me.

"Very few people believe any of this that I have told you and I'm beginning to think that maybe I should drop the whole thing and seal up the cave. What do you think I should do? --- James E. Wright., 3209 Robin Road., Louisville, Kentucky"

(Mr. Shaver forwarded this letter to us. Apparently the author has been in a cave where things exist which would prove the Shaver Mystery. Thus, we ask that any volunteers of the Cave Hunters Mutual Benefit Society [C.H.M.B.S.], or any of our readers in Louisville, call on Mr. Wright, get exact location on this cave, and visit it. We also ask the Speleological Society for information, and we refer Mr. Wright to them for possible exploration of a new cave. Your editor is naturally suspicious of this letter, but we do not overlook any possibility. This is one for the CHMBS.

"Go to it, boys. If Mr. Wright has something, don't let it get away from us. If he hasn't, let's find out whether his statements are true, and if not, correct them in these pages. -- Ed.)

The following paragraph appeared on page 168 of the Dec. 1945 issue of AMAZING STORIES (science fiction/science fact) magazine:

"...Mr. Hansen related, too, the discovery in the Panamints (Death Valley), of a mysterious smooth, unshored shaft that was filled with mine damp and therefore poisonous to explorers, in a region where no mine can exist without shoring every foot of the way because of the nature of the rocks in that locality. He insisted that after the war, when equipment to do so is available, he intends to go down into that shaft."

Pages 96-99 of the book "AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY" by Carol K. Rachlin, contains the following tradition of the Zuni Indians, who live within the border country of northern New Mexico and Arizona:

"...The first people who came into this world were the Ashiwi... After the Ashiwi came into this world, other people followed them. First came the Hopi's, who had been neighbors and friends of the Ashiwi in the underworld. Then came the Mexicans ('native' Mexican tribes such as the Aztecs!? - Branton), and then the Coconino and the Pima, and finally the Navajos and the other Apaches.

"Now the world was populated indeed. The Ashiwi found the middle place of the whole world, and there they established Zuni, where it is today... This went on for a long time. It would be hard to say how long it took in years, but four magic cycles were completed before the last of the people emerged from the underworld. The last to leave was a man and woman witch who held all power for good and evil..."

Pages 14-15 of 'BEYOND REALITY' magazine for Dec. 1978,

contains the following information:

"...The Paiute Indians claim there is a city beneath the Panamint Mountains in Death Valley...

"In the White Mountains of Arizona the Apaches tell of a race called G'an who live in a vast tunnel system...

"The Indians of New York say the tunnels are inhabited by a pygmy race they call the Djogaos..."

The following information is taken from an article which appeared on pages 148-151 of the June, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine. The article, titled 'NOTES ON SUBTERRANEAN SHAFTS', was written by Vincent H. Gaddis:

"The Ozark Legend:

"Since the Ozark region has already been referred to as the sight of an underground shaft, it is of interest to note that there exists an old legend in various parts of Missouri and Arkansas of a great hole in the ground, surrounded by great cliffs, from which strange sounds, lights and odors emerge. Known at the 'devil pit', its location is not known, although men of previous generations claimed to have visited the place years ago. According to Vance Randolph ('Ozark Ghost Stories'), these old accounts state that 'strange people live on the escarpments, throw odd things into the bottomless pit at night, particularly when the moon is full...(and) there are tales of dark-visaged foreigners traveling at night, who make regular pilgrimages to the place from distant parts of the country.'"

The following bit of information comes from page 49 of Grenville Goodwin's book "MYTHS AND TALES OF THE WHITE

MOUNTAIN APACHE":

"...This myth is the basis of the Ant songs and ceremony. The name of the place of emergence, ha'tc'ono'ndai (coming up out of), is identical with that used for this tale. The place of emergence is vaguely somewhere north of the historic Western Apache territory..."

Page 10 & 18 of Martha Warren Beckwith's book, 'MANDAN-HIDATSA MYTHS AND CEREMONIES', carried the following Mandan 'Indian' legend:

"The Mandan people originated at the mouth of this river (Missouri?) way down at the ocean. On the north side of the river was a high bank. At its foot on the shore of the ocean was a cavern -- that is where the Mandan people came out.

"...The people were once living inside the earth. There the game was scarce, so they wanted to come up on the earth. And they found a hole into which a root hung, so four men climbed up to the surface of the earth. They killed lots of Buffalo, made jerked meat, took the paunch and dried it and carried it all down to where they came from. The rest were glad to see the dried meat and they all decided to come up. They caught hold of the root and climbed up hand over hand. After the four men and their sister and many others had already reached the surface, a woman heavy with child tried to climb up and broke the root, so no more could get up..."

(Note: According to differing legends, there are several reasons why the 'Indians' came up from the Subterranean World. Some tribes claim they were forced to the surface when the Underworld became flooded, still others made the emergence to escape a portion of their race who had turned to evil, others came up in search of food, which became scarce in their

underground country. Or, they emerged due to any other reason which would lure them to seek a new land on the surface of the earth. The means by which they made these journeys are also varied. For instance, some say their ancestors came up through a hollow reed or bamboo, a vine reaching down into the depths, ladders, winding tunnels, trails, etc. The appearances of the entrances also differ, for instance... lakes, hills or mounds, caves, tunnels, etc. - Branton)

The following tradition is recorded on pages 10, 26, 57, 58, & 109 of Morris E. Opler's book, "MYTHS AND TALES OF THE JICARILLA APACHE INDIANS":

"...Down in the underworld there were many brooks and streams. The people had all kinds of water.

"...The earth is our mother. We came from her. When we came up on this earth, it was just like a child being born from its mother. The place of emergence is the womb of the earth.

"...Now the people were dissatisfied with life on this earth. They wanted to go BACK to the place below.

"...The people now wanted to go back into the place from which they had emerged because the monsters (saurians!? - Branton) were beginning to come around. They said, 'This is a dangerous place. We had better go back. "...If the people had been as they are now they would have been frightened and would have run back into the hole of emergence. But when all of the monsters were killed ...all was at peace."

The following two stories, about two separate visits made to underground cities with advanced technology, appears on pages 37-42 of Timothy Green Beckley's book,

"THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD":

"Editor's Note: Many of the reports which we receive about the inner earth are fantastic and almost unbelievable. In this chapter we print two such accounts. The first one was recently sent to us by an individual who claims no former knowledge of the Shaver Mystery. Several years ago this person, who requests that we identify him only as 'V. J. Royal', began receiving strange messages at night which told him to leave his home and walk -- with no destination given. "At first Royal feared he was losing his mind. Soon, however, the words, and the force with which they were spoken, began to overpower him, and his will was no longer his own. Here is his story:

"I still shake to think of it... the shocking beauty fit only for gods to gaze upon. Yes, I have seen a heaven, a fantastic Utopia beyond your wildest dreams. I have seen the unbelievable and ask myself, "Why?" For what reason have I been chosen as the one to behold this enigma beneath the earth's surface?

"I find it difficult to write about. Each time I go back and picture what I saw, the awful beauty wrenches my mind away from reality. I have to mentally tear myself away from that indescribable scene. Is there a purpose to it all? Surely there must be. I cannot believe that "they" have no purpose or aim in permitting me this frightening "privilege".

"It began about a year ago. I am a fairly stable individual, not impulsive or nervous. So, when I began receiving strange, unearthly calls, and urges to "go" someplace, any place, I was filled with panic and fear. The strange calls were faint at first, but day by day, month by month, they grew progressively stronger. I began to have nightmarish dreams of constantly running, traveling, moving, never stopping. Would the dreams never leave me? Night after night I would wake up dripping wet and trembling and quivering with terror. Finally, one night, my will completely collapsed. I

gave myself up to the urges!

"I ran outside and fled wildly into the darkness. I live by myself on a small farm in the country; when I left, my direction of travel led into a dense wood near my house. This forest covers more than ten thousand acres, and is totally deserted and isolated. I fled recklessly without caution, crashing through thick brush and woods as fast as my legs could carry me.

"After more than fifteen minutes of this crazed flight, I slowed. I had to, for my lungs felt as if they were on fire. My clothes, a thin pair of pajamas, were nearly torn from my body and I was a mass of bruises and scratches and ached all over; but I kept moving. I noticed my direction of travel was toward a large, rough, hilly area, about three or four miles from my farm. The urge prodded me on until I reached the area, and there I finally stopped.

"The panic left me. Suddenly I was calm and at peace with myself. I knew that I was near my unknown destination.

"I started walking again... slowly, up a long, dry creek bed. After about ten minutes I stopped again. I was in a ravine, about thirty feet deep. It was there that I heard the word for the first time -- "DERO"! The word began to echo over and over in my mind, tormenting me.

"The word echoed so loud and distinct that I could hardly think! Then one of the sides of the ravine began to glow strangely - first a faint shimmering of multicolored radiance and then whiter and brighter until I could see into the very earth! The glowing then diminished into a brilliant seething ring of incandescence, forming an almost circular "door", which led into a brightly-lit cylindrical chamber. The call came again and I quickly entered.

"The chamber walls were seamless, perfectly slick and highly polished, and glowed with a dull iridescence pleasing to the eyes. The opening dimmed and vanished,

leaving me in a featureless, tomb-like cylinder, trapped. I fought a momentary twinge of claustrophobia and waited. Abruptly, without warning or reason, I was weightless! I shoved against the floor and immediately rebounded toward the ceiling. There was no feeling of motion, but yet I got the eerie impression that I was plunging at great velocity into the depths of the earth. Where was I going? What or who was doing this? Just as abruptly as my weight had left me it returned and I fell to the floor of the cylinder with a thump. Now what?

"The wall glowed again, a burning circle of contained fire formed, and there again was the "door", opening to a corridor about 20 yards long.

"I cautiously stepped out and instantly the door behind me vanished, leaving no trace of its former presence. I was trapped again, far below the surface of the earth in an empty corridor of gleaming metal - or at least it appeared to be metallic in nature. Then the call came to me again. "WELCOME!" it said this time, and then, "COME!"

"I rushed to the end of the mysterious hall and as I did so the wall again glowed and opened.

"I was greeted by the most stunningly beautiful sight I have ever witnessed. I was on a giant glassed-in balcony, looking out over a vast chamber or cavern dozens of miles in length and thousands of feet high, filled with a huge utterly incomprehensible "city". I saw scintillating, translucent towers, monolithic slab-like buildings glowing with intricate patterns and colors, strange ribbon-like structures of glistening materials winding and twisting through the city. I knew at once that this city was never meant for human eyes, for the intense glare from the gigantic ceiling of this world within a world was twice as bright as the noon-day sun on the surface!

"I slowly became accustomed to the brightness and overcame my initial fright at seeing the city. I then

gradually inched toward the far edge of the balcony to get a better look at what lay before me. The city extended, in all directions, as far as I could see. Then I noticed thousands of small, shining, insect-like aircraft floating, flying and darting everywhere. Sometimes they would slow and enter through glowing portals or spots on the sides of the buildings and structures.

"I must have stood there, rigid and completely absorbed by the sight, for many, many minutes. Then suddenly I felt very tired, and despite the hypnotic, entrancing view, I wanted to leave. I turned around and as if "they" had read my thoughts, the wall glowed at the end of the metallic corridor and again the cylinder was waiting for me. I slowly walked back down the corridor, trying desperately to collect my thoughts. I was afraid to turn around, afraid I would be tempted to rush back and gaze again at the tantalizing city.

"I left the same way I came - the long trip in the enclosed cylinder, the weightlessness, out the side of the ravine and the long walk through the still dark woods. My head was spinning, and I was confused and bewildered about what I had seen. I have gone back many times now and each time my amazement and interest grow. I have gazed upon the city for many hours, yet each time my fascination increases. I have tried to break through the transparent walls of the balcony with all manner of drills and torches, but nothing avails: they seem to be indestructible! But still I try. Each day my life centers more and more upon the city. I have told no one but a few of my friends.

"Yes, I am a man obsessed, the vision of the city has captivated my whole life. I must find an answer and I must find it soon. Or I know I shall die gazing out over the balcony into that incredibly dazzling hypnotic city, unmourned and unmissed by my friends of the surface world!"

"...Even more recently Victor Pence, editor of

COMSEP Magazine, received a most unusual letter from Arnold White, which tends to confirm the above account. Arnold White wrote:

"'I relate my story to you now because I do not know how long I may have to live. Rick has since passed on (he was only 29) due to 'unknown' illness which I later found out had all the characteristics of radiation sickness. Don, as far as I know, is still alive, but I have been unable to locate him for more than a year now, and none of his friends know where he is. He has stopped writing to me for apparently no reason. I have told our story to many reputable scientists, but they all think I'm crazy. They just won't believe me. But I know my story is true... it did happen, without a doubt.'

"...Arnold White's story is so interesting that we must present it here word for word:

"'It is with great reluctance and hesitation that I relate my story to you. It may be denied, questioned, and vilified, but it is nevertheless true. To protect the families and relatives of those involved, their names have been changed, but the rest is solid fact. Names of the places referred to are the real ones.

"`On the 21st of March, 1961, I and a fellow spelunker friend of mine found ourselves in Canada at the invitation of another amateur underground explorer. Point of interest: the iron mines of Newfoundland Province.

"`Although not generally known, one of these mines - one of the deepest by the way - had caused much concern and controversy among the local populace.

"`Shortly after it had been dug to its maximum depth, strange things began to happen. Miners working late at night in small groups of six to tens began hearing noises, not rumbling or other natural mine noises but what some described as "strange music." It seemed to come from all around them, sometimes faint

and sometimes distinct. Later, some said they heard "mumbling" and voices. This went on for several months, but only the miners who had heard the noises were disturbed or concerned. Then more serious things began to happen. One of the men entered the mine late at night to check on some equipment, and when he finished and started to leave some "small men" grabbed him from behind, knocked his lamp from his hands and "shot" him with something that forced him violently against the mine wall, knocking him unconscious. In the morning, workers found him apparently none the worse for his experience physically, but quite shaken mentally. He said he would never again enter a mine and promptly dropped out of the occupation.

"A few days later a miner on night watch disappeared. Investigators found his lamp and hat deep within the mine, but no trace of the miner. Soon lights and machinery began to fail or work erratically for no apparent reason. Men became hesitant to work the mine. Finally it was "condemned" and shut down.

"This was the mine in which our Canadian friend was interested and wanted us to help investigate. Although spelunking is usually confined to exploration of naturally formed caves, our curiosity was great enough to spur us on to such an unusual form of research.

"We arrived in the mining town, which was near the Newfoundland-Quebec border, at 11:30 a.m. on March 22 and lodged at the local hotel.

"The next day we got our equipment together, loaded up our jeep and headed for the mine. At the entrance we were stopped by two policemen who warned us not to go inside. When we persisted, they threatened to arrest us. So we left, resolving to return on foot after dark. At 1:30 a.m. we again set out for the mine.

"This time we bypassed the police and approached the mine from a different direction. We met no interference along the way and shortly arrived at the

entrance.

"While Rick Grayton (my American friend) stayed at the entrance as lookout, Don Lawrence (our Canadian friend) and I descended into the mine. It was in excellent shape and showed no signs of any deterioration whatsoever - hardly the type of mine the government would condemn on its physical state alone.

"We had just completed our preliminary investigation when we heard someone, apparently deep within the mine, shout in a high-pitched voice, "COME!" We stopped dead in our tracks, and walked in the general direction from where the voice seemed to originate. Then we heard somebody or something running. We lighted a flare but saw nothing. We continued and again heard the running. By this time we were getting far back in the mine, and also very curious and excited. The running sounds ceased abruptly and we saw a faint blue light radiate from a far recess: Then we heard what we thought was the clank of a metal door closing.

"We quickly found the area from which we saw the light radiating, but no door or opening could be found. However, upon tapping the walls with my pick-hammer, we heard hollow metallic reports at several places.

"After we had localized the hollow sounding area we marked it off by chiseling off pieces of rock and found that it was generally rectangular in shape, almost 5 feet in height and about two feet wide. Since we could investigate no further with the equipment at hand, we decided to come back the following night and continue our investigation.

"Returning the following night, all three of us entered the mine. Very much to our surprise, the chisel marks were gone! It took us several minutes to find the hollow area again, but we finally did; and this time we had come prepared. Using a battery-powered rock drill, we penetrated about three inches into the rock when we

struck metal. We withdrew it and substituted a bit designed to drill into metal. Eventually we breached the metal and, withdrawing the drill, we again saw the soft blue light shining as before. Suddenly we heard a low humming noise and were startled to see the section of the wall we were working on abruptly lift out of sight. It would be an understatement to say we were frightened.

"What lay before us was incomprehensible: a blue-lighted corridor which appeared to be made of some sort of translucent, seamless, self-illuminating; blue-colored metal or plastic. At first we were very apprehensive about investigating the enigmatic hallway. Our curiosity soon overcame our fear, however, and we entered the corridor. We had to stoop, for the hallway was only five feet in height. After walking about 50 yards we came to another corridor leading off to our left and decided to explore it. We reached the end of the corridor after walking about 100 yards.

"There we encountered a steep, spiraling stairway. We descended it for at least twenty minutes, all the while noting that the lighting was becoming more brilliant. Finally we reached the bottom and were confronted with yet another corridor, this one light green in color.

"After a brief rest we set off down that corridor. It was only about 100 feet long, and we traversed it quickly. To the right and left were oval entrances. Making a quick decision, we decided to enter the one on the right, and noticed immediately that it was cylindrical-shaped and much larger than the previous passageways. It contained a floor on the same level as the previous ones. We also noted that this passage was evidently made of some crystalline substance, and that a bright, but soft white light emanated from it. It curved downward at a slight angle.

"We next came to a huge chamber which appeared to be some type of scientific laboratory and hydroponic

garden. In one section were rows of giant exotic plants and in another some type of chemistry equipment. Lining the walls of this laboratory were arrays of multi-sized TV screens, dials, gauges, and other electronic equipment. Some of the screens were at least 10 feet square. In the center section was a great mass of scintillating vara-colored crystal; it (they) had a rough, natural exterior and apparently performed some unknown function. The rest of the chamber contained many other strange devices and apparatus that none of us could identify. The entire ceiling was one great light. At its far end stood something that looked like a car lift, with a disc-shaped metal object resting on it. We decided to take a closer look at it.

"Fortunately the lift was only about two feet off the floor and we got a good look at the object. It was circular in shape, about 35 feet in diameter and four feet in thickness. Suddenly Don exclaimed, "It's a Flying Saucer!" We both agreed we had indeed found a "UFO". Rick stepped up on the lift to take a more detailed look at the saucer. He tapped on it lightly with his hammer and parts of it sounded hollow.

"Immediately after he tapped on one certain spot, an entire section of its shell dematerialized. This took Rick totally by surprise and he almost fell off the lift platform. About one half of the inner mechanism was revealed to us, and again we could not find a single piece of equipment with which we were familiar. The only thing we could surmise was that the object was a remotely controlled device since there was no space provided for passengers that we could see.

"Rick jumped down from the lift and we continued our investigation of the laboratory. Abruptly the lift was activated and began to drop to the floor, and at the same time the lighting in the chamber changed from a soft white to a deep red. In short order the screen directly above and to the right of us flashed on. Due to the unnatural lighting we could not make out the

image on the screen. Then we heard a voice from the screen.

"It said (in a high-pitched voice): "You have been expected. You have been observed since first you entered our domain. You gaze upon the upper regions of our world. You are the first of your kind to be permitted this privilege. Let it be known this truth - we harbor you no ill will; we depend not upon your superficial world for our sustenance or pleasure. Those of your kind who make themselves the interpreters of our intentions are nought but the picayunesh deceivers of your civilization. Let it again be said that we desire man no harm and wish only to pursue our independent existence on this, our mutual planet. We shall not influence nor bring to you discord in any medium. We are not doers of evil. Our world spans the inner gulf of your globe; we have existed since before your time. Had we wished harm upon you we also would have been its receivers. We beg you a friendly farewell and hope our message will be heeded and find wide acceptance among those of your kind who find it necessary to concern themselves with our domain."

"The screen then faded, without our having seen a clearly defined image of the person who had spoken. Luckily, Don had quickly written in his notebook what the voice had said to us.

"The red lighting in the chamber suddenly became even deeper in tint and all of us felt light-headed. Rick shouted he was going to faint and started to fall, but we caught him. Then we too had the same feeling and blacked out. When we regained consciousness we found ourselves lying outside the mine entrance. We still retained our personal effects: notebooks, pencils, wallets, etc.; but all our equipment, such as safety hats, pick-hammers and chisels, and our Geiger counter, had disappeared.

"After returning to the States, Don found all the

pages of his notebook "burned" or charred, as though it had been thrown into a roaring fire. The notebook cover, however, which was made of plastic, was surprisingly undamaged. All of us had worn wrist watches with radium dials. Some weeks later the radium became inactive and the dials no longer glowed in the dark.'

"Further investigation by Arnold White filled in a few more details. The police reported they found the three young men outside the mine, wandering in a dazed condition. They took them to the local police station and questioned them at some length. They related essentially the same story that has appeared above.

"The police would not comment as to whether they believed the story or not; however the earlier incidents which had led to the closing of the mine probably returned to their minds as they heard the account.

"A person who lived near the mine told White that immediately after the incident related above, police put a round the clock guard at the entrance, and that a few days later the entrance was dynamited and closed. - Editor"

I received the following information in a letter, dated Aug. 18, 1980... from a friend and correspondent of mine, Lee R. Elliott, of Naranja, Florida:

"...Far down in the earth under Salt Lake itself, is a giant cavern (system) that is over a thousand miles in diameter, and this is not the Hollow Earth, but a normal hole in the ground... it is an amazing arrangement that holds the roof of the thing up.

"...A few dozen of these caves not on your map (see reference map in this volume _ B.W.), go completely through the earth... there is no molten core. There is

no excess heat..."

The following information was sent to me from another of my correspondents... Al Fry, of Pomona, California. The letter was dated Sept. 23, 1980:

"....More rumored entrances in S. Calif, etc: Indian woman spoke to me (A. Fry) of former tunnel entrance that led to distant points -- in Mocking Bird Canyon area near Riverside California.

"...(a) Reader of Ray Palmer's Shaver Mystery Stories wrote of Inner Earth Entrance some miles distant & North of Yuma, AZ. (Secret World?)

"Underground River entrances are infrequently found and one notable example is the River running from B.C. Canada under Calif. Mother-lode Country downward under Kokoweef Peak (Mtn Pass area S. of L.Vegas) & eventually coming out in Gulf of Mex. (FAR below sea level!? - Ed.) Several persons have entered in areas S. of L.Vegas & found extremely rich alluvial sands - other Dimensional guardians have occasionally bothered searchers in inner caves of area - (8/24/69 - the Nevadan) Argosy article (? Date)..."

In an article titled "Prying Into The Unknown", by Will Carson and Jeannie Joy (in the April, 1963 issue of SEARCH magazine) there appeared the two following stories:

"...Leland Lovelace, in his book LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURES (The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas) tells of the discovery by two prospectors several years ago of a series of caves in the mountains of southwestern Nevada in which they found 'furniture of an immense size, as if built by giants' and dishes made of gold and some other metal, apparently of an

imperishable alloy, all having evidence of being undisturbed for count less centuries.

"And in 1904 a man known as J.C. Brown discovered in the slopes of the Cascade Mountains an ancient tunnel cut into solid rock, 'lined with tempered copper and hung with shields and wall_pieces made of gold.' Other rooms deeper in the tunnel contained similar objects, some carved with drawings and hieroglyphics comparable to Churchward's Lemurian art. The floor of these caves were strewn with the bones of giant humans.

"We should stress that these are not wild_haired tales but facts corroborated from various sources. It is a matter of record that in 1934, when J.C. Brown tried to recover the ancient treasure which circumstance had forced him to abandon 30 years earlier, he disappeared without a trace."

Following is a story which appeared on page 13 of the November, 1954 issue of FATE magazine:

"...They were drilling for oil in Alberta, Canada, recently, and an oil exploration crew put down a 500_foot shot hole near Bentley, 80 miles south of Edmonton. Suddenly a stream of water gushed to the surface. The water was filled with thousands of small fish, which Dr. R.B. Miller of the University of Alberta identified as five_spined stickleback. Apparently the drill had tapped an underground stream."

This story which follows was told by the Sioux Indians to Marie L. McLaughlin, and is recorded in her book, "MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE SIOUX", on pages 104-105, under the title of "The Mysterious Butte":

"A young man was once hunting and came to a steep hill. The east side of the hill suddenly dropped off to

a very steep bank. He stood on this bank, and at the base he noticed a small opening. On going down to examine it more closely, he found it was large enough to admit a horse or buffalo. On either side of the door were figures of different animals engraved into the wall.

"He entered the opening and there, scattered about on the floor, lay many bracelets, pipes and many other things of ornament, as though they had been offerings to some great spirit. He passed through this first room and on entering the second it was so dark that he could not see his hand before his face, so becoming scared, he hurriedly left the place, and returning home told what he had seen.

"Upon hearing this the chief selected four of his most daring warriors to go with this young man and investigate and ascertain whether the young man was telling the truth or not. The five proceeded to the butte, and at the entrance the young man refused to go inside, as the figures on either side of the entrance had been changed.

"The (other) four entered and seeing that all in the first chamber was as the young man had told, they went on to the next chamber and found it so dark that they could not see anything. They continued on, however, feeling their way along the walls. They finally found an entrance that was so narrow that they had to squeeze into it sideways. They felt their way along the walls and found another entrance, so low down that they had to crawl on their hands and knees to go through into the next chamber.

"On entering the last chamber they found a very sweet odor coming from the opposite direction. Feeling around and crawling on their hands and knees, they discovered a hole in the floor leading downward. From this hole came up the sweet odor. They hurriedly held a council, and decided to go no further, but return to the camp and report what they had found. On getting to

the first chamber one of the young men said: 'I am going to take these bracelets to show that we are telling the truth.'

"'No,' said the other three, 'this being the abode of some Great Spirit, you may have some accident befall you for taking what is not yours.'

"'Ah! You fellows are like old women,' said he, taking a fine bracelet and encircling his left wrist with it.

"When they reached the village they reported what they had seen. The young man exhibited the bracelet to prove that it was the truth they had told. Shortly after this, these four young men were out fixing up traps for wolves. They would raise one end of a heavy log and place a stick under, bracing up the log. A large piece of meat was placed about five feet away from the log and this space covered with poles and willows. At the place where the upright stick was put, a hole was left open, large enough to admit the body of a wolf. The wolf, scenting the meat and unable to get at it through the poles and willows, would crowd into the hole and working his body forward, in order to get the meat, would push down the brace and the log thus released would hold the wolf fast under its weight.

"The young man with the bracelet was placing his bait under the log when he released the log by knocking down the brace, and the log caught his wrist on which he wore the bracelet. He could not release himself and called loud and long for assistance. His friends, hearing his call, came to his assistance, and on lifting the log found the young man's wrist broken.

"'Now,' said they, 'you have been punished for taking the wristlet out of the chamber of the mysterious butte.'

"Some time after this a young man went to the butte and saw engraved on the wall a woman holding in her hand a pole, with which she was holding up a large amount of beef which had been laid across another pole,

which had broken in two from the weight of so much meat.

"He returned to the camp and reported what he had seen. All around the figure he saw marks of buffalo hoofs, also marked upon the wall.

"The next day an enormous herd of buffalo came near to the village, and a great many were killed. The women were busy cutting up and drying the meat. At one camp was more meat than at any other. The woman was hanging meat upon a long tent pole, when the pole broke in two and she was obliged to hold the meat up with another pole, just AS the young man saw on the mysterious butte.

"Ever after that the Indians paid weekly visits to this butte, and thereon would read the signs that were to govern their plans. This butte was always considered the prophet of the tribe."

#64 --- The following legend, from an article by E.W. Gifford, title "Coast Yuki Myths", appeared on page 117 of "THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE" - Vol.50. This small group of native Californians lived upon a section of rock-bound coast of Mendocino county:

"...In the ocean near Rockport is a rock called 'hepinhehen' (assembly house underneath). Passages in this rock run in the four cardinal directions, meeting in the middle. Therein man originated. A deity passing by heard singing issuing from the rock. He bade the singers come forth and go to their future respective abodes. From the north passage issued those who were to dwell in the north, from the south passage came the southerners, from the east passage the easterners, and from the west passage the Coast Yuki."

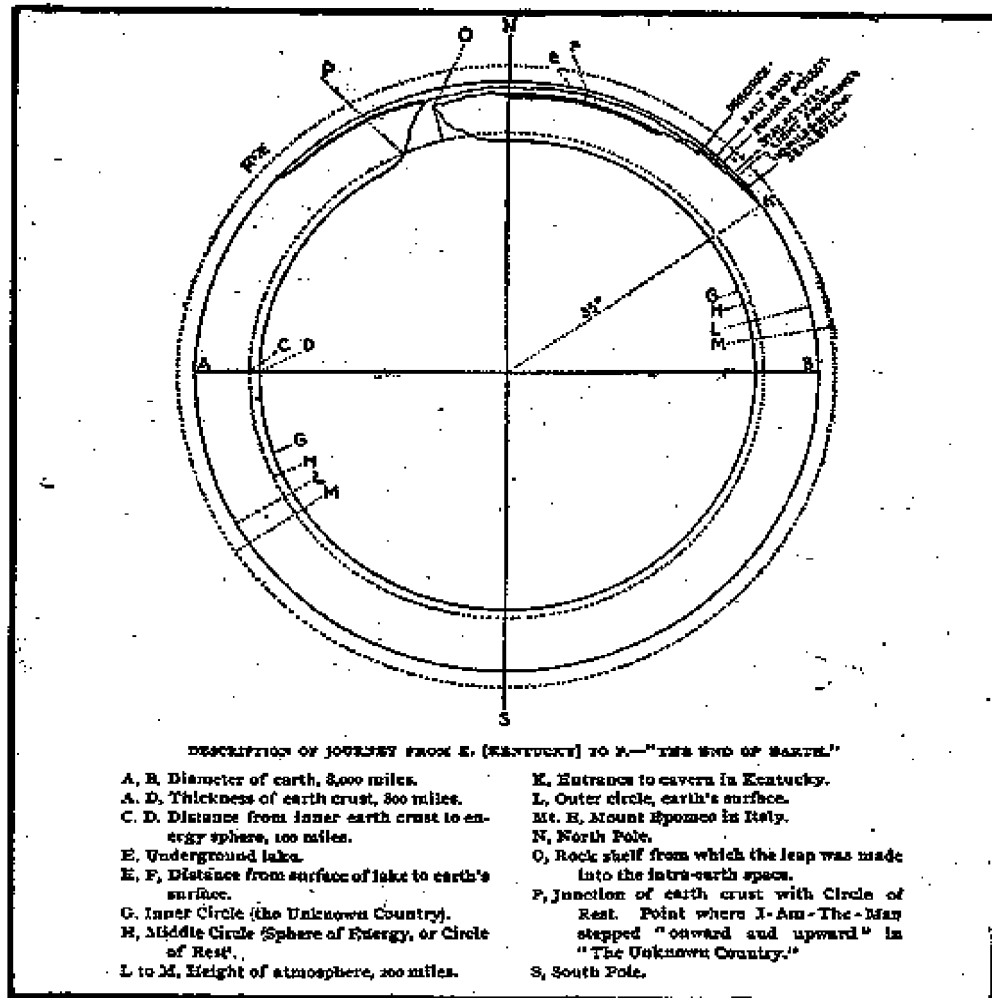


Diagram of Earth's Interior
from - EVIDORHFA, by John Uri Lloyd

DESCRIPTION OF JOURNEY FROM E. (KENTUCKY) TO P.—"THE END OF EARTH."

- | | |
|--|--|
| A, B, Diameter of earth, 8,000 miles. | K, Entrance to cavern in Kentucky. |
| A, D, Thickness of earth crust, 800 miles. | L, Outer circle, earth's surface. |
| C, D, Distance from inner earth crust to energy sphere, 100 miles. | Mt. E, Mount Epomeo in Italy. |
| E, Underground lake. | N, North Pole. |
| E, F, Distance from surface of lake to earth's surface. | O, Rock shelf from which the leap was made into the intra-earth space. |
| G, Inner Circle (the Unknown Country). | P, Junction of earth crust with Circle of Rest. Point where I-Am-The-Man stepped "onward and upward" in "The Unknown Country." |
| H, Middle Circle (Sphere of Energy, or Circle of Rest). | S, South Pole. |
| L to M, Height of atmosphere, 200 miles. | |

Page 24 of Justin Hartley Moore's book, "THE WORLD BEYOND", refers to a tribe of California Indians, the MEWAN, who tell of an entrance into the Subterranean World which leads to a cavern where exist "other people". This entrance was said to be in some caves near a place they called Koo-loo-te, near where they lived until they were moved to government reservations in California.

#65 --- Page 5 of the 6th edition of 'UNKNOWN', a newsletter formerly published by Paul Doerr of Fairfield, California., carried the following story (originally from Diablo Grotto News - N.S.S. - 'Natioal Speleological Society'):

"...3 Oakland miners open spectacular new cavern. Underground caverns so extensive a man would have to 'take grub for a week' and plan to explore for a month, have been opened here in the Tuolumne county subsoil by a gold miner's blast. The new caverns were burst open to gold-seeking men last week by three Oakland men headed by Ernie Byers, of this city, where he lives with his brother Clarence when he isn't torturing mother earth.

"Byers, looking for the main vein of the fabulous Mother Lode, set off six delayed dynamite charges on the evening of May 31. He and his partners had a shaft sunk 60 feet down. They heard a blast and echos and went to sleep for the night in their cabin.

"The next morning Zake Goodman, the only experienced mining man in the group, groped his way down the ladder to the catacomb. 'Hey, he shouted, something's wrong! There's a hell of a hole down here. I just rolled a rock down it and it takes half an hour to hear where it goes!'

"Byers and William E. Miles scuttled down the mineshaft the, and found their partner looking into a gigantic cavern..."

#66 --- The following letter appeared on page 10, of THE HOLLOW HASSLE newsletter (VOL.241). The H.H. was a quarterly newsletter published by TAL Levesque and Mary Martin, formerly of Santa Fe, New Mexico:

"Dear Mary... In June 1978, a local rancher named Earlin Busch had a cow mutilated. I went out to his ranch one mile east of Rattlesnake Buttes, 27 (?) miles east of Walsenburg on Colorado #10. In the course of the interview, I asked Earlin about the water on the land, minerals and other features. They had drilled 15-20 wells and all of them were different. The one that the cow had been drinking from was slightly radioactive. The cow was muted just after it had been moved to a field with only 'clean' run-off water to drink. One of the wells was very peculiar. They were drilling a couple of miles west of the house - they reached 117 feet and the well started to fill with water slowly. Thinking they'd get more water if they went deeper, they pushed on to 128 feet, where suddenly the bit broke through into a hollow space. They pulled up the bit and felt a powerful blast of air coming out of the hole.

"Meanwhile, they noted that the hole would suck air for 12 hours and blow out air for 12 hours. For some reason they got some people from the Colorado School of mines in Golden, Co. to come look. They said that the 'miners' were delighted to find the continuation of a tunnel that they had last tracked to Oklahoma from the Gulf of Mexico. They explained that the tides pushed the air and pulled it back. Earlin put a cement plug at 117 feet to take out what water he could. -- David Perkins, Farisita, Colo."

#67 --- The following news article, titled "A HOLE IS EATING SAN JOSE" - written by reporter Rick Carroll

- appeared on January 12, 1979 (exact newspaper source is uncertain):

"...Yvonne Crosby stood on the brink of a big, gaping hole in her front yard yesterday and shook her head.

"'I wish it would go away,' the San Jose housewife said.

"The Hole, 20 feet in diameter, appeared mysteriously last week not ten feet from the front door of her Willow Glen home on Pine avenue.

"Her life hasn't been quite the same since.

"Each day the hole grows in size, and is now threatening to undermine the curving sidewalk that leads to her door. New cracks opened up around the edges after yesterday's rainstorm.

"What used to be surface level turf has sunk up to ten feet, and nobody knows the depth of the cavern beneath it.

"Beyond roping off the hole and posting a danger sign, Crosby isn't sure what to do.

"Meanwhile, the strange hole is becoming a major attraction. At first only worried neighbors came; but they were followed by concerned city engineers, a puzzled geologist, and curious sightseers by the hundreds. 'I never thought so many people would be interested in a damned old hole in my front yard,' she said. 'But they are'.

"'The other day,' she said, 'the city bus even stopped so everybody could get a look at the hole...'

"'Everybody walks up to it, looks down in it, and then walks away, shaking their head,' she said.

"Even as she talked, a small crowd gathered to peer into the yawning crater. 'Don't get too close,' she admonished a mother with a small child who stood dangerously near the crumbling edge.

"What caused the hole to suddenly appear remains open to speculation. She said it could be an old septic tank, or a well, or maybe a bomb shelter -- who knows?

"Some thought it might be an old irrigation well that connects an underground river but, according to city records, there's no evidence of such a water system or even a storm drain.

"The city sent out engineers and a geologist:

"'They were very nice,, Crosby said, 'but they don't know why this is happening. They said they were looking into it.'

"From the original owners of the house, which was built 42 years ago, Crosby learned that the hole made four equally strange appearances during the late 1930's and early 1940's.

"'They put old bedsprings in it and dumped truckloads of concrete chunks and all kinds of things down it, but the hole swallowed it up,' she said she was told.

"'Then they put steel beams across the top and topped it with twelve yards of cement, but even that's gone now.'

"She disconsolately pointed out a chunk of concrete -- the last remains of the 1940's fill -- slowly disappearing down, the hole.

"'I sometimes wonder why this is happening to me,' she said, as another carload of sightseers jumped out and looked down the hole.

"They just stood there speechless and shook their heads.

"'It's strange,' one young man finally said..."

#68 --- The following story, similar to the one above, appeared in the March 17, 1980 issue of a newspaper in Everett, Washington:

"WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN BLACK HOLE? - IT'S A DEEP DEEP MYSTERY INDEED:

"TACOMA (AP) -- For sale: One house in Tacoma with a 'Black Hole.'

"Jim Johnson, and his wife, Harriet, have known about the mysterious hole in their back yard since March 1973. Johnson says he finally has had enough mystery in his life, and plans to unload the house -- without advertising the hole.

"'I'm selling the house,' he said flatly, 'I haven't told the people looking at the house about the hole and I'm not planning to.

"'You know, there were three previous owners to me... Hey, I'm an honest man. But none of them told me about that hole when they sold that house.' Seven years ago this month, Johnson, a mechanic, discovered the hole when his Saint Bernard sniffed around the yard and started to bark at a one-inch hole.

"His wife stuck a broom handle into it and couldn't reach bottom. Johnson stuck some longer sticks in and also couldn't reach bottom.

"By this time, the hole was a foot wide.

"The city sent out an engineer, who dropped a measuring line into the hole. The line stopped at 31 feet.

"In July of 1973, the Johnson's widened the top of the hole to four feet and threw in 162 tires weighing a total of 21 tons. They covered the tires with dirt and covered it with some wooden planks donated by the city of Tacoma.

"In May, 1974, Johnson's curiosity got the better of him. He took off the planks and found out, to his shock, that the tires had sunk down 17 feet.

"Afterward, some cave explorers came to look at the hole. Johnson and the explorers took the tires out and two of the visitors went down.

"'The only thing they saw in there was three little cone-shaped things.' Johnson said. 'They were either cement or rock, they couldn't explain it.'

"Today, he says, nothing has changed with the hole. But he built a 25-foot deck over it and, just to be safe, put the foundation five feet away.

"He says previous owners have come forward to tell him about their experiences with the pit.

"'One woman... said her family filled the hole with marble and all kinds of stuff,' he related. 'I don't- know if I believe this, but she told me that the hole 'erupted'... Spewed stuff all over. They got out of there shortly after that.

"'The original owner of the house and his dad came to see me, too. He tells me that his dad lowered him into the hole on a 20-foot rope. That was in the 1920's. He said he carried this coal oil lamp into the hole. And that then -- this is kind of impossible to believe -- something just sucked that lamp right out of his hand.

"'He started screaming and his dad pulled him up. After that, all the kids in the neighborhood stayed away from the hole.'

The following unusual letter appeared on page 44 of the Fall, 1978 issue of SEARCH magazine:

"Dear Editor:

"I thought the last several issues containing the articles on the Hollow Earth were great. More in depth articles are needed to continue on the research into this lost world.

"It is imperative that more research be done on the Hollow and Inner Earth, and direct contact with them. "Our group is deeply involved in such matters along with other flying saucer contact from our own Earth and other worlds. Many of us who are Rh-negative blood types, of which research with the Venus Venous Research Corporation of California -- a non-profit group -- has proven that this blood type is descended from the space people, and those who call themselves the 'Arianni' (Aryans), from the Hollow Earth.

"A massive project of an expedition to the Hollow Earth is in the undertaking by our group and other united Hollow Earth groups.

"Already, massive breakthroughs have been achieved into the Hollow Earth research by myself and others. One person, a Jeff Mitchel, has made contact with them while up in the Arctic and related many pieces of data concerning their climate control bases in Northern Canada. The secret to the area and center is the overlay of the Great Pyramid over Canada which fits to scale. I myself have been down in the Hollow Earth and Rainbow City several times to meet the people there of which many now are defectors from our own civilization. "After the Second World War, the Allies discovered that over 2009 top scientists from Germany and Italy had vanished along with almost a million people to the Land Beyond the South Pole. This is what Admiral Byrd's expedition was really about. To hunt them down along with Adolf Hitler who, by the way, (was) quite alive and well there. --- Ivan Boyes - 2 T Kingsmount Park Rd, - Toronto, Ontario, Can."

(Note: Ivan Boyes made no secret of the fact that he was a neo-Nazi of German descent. However, others have spoken of the huge underground Nazi 'Wolfenstein-like' base beneath the icecap of Neu-Schwabenland, Antarctica. --- BTW, I think that Neu Schwabenland would be an excellent place to conduct underground cobalt bomb tests... ;o) --- Anyway, these Nazi's - who have developed 'flugelrad' or anti-gravity disc technology - are reportedly in collaboration with the 'reptilian' alien species, and many are said at this point to be human-alien 'hybrids' via genetic splicing. A race or 'vir-men' you might say!? However one would hope that the newer and younger generations in the mega-base are able to see the error of the 'Nazi' philosophy, and have or are defecting from this Nazi-Jesuit agenda. YES, there WERE several dozen Jesuits within the Nazi leadership. This has been documented by <http://www.chick.com> and others. - Branton)

The following story of an actual continuous contact with a subterranean dweller, appeared on pages 32-34, of the Fall, 1980 issue of 'THE NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL'. Bill Hamilton has been doing research into areas of the unknown ever since he was a young, inquisitive teenager. He first visited Mt. Shasta at the age of 15, after reading the book "A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS":

"THE GIRL FROM THE LEMURIAN COLONY BENEATH MT. SHASTA!"

- by William F. Hamilton:

"James Churchward authored a controversial book in the 1930's entitled 'THE LOST CONTINENT OF MU', which tells of the destruction of a huge continent that once occupied the Southern Pacific Ocean (thousands of) years ago. The collapse of Archean-gas chambers below the Earth, exterminated Mu's' 64 million inhabitants in a fiery holocaust that sent most of this massive piece of land to the bottom of the ocean. The Hawaiian Islands, Easter Island, and various South Pacific islands are cited as above-water remnants of the ancient land of MU, also known in occult circles as Lemuria.

"Did a continent exist? Did any of its peoples survive? Where did the survivors go? Did the 'Lemurians' build anything that survives today as mute testimony to their ancient presence in the world? Were the Mayans the descendants of the Lemurian Empire of the Sun? (Note: The woman whom Mr. Hamilton refers to in this article claims to be descended from a Lemurian branch called the 'NagaMayas' - Branto)

"How does Lemuria relate to Atlantis? Questions... questions followed by evidence, counter-evidence, arguments, heated debates, wholesale belief, and wholesale disbelief. It is not possible to treat all of the facets of these questions in these few pages. I have no proof or evidence to substantiate claims in favor of the Atlantis and Lemurian legend, but

sometimes I investigate, analyze, and research the UFO phenomena, psychic phenomena, and astro-archaeology,' in an attempt to uncover new clues to our hidden past.

"I run across some fascinating people in the course of my investigations who tell me many unusual stories. "About three years ago, while on the trail of reports of UFO base locations, I met a young, very pretty blonde girl with almond-shaped eyes and small perfect teeth - whose name is Bonnie. Bonnie has told me an incredible story and has related a volume of interesting information on Atlantis and Lemuria. Bonnie is sincere, cheerful, and rational, and says she is a Lemurian born under the sign of Leo in 1951 in a city called TELOS that was built inside an artificial dome-shaped cavern in the Earth a mile or so beneath Mt. Shasta, California.

"Many people have reported seeing mysterious fires and lights on the slopes of this 12,000 ft. volcanic mountain. Mt. Shasta is perennially shrouded in snow and is sometimes engirdled with lenticular cloud formations that cap the snowy peak. UFO reports have been prolific in this section of Northern California. One report involves a close encounter between a Mt. Shasta's sheriff's car and a glowing disk. Bonnie, her mother, her father RAMU, her sister Judy, her cousins Loraie and Mattox live and move in our society, returning frequently to TELOS for rest and recuperation.

"Ronnie relates that her people use boring machines to bore tunnels in the Earth. These boring-machines heat the rock to incandescence, then vitrify it thus eliminating the need for beams and supports. A tube transit train system is used to connect the few Atlantean-Lemurian cities that exist in various subterranean regions of our hemisphere.

"The tube trains are propelled by electromagnetic impulses up to speeds of 2500 mph. One tube connects with one of their cities in the Matto Grosso jungle of Brazil. The Lemurians have developed space travel and

some flying saucers come from their subterranean bases. Bonnie says her people are members of a federation of planets. They grow food hydroponically under full-spectrum lights, with their gardens attended by automatons. The food and resources of TELOS are distributed in plenty to the million-and-a-half population that thrives on a no-money economy.

"Bonnie talks about history... of the Uighers, Naga-Mayas, and Quetzals -- of which she is a descendent. She recounts the destruction of Atlantis, and Lemuria and of a war between the two superpowers fought with advanced weaponry. She says the Atlanteans built a huge crystal-powered beam weapon that was used to control a small moon of Earth as a missile to be aimed at China, but their plans went awry and the moon split in two - coming down into the Atlantic, north of Burmuda, deluging the remaining isle of Atlantis. She claims her people are now part of a much greater underground kingdom called Agharta - ruled by a super race she calls 'HYPER BEINGS'.

"I met Bonnie's cousin, Matox, who - like her - is a strict vegetarian and holds the same attitudes concerning the motives of our government. They constantly guard against discovery or intrusion. Their advanced awareness and technology helps them to remain vigilant. Will we openly meet these long lost relatives of ours? Bonnie says yes, but this is part of her incredible mission. Her mission -- to warn those who will listen of coming cataclysms that will culminate... in a shift of the Earth's axis. After this catastrophe, she says the world will be one, and the survivors will build a new world free of war, poverty, disease and exploitation. The world will exist on a higher plane of vibrations and man will come to know his true history. and heritage.

"Science-fiction? Bonnie is a real person. Many have met her. Is she perpetrating a hoax? For what motive? She does not seek publicity and I have a devil

of a time getting her to meetings to talk with others, but she has done so. There has been little variation in her story or her answers in the past three years. She has given me excellent technical insight on the construction of a crystal-powered generator that extracts ambient energy. She has given me new insights on UFOs and their purposes in coming here. Bonnie's father, the RAMU, is 300 years old and a member of the ruling council of TELOS.

"Though I have never met him, she reports that his psychic (and intuitive) powers are well-developed and that hers are immature by comparison...

"Many tunnels are unsafe and closed off. All tube transit tunnels are protected and are designed to eject uninvited guests.

"Does Bonnie have the answers we are all looking for? I don't know. 'I' am not making the claims nor can I provide proof. Bonnie says she would like to satisfy our need for proof and will work with me on a satisfactory answer to that problem, but she is unconcerned with whether people accept her or not.

"Bonnie is humorous and easy-going and well-poised, yet sometimes she becomes brooding and mysterious. Accept this as a tale told for amusement if you will. But, what if she is right? Do we face coming cataclysms? She says her people are busy planning survival centers for refugees. One of these is to be near Prescott, Arizona. If Bonnie is correct, then her predictions will come true and it will give us all much to think about. Skeptics don't need to bother themselves with this story as they have other more solid events to run around and dispute.

"Those of you who have knowledge of these things presented by Bonnie are invited to get in touch with me and share their information. Perhaps we can all learn about this strange planet Earth. As Bonnie has said to me several times --- 'You can go within and sense the truth of what I say and that will tell you better than anything else I could' say to you.'"

The following report, titled - 'A MILE OF LIGHTS', appeared on page 7 of the Fall, 1980 issue of SEARCH magazine (a magazine created by Ray Palmer of 'AMAZING STORIES' fame, and therefore contained many articles on subterranean mysteries, as an outgrowth of the 'Shaver Mystery', which became popular during Palmer's former editorship with 'Amazing Stories'):

"Four teenagers, quite 'shook up', drove up to Deputy Sheriff Trotta in Putnam County, New York State, about 1:30 a.m. one morning, and said they had seen an 'eerie sight' at an abandoned iron ore mine in nearby Brewster.

"Trotta thought their explanation did, indeed, sound rather 'eerie', so he got another police officer to accompany him.

"They went to the mine shaft which was on a dirt road, off from another road, known as 'Lover's lane'.

"Going into the mine, they found two 'long rows of lighted candles as far as the eye could see'. The two officers followed then for about a mile. Then the trail of light suddenly came to an end, and that was that. There was nothing more, and no noticeable reason for them to be there."

The next article, titled 'TREASURE CAVERN OF KOKOWEEF MOUNTAIN', by Howard D. Clark, appeared in the Spring, 1973 issue of the magazine "TREASURE TRAILS OF THE OLD NEST", pages 47-54. The cavern in question is same one described by Charles H. Gesner and Sparks Stringer in Part 1 of this volume (#7):

"Is there a wide, deep river, its banks rich with incredible placer values, flowing through a cave under the Mojave?

"...The big man hunched his heavy frame and bent his broad shoulders to scan the wet sand under his feet.. The bright light from the miner's carbide lamp on his cap caught the yellow gleam of gold flakes, 'coarse' gold and small nuggets worn smooth by the erosion of the stream that trickled in the bottom of the cavern. Here was the blackest of utter darkness not known on top of earths, for he was many hundreds of feet beneath the hot sands of the Mojave desert.

"The miner filled a bag with tie heavy 'black sand' dotted with yellow sparkles.

"Then he helped his ailing partner up through the labyrinths, the many tight passes, the devious crawlways, up the long torturous climb to sunshine again.

"The miner was Earl P. Dorr whose troubles began almost as soon as the two men reached daylight. Other prospectors were there and reports are conflicting as to what happened. There was misunderstanding. Later, Dorr apparently wished to avoid the subject. But his secret was out. He had a sample of fantastically rich placer gold from the depths of the cavern, the only sample that has been seen.

"It was not that someone else could not have found the way down through the darkness, lowering by rope ladders from chamber to hanging rim to pit so vast that his light would not reach its curving walls. How it came about that Dorr lost his cavern and its contents is a story of confusion told further on. He closed the route he had followed. Other ore was found on the surface bringing on a rash of staking claims.

"Dora believed another access to the cavern existed, but so many difficulties assailed him that he never found it.

"It was in 1944 in Los Angeles that I first learned of Earl Dorr's story in the course of research for my book, 'Lost Mines of the Old West.'

"The CALIFORNIA MINING JOURNAL of November, 1940



"Accompanied by a mining engineer, I visited the caverns in the month of May, 1927. We entered them and

spent four days exploring them for a distance of between eight and nine miles. We carried with us altimeters and pedometers, to measure the distance we traveled and had an instrument to take measurements of distance by triangulation, together with such instruments... to make examinations, observations and estimations.

"'Our examination revealed' the following facts:

"'1. From the mouth of the cavern we descended about 2,000 ft. There we found a canyon which, on our altimeter, measured about 3,000 to 3,500 ft. deep. We found the caverns to be divided into many chambers, filled... with the usual stalactites (cone-shaped rocks hanging from the ceilings of caverns - Branton) and stalagmites (rocks reaching up from the cavern floor created over a long period of time by the highly mineralized water dripping down from the stalactites directly above them - Branton) besides many grotesque and fantastic wonders.

"'2. On the floor of the canyon there is a flowing river which... we estimated to be about 300 ft. wide and with considerable depth...

"'3. ...there is exposed on both sides of the river from 100 to 150 ft. of black beach sand which is very rich in gold values. The sands are from 4 to 11 ft. deep. This means there are about 300 to 350 ft. of rich bearing placer sands which average 8 ft. in depth. We explored the canyon sands a distance of more than 8 miles finding little variation of the depth and width of the sands.

"'4. I am a practical miner of many years of experience and I own valuable mining properties nearby which I am willing to pledge and put up as security to guarantee that the statements herein are true.

"'5. My purpose of exploring the caverns was to study the mineralogy in order to ascertain the mineral

possibilities of the caves... in person with my engineer by expert examination...

"'6. I carried out about 10 lbs. of the black sand and panned it receiving more than \$7 in gold. I sold it to a gold buyer who allowed me at the rate of \$18 per (troy) ounce. Two and one-half lbs. of this black sand I sent to John Herman, assayer, whose assay certificates (published) show a value of \$2,145.47 per (cubic) yard with gold at \$20.67 per ounce. (Note: That was the mint price of gold before it was raised to the present [at the time - Branton] price of \$35 per troy ounce in 1934. His value would be correspondingly greater now.)

"'7. From engineering measurements and observations we made, I estimated that it would require a tunnel of about 350 ft. long to penetrate to the caverns, 1,000 ft. or more below the present entrance which is some three miles distant from my property.

"'8. I make no estimate of even the approximate tonnage of the black sand, but soma estimate of the cubical contents may be made for more than 8 miles and minimum depth is never less than 3 ft... maximum depth... we do not know."

"Is Dorr's story so out-of-the-world? The first man to go back to civilization with word of the geysers in what is now Yellowstone Park was 'crazy as a hoot owl' -- or so he was told. Can there be a stream of cool, life-giving water flowing over golden sands in a vast,. deep cave beneath the Mojave desert? It's enough to whet the imagination.

"Many a thirst-crazed gold seeker has left his bones on this blistering surface. About 60 miles north is the panorama of Death Valley (ad the Panamint range - Branton): Fremont had made a path a few miles from here a century before. Earlier, the wilderness man, Jedediah Smith, had trod the trackless hummocks in 1827 with his crew. Still earlier, Fr. Garces in 1776 led

his party a few miles to the south while the muskets of the Revolution boomed far in the east. The first thought of every one of these from dawn to dusk was of water -- scanning the valleys for green brush, the desert willow, any sign where men and animals might camp and live another day.

"How Dorr learned of the caverns reads like a fiction writer's pipe dream. As a boy on his father's ranch in Colorado he was a friend of Indians nearby, a playmate of the Indian children. In appreciation, TWO of the elders told Dorr the tale of a tragedy.

"These two and a third brother had known through tribal history of a great cave in a desert. The three had climbed into it to a great depth by the light of their torches. Far down was running water and in its sands was much gold. Bags were filled and carried out, but once with their torches failing, one brother had fallen from a great cliff and perished. Reports have it that they had profited from previous operations but respecting tribal tradition, they would not return to the tomb of the lost brother. They drew maps for the boy (their Caucasian friend in Colorado) as Indians have done for ages, whether in symbols on rocks or skins. The white boy would grow up and then he might go and find the riches.

"It sounded like a fable of legendary lore, but the boy did grow up. He kept the maps. He became an experienced mining man and eventually found himself on the scene. Right here comes a coincidence so far-fetched that it still makes me scratch my head. Skeptics have rated the Indian story as pure romance, casting doubt on the whole Dorr episode. I have news for them.

"On an exploration trip in another Western state, I was with a small crew of mining men led by one of our advanced scientists, scouting for a certain strategic mineral. The scientist had covered ground known to me

so I told him the Dorr story in the course of bull sessions in camp. He had not heard it, but many years back on a mineral survey in that region he had completed his project and gone to the whistle-stop railway station nearest Kokoweef mountain for departure. It happened that two frustrated Indians were there with a leaking bag of black sand and gold. He helped them pack it securely and gave directions for taking it to Salt Lake City for assay and sale. The Indians were anxious only to get away from there and never came back.

"That's what the scientist told me in 1948. Checking the time factor with the elderly scientist, it could well have been the two Indians of the Dorr story - or how many other coincidences can we admit? I hate to stretch the coincidence business further, but the mineral search by our party was being made for the mining company which employed Earl Dorr and through it I became acquainted with him.

"My first contact with Earl Dorr was by mail to his spot on the desert. He replied in a letter in a bold hand and good penmanship that he would like to meet me. Next he wrote with the office typewriter, rather laboriously but with no doubt at all of his opinions of 'drug store' miners, always signing "E.P.Dorr." At the moment I was much involved with mysteries of the Lost Padre Mine, in another direction, so in a temporary exchange of letters he wrote information as specific and consistent as I have known. It was as consistent when I heard it in person.

"'I worked and tried to get help to open up the old entrance," he said, "so we could get back down on the fault where the placer sands lay 3,000 feet below the lime formation and three and a quarter miles from the cave entrance. There is no fault on the side of Kokoweef that I know of, but three and a quarter miles underground from the cave entrance, traveling through caves until we got below the lime formation, we came

out on a shelf rock on the side of the fault which is 3,000 feet' deep. We came across a fracture in the side of the fault. Water ran down through it into the canyon.

"'We let ourselves down from one shelf to the next until we got to the bottom of the fault with plenty of placer sands. Even on the shelf rock were one or two feet of rich sands. Yes, there is a fault 900 feet lower than the opening I went down in (but) full of dirt washed into it for ages.'

"Again he repeated with a slight addition: 'I found a way to get down through 1800 feet of lime caverns... on down into a fault in granite and quartz underlying the lime formation. The lime is 1800 feet deep (with) caves down to a fault which is 300 to 500 feet wide... 3,000 feet deep... don't let them kid you, there's gold in the caves. It all lays below the lime formation and on the shelf rock on the fault walls and on the bottom.'

"I found Earl Dorr working as one of the half-dozen employees of a mining company operating a small pilot mill on the desert out of Victorville, California. This miniature of the giant mills used at working mines to crush and grind ore was operated for test runs on sample batches from various places to determine their values. Dorr had cut his teeth on mining: 'I was running hoist at the age of 18,' he said, 'for Winfield Scott Stratton on the Independence mine in Cripple Creek, one of the richest.' Enough said. Any miner who could boast initiation in fabulous Cripple Creek, Colorado, was presumed to know his rocks. During the period of my association with this company where Earl was a respected worker, I talked at length with him and ate with the entire personnel at one table.

"Earl has passed 'over the divide' (preceded by the mining engineer, W. P. Morton) since those days of 1949-50. The validity of his personal story depends upon two factors: Earl Dorr's knowledge of mining, of

earth formations and characteristics, and upon his general reliability.

"The first can be dismissed at once. For the second, one seldom sees a man more emphatically forthright. A native outdoorsman, he clung to an era, sadly gone, when a handshake between two unlettered prospectors binding an agreement made far out in the boondocks, was fully legal in court of law. He was revengeful at sharp practices which we pass lightly as 'good business.' He probably took occasion to implement this attitude in return for attacks. A story he told me is reminiscent of his independent do-it-yourself spirit. Once when young he was jobless, broke, without prospects. Taking rifle, bedroll, a bag of salt and his horse, he trekked to the tall timber where he shot deer, dressed the meat and hung it to dry for 'Jerky.' A ready market for dried venison took care of him until things got better.

"Of course Earl Dorr was embittered at the dizzying turn of events which followed his discovery. He sought financial backing to develop the placer gold. Investigators found zinc ore on the mountain and at length a mining company went to work on values in sight rather than any unseen. At this juncture Dorr snorted: 'They never heard of that country 'til I took them out there. Besides, I got the wrong class of men, all talk -- the class we old desert prospectors call drug store miners. It was too big for them -- too big a thing.'

"It's small wonder that Dorr fumed at fooling with an ore worth only about ten cents a pounds (in which he had no share), while those very operations damaged access to the incalculable bonanza beneath their feet. 'Every time they put in a round of shots on the zinc,' he complained, 'it shook the whole mountain. Caves caved in and blocked the way down. The way I know this, I was down and rocks fell all around me.'

"He had previously put in a shot of his own to block passage which could have been reopened, but he

claimed that general destruction was too extensive.

"'I stuck as long as I could,' he said, 'until I was eating cooked water cress, chipmunk soup and sagebrush tea. I starved out and had a light stroke which put me on my back for a whole year. Parties are using my story to promote their deal, only made richer every time -- even (adding) blind fish and real live spooks.'

"The cavern story attracted those hardy adventurers known as 'speleologists,' or 'spelunkers,' who dote on jawbreaker terms and go underground because it's there. Call them 'cavers,' for short. They will climb into a cave at the drop of a rack. If they can't hear it bounce or splash, they're in business. To offer a challenge a cave should be at least on the scale of Tour Sawyer's or perhaps Grand Canyon with a roof. A group of these fans for inner space came to Kokoweef mountain. Their story is told by Dr. William R. Halliday, prominent in the National Speleological Society.

"With permission, a horde of cavers and company swarmed in during the autumn of 1948. Various cave structures and cracks had long been known. The Kin Sabe, partly opened by oldtimer Pete Ressler, was blocked with debris as Dorr had said. The party settled on Crystal Cave by way of entrance through a door kept locked by the mining company. A descent led to a chamber with the expected flowstone -- and Dorr's name, which had been smoked on the wall with his carbide lamp.

"Descending again they came to another room, also with Dorr's name in soot. This was the trail's end so they didn't have much fun. But in an alcove was a line of what looked suspiciously like the residue left by the burning of a fuse. The flowstone there was shattered. The caver's were given to wonderment as to why Dorr would set a charge there unless to protect something important below. I'm bound to say that I join in that thought.

"A geologist warned the cavern that such a cave as Dorr described is geologically impossible, that such don't exist! But regardless of expert opinion, the caver's will always be intrigued with the thought of what might -- just possibly might -- be beyond that point. Could Dorr have been right? After all, he wasn't just theorizing.

"I have ample respect for the science of geology and for those who practice it, generally speaking. But there are geologists and 'geologists,' on the firm authority of members of that fraternity themselves. They do not agree on broad principles or even on specific cases. One does not have to be in the wide open long before seeing certain solemn pronouncements put to flight by uncooperative facts. Nowhere is this more evident than in determining the occurrence of water on the desert, to site a single example. It has been amusing on many an occasion. Not for underrate expert knowledge, we just may not have all the answers yet. And some stories are too big, as Dorr said.

"Cowboy Jim White found Carlsbad Caverns, a wide open hole that anyone could look into and watch the bats swarm out. He had to make a career of convincing the world of its existence. It took him an incredible twenty years, while the people in the town 30 miles away said: 'The hole is in your head -- the bats too.'

"Reality or pipe dream? Mention the Dorr cavern in the area and people turn faces away to laugh. Some told me that Dorr's name is mud to them. What of Dorr's affidavit? In an argument it's only natural to ignore a point difficult to answer and seize upon the seemingly ridiculous. It's unlike anyone in his right mind to swear falsely and demand that he be caught doing so. It's most unlike Dorr, whatever his other failings. "Also, it's unlike a practical miner to spend years in exhausting body and finances on an imaginary adventure. And the fact of the black sand placer -- where else did it come from when he was seen carrying

it out of the cave? Again, you don't fool a prominent assayer by 'salting' a sample, meaning to load it with a mineral that doesn't belong.

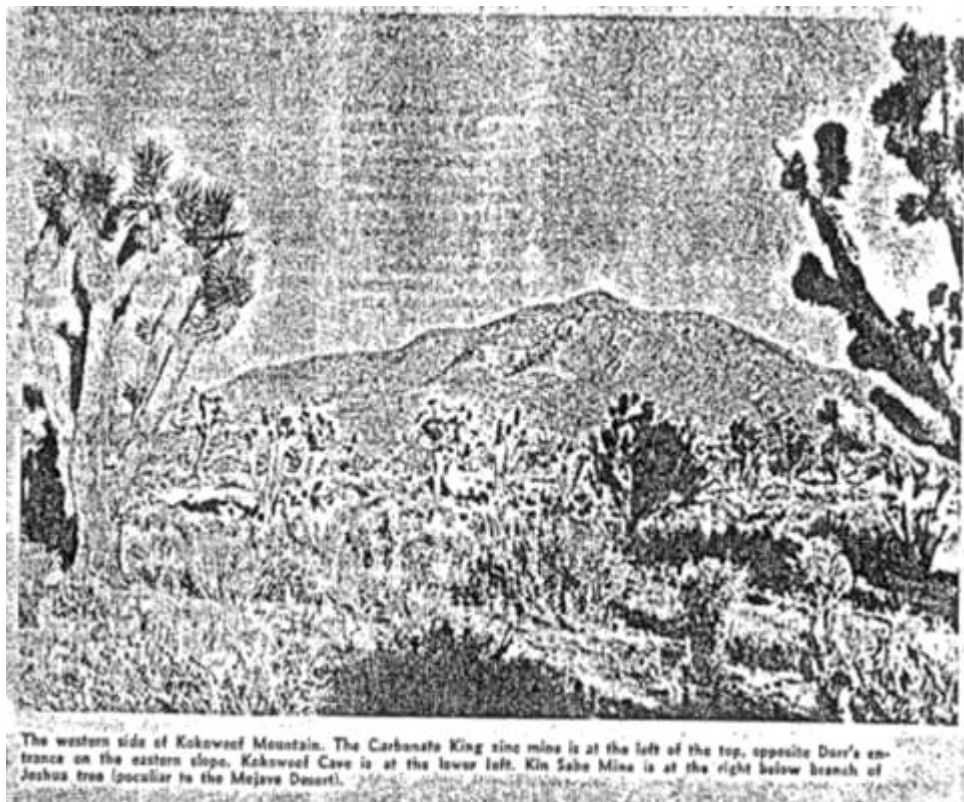
"However, some are not skeptics and that brings us to Kokoweef mountain, one of the Ivanpah range, as of today. In sight from it is the throbbing freeway connecting Los Angeles with neon-lit Las Vegas about 60 miles eastward. Gone are the pathfinders and lonely men of pick and pan, their world goods atop a burro. Gleaming vehicles cover in hours the miles that required weeks and give no thought to the misty bands which passed this way and vanished into the sunset. Neither the ancients with dry tongues or those without a care have had a thought of abundant water in the darkness below, not to mention an El Dorado that would make Midas a penny pincher.

"As this is written, I have returned from Kokoweef mountain and found new life there, with the situation under control. A serious group holds claims covering the critical area and is engaged in development toward eventually attaining those depths. They expect to reach the river which Earl Dorr said is flowing through sands laden with fragments and nuggets of native yellow placer gold. Obviously, members of this group are firm believers in the Dorr story. They have learned much about the local geology which lends encouragement and, they hope, some confirmation of their belief.

"As their guest I was escorted to the mountain. With a crew member we climbed a dizzying zigzag trail no wider than my feet to a lofty perch where an entrance had been used by Dorr long ago. Pausing on the way to gasp for breath, I could see the works of the world's of the world's only major rare earth mine on Clark mountain, across the freeway to Las Vegas and the snow-cap of Mt. Charleston in Nevada. On reaching the hole, I saw it covered by a huge iron door frame that Dorr had packed up those rocky steeps on his powerful shoulders. That must have called for superhuman effort.

Even to lift it off the dangerous opening is a man's job.

"Then with the assistance of my comrades I climbed down a series of ladders in the tight, vertical passage to the darkness of what they called the 'first room.' A narrow hole in the bottom and the head of another ladder told of more dark regions below, but this one was convincing enough. Not being a speleologist I was satisfied with taking photographs and my exit.



"Sizeable stalactites found in big rooms testify to the vast age of the caverns. Given an undisturbed stream gushing through uncounted miles of gold-bearing strata during ages of time, you have practically perfect conditions for accumulation of black sand and placer gold on a scale difficult for the mind to

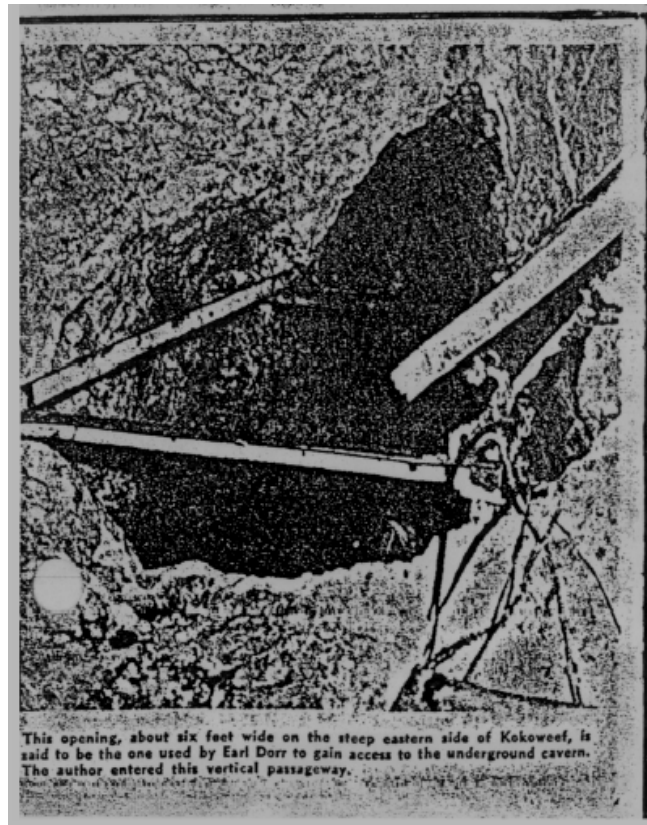
comprehend. All of the stream placer known to mining has gathered where it was found through erosion and concentration by the action of water. However, in the usual occurrence on the surface of the earth it has suffered interference on the part of constantly changing nature and has had only comparative moments of geological time to gather in great quantities, spectacularly rich as some have been.

"In the face of certain opinions, the possibility of caves of huge size in this region cannot be dismissed lightly. The limestone formation is factual. Caves of interest to explorers exist far across Nevada adjoining on the east. Only about 30 miles south is Mitchell's Cavern, now a California state park. Impressive as it is, its full extent is not known. For water on the desert we have military bases further southwest using water enough for small cities. Rumor has it that with no surface water at all, and a trace of annual rainfall, the sources (of water for these military bases) are subsurface rivers coming from far to the north. (see: Al Fry's letter - p. 179 of this volume - B.W.)

"About 12 miles south of Kokoweef, near the outpost of Cima, and only a hoot and a holler in distance, is a ranch well that breaths! Water rises and falls in it audibly. Just why the well gargles is not explained, but Dorr spoke of a tidal effect in the cavern river. I took that one with salt but now I wonder (Note: The rising and falling of the underground river in response to the tides 'might' indicate that the source of the river comes from a very large subterranean 'lake' further upstream - Branton).

"Meanwhile, scientists are interested in such caverns as this one in limestone of the Permian age, 'estimated' at 150 million years old. A university geologist utilizes a new time clock, thermo-luminescence. The unvarying temperature of 600 at Kokoweef enables him to test deep cave formations never

affected by solar heat. It has to do with the escape of trapped electrons - when rock never before warm is heated. Another, a cave biologist, investigated a nearby cave with' floor-to-ceiling height of nearly 200 feet, declaring, that air movements infer an extensive interconnected cave system.



[Caption: This opening, about six feet wide on the steep eastern side of Kokoweef, is said to be the one used by Earl Dorr to gain access to the underground cavern. The author entered this vertical passageway.]

"Specimen collectors, curiosity seekers with hearts full of larceny, and born vandals steal and wreck equipment including facilities left for their convenience. Two of them went down the shaft I entered and set off a large order of dynamite. In their haste or greed they failed to delay going back until the

toxic fumes had dispersed. They were found much later. "These pests follow the national pattern, the despair of all highway engineers and park maintenance men as well as owners of private property. Stories grow and become alluring as Dorr had said. In one published account unconcerned with facts, the story had it that a syndicate operates the cavern mine and Dorr just leans back and watches the gold roll in. Earl would have liked that.

"Kokoweef remains a continued story with chapters yet to be written, but not too soon. Preliminary development work is naturally inconclusive. But if and when the denouement of the drama comes by way of time and toil and vindicates Earl Dorr, the succeeding chapters will fill a volume -- and several banks. -- HOWARD D. CLARK"

The following information, related to Kokoweef caverns, appears on pages 155-157 of William R. Halliday's book, 'DEPTHS OF THE EARTH':

"...Our organizational meeting late in 1948 had been as full of the Kokoweef story as of the 'Cave of the Winding' Stair.

"A lengthy cave 3,000 feet deep, a 500-foot stalactite, and a tidal river with rich placer gold could hardly be ignored. Someone had even looked up the original affidavit in which a wind-tanned prospector named E. P. Dorr swore to all these things and much more.

"This was in the Grandest California manner. Was there more than legend to the report? Everyone was exceedingly skeptical. Yet we were curious. Strange things have occurred in the Mojave Desert.

"'Let's go talk to Dr. Foster Hewitt,' suggested a student at nearby California Institute of Technology. 'He's spent all his life out there. I bet he knows about it?'

"Three of us were given a prompt appointment with

the eminent geologist. Needlessly we told him of the tales which had reached us.

"'You caver's should know better,' he twitted us. 'Dorr might have found more cave than is known today, but certainly nothing like what he claimed. Why don't you go over and see Herman Wallace in Highland Park? He's an officer on the company and can tell you all about the caves!'

"Mr. Wallace proved a particular friend. He himself had descended to the bottom of the three caves of Kokoweef Peak without finding the gold. Even more important, he had obtained the incredible story firsthand from Dorr. Wallace's son had prepared a sketch map of the lost river of gold under Dorr's direct supervision.

"As Herman Wallace talked, the tale began to make a twisted kind of sense. Clearly, some of these fantastic tales were merely confused with those of the Cave of the Winding Stair. What remained was incredible beyond belief. Yet the story was so coherent and so filled with plausible details that Dorr had never contradicted himself.

"For untold years, it seemed, prowling prospectors of the Mojave Desert had known of a wide, deep cavern on the rocky flank of juniper-clad Kokoweef Peak. In the 1920's weeks often elapsed in this Joshua-tree wilderness without the passing of more than a single prospector and his companionable burro. During those dimming years, hopeful prospectors and other 'desert rats' wandered in and out of shack towns at isolated wells along the nearby Los Angeles-Las Vegas road. Even they were few.

"At one of these tiny communities, someone announced one evening that he had found another vertical cave on Kokoweef Peak. Maybe it was Dorr. Some said that Dorr had a 'treasure map of Spanish or Indian origin,' but this seems to have been wishful thinking. In any event, Dorr was fascinated by the new cavern.

Soon he was telling of lowering himself on a rope from level to level, exploring uncounted tunnels of great beauty. Beyond one tight hole he encountered an enormous 3,000-foot chasm. Ledges led onward for 8 miles without a way to the bottom.

"Dorr's friends were not particularly impressed. Every desert rat is a practiced spinner of just such yarns.



"'Think there might be a river of gold at the bottom, Earl?' someone asked him helpfully.

"'Dunno what's down there. But I'm goin' back till I find out,' the keen-eyed prospector asserted stoutly.

"After his next exploration, it seemed that Dorr had found a way down the formidable underground cliffs. On the banks of the river below were miles of deposits of rich gold-bearing sand.

"Dorr's cronies were delighted. His family, however, was more cautious. For years, they had

laughed at his yarns. He had bragged of hitching up a team of Colorado elk and driving from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs. No one believed a word of it, of course. Only long afterward did they learn of a Cripple Creek rancher who had trained pet elk to pull a buggy. Other grains of fact had a disconcerting way of turning up in his wildest tales. On the other hand, Dorr told his family of blind fish in the river of gold.

(Note by Branton: Regardless of some people's skepticism, blind fish ARE very real. The following is from the COMPTON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA CD = "...Blindfish, any of several species of small freshwater fish, family Amblyopsidae, in the dark waters of caves in central and s. U.S.; are sightless or nearly so; northern cave fish (*Amblyopsis spelea*) of Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, is 5 in. (13 cm) long, whitish, and completely blind, feeling its way along with the help of touch-sensitive projections in rows on the head and body; many other sightless fishes also are called blindfish; they live in caves and ocean depths throughout the world.")

"Joshingly his brother asked if they were (blind) flying fish...

"Dora prepared an affidavit subsequently published in the CALIFORNIA MINING JOURNAL. No ordinary grubstaker for Dorr -- he sought the support of wealthy investors to share his great discovery. A mere 330-foot tunnel might suffice. He was willing to share fifty-fifty with anyone willing to finance his incredible find!

"Why was a tunnel necessary? Well... for one thing, the river of gold ran beneath his claim, but Crystal Cave wasn't on his land. Besides, he had dynamited shut the secret passage so no one else could get at his gold.

"Herman Wallace was one of several Los Angeles investors willing to gamble a little on Dorr's

proposition. Most of their investment soon vanished into claim options, tunneling, timbering, and a grubstake for Dorr. Shortly before World War II, however, they struck a rich zinc vein. Dorr begged for more tunnels in new areas, but the Crystal Cave Mining Company enthusiastically entered the zinc business. Its geologists were as discouraged as Foster Hewitt. As far as the corporation was concerned, the lost river of gold could stay lost. They'd settle for zinc.

"'Would you like to have a look and see if you have any ideas?' Mr. Wallace asked in cordial conclusion.

"Would we? Ten carloads of caver's and their families swarmed through the Joshua trees the crisp morning of November 13, 1948. I shifts we scurried along the rocky flanks of the barren peak and into the deep little caves.

"Seventy feet down ter Crystal Cave we found Dorr's nave snaked in bold capital letters on the wall of the first chamber. We found it again or the next level, near an area of shattered rock and flowstone. Was this the legendary entrance to the lost river of gold? If so, no one was going through that mess any time soon. In a small alcove nearby we spotted a long, thin trail of ash. It might have been the residual of a dynamite fuse.

"We poked into every conceivable orifice, peered into every fissure, and found nothing else. Excavating the shattered area would be a huge undertaking of little prospect, we told Mr. Wallace. He agreed, reluctantly, plagued by the same nagging doubt. We all know there is no gold beyond. And yet -- could we be wrong?..."

"...Today California cavern happily admit that their cavern treasures are only of this sort. The Lost River of Gold will stay lost, for it cannot exist unless our accumulating knowledge is all wrong.

"Yet a nagging thought remains. Before their

fateful last exploration, Marrian and Furlong thought of Samwel Cave much as we think of Kokoweef and the Cave of the Winding Stairs.

"Can we be wrong? Will this chapter someday be rewritten in blazing headlines: 'SPELUNKERS VERIFY REDISCOVERY OF CAVE OF GOLD!'

"Every romantic California caver hopes so..."

The following letter, which appeared on page 128 of the June, 1953 issue of FATE magazine:

"'The Devil's Tramping Ground' in the February, 1953, issue of FATE is similar in some respects to the story in the November-December, 1951, issue, 'The Mysterious Circles of Shasta,' better known as the Siskiyou Stone Circles. They were made for a specific purpose and are still in use.

"I believe I know what the circles are used for. They were made by the little people who live either beneath the surface of the surrounding terrain or within the mountain itself. There is no law, written or unwritten, that says people have to live upon a planet's surface. It is safer to dwell within a planet.

"These people are not the only inhabitants of this region. There are others too, and I don't mean U.S. citizens, either. And they possess great knowledge which they use well." --- Umberto Y. Orsi., New York, N.Y.

The following account appeared on page 75 of the November, 1953 issue of FATE Magazine, and was titled, 'MYSTERY OF THE SINKING ROAD':

"In April, 1954, six miles south from New Castle, Pa., a section of Route 18 caved in, carrying with it telephone poles, road signs and grass on both sides of the road. The sinking left a 450-yard gap in the road with a huge pit 50 feet deep.

"The State Highway Department sent engineers from Harrisburg to determine the cause of the sinking and to repair it. The experts decided that a shifting clay stratum had caused the roadbed to sink and recommended that the hole be filled in.

"For a week 1600 cubic feet of filler material was poured into the hole -- 24,000 pounds altogether. The engineers were confident that they could fill the hole to the former road level -- but suddenly the sinking began again. The now road sank 50 feet.

"The State Highway Department gave up. It now appears that it will be necessary to build a bypass around this bottomless pit. The Pennsylvania Railroad already has closed its tracks nearby and rerouted traffic to another line."

The following story, titled 'SUBTERRANEAN TRAIN', appeared on page 74 of the March, 1956 issue of FATE magazine:

"In 1875 at Pueblo, Colo., a locomotive and several cars were derailed into quicksand. They sank out of sight almost at once. Workme later probed down to a depth of 50 feet -- but they never found the vanished train."

The following information appeared on pages 8-9 of the September, 1956 issue of FATE magazine:

"...It seems impossible to believe that these persistent reports, these frequent sightings, are hallucinations. But consider several other matters recently reported in the newspapers. What about these?

"Alfred Scadding of Kingswood Road, Toronto, Ont., (Canada) is the sole survivor of three men trapped in the famous 1936 Moose River Mine disaster. Recently Scadding made a confession to George Bryant of the 'Toronto Daily Star'.

"Minutes before the mine caved in, he said, he was on his way to join the others. 'I came to a cross-out, a tunnel running across the one I was in, and as I passed (I) looked left. I saw a small light, like a flashlight, about two feet from the ground and swinging as if in someone's hand, moving away from me.

"'Yet, as we later learned, there wasn't another human being down there at that time.'

"Bryant recalls the belief of older miners in the reality of gnomes. If they are seen it portends a big strike or a major disaster.

"'And two minutes after I saw that light the mine came in on us.'

"After they were trapped Scadding and Dr. Eddie Robinson, both conscious and apparently clear-headed, heard a sound like children playing off in the distance.

"'There was shouting and laughter, as of little people having fun,' he says. 'We both heard it so clearly we thought there was a vent to the surface. But there wasn't. It went on for 24 hours...' " (... following which they were rescued.)

In an article in UFO REVIEW., issue #91 (titled: 'The Bristol Hum'., Jon Douglas Singer, M.A., writes:

"...The idea of underground cities is not as far-

fetches as it might seem at first glance, because archaeologists have actually entered some and excavated a few of the tunnels!

"These are in Turkey, according to Dr. Ron, Anjard, who is an expert on subterranean cities for PURSUIT magazine - the journal of the 'Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained'., issue of Summer, 1978.

"One is at Derinkuyu, Turkey, and nearby are no less than 30 of the vast tunnel complexes. They had bedrooms... storage chambers, wine cellars, toilets, and kitchens. There were ventilation ducts and some cities even had tunnels connecting them to other nearby underground cities in a sort of precursor of the Manhattan subway system! One of the cities had as many as 100,000 people. Artifacts found in the city at Derinkuyu village dated the site to 2000 B.C.

"The floor plan of the cities couldn't be mapped in their entirety because a cataclysm caused cave-ins and flooding in the lowest levels. The name of the people who built the underground cities is unknown, and the names of the individual cities are lost. It appears that the unknown civilization was destroyed by the invading Hittite's, an Indo-European people whose horse-drawn war chariots and bronze battle-axes were superior to the weapons of the subterranean people. Later, the caves were briefly re-inhabited by Christian Byzantine Greeks who were fleeing from Arab and Turkish invaders.

"Anjard added that there were buried cities in France, his source being Erich Von Daniken. No details were given. He also stated that there were 44 ancient underground cities in North America, six being on the West Coast. No details were given, and Anjard's sources were anonymous American Indians..."

(Also, from the same article...)

"...Jets are probably not the cause of peculiar booming or rumbling noises that are heard in my own

state of Connecticut. The sounds are heard near the towns of East Haddam and Moodus, which is why local residents refer to them as 'Moodus Noises.' The very name 'Moodus' means, 'Land of Strange Noises' in the old Indian language. I first heard of the Moodus Noises while reading the books of Charles Fort, such as 'THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED', 'LO!', and 'NEW LANDS'. These accounts of odd phenomena were written in the 1920's, so I didn't think that the Moodus Noises were still known about or heard today.

"...There are caves on 'Cave Hill' outside Moodus where Indians once lived and where the witches once congregated, according to legend.

"Hobamake, the Indians' version of Satan, resided on Mt. Tom near Moodus and the Indians made pilgrimages there. The god Mackimoodus is reputed to live under the earth, where he sits on a great sapphire throne in a huge cavern..."

The News-story which follows appeared in the January 4, 1903 issue of the New York HERALD, Page 8. The full title and sub-title of the article was: "FAIL TO EXPLORE 'HAUNTED MINE' (Another Futile Effort to Enter Famous Shaft in Texas. HURLED FROM OPENING - Man Who Made Vain Trial Describes Astonishing Experience. - ALPINE, Texas, Saturday.):

"Another futile effort has just been made to explore the shaft and underground workings of the so-called haunted Refugee mine, in the Chispa Mountains, sixty miles southwest of here.

"The mine was worked by the Spaniards more than a century ago. It was abandoned and forgotten until about twenty years ago, when an American mining engineer, Henry Boyd, while looking up the title to a Mexican mining property, came across a mention of it in

the archives of the State of Coahuila, at Saltillo, Mexico.

"The records gave a careful description of the property and its location. They showed that it was worked for forty years prior to 1791, and that it produced during that time more than \$7,000,000 of silver ore.

"Accompanied by a Mexican guide, he left Saltillo for the Chispa Mountains. It was a long and fatiguing trip, and the two men experienced great hardships until they reached the little Mexican settlements along the Rio Grand south of here, where they made their headquarters while they made expeditions into the rough country north of there in search of the mine.

"The records showed in a general way where the mine was situated, but the exact spot could not be found until a Mexican sheepherder one day informed Boyd that he could show him the ruins of an ancient smelter. These ruins were situated in a deep canyon, and after a patient search Mr. Boyd came upon the mouth of the shaft.

Ladder Made of Hides

"A crude ladder, made of the hides of wild animals, still hung in the shaft, and other evidences of a sudden abandonment of the mine were seen. What occurred when Mr. Boyd attempted to explore the mine is told in a letter which he wrote to James E. Meade, who resided in San Antonio at that time, but has engaged in business here for several years. The letter said:

"'A horrible and most astonishing thing has happened to me when I attempted to explore the mine. My moze (servant), Pedro, let me down to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of about one hundred feet, by means of a rope.

"'The candle gave poor light, but I could see that a great deal of net ore still remained in the workings. I had started to explore one of the drifts, when a noise like the bursting of a thousand cannons sounded

in my ears and was followed by a terrific rush of air which came from the drift that I was about to enter.

"I was lifted off of my feet and thrown against the rock walls of the shaft with such force that I was badly bruised and almost knocked senseless. The rush of air gradually subsided, and as it did so there came echoing out of the murky drift one of the most piercing and plaintive cries I have ever heard.

"It was a wail that produced indescribable and uncontrollable terror in me. I fled for the rope, and - quickly tying it around my body, I yelled to the Mexican to draw me up.

"There was no response from above. I yelled and yelled, but Pedro did not come to the rope. I then realized that he had heard the mysterious demonstration and had fled in his superstitious terror.

"It was lucky that the rope was fastened to a mesquite trunk on the surface, as I was able to draw myself out of the shaft hand over hand, bracing my feet against the walls. Just as I reached the surface the underground phenomenon was repeated.

Mexican Five Miles Away

"My Mexican was found at the home of a sheepherder five miles away. The story that the mine is haunted has spread throughout the Mexican settlements here, and as I can get no one to help me, I have abandoned all hope of further exploring the wonderful mine at this time.'

"Mr. Boyd went to San Antonio to organize an expedition to undertake the work of exploring the mine. Before he had got his men together he died.

"Mr. Meade then took charge of the expedition. They spent three months at the mine, but only one attempt was made to explore the underground workings, and that experience was so terrifying that the men, including the Americans and Mexicans, threatened to leave if forced to make another effort.

"They sunk a shaft near the old one to a depth of

fifty feet, but the noises became so pronounced that the workmen refused to go on with it, and the whole project was abandoned.

"Since then many attempts have been made to explore the mine, but the experience has proved more than any man is willing to stand a second time.

"Captain Louis Sefton was at the head of the latest expedition to the haunted site. He is one of the most prominent stockmen in Texas and has a reputation for great courage. In a spirit of adventure, he left his ranch in Sutton county a few days ago for the mine, taking with him a half dozen of his cowboys.

"They let the rope ladder down into the old shaft, and Captain Sefton and two of his cowboys went down to the bottom. All was quiet, and they had just started to enter the drift when the phenomenon suddenly broke forth in all its fury.

"The three men were hurled with great force several feet and thrown repeatedly against the jagged rocks of the shaft. It was only with the greatest effort that they could climb to the surface. Their bodies were covered with bruises and their clothing was torn.

"'I am not superstitious,' Captain Sefton said, in describing his experiences, 'but if the interior of that mine is not an inferno occupied by hellish spirits I won't believe what I see with my own eyes hereafter.'

On page 47 of the Summer-1980 issue of 'THE NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL', there appeared an article written by Albert Roger, titled 'IS THERE A SHANGRI-LA IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS?':

"A report came out in the early 1940's of a small winding path that led up one of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado, I believe it was, and as the path neared the top of the hill, it turned to

continue on a level course onward. But - just where the path turned there was an outcropping of rock and shrubbery, and behind the rocks (and bushes) there was a small cave entrance. It was barely wide enough to squeeze oneself into, and the tunnel that started at the back of the cave ran straight into the mountain for a distance of about a quarter mile.

"This tunnel had several side exits and one of them led to an open valley that was entirely surrounded by the mountain, and was thus inaccessible from the outside, except by going through the tunnel. This open valley was described as a garden paradise, a veritable 'Shangri-La', as in it there grew trees, grass, all in abundance, and there was evidence of former habitants here, built in the fashion of the cliff-dwellers. Rooms and apartments hollowed out along the sides of the mountain, faced the hidden valley.

"The report also stated that some treasure in the form of jewels, gold bars and ancient coins were to be found there, but all this was then guarded by the Spirit of the Mountain. Those who discovered this place were sworn to secrecy, but it was predicted that, in coming decades ahead, all this would once more be revealed to man, revealed perhaps by some seismic disturbance such as an earthquake or landslide. The ancient Records say that such things are hidden at present because man is too materialistic, and too blind to the true values of the Spiritual Life.

"These tunnels are not natural formations, but were made by ancient man - using rock-dissolving rays... This network of tunnels can be found mostly inside and beneath the mountain chains that extend the length of the Americas, namely the Rocky Mountains AND the Andes, and there are also tunnels extending beneath the ocean beds and connecting several continents. The tunnels that connect South America to Antarctica may go through Rainbow City, which is located under the Antarctic Ice Cap (Note: Has this ancient outpost been accessed by

the secret Nazi colony who, it has been alleged, created a huge underground base-city under the Neu Schwabenland region of Antarctica, inhabited by several hundred-thousand Nazi's who fled the Allied defeat of Germany following World War II, a sub-city that was code-named the 'New Berlin'!? - Branton).

"Certain tunnels have been obliterated or blocked by natural disasters, in time past... There are predictions of Buddhist origin, stating that when the end of our present civilization comes, the people from inside the Earth will come to the surface... patterned, no doubt, after the underground civilization where they have lived for many millennia..."



CAVE AND TUNNEL ENTRANCES OF SOUTH AMERICA

Compiled by B. Alan Walton

#1 --- In his book "MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT SOUTH AMERICA", Harold T. Wilkins relates the following information, which appears on page 176:

"Fuentes, who lived about A.D. 1689, and wrote an unpublished manuscript history of Guatemala, speaks of the amazingly large and ancient towns -- inhabited by an unknown and long vanished race -- found there by the conquistadores.

He says:

"The marvelous structure of the tunnels (subterranean) of the pueblo of Puchuta, being of the most firm and solid cement, runs and continues through the interior of the land for the prolonged distance of nine leagues to the pueblo of Tecpan, Guatemala. It is a proof of the power of these ancient kings and their vassals."

"He gives no hint of the uses to which these amazing tunnels - more than thirty miles long, on the basis of the old Castellón league - were built by these ancient races of old America.

"It may be, too, that the great tunnel of the Incas had a branch - an underground way leading under the forests - eastwards of Cuzco, in the very direction taken by Inca Tupac Amaru, his army and his host of camp-following refugees, in the late sixteenth century?

"May be, the fleeing Peruvians vanished into these mysterious tunnels and left only the whispering leaves of the trees of the dense green forests, as mute witnesses to their secret exits?"

#2 --- This following Indian tradition appears on pages 8 and 14 of "YUPA FOLKTALES", by Johannes Wilbert:

"The Yupa Indians, who live on the Sierra de Perija mountain range of Venezuela, have their own legend of the underworld:

"Below the plane of the earth, according to Pariri cosmology, there exists an underworld inhabited by a race of dwarfs - the Pipintu. The Indians claim to have obtained their knowledge of this place through the eye-witness account of a man who, trapped in a funerary cave, managed to escape by way of the entrance to this underworld... the natural environment of the Land of the Dwarfs does not differ markedly from the Yupa habitat on earth... They are friendly, honest, peace-loving people..."

#3 --- In his book, "SECRET CITIES OF OLD SOUTH AMERICA", Harold T. Wilkins gives an interesting account of a lake that is often worshiped by the native inhabitants of Columbia. The story appears on pages 201-202 of his book:

"The temples and sanctuaries most celebrated of all the Mosca (Muysca or Chibcha) nation of the province of Nueva Granada, were those of Sogamoso, Bogota and Chia, the lake of Fuquene, and the lake of Guatavita, that is distant two leagues from that pueblo, between very high hills; with so much beauty and so level a formation has Nature created it, that the water stretches for more than a league around. It is so very deep and so crystalline and limpid that a straw that fell into it sent out circles even to the edges of the strand..."

"Humboldt visited the mystic lake, about 1830. I have already given his impression (in a page,

supra). Eight years later, Captain Charles Stuart Cochrane, R.N., was there, and he tells a very interesting story:

"An old Spaniard, sounding in the centre of the lake, drew up with the lead a small branch of a tree, in the mud round which was a golden image, worth 100 dollars. About the summit of the cone which forms the lagoon is an ancient Indian road, now quite neglected and overgrown with brushwood and trees.

"On the edge of the cone we saw two of the sepulchres of the caciques, hewn out of sandstone rock. And there is said to be a cave connected with the worship of the Lagoon of Guatavita, at the entrance of which is said to have once been standing two golden figures, large as life. A Spanish soldier, who first wandered to the place, cut off one of the fingers, when he was seen and attacked by natives. He was wounded and hardly made his escape.

"Having told what he had seen to a large body of Spaniards, they went well armed to the spot, but found neither figures nor cave. The Indians, hearing that a strong force was on the way, cleverly stopped up the cave and threw the golden statues into the lake.

"And as that lake is 1,000 yards wide and very deep, those gold statues have never been found!"

#4 --- The book "THE MYSTERIES OF THE ANDES", by Robert Charroux, contains an unusual story about two Venezuelan volcanoes which have been subjected to secret scientific investigations. Page's 106-108 has the following:

"The Agartha, that mysterious underground

kingdom that, according to the writer Ossendowski, lies under the Himalayas, is now in South America if we are to believe certain traditions. It was perhaps this South American Agarthia that Harry Gibson, a Venezuelan pilot, saw during a routine flight in 1964, at the bottom of two craters in the jungle somewhere between the Sierra Maigualida and the Orinoco River.

"It is a strange story, and one would be tempted to place it in the same category as reports of imaginary kingdoms -- El Dorado, Paititi, Moricz's tunnel - if it had not been taken very seriously by two respected archaeologists, David Nott Rofi Liverpool and Charles Brewer Carias of Caracas, assisted by Venezuelan Air Force and ten scientists from different nations.

"The craters are near the sources of the rivers Caura and Ventuari, and two mountains known as Pava and Masiati, at the edge of the Sierra Pacaraima. The volcanoes have been extinct for thousands... of years, so scientists hope to find plant and animal life in them that has long since disappeared from the rest of the world.

"In January 1974 a first three-member team went down into one of the craters, about a thousand feet deep and twelve hundred feet wide. They brought back living plants and animals of species that were either unknown or had been thought extinct since the Mesozoic.

"The two craters are connected by an underground passage nearly a mile long. According to unverified rumors, it is still in use, because traces of recent activity were found in it.

"So much for the openly announced part of the discovery. The most important results are being kept secret by the Venezuelan scientific authorities, for mysterious reasons. This secrecy has given rise to private inquiries among the

people living in surrounding mountains, whose local names are Jaua-Jidi and Sari Inama-Jidi. Fantastic legends concerning the mystery of the two craters have been gathered...

"The region of Jaua-Jidi is a dense, very sparsely inhabited forest. It has been difficult for Venezuelan investigators to make contact with the primitive people who live there. They shun outsiders, speak an unknown language and do not understand Spanish. Half-breeds from the town of Esmeralda, on the Orinoco, have been able to approach them, however.

"'Strange people wearing strange clothes have been seen several times in the forest of Jaua-Jidi,' one of them reported. 'They seem unwilling to approach the Indians and they venture only a short distance away from the craters. Their skin is the color of yellowed ivory; they have big eyes, like a jaguar's, and long hair of different colors. They seem fearful and run away whenever they hear an unusual sound. They are thought to live at the bottoms of the craters and in vast underground rooms, with secret entrances in the forest.'

"Other reports would seem to indicate that the people of the 'Kingdom of Two Craters' are in almost constant contact with space beings, but it should be pointed out that sightings of flying saucers are more common in Central and South America than any where else in the world.

"The Indians of the forest say that at night the trees on the rim of each volcano are illuminated by a soft green light that apparently comes from the bottom. Occasionally something that looks like a 'little round airplane' comes out of the darkness, enters the green halo and disappears into the volcano.

"Two or three nights before David Nott, Brewer Carias, G. Dunsterville and their companions came

to the site, intensified activity by the flying 'things' was observed. They were as numerous as a swarm of bees but, perhaps because of their distance from the observers, they flew without making any discernible sound.

"The Indians felt that the strange people were receiving heavy reinforcements, or else that they were moving out before the archaeologists came. In any case they left little trace of their presence in the underground passages, but enough to give convincing evidence that their existence is not a myth. The Indians believe that the 'Kingdom of Two Craters' extends under the mountains and that, for the time being, its entrances are tightly closed.

"In Lima Zizi Ghenea told me that a little forest of trees extinct everywhere else grew inside the caves and the craters, and that in it lived animals from the Tertiary.

"What is strange about the whole affair, in which legend is mingled with fact, is the Venezuelan governments' inexplicable silence and secrecy in which the expedition's report has been kept.

#5 --- Page 119 of Harold Osborne's book "SOUTH AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY", tells of one of the legends of the Tupari Indians, who live up the Rio Branco (or Parima) river. This river eventually merges with the Rio Negro and is to be found in the upper Mato Grosso region of Brazil. A young Swiss ethnologist, Franz Casper, learned of the following Tuparian tradition when he visited the tribe in 1948:

"...Long ago there were no Tupari or other men. Our ancestors lived under the ground where the sun never shines... Then the men began to stream out in great hordes... Many men remained inside the earth.

They are called 'Kinno' and still live there.

"One day, when (most of) the people of the earth have died, the Kinno will come out of the ground here. But the men whom Aroteh had let out of the earth did not find room in the same place. We Tupari remained here, the others wondered far away in all directions. They are our neighbors: the Arikapu, Yabuti, Makurap, Arua, and all other tribes."

Similar legends can be found on pages 265-266 of Daniel G. Brinton's book, "MYTHS OF THE NEW WORLD":

"...This cavern, which thus lingered in the memories of nations, frequently expanded to a nether world, imagined to underlie this of ours, and still inhabited by beings of our kind, who have never been lucky enough to discover its exit.

"According to a myth extensively disseminated among the Caribs, Arawacks, Warraus, Carayas and other South American tribes, in the beginning of things sky and earth were as one, and man abode within the earth in a joyous realm, where death and disease were unknown, and even the trees never rotted but lived on forever.

"One day the ruler of that happy realm walking forth discovered the surface of the world as we know it, but returning warned his people that though sunlight was there, so also were decay and death. Some, however, went thither, and the present unhappy race of men are their descendants, while others dwell in gladness far below..."

#6 --- Pages 90-91 of Harold T. Wilkins' book,

"SECRET CITIES OF OLD SOUTH AMERICA", carries a story of a strange underground city beneath northern Brazil:

"The dead cities of gold and mystery lie, as one has said, round the littoral of the old Maranon-Amazon basin, and on the uplands of proto-South America. Many of the expeditions to one region of the unknown, both European and American... and including that of the lost explorer Irwin have been to the little known territory, watered by the branch of the Amazon tributaries, lying between Obidos and Santarem on the west, and Almereiran on the east, at the embouchure of this mighty waterway. Out of this terra incognita will one day come some startling discoveries. In these, an airship or multi-engined aeroplane will play a valiant part, as the Latin-Americans would say.

"Somewhere in the north of this region, running from the slopes of mostly unknown and unexplored sierras of the Tumac-Humac and the Parairaima, is a great prehistoric highway known as the Inca Way. It apparently linked this territory of gold, gems and ancient mysteries with what was later the Inca Empire of Quito and Cuzco.

"Dense bush and far-spreading forests and jungles, beset with fierce Indians who use blow-pipes and poisoned arrows, cover up much of this ancient imperial highway, whose makers may be coeval with the old Atlantean empire of South America (many of these ancient highways were built long before the Inca civilization came into existence).

"Deep within this region, at a point where a number of affluents merge, and on the fringes of that mysterious land of Oyapoc where lived the Conoris, or white Amazons of Sir Walter Raleigh's day, is one of a number of dead cities of

megalthic date (Compare this following story with the account of another dead city in Chapter 1.).

"The jungle Indians, who shun the place as taboo and sacred, say that gold ingots lie in the dust of the dead city. They say it has pillars in naves of ancient temples and great buildings, grey and weathered with extreme age, that blaze with gold and sacerdotal jewels.

"Around the pillars and the friezes may be seen many hieroglyphic and bizarre letters of no known race. One of these dead cities, far within the forest, and near the slopes of the sierras, is approached by a great stairway of many steps going down, between walls of a towering cliff, to an immense cavern or subterranean.

"The stairway is cut into the solid rock and is slippery with fungi and dripping with dank moisture.

"As one nears the bottom of the stairway, which at this point is inscribed with strange glyphs, one hears the roaring of tumultuous waters. A rushing river goes underground through the middle of the subterranean into a tunnel of more than a mile in length. The roof comes down, and over the lip of a great crack in the rocks, the waters rush into a catadupa -- waterfall -- at the bottom of which is a maelstrom. None knows what lies beyond.

"Clearly, the spot is very dangerous. It is probable that, beyond this tunnel, lies the dead city... which is said to be about three miles long. The story sounds like a South American version of one of the late Sir Rider Haggard's novels. Attempts have been made by daring explorers to find the way into the dead city, where, as said, is much gold and many rich jewels, but all have been baffled.

"Within the subterranean approach there is a hole in the cavern floor at the bottom of which is

a quadrate-shaped chamber, clearly of man's make, in which round the walls are numbers of oblong niches. These niches are for four fifths of their height walled up with stones neatly laid on each other and cut by skilled masons."

Chapter 1 of the same book, pp. 23-24 carries a similar story:

"...Here is an account of one in a remote region of Brazilian Guiana, which I take from a travel diary of my own:

"I hear of a place where three streams unite and spread out in the waters of a large and deep lago (lake). I am told that some of the "rare plucked uns" among the New York Four Hundred, young men and pretty girls, have visited this place. One knows when one is in the neighborhood, for one hears, coming through the aisles of the deep forests, a roar of thunderous reverberations. It is one of the catadupas which frequently figure in the accounts of the travels of the hardy, valiant bandeiristas into the Geraes and the Goyaz and the Matto Grosso, in the eighteenth century.

"...Waters vanish over a lip of rock into a great cavity. Here, a great hole yawns in the earth. Close by, many lichened and grey stone steps of a very ancient stairway, 'half as old as Time', like the red rose city of Petraea, are cut in rock of black basalt.

"Reaching the bottom of this stairway, one is startled to find unknown glyphs, or, as they seem to be, ancient and unknown letters cut in the rock, which is dank with the spray of the falling waters. One passes into an immense cavern where the air is fresh and cool. Looking up, one sees that the roof is pierced with ancient ventilation shafts, as it might be of a Great Western railroad tunnel in the west of England.

"`...Inside the great cavern, under an archway, one hears an underground stream roaring into the darkness, which is Stygian. No forest Indians will visit the place. But if one can obtain a canoe, one can paddle in the deep darkness to a point where the walls close in, and the roof comes down as in Edgar Allan Poe's Pit and the Pendulum, in the dungeons of the old Dominican Inquisition in Toledo. Dangerous eddies appear and white foaming waters roar over the brink of a whirlpool.

"`...One of the war-time frogmen might try his luck beyond, but he had better be accompanied!

"`...Off the main cave a labyrinth of passages branches out. It is anyone's guess what lies beyond the maze. But one passage leads into an eerie mausoleum. Here, in wall-niches around, human skeletons are walled up. Above each partition, however, peers a grinning skull!

"`Who are these guardians of this mysterious buaca? Why were they walled up, and when? On a frieze, or fresco, over each skeleton, strange hieroglyphs are carved deeply in the rock, or they may be signs of some unknown and ancient syllabary. No one knows if this weird buaca contains hidden treasures, nor what purpose it served. The forest Indians whisper that, if one follows the right path through the maze of passages, one will finally emerge into the grey ruins of a city of the long dead.'"

In his book "THE COMING RACE", Edward Bulwer Lytton seems to support the idea of dead cities underground which have been abandoned by the ancient inhabitants thousands of years ago as they sought for other lands (above or below the surface) where they could re-settle.

The following quote comes from chapter IX of his book:

"...A band of the ill-fated race, thus invaded (had) taken refuge in caverns amidst the loftier rocks, and, wandering through these hollows, they lost sight of the upper world forever.

"Indeed, the whole face of the earth had been changed by this great revolution; land had been turned into sea, sea into land. In the bowels of the inner earth even now, I was informed as a positive fact, might be discovered the remains of human habitation, -- habitation not in huts and caverns, but in vast cities whose ruins attest the civilization of races which flourished before the age of Noah (and perished with the flood), and are not to be classified with those genera to which philosophy ascribes the use of flint and ignorance of iron."

#7 --- Pages 1-6 of Erich Von Daniken's book, "THE GOLD OF THE GODS", tells of the remarkable discovery of a vast system of tunnels under Ecuador and Peru, which have only been little explored and which contain ancient treasures of a long vanished civilization:

"...To me this is the most incredible, fantastic story of the century. It could easily have come straight from the realms of Science Fiction if I had not seen and photographed the incredible truth in person.

"What I saw was not the product of dreams or imagination, it was real and tangible.

"A gigantic system of tunnels, thousands of miles in length and built by unknown constructors at some unknown date, lies hidden deep below the

South American continent. Hundreds of miles of underground passages have already been explored and measured in Ecuador and Peru. That is only the beginning, yet the world knows nothing about it.

"On July 21, 1969, Juan Moricz, an Argentine subject (resident), deposited a legal title-deed signed by several witnesses with Dr. Gustavo Falconi, a notary in Guayaquil. The deed sets out Moricz's claim to be the discoverer of the tunnels as far as the Republic of Ecuador and posterity are concerned. I had this document, which was written in Spanish, translated by a UN interpreter. I quote the most important parts of it at the beginning of this incredible story of mine:

"'Juan Moricz, Argentine citizen by naturalization, born in Hungary, Passport No. 4361689...

"'I have discovered objects of great cultural and:-historical value to mankind in the Province of Morons-Santiago, within the boundaries of the Republic of Ecuador.

"'The objects consist mainly of metal plaques inscribed with what is probably a resume of the history of a lost civilization, the very existence of which was unsuspected by mankind hitherto. The objects are distributed among various caves and are of many different kinds. I was able to make my discovery in fortunate circumstances ... In my capacity as a scholar, I was carrying out research into the folklore ... ethnological and linguistic aspects of Ecuadorian tribes...

"'The objects I found are of the following kinds:

"'1. Stone and metal objects of different sizes and colors.

"'2. Metal plaques (leaves) engraved with signs and writing.

"'These form a veritable metal library which

might contain a synopsis of the history of humanity, as well as an account of the origin of mankind on earth and information about a vanished civilization.

"'The fact of my discovery has made me the legal owner of the metal plaques and other objects in accordance with Article 665 of the Civil Code.

"'However, as I am convinced that the objects, which were not found on my own land, are of incalculable cultural value, I refer to (the next article), according to which the treasure I discovered remains my personal property, but subject to State control.

"'I beg you, most excellent President of the Republic, to appoint a scientific commission to verify the contents of this document and assess the value of the finds...

"'I am prepared to show such a commission the exact geographical position and site of the entrance, as well as the objects I have discovered so far...'

"Moricz stumbled on the underground passages in June, 1965, during his research work, in which he was ably assisted by Peruvian Indians who acted as skillful intermediaries between him and their tricky fellow tribesmen. Being cautious by nature and skeptical as befitting a scholar, he kept silent for three years.

"Not until he had covered many miles of underground passages and found all kinds of remarkable objects did he ask President Velasco Ibarra for an audience in the spring of 1968. But the President of a country in which nearly all his predecessors had been deposed by rebellions before the expiry of their term in office, had no time for this lone wolf with his incredible tale of discovery. The palace flunkies found the obstinate

archaeologist very charming and assured him, after long delays, that the President would be glad to receive him in a few month's time, but Moricz was finally told he could not have an audience until 1969. Disillusioned and embittered he withdrew to his subterranean retreat.

"The secret entrance to the hidden tunnel system, which is guarded by hostile Indians, is situated within the triangle formed by the three towns of Gualaquiza, San Antonio and Yaupi in the province of Morona-Santiago."

#8 --- Alexander Von Humboldt's book "VIEWS OF NATURE", carries an account of the subterranean cavities beneath Cajamarca, Peru on pp.412-413:

"...Besides the family of Astorpilea, with whom I became acquainted in Caxamarca (now Cajamarca), the families of Carquaraicos and Titu-Buscamayea were, at the time I visited Peru, regarded as descendants of the Inca dynasty. The race of Buscamayea has since that time been extinct.

"The son of the Cacique Astorpilea, an interesting and amiable youth of seventeen, conducted us over the ruins of the ancient palace. Though living in the utmost poverty, his imagination was filled with images of the subterranean splendor and the golden treasures which, he assured us, lay hidden beneath the heaps of rubbish over which we were treading. He told us that one of his ancestors once blindfolded his wife, and then, through many intricate passages cut in the rock, led her down into the subterranean gardens of the Inca.

"There the lady beheld, skillfully imitated in the purest gold, trees laden with leaves and fruit, with birds perched on their branches. Among other

things, she saw Atahualpa's gold sedan-chair (una de las undas) which had been so long searched for in vain, and which is alleged to have sunk in the basin at the Baths of Pultamarca. The husband commanded his wife not to touch any of these enchanted treasures, reminding her that the period fixed for the restoration of the Inca empire (in 2023 AD, according to some sources/records!? - Branton) had not yet arrived...

"Golden gardens, such as those alluded to (Jardines o huertas de oro), have been described by various writers who allege that they have actually seen them; viz., by Cieza de Leon, Parmento, Garcilaso, and other early historians of the Conquista. They are said to exist beneath the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, at Caxamarca, and in the lovely valley of Yucay, which was a favorite seat of the sovereign family."

#9A --- The following letter appeared on pages 168-171 of the June 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine. I will quote a section of it here:

"Sirs: ...In regard to the underground passages at Cuzco, I have been told again and again by natives and some foreign investigators that there are subterranean passages in the neighborhood of Cuzco which are still guarded. Men have actually been known to try to enter these passages and either disappear or turn up dead. Rather than attribute this to deros (this is not sarcasm, as I find Shaverism very much worthy of study) I would attribute it to the zeal of the Indians to guard the treasures of the past to which they feel they are rightful heirs.

"Separately, someday, I hope to present a

treatise on why I believe the Treasure of the Incas exists today near Cuzco and that it could not be valued at much less than seventy-five millions of dollars, but that is a lengthy subject. There is much to support the possibility of the existence of the underground passages to which Mr. Hansen refers, because, among other evidences, it is known that the Incas had secret ways of traveling great distances under ground. A friend of mine (a Peruvian miner with twenty years of experience among the Quichua Indians in the Andean highlands) has actually discovered the entrance to one of these royal passages.

"The floor is paved with tile. He wet back as far as he could go without suffocating. The air is too stale and there is considerable danger of cave-ins. The Incas were very clever, but I don't believe at all that they had the means to bore tunnels for thousands of miles through the mountains. Rather, if they covered such distances underground, it can only mean that their man-made passages were only entrances into a series of caverns. After earthquakes in the hills and in Lima (as long as twenty minutes after) you can sometimes hear subterranean rumblings, as though the sound were the result of subterranean landslides in deep caverns below.

"Indeed one time in Lima I heard a subterranean landslide without the accompaniment of earthquake. The ground merely vibrated in a light and curious fashion for perhaps a minute, to the accompaniment of the muffled, subterranean sound of sliding rocks. Ask the Indians in the hills. They'll tell you at once about the rumblings under ground..." - Marx Kaye., Lima, Peru, S.A.

#9B --- The following letter appeared in the Feb. 1948 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on pages 164-165. This letter by Mr. Rhoden appeared right after Mr. (L. Taylor) Hansen's:

"My dear Mr. Star: In answer to your letter published in the December issue of AMAZING STORIES, I wish to answer the statements you make concerning my facts. You seem to think that I am not telling the truth, even though you graciously admit that I tell 'lies with ability.'

"First as to Pizarro's name. I doubt if I misspelled it. However, I have always thought it should be spelled with two z's as that would hiss so much better. I have never admired the swineherd turned conqueror. Living so much closer to the territory of his misdeeds, do you? Honestly? However, as the wish is so often the father of to the deed, it is possible I did misspell Pizarro. I do know better.

"Next, and the most important fact. You state: 'There are no tunnels in Peru and never has the government looked for them. The legend about Atahualpa's treasures is not as Mr. Gaddis relates it... The treasure, the most important being a golden chair, were hidden in some lake in the mountains and not in secret tunnels'.

"I believe that a part of this statement refers to what I said and not to Mr. Gaddis. I admit of course, that parts of the treasures were hidden in lakes. However, part may have been hidden in secret tunnels for such tunnels do exist in Peru. For this statement I quote to you from no less authority than Dr, Wm. M. McGovern.

"Dr. McGovern, author of 'Jungle Trails and Inca Ruins,' has the following qualifications: He is a Ph.D. from the University of London. Also Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Assistant

Curator of South American Ethnology in the Field Museum of Natural History, University of London, and the respected author of many books.

"Concerning the tunnels in Peru, he has the following to say on page 438 of his entertaining 'Jungle Trails' while describing the ancient fortress Saksawaiman (or 'Sachsahuaman' - Branton):

"'Near the fortress are several strange caverns reaching far into the earth. Here alters to the gods of the deep were carved out of the living rock, and the many bones scattered about tell of the sacrifices which were offered up. The end of one of these caverns, Chincana, has never been found. It is supposed to communicate by a long underground passage with the Temple of the Sun in the heart of Cuzco. In the cavern is supposed to be hidden a large part of the golden treasure of the Inca Emperors, which was stored away lest it fall into the hands of the Spaniards. But the cavern is so large and so complicated, and so manifold are its passages that its secret has never been uncovered.

"'One man indeed is said to have found his way underground to the Sun Temple, and when he emerged, to have two golden bars in his hand. But his mind had been affected by days of blind wandering in the subterranean caves, and he died almost immediately afterward.

"'Since that time many have gone into the cavern never to return again. Only a month or two before my arrival the disappearance of three prominent people in the Inca cave caused the Prefect of the Province of Cuzco to wall in the mouth of the cavern, so the secrets and treasures of the Incas seem likely to remain undiscovered for the present.'

"By his use of the words 'said' and 'supposed',

McGovern here keeps his facts separated from his theories, as the scientific mind should.

"As Mr. Palmer so ably pointed out, in his answer to your letter, I try to be specific in my articles, and draw a sharp line between fact and theory, no matter how plausible the later may be. I envy you your residence in this land of Peru, which is apparently the site of man's first great civilizations."

--- L. Taylor Hansen

(Well, there's one answer to Mr. Star, and the next letter is another! - Ed.) - [Note: The 'editor' of AMAZING STORIES at the time was Raymond A. Palmer, or 'RAP' - Branton]

#9C --- "Sirs: I have read EVERY issue of AMAZING STORIES, since the middle of 1945. I have enjoyed the magazine very much, however, I think you publish too much bunk which you try to pass off as absolute truth.

"In your December, 1947, issue you had a letter from a Mr. Marcial P. Star, of Lima, Peru. It seems that Senor Star is calling several of your authors 'liars.' I thought I might be able to shed some light on the controversy.

"Please understand: I am not interested in anyone's opinions, I am only interested in facts.

"I do not care to attest to the veracity of the statements of Messrs. Gaddis, Kaye, Hansen, etc. Nor do I wish to be interpreted that I am trying to make a 'liar' out of Senor Star. However, I believe that I may be able to offer information which you do not seem to have available.

"I forgot just which tunnels Mr. Gaddis was referring to, however, in all fairness to Mr.

Gaddis, and to keep Senor Star's statement from being taken in the wrong light, I feel compelled to make the statement that THERE ARE CAVES IN PERU -- IN FACT, THERE IS EXCELLENT REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THERE ARE ALSO TUNNELS IN PERU!

"Senor Star makes the affirmation that the Peruvian government has 'never' looked for said tunnels. I do not know whether they have or not. I do know, though, that the government does know they are in existence. I, too, have heard of the 'falling stones.' However, these sounds were heard in the vicinity of Cuzco! These caves -- or, 'tunnels' -- are known to be in existence, the entrance of one is located on a hill about a quarter of a mile from Cuzco.

"A number of years ago the government sealed up the entrance to this cave, after several persons had become lost after entering it. There is said to be several exits, of which at least one is supposed to be under the 'church' in Cuzco. It is said that the Incas used (these) tunnels to hide gold in while the Spaniards were searching for said gold... At least one expedition has entered this tunnel in search of the fabled gold. I believe that they had no luck whatever.

"In proof of my assertions I offer the following: 'Treasure and Treasure Hunting,' and other books by Harold T. Wilkins; 'Caves and Treasures in Latin America' (I've forgotten the author's name).

"At the time that I first heard of these caves I wrote to the Peruvian embassy in Washington, and to the American Geological Society, both of these sources informed me that such caves DO exist.

"I have a list of books on the subject, none of which I have bothered to read. However, if there is still any doubt as to the existence of these caves I'll be glad to write an article for AMAZING

STORIES covering this subject.

"I'll quote ONLY irrefutable evidence. As I said before, I am not interested in opinions -- I WANT FACTS! I BELIEVE THAT I CAN OFFER PROOF. ANYBODY INTERESTED?

"--- Joseph R. Rhoden, Jr., 1244 North Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

(Well, that ought to prove something! At least, we can definitely say that Shaver-type caves do exist in Peru -- that is, caves and tunnels built by an ancient race. - Ed.)" [Raymond A. Palmer., or, "R.A.P."]

#9D --- One interesting legend which 'may' give a clue as to how the Inca race 'originated' into Peru, is recorded on page 42 of Harold Osborne's book "SOUTH AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY". The legend/tradition is as follows:

"...The first version tells of a cliff with three small cave mouths, or a building with three exits, about twenty miles from the present city of Cuzco (Peru). It was called Paccari-tambo (Inn of origin) or Tambotocco (place of the hole). In prehistoric times four brothers and four sisters, who were to be the founders of the Inca dynasty, emerged from the middle orifice. Their names and numbers are differently given. According to some versions the ancestors of other non-royal Inca clans emerged from the other two orifices."

Later on in this book, there is a particular legend which states that after the ancestors of the Incas emerged from the caves, they passed through two areas known as "Apitay" and "Huana Cauri" while on their way to the present city of Cuzco, which many

believe to be the 'birthplace' of the Inca civilization.

#9E --- The following letter appeared in the September, 1945 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on page 175:

"Sirs: Near the city of Cuzco stands an old Incan fort, Sacsahuaman. In one spot amidst the crumbling stones is a low dark opening leading into the bowels of the earth. In the year 1850 or '51, seven students of the Cuzco University entered the forbidding dark hole. That was the last that was ever seen of them. The authorities then ordered the entrance walled up..."

--- Miss Eleanore Kramer., 1239 W. 32nd Pl., Chicago 8, Illinois

#9F --- Pages 95-96 of "THE MYSTERIES OF THE ANDES", by Robert Charroux, carries the following related story:

"The mystery of socabons (tunnels and underground rooms) is not limited to South America, but in Peru it belongs to tradition in the same way as lost treasures, the Incas, and secret cities.

"At Ilo, a rock bearing mysterious writing, now almost entirely effaced, is said to reveal the entrance to the socabon that leads to the lost world of the ancients. Powerful occult defenses protect the mysterious world, where gold and precious stones abound.

"Such legends circulate all over the country, and the Peruvians are particularly fond of them. It

is said that a vast underground passage goes from Lima to Cuzco and that the ancient capital of the Incas is connected to the fortress of Sacsahuaman, which overlooks the city, by socabons forming a labyrinth in which the treasure of the Incas is hidden. I can readily believe in that secret sanctuary where Huascar, the last of the lawful Inca rulers, buried the wealth of his kingdom when the greedy Spaniards invaded the empire and crossed -- the devil knows how -- the 'uncross able' Andes.

"The entrance to the labyrinth was in the Moyoc Marca, a kind of stronghold that rose from the center of the fortress. A priestly caste composed of members of the Council of Elders had charge of the underground city. The network of passages was so ingeniously designed that not even the king -- the Inca -- could go into the city without being guided.

"The heart of the labyrinth was an immense cavern where an abundant spring had its origin."

#9G --- Pages 169-179 of Harold T. Wilkins' book, "MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT SOUTH AMERICA", contain the following interesting statements:

"...It was only, says Madame Blavatskey, by interpreting the mystic signs - invisible except when the sun's rays struck them at a certain angle, at a certain hour of the day, in the old Sun Temple of Cuzco - that one might learn the secret of the tunnels and how and where they might be entered.

"One of the approaches to the great tunnels lay, and still lies, near old Cuzco, 'but it is masked beyond discovery'. This hidden approach leads into an immense 'subterranean', which runs from Cuzco to Lima, as the crow flies, a distance

of 380 miles! Then, turning southwards, the great tunnel extends into what, until about 1868, was modern Bolivia, around 900 miles!

"At a certain point the tunnel cuts into and is intersected by a 'royal', inside which, with all the ingenuity employed by the old priestly architects and engineers of ancient Egypt, when they wished to trap tomb-robbers of the Pharaohs, thousands of years ago, the ancient Inca (?) engineers had contrived two cunningly arranged doors, consisting of two enormous slabs of carved stone, pivoted to turn and close so tightly that one can see not the faintest sign of crack or join. In fact, their position can be discerned on the sculptured walls of the royal subterranean mausoleum only by reading secret signs whose key is in the possession of hereditary custodians (It is whispered that the old caste of custodians of these wonderful tunnels and their secrets, has not died out, even today, in 1945).

"One of these pivoted, turning slabs, so cleverly sculptured and invisibly hinged, conceals the southern mouth of the branch of the tunnel leading to Lima. The other masks the southern entrance to the great tunnel to the former Bolivian end. This former Bolivian corridor (today located in Chili) runs southwards, passing through Tarapaca and Cobijo, which are in modern Chili. It must then turn eastwards, passing through or under the cordillera and, skirting the mysterious Atacama desert, of Northern Chili, itself... This Atacama desert (was) the home of curious remains of subterranean type, and even in the late seventeenth century rendezvous of a gang of pirates who call themselves 'Brethren of the Black Flag' (who) used five languages to hide their movements, and who left a bundle of musty and faded documents in code, found in 1934, in Santiago, about a cache they made

here, in this weird desert.

"...Tunnels and labyrinths have played a mysterious part in ancient civilizations in the regions of what may wrongly be called the older worlds of Asia and Europe and Africa. Who can say what the ancient priest-emperors of old Peru knew of, or had inherited, from these vanished civilizations which are not even a name, or more than a faint and ghostly shadow? An ancient tradition of Brahmanic Hindustan speaks of a large island of 'unparalleled beauty' which, in very ancient times, lay in the middle of a vast sea in Central Asia, north of what is now the Himalayas. A race of Nephilim, or men of a golden age, lived in the island, but there was no communication between them and the mainland, except through tunnels, radiating in all directions, and many hundreds of miles long. These tunnels were said to have hidden entrances in old ruined cities in India -- such as the ancient remains of Ellore, Elephanta, and the Ajunta caverns in the Chandore range.

"...A startling clue, gained in a very peculiar and romantic manner, to one of the purposes of these mysterious tunnels, and which is directly concerned with the mysterious stone city in the Lancandones territory, of which I have written elsewhere, came in the course of a chance talk between a very old Peruvian -- a Quichua Indian -- and the same well-known mystic and American woman traveler, the late Madame Helena P. Blavatskaya (also spelled 'Blavatsky' - Branton), who, as one sees, was journeying through the mountains of Peru, in 1851 or 1853. The old Peruvian had passed all his life vainly trying to conceal his hatred toward the official Peruvians, and the Spanish conquerors. He called them brigands.

"'I keep friends with them, these bandidos'" he said, 'and their Catholic missionaries, for the

sake of my own people. But I am as much a worshiper of the sun as if I had lived in the days of our murdered emperor, the Inca Atahualpa. Now, as a converted native and missionary, I once took a journey to Santa Cruz del Quiche (in Western Guatemala), and, when there, I went to see some of MY people by a subterranean passage leading into a mysterious city behind the cordilleras. Herein, it is death for any white man to trespass...'

"Said Madame Blavatskaya:

"'We believe his story, as it is corroborated, elsewhere, by Stephens in his Travels. Besides, a man who is about to die will rarely stop to invent idle stories.'

"...One day, says the Indians, the wheel of life, or cycle of events, will come full circle, and the ancient people will return and re-introduce a golden age. (As one has seen, millennial prophecies of this kind are common all over the regions where the 'Atlantean' Central and South American empire once held sway.)"

#9H --- Pages 163-164 of "Mysteries of Ancient South America", by Harold T. Wilkins, also carries the following story of an Incan treasure hoard below Cuzco:

"...In the archives at Cuzco, I have seen an old, yellowed parchment, insect-bitten, as is the way in these countries, written by one Felipe de Pomares. He tells a romantic story about a Inca hoard of Arabian Nights' splendor and variety, sealed up somewhere in or under the ancient fortress of Cuzco, on the Sachsahuaman Hill.

"Carlos Inca, a descendant of an Inca emperor,

had married a Spanish lady, Dona Maria Esquivel, who did not think he was ambitious enough on getting on as he ought, and did not keep her in the style she deemed befitting her rank, or his descent from kings.

"'You may call yourself Inca -- a lord, or hidalgo -- but you are only a poor Indian,' she one day twitted him.

"Carlos, who did not rule his poultry run in the way advised by old Spanish hidalgos, or, yesterday, by ex-Wilhelm II, Rex et Imperator of Prussia and the German Reich, that is, as cock of the walk, was content to keep oviedos (sheep) and alpacas, and not worry about gold of any origin.

"She somehow found out that he knew where great treasures were hidden. The poor Carlos was plagued, night and day, until, to gain a night's peace, he consented to blindfold his wife, and, later at night, led her out into the patio of the old hacienda.

"Under the cold light of the stars, when all around were asleep, and no unseen eye was on the watch, he took her by the shoulders, and, although she was exposing him to serious risk of prison, or torture in Cuzco, twirled her round three times. Then, deeming she had become disoriented, he led her down some steps into a concealed vault in or under the fortress (the ancient Inca fortress of 'Sachsahuaman').

"He removed the bandages, and Dona Maria's tongue for once was silenced. She stood on the dusty, stone floor of an ancient vault cluttered with gold and silver ingots, exquisite jewelry, and temple ornaments. Round the walls, ranged in fine gold, were life-size statues of long dead and gone Inca kings. Alone, the golden image of the Sun, on which the old Incas set the greatest store, was missing; but the lovely goldsmiths' work was of the

same artistic creation as the gold and jeweled plants and flowers which the Peruvian workers made for those wondrous gardens on the isle of Puna, in the northern part of the old Empire (modern gulf of Guayaquil), where the Incas retired to hear the melancholy music of the Pacific combers on the beaches below.

"Don Carlos was the custodian of the secret, and from him it passed to a successor. As Mr. Squier, one time U.S. Commissioner in Peru, said in 1870: 'All I can say is if that secret chamber she had entered has not been found and despoiled, it has not been for want of digging... Three hundred years have not sufficed to eradicate the notion that enormous treasures are concealed within the fortress of Cuzco. Nor have three hundred years of excavation, more or less constant, entirely discouraged the searchers for tapadas, or buried treasure mounds.'

"Even today, in 1945, the secret of that vault under the Sachsahuaman hill may still remain locked up in the breast of some descendant of the Inca. The last man of whom I heard in search of these treasures, was one Tito Cusi Ticcapato, said to have Inca blood in his veins. It was in 1928, and he planned to accompany an American expedition to quarter another ancient hill near Cuzco, where he said the lost caches lie.

"He was also an inventor and sought for Inca gold to promote and exploit his creations. What struck his imagination, as he said, was 'the fact, senores, that the old Incas wall-papered their houses with thin sheets of beaten gold'".

magazine carried the following story about a mysterious 'gate to the unknown':

"In March, 1954, a French Jesuit priest in Sorata, Bolivia, told a strange story of an exploring trip he had made in the cavern of San Pedro, on 20,000 foot Mount Illampu of the Andes chain (just east of Lake Titicaca).

"The cavern must be entered on all fours through a narrow passage which widens after a few yards and leads into an immense cavern filled with stalagmites and stalactites. At one end of the cavern is a subterranean lake.

"The French priest claimed to be the first person to cross to the far end of the lake. After several hours of rowing a small boat by artificial light, he related, the cave narrowed and gave way to a trail barred by an enormous gate of wrought iron. The grille, he said, bore all the characteristics of 17th Century Spanish ironwork.

"The priest tried unsuccessfully to break through the barrier. He was eager to see what lay beyond, but he had to return to Sorata without solving the mystery."

#11 --- Pages 35-39 of Eric Norman's book, "The Under-People", contains the following interesting statements:

"...There are many equally fascinating, and unsubstantiated, stories of subsurface tunnels in South America. Brazil has long been a hot point of inner earth belief, and several organizations devoted to its perpetuation maintain active chapters in the country's major cities. The discovery of a new hole in the ground, a strange

cave, or an ancient temple will send a frantic horde of hollow earth investigators pouring into the locale. I have corresponded with several of these groups. Some of their letters read like the frantic scribbling's of madmen. Others are rational, well written and fascinating, even if they are a bit bizarre. A sampling of this South American correspondence includes:

"...The well-known English explorer, Colonel Fawcett, disappeared in the jungles several years ago. He was searching for a tunnel entrance into the subterranean world in the Roncador Mountains when he disappeared. He was not killed by Indians. He is living in a cavern city beneath the Roncador mountains. His son, Jack, is also with him. They are well treated, but they are not allowed to return to the surface because they would reveal the location of the entrance.

"The entrance to the cavern city is carefully guarded by the Murcego Indian tribe. They are a ferocious, dark-skinned tribe with a highly developed sense of smell. You must obtain their approval before you can enter into the caverns. However, if they decide you are not worthy to share the secret, they will seldom allow you to return to civilization.

"There is a legend that the subterranean cities were originally constructed by the survivors of Atlantis. We don't know whether the present inhabitants are the descendants of the Atlanteans, or whether they died and there were other races who eventually wandered into the cavern cities and settled there amid peaceful surroundings, abundance and happiness...

"Another correspondent writes:

"'...at first I scoffed at such stories about

mysterious tunnels and an alien civilization beneath the surface... I joined an inner earth group for the simple enjoyment of discussing outlandish ideas in a humorless, serious manner. Gradually, I became interested by the considerable volume of circumstantial evidence. I now believe the earth is absolutely honeycombed by a web of tunnels that run beneath the continents, under the oceans, and these passageways link the subterranean cities of the inner world.

"'...There are many reports concerning a vast tunnel called the 'Roadway of the Incas' which has an entrance somewhere in Peru. It runs south for more than a thousand miles (and according to others was actually built by an even more ancient race, yet were discovered and utilized by the Inca later on. - Branton).

"`There is another entrance to this fabulous tunnel in the Desert of Aticamba in Chile. The 'Highway of the Incas' passes under Cuzco, the legendary city in Peru. There is another smaller, but very well hidden entrance to the tunnel in the mountains near Machu Picchu, which is capital city of the first and last Inca emperor. It is called 'The Lost City of the Incas' and was not discovered until 1911 by an American, Hiram Bingham. It is considered the 'Eighth Wonder of the World.'

"'Everything at Machu Picchu is an excellent preservation... there are more than to hundred buildings constructed from white granite... fountains... shrines... and gigantic stairways carved from a single massive boulder...

"'...This was a thriving city. It is intact except for the thatched roofs of the houses having deteriorated over the centuries... and, the doors are missing... it is as if the inhabitants selected a single day and mysteriously vanished. Did they enter the "Highway of the Incas" and migrate to the

inner earth?....'

"Was this correspondent brainwashed by his colleagues to believe in the subterranean world? Or, was he a skeptical man who changed his mind in the face of a tremendous amount of information? His mention of the 'Highway of the Incas' strikes a familiar note among the hollow earth fraternity. A physician in Argentina has devoted his spare time to an investigation of this legendary inter-continental tunnel of the Under-People. He commented:

"'...I have always been intrigued by the unknown and please convey my thanks to Dr. H--- for providing this opportunity to publish my views. I am of the belief that there are two subterranean worlds. The cavern cities exist in cavities within the earth's-crust. There is a larger, more populous civilization in the hollow center of the earth and entrance to that new land is made through openings in the north and south poles.

"...I started to investigate the 'Highway of the Incas' when I was a young, curious youth and I have hundreds of witnessed, notarized statements. These documents and tape recordings fill one room of my home. The Incas knew of the tunnel and although gold was of little value to them, they hid their treasures in these caverns to keep it from the greedy Spanish conquerors. "No one has provided a satisfactory explanation for their mysterious disappearance. There was an empire of several million people that vanished from the surface of the earth. They entered the tunnel and left the Quechua Indians behind. As few Incas have been seen since then, they possibly took up residence in a cavern city or followed the tunnel to the interior of the earth.

"...The 'Highway' is the largest of the tunnels and it connects all continents. In addition to the

openings in South America, there are entrances in Canada, in British Columbia, in America... you should investigate Mt. Shasta in California and Mt. St. Helena in Oregon. The tunnel is connected with Tibet and another opening in Central Asia. I believe the African entrance is in the Atlas mountains in the north of that continent.

"...I also suggest that you explore the 'highways' which have been found in the oceans. These ancient underworld civilizations may be mining our seas!"

#12 --- Page 4 of the 1980 issue of the 'UFO ANNUAL' magazine carried the following strange report under the heading, "CAVE MARTIANS":

"...The residents of the town of Xucurus, some 90 miles from Buenos Aires, Argentina, claim that men nine feet tall, green, with antennas on their head, and square legs, are seen daily leaving a cave. The cave was found last February, when agriculturalist Gerardo Cordeiro dreamed he would find a treasure if he went to a certain place. Not uncovering gold or jewels, Cordeiro found a cave with nine connecting tunnels with strange inscriptions on the walls.

"The place is now being visited by hundreds of people from the town and nearby locales, who expect to find 'treasure' or see the 'Martians' (robots!? - Branton) who, according to witnesses, resemble enormous 'portable radios'."

#13 --- John Goodwin's book, "OCCULT AMERICA", carried the following statements on page 167:

"...Milinko S. Stevic, a Yugoslav-born engineer

currently (at the time of this writing...) lecturing on the United States Para psychological circuit, advances an even more startling theory. He holds that there are entire subterranean towns situated beneath such large surface centers as Tokyo, Leningrad, Buenos Aires, Sao Paulo and New York.

"These underground cities are connected with each other by a system of tunnels."

#14 --- The following story appeared on page 51 of Timothy Green Beckley's book, "THE SHAVER MYSTERY AND THE INNER EARTH". This, as well as the stories that follow, were sent to Mr. Beckley from Dr Raymond Bernard, the famous author on the 'Hollow Earth', while he resided in Joinville, Santa Catarina, Brazil. Although his whereabouts are not known at this time, -some believe that he actually entered into the Inner World, and they claim that he was living happily among the friendly inhabitants of the cavern cities:

"...Another explorer visited a similar tunnel near Gaspar, Santa Catarina, and behind a wonderful (underground) fruit orchard, saw a subterranean woman with a child in her arms reading to it aloud from a huge book written in an unknown language (Atlantean?).

"After she read every sentence, the child repeated the same and in this way was taught how to read. All of these subterranean cities are illuminated by a strange light."

#15 --- Page 50 of this same book carries the

following account:

"...Our explorer, J. D. (name on file) who is a mountain guide of the Mystery Mountain near Joinville (where there is supposed to be an entrance) said that, several times, he saw a huge luminous flying saucer ascend from the tunnel opening that leads to a subterranean city inside this mountain, in which he heard the beautiful choral singing of men and women, and also heard the 'canto galo' (rooster crowing), a universal symbol indicating the existence of subterranean cities in Brazil.

"He said that the saucer was so luminous that it lit up the night sky and converted it into daylight. On one occasion he met a group of subterranean men outside the tunnel. They were short, stocky, with reddish beards and long hair, and very muscular. When he tried to approach them, they vanished. Often he saw strange illuminations in this area at night which were probably produced by flying saucers.

"(We use the name, 'Mystery Mountain', rather than reveal the true name of the mountain, so that unwanted outsiders will not come here to locate it.)

"Throughout my many years of research I have accumulated a vast amount of data which would indicate that these entrances to subterranean cities abound throughout the region.

#16 --- Pages 49-50 of Tim Beckley's book also contains the following statements made by Bernard:

"...I arrived in Brazil in 1956 and have been carrying on my research since I met a Theosophical leader who told me about the subterranean cities,

inhabited by a super race of Atlantean origin, that existed in Brazil. He referred me to Professor Henrique Jose de Souza, president of the Brazilian Theosophical Society, at Sao Lourenco in the state of Minas Gerais, who erected a temple dedicated to Agharta which is the Buddhist name of the Subterranean world. Here in Brazil live Theosophists from all parts of the world, all of whom believe in the existence of the subterranean cities.

"Professor de Souza told me that the great English explorer Colonel Fawcett is still alive, living in a subterranean city in the Roncador Mountains of Matto Grosso, where he found the subterranean city of Atlantean's for which he searched, but is held prisoner lest he reveal the secret of its whereabouts. He was not killed by Indians as is commonly believed.

"Professor de Souza claimed he has visited subterranean cities, including Shamballah, the world capital of the subterranean empire of Agharta. I then went to Matto Grosso to find the subterranean city where Fawcett is claimed to be living with his son Jack, but failed to do so. I then returned to Joinville in the state of Santa Catarina, and there continued my research.

"Just recently two of my explorers returned from entering a tunnel near Ponte Grosse in the state of Parana. One of them had recently entered alone and spent 5 days in the underworld city there. It had about 50 inhabitants plus children. The fruit orchards were recently planted, and the inhabitants received fruit from another subterranean city. During the last visit, the two explorers were met at the entrance of the tunnel by a guardian and the chief of the city, who told them that they should return in two years when the fruit trees will start to bear, but cannot enter now.

"These same two explorers entered a tunnel near Rincon, state of Parna, and finally came to a chimney-like structure with four chains hanging down. They descended on the chains but when they came near the bottom, a gas with a chemical odor started to come up and forced them to ascend. Obviously the subterranean dwellers tried to keep them from reaching their city. (Editor's Notes: This seems often to be the case)."

#17 --- Page 51 of the same book also gives the following interesting account:

"...An elderly man living in Joinville once told me that he had visited a tunnel near Concepiao in the state of Sao Paulo, and saw in the distance a marvelous subterranean city with vehicles darting back and forth, evidently traveling through tunnels from one subterranean city to another.

#18 --- Page 51 of Mr. Beckley's book, "THE SHAVER MYSTERY AND THE INNER EARTH", also carries the following story:

"...Although the following report requires conformation, it was told to me by an explorer named N.C. who said that he had visited a tunnel near Rio Casdor and had met a beautiful young woman appearing to be 20 years of age. She spoke to him in Portuguese and said that she was 2,500 years of age. He also met a bearded subterranean man. Still another explorer named D.O., visited this same tunnel and saw a child inside, who fled upon seeing him. Also as he once lay in front of the tunnel

opening, a man with a beard and long hair passed over him and entered."

The following story appeared on pages 54-55 of the same book:

"...Apparently such tunnels into the subsurface exist elsewhere in the world besides Brazil. In fact one letter on file with us comes from Prof. W. Wiers of Mexico, who tells us that he knew Prof. Schwartz who had made a long study of cave problems, starting when he was 15 years old in Germany.

"According to Prof. Wiers, just before the beginning of the second world war, both the axis and allied powers were interested in using various caves as supply bases, and for many military applications.

"Prof. Schwartz at one time had stated that he knew of a Nazi who had come upon an 'enormous circular pit' (in Brazil? - Branton) whose sides dropped straight down for a good 1200 feet. Trees could be seen growing tall and straight below. Eagles soared around, and then dived to the center of the bottom, apparently to eat something. Since the sides were dangerously steep the Nazi had to content himself with using binoculars instead of descending into this world himself.

"Returning later with others he eventually discovered a similar but much narrower bore, or shaft, not far from the first, which was so big that it could not be hidden in any way. Not having cable or apparatus with which to let down a man in the seemingly bottomless shaft, they let down a pencil attached to a rope. To their surprise, the cord, when drawn back up was found to be cut clean,

as with a knife, or scissors - and the pencil was gone. Of course they all resolved to come back to study this pit further but the war prevented their doing so.

"The location of this shaft is supposedly in northern Guatemala (near #1 on the map of South America - Branton). Near the place is a witch doctor, friendly to Prof. Schwartz, who assured the professor that there is a secret passage, closed by a revolving rock door, which goes to the still enormous chamber which is still below the vast roof cave-in seen from above."

Pages 26-30 of Timothy Green Beckley's book, "THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD" -- which he had written a few years after "The Shaver Mystery and the Inner Earth" -- contains some additional information about Dr. Raymond Bernard:

"...One of the most controversial figures in the UFO and occult fields is Dr. Raymond Bernard. He is controversial not only for his research on the inner earth, but for his mysterious disappearance as well.

"Since most of the readers of this work will have already read Bernard's landmark book, 'THE HOLLOW EARTH', we will keep these introductory words brief. As he states below, Bernard spent many years searching South America for entrances to underground civilizations he believed existed beneath the surface.

"After the United States exploded the atomic bomb, he became concerned about the world radiation levels, but believed South America would be a relatively safe haven should an atomic war develop.

"He became known to flying saucer researchers

because of his belief that the UFOs came from beneath the earth. He corresponded widely with many of them, including this editor, after he had settled in Joinville, Santa Catarina, Brazil, where he hoped to set up a colony for people throughout the world who wanted to come there and develop that rich agricultural area - and escape what he believed to be a coming atomic holocaust.

"In 1964, Dr. Bernard felt that he was ready to invite the first settlers, and sent out considerable correspondence on this subject. During 1965, however, his letters ceased abruptly, and letters were returned from Joinville marked 'deceased.'

"Researchers looking into this matter, however, were unable to find any records, such as medical records or a death certificated of Dr. Bernard's demise.

"During the later part of 1964, he claim that he had found the entrances to several underground cities, and had actually entered some of these portals to the inner earth. He believed that these entrances existed throughout South America.

"Many writers in the United States have accused Dr. Bernard of fabricating his information as a money-making scheme. Based on our own correspondence with him and our personal estimates, nothing could be farther from the truth.

"His books were published by U.S. firms WITHOUT royalty fees. He offered the tracts of land, to be settled by colonists, at very modest costs, and offered to give land free to those without financial resources.

"It is evident that Dr. Bernard's source of subsistence came from a relatively modest estate, inherited from his mother, and amounting to about \$100,000, upon which he lived and conducted his work during his years of searching for the inner

earth.

"Since no records of his death could be found, and since he had often referred to possible trips to the inner earth, it is most natural to reach the rather fantastic conclusion that he either met with some accident in his explorations or actually penetrated the inner earth, where he either met with an unfortunate fate - or is still living!

"Gray Barker, who published a recent edition of Bernard's, THE HOLLOW EARTH, expressed those same ideas in material appended to that edition. The following account by Dr. Bernard was given to the editor when we were contemplating the publication of a book such as this one back in 1964.

"Though we were unable to go through with our publication plans at that time, we are most happy, at last, to put this interesting material into print.

"After a 32-year search through 20 countries of Central and South America, I at last found what I sought - THE SUBTERRANEAN CITIES OF THE ATLANTEANS, which exist mostly in Santa Catarina, Brazil and especially in the Joinville area. Luminous flying saucers were seen to rise from a subterranean city of small men, and from other subterranean cities of tall Atlanteans. The world will learn that FLYING SAUCERS ARE OF SUBTERRANEAN ORIGIN.

"Other planets could not possibly be so much interested in us as to send space ships here (...why not from both sources? - Branton), while those who live inside the earth and receive air from the outside are very interested to prevent contamination of the air they breathe by radioactivity. It is interesting to note that flying saucers started coming in quantity after 1945, when the first atomic bomb was exploded in Hiroshima. They came as an act of self-defense to prevent radioactive contamination of the atmosphere.

"I have discovered many subterranean cities and have spotted the location of about fifty in this part of Brazil. My mission is to save a remnant of the human race from the coming nuclear holocaust predicted to occur when the Chinese Dragon starts to spit forth atomic fire. I am attempting to do what Noah did before the outbreak of the nuclear war that destroyed Atlantis and brought on the flood (interesting, though a probably unsubstantiated, theory - Branton), by gathering a group and bringing them to Brazil, then (at that ancient time) an Atlantean colony, where their engineers built subterranean cities for protection against fallout and flood.

"These people and their descendants still live in these cities. I am now collecting a group of Brazilian men, women and children wishing to establish residence in such cities and wish to save as many Americans as possible. This undertaking to save a remnant of mankind is entirely humanitarian and non-commercial (for the subterranean people use no money and require no payment of those they accept in their subterranean cities).

"In my various books I have presented scientific evidence to prove that the earth, rather than being a solid sphere... molten at its center, is rather a hollow ball, whose crust is about 800 kilometers thick, with openings at north and south extremities, and with a small sun in its center. This sun gives off light for the plant, animal and HUMAN life which exists in the inner earth. When I wrote these books I presented a well-founded scientific concept and theory of the earth's structure, but had no experimental evidence in proof of my theory except Admiral Byrd's expeditions, which entered for 1,700 miles into the North Pole opening and 2,300 miles into the South Pole opening. For material related to this, one

should read my book, THE HOLLOW EARTH.

"Since then, however, other evidence has appeared which PROVES BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT what I had previously written. I shall now relate a most amazing experience by one of the 20 explorers working with me, concerning a trip in a giant cigar-shaped flying (craft) to the center of the earth, without entering either the north or south opening. I quote from my explorer friend who does not want his name revealed at this time. Thus he shall be known only as R.K. Here is his story:

"'...A certain hunter who had spent most of his life tramping through the mountains of Santa Catarina informed Dr. Raymond Bernard, director of our expedition, that one day he came across an immense tunnel inside of which he saw a giant air vehicle which he described as a zeppelin. Dr. Bernard therefore engaged this hunter to bring me to this tunnel. I entered the tunnel and found inside, this strange immense air vehicle and its pilot, a subterranean man.

"'I wanted to take a photo of the air vehicle but the pilot would not permit it. However he did invite me to ascend the staircase leading to a door in the vehicle, and I entered. It was magnificently furnished inside and could accommodate about 40 passengers. The hunter who accompanied me also entered the vehicle.

"'I made a second trip to this same tunnel at a later date, this time alone. When I entered the vehicle, the door closed and I was taken for a trip. The vehicle had no windows and I was unable to see where I went, or perhaps the windows were purposely closed to guard certain important secrets.

"'There was no sound of any motor and the vehicle was completely silent. It was operated by a different form of energy, and so I concluded it was

a giant cigar-shaped flying saucer. I expected it to leave the tunnel and fly in the sky, but instead it traveled deeper and deeper into the tunnel. Then it began descending and I felt a strange sensation in my stomach, the same as when an elevator descends rapidly in one of New York's skyscrapers.

"The descent took about half an hour and I figured the vehicle traveled at supersonic speed, because, as Dr. Bernard explained, showing me a diagram from his book, that what really happened was that the vehicle descended through an inclined tunnel connecting the earth's surface with its hollow interior -- perhaps the only such connection between the two worlds, excepting the north and south polar openings.

"Finally, the feeling of descent in my stomach disappeared and it seemed that the vehicle was now flying horizontally. A large window at the bottom of the vehicle then opened, and much to my amazement I saw below me a large city. This city was much different from the much small subterranean cities inside the earth's crust and not far from the surface, of which Dr. Bernard discovered more than 60. These exist in Brazil, which was once an Atlantean colony and where Atlantis found refuge and constructed subterranean cities for protection against flood waters." (There are some who suspect that the destruction of Atlantis AND the Biblical flood did not exactly coincide. Others in fact suggest that Atlantis arose a few generations AFTER the Biblical flood. Time will tell. - Branton)

"(NOTE: While these subterranean cities exist [mostly] in Brazil within the western world, it is probable that they also exist in the Far East. - Dr. Bernard).

"The vehicle then made a curve in order to return, and as it did, it tilted, and much to my surprise I saw a "sun" in the sky, though smaller

and nearer than our sun, and dimmer and reddish (orange) in color. This is the central sun described by Dr. Bernard in his books. It is a remnant of the original fire before the formation of our planet."

"The vehicle then began to ascend and finally it returned to its starting point. I then returned to Dr. Bernard to tell him of my experience. I really did not understand at all what I had gone through until he showed me diagrams from his book, THE HOLLOW EARTH, and explained that I was the first inhabitant of the Earth's surface (that Dr. Bernard was aware of, that is - Branton) ever to travel to the subterranean world in the hollow interior of the earth. He added that I made the greatest discovery and performed the greatest feat of exploration in history, much greater than that of Columbus, for while Columbus discovered a new continent, I discovered a NEW WORLD - THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD."

(Actually, those who constructed the 'vehicle' in which this man traveled, probably 'discovered' the inner world before him... - Branton ;o)

"I then told Dr. Bernard that I had forgotten to tell him one thing - namely that the subterranean pilot had told me that a great reception was being prepared for him in the center of the earth, when I will bring him there on my next trip, for as a leader of our expedition, the subterranean people will honor as the first inhabitant of the earth's surface to establish communication between the Upper World and the Subterranean World.

"This reception will take place in the City of Shamballah, world capital of the Subterranean World of Agharta. Here dwells the King of the World, its supreme potentate, ruling over millions of inhabitants of this empire. Dr. Bernard was

thrilled when he heard of this invitation, for he has tirelessly searched and traveled for 32 years, covering more than 20 countries of Latin America to find what I found for him. He had spent the most of his personal fortune in his search for the inner earth empire. (Here ends R.K.'s narrative -- Ed.)

"`This is undoubtedly THE GREATEST FEAT OF EXPLORATION IN HISTORY. I wish all who want to help me, to come here and let me bring them to the tunnel in which this vehicle is stationed.

"`There are certain basic requirements, however, before anyone can enter the Subterranean World. These were given to me by the leaders of that world. They are:

"`1. The applicant must abstain from all animal foods, and be a strict vegetarian, consuming no meat, fish, fowl, eggs, dairy products, honey, salt condiments, coffee, tea, cocoa, alcoholic beverages, etc. (Hmmm... maybe living in the outer world isn't so bad after all!? [smile] I do however agree with his warnings against alcohol consumption - Branton ;o)

"`2. He must not be addicted to the poisonous weed, tobacco.

"`3. Persons wishing to enter the center (of the) earth must also be strictly chaste, for no sexual relations are allowed.' (Question: How do they pro-create!? - Branton)

"...Right now there are about 100 individuals (men, women and children) in Santa Catarina ready to take up residence in the subterranean colony I am establishing, to be associated with one of the 60 subterranean cities I found, all of which have an abundance of fruits for the nutriment of their inhabitants. These fruits grow under the strange light that illuminates the subterranean (cavern) cities. (Note: Some believe that this 'light' is a diffused electromagnetic illumination of the cavern

'atmosphere', somewhat similar to the aurora borealis phenomena. - Branton)

"One such city was described by Bulwer Lytton in his book, THE COMING RACE. The subterranean race of fruitarians, who live for centuries, will be the coming race after surface cities are destroyed by the lethal fallout of World War III. Belief in an impending destruction is widespread in Brazil and this compels many people to seek refuge in the subterranean world, to escape the deadly fallout caused by the coming war and the flood to follow. This flood will be caused by melting of the polar ice caps by the heated atmosphere caused by super bomb explosions.

"Another one of my explorers discovered a subterranean city in which exist marvelous automata or mechanical robots. These robots perform all kinds of useful labor and have electronic brains which, strange to relate, possess a degree of intelligence of their own. They can speak, answer questions, talk, open and close doors, etc. These robots are controlled by radiations coming from a control dial, something like a typewriter, operated by a subterranean man.

"When my explorer came to the door of this subterranean city, the robot opened the door and met him, together with the subterranean man who controlled him(it). The subterranean spoke Esperanto or a similar language, which had words from many of our languages, mixed together. When my explorer tried to take a photo of him, he grabbed the camera, which he later returned.

"To enter the tunnel which leads to this subsurface city one must pass through poisonous gases and wear a mask and carry a tank of oxygen. My explorer spent some time in the subterranean city of Atlantean scientists, operating strange devices. These subsurface world people ride in

automatic cars that travel at supersonic speeds along rails or something like this.

"My explorer has been invited to bring eleven other people to this city, and each newcomer can bring eleven more. In this way, more and more people, who begin to realize that an inner earth really exists, can experience its actualities. They will also learn that the people who live in these cities are flesh and blood people who look, for the most part, just like you and me. Only their science and personal development is thousands of years more advanced than ours, on the outer surface of the planet."

#19A --- Page 26-29 of the March, 1960 issue of SEARCH magazine, carried the following fascinating story:

I FOUND SHAVER'S CAVES!

By "The, Inca"

(Name withheld for reasons this account makes obvious)

Joinville, Santa Catarina, Brazil
c/o postal Box 485

"The editors of SEARCH present here a strange manuscript, or rather, a letter, received by us from a man who claims to be a descendant of the Incas. Although he signed his name, he has asked us to withhold it for reasons of safety for himself and his family. We present his information with no comment other than that it is presented as received. Without actually accepting the invitation of the Inca to go to these caverns with him, nothing further can be said, one way or the other.

"'...I am descended from the Inca race, which

disappeared in a tunnel when the Spaniards invaded their country, and continued to live in subterranean cities. The Incas were a race of vegetarians and pacifists, and when the Spaniards came to attack them, they did not fight, but escaped into tunnels and disappeared from the world.

"During all of my life I have been searching for my lost race and traveled to many countries, as far north as Mexico, also in Venezuela, Chili, Paraguay, Argentina, Uruguay and all parts of Brazil, investigating tunnels to find an entrance to the subterranean world. But I could not find anything, and lost (through swindlers claiming to bring me to Atlanteans under the earth) and spent 1,800,000 cruzieros, equivalent to \$36,000.

"After my money was gone I worked as a mechanic and saved money, and with it, I continued my investigations. After searching all the 21 states of Brazil and living a year in Matto Grosso among the savages, I finally found what I sought.

"One day I went to a river to drink water. On the other side was a high mountain. I heard a powerful voice coming from the top of the mountain, yelling many times. I thought it was a person lost in the forest and asking for help. I swam the river to the other side and walked through the forest an hour and then climbed for two and a half hours. When I reached the top I found a hole in the ground. It was very deep, as I found by dropping a stone down.

"I then gathered vines from trees, tied them together, fastened a stone at the end and dropped it down until (it hit) bottom. I pulled it up and it measured 100 meters or 330 feet.

"Then I returned to Joinville and told Dr. Raymond Bernard about this, who gave me money to buy a rope. I returned to the mountain and by means

of the rope I descended. When I came to the bottom I entered a tunnel, which I traversed for a distance of 2000 meters. I then saw with my flashlight a door of stone. While I was watching the door, it suddenly opened and I saw a very tall man with a metallic uniform, who spoke with a powerful voice and said that this was the first time that anyone ever had the courage to enter this tunnel.

"I first was frightened at the powerful voice of the man and wanted to run, but he called me and told me not to be afraid as he was a very peaceful person who never did harm to any living being. So I asked him who he was to live in this cavern. He said: "I am an Atlantean-Inca, the guardian of this door." He asked me what I was looking for. I told him I was looking for my race, because I too am an Inca. He seemed to be very pleased to hear this. I told him I would like to visit his city, and that I had an American friend, and a wife who would like to go there too, with my children.

"He told me to bring photographs of my wife, children and American friend, and if they were found acceptable, he would give permission for them to enter.

"I then returned to Dr. Bernard, who gave me his own photo, and I brought all the photos, including those of my wife and children, back to the Atlantean. "On this second visit to the Atlantean he delivered a lecture on radioactivity and its danger. He said that radioactive dust in the air is now causing surface dwellers to age very rapidly because it accumulates in the pores of the skin and stops skin respiration. He said the pores of the skin have a constants alternate contraction and expansion and serve to take in air and expel foreign matter.

(Note: There are those who believe that not

only radioactive dust, but also solar 'radiation', causes surface dwellers to age faster, which is why the subterranean's who are not exposed to such radiations -- and also the antediluvian's who lived at a time when the earth was surrounded by a Venus-like canopy of water vapor which blocked out most of the harmful solar radiations -- had life-spans of several hundred years. However, as a result of man's rebellion against his Creator, and their unbalancing of the natural order, this vaporous 'canopy' condensed and 'fell' to earth as the deluge. - Branton)

"In an atmosphere of radioactive dust & metals, these substances clog up the pores and interfere with their vital functions of respiration and excretion. This causes disease and early death.

"The Atlantean called me to come near a transparent screen to make an exchange of blood, to make sure I will preserve the secret of the whereabouts of this tunnel, so that I do not reveal it to an unworthy person. When I was near the curved plastic screen, another curved plastic screen suddenly appeared from each side of the door and encompassed me, so that I found myself inside the two curved plastic screens.

"Then it seemed that all air was pumped out, leaving a vacuum in the space where I was BETWEEN the plastic screens. Then other air entered, which seemed lighter and purer, which made me feel more healthful and stronger. Then the inside plastic door opened, and he put inside a man-sized capsule of this transparent substance which he held by handles on both sides of it, and told me to go inside the open door. After I was inside, the door automatically closed.

"Now the second plastic door opened and the Atlantean took hold of the handles on each side of the capsule and carried me to the other side of the

inside plastic screen whose doors automatically opened and shut.

``Then he inserted his hands into two soft pockets in the capsule, made of the same material, and took hold of a metal device which he lowered on the chain and wire with which it was suspended from the curved top of the capsule (the base was flat for me to stand on) and put it on my head. Then he went over to an electrical apparatus, from which a recording tape emerged and I heard a ticking sound, much like a telegraphic ticker. Then he read the tape, put it in a box and spoke in a funnel-shaped speaker in a strange language. It seemed to be a radio telephone.

``Then he asked me for the photos. He told me to put my hand by one part of the capsule with a very delicate wall. He told me to push my hand through, which I did and the material adhered to my hand like an elastic, so as not to permit any air from inside the capsule to leave, since he was afraid of my having contaminated the air inside the capsule by what I exhaled. Then he sprayed my hand with a purpose of radioactive decontamination. He took the photos from my hand and slid them into an opening in the same electrical apparatus. Then more tape emerged, which he read and then spoke by radio telephone to headquarters below. He then looked at a sort of small television apparatus with a horizontal screen, apparently to see the persons he was speaking to.

``He told me not to bring here any unworthy person, because he would know it in advance. I asked how. He said that with this apparatus, which he called an "electro-visor" he could behold whatever was occurring in any part of the world. If any unworthy person comes near the mountain and tries to get to the tunnel opening, certain rays confuse the person's mind, so that he is unable to

continue the trip and will go off in the wrong direction.

"I had some bread in a pocket. He told me not to eat the bread. He put a white pill in my hand (which was projected outside the capsule all the time), and told me this pill had the taste of many fruits and that his people live entirely on it. I believe it is a concentrate of the vitamins of fruits. Then I withdrew my hand and the elastic material through which it projected closed.

"After he gave me the pill he carried the capsule with me inside to the space between the two plastic screens, as the door of the inside screen opened to admit the capsule and then automatically shut. Then the door of the capsule opened. I left the capsule, and then the door of the outside plastic screen opened and I left.

"When newcomers enter, they first enter the capsule, and the Atlantean carries them to a Decontamination Chamber (the Atlantean told me). The door of the capsule opens, the person leaves the capsule, takes off his clothing, then the chamber becomes filled with vapor which draws forth radioactive poisons from his body. The person dresses with other clothing there ready for him, then enters an "electronic apparatus", which carries him to the center of the earth (i.e. into the 'geo-concavitic' portion of the earth's 'coconut-like' shell, some 800 miles below. In fact, some believe that the Creator in His infinite wisdom created all or most planets 'hollow', in keeping with some sort of cosmic law of 'conservationism' - Branton).

"I should mention that during my visits, before the door opened I heard a peculiar humming sound, which was of the apparatus with which the Atlantean came up from below, which became louder and louder as the apparatus came near, and when it

came to a stop the noise stopped and the doors automatically opened.

"I should also mention that when a flying saucer came near my house on Saturday, June 13, 1959, in the afternoon and night, it gave off an identical hum as this subterranean apparatus, which makes me think they are both operated by the same mechanism and that the flying saucer was an apparatus of these same subterranean Atlanteans and did not come from another planet.

"The flying saucer came describing (performing) a spiral which descended on top of a hill about 2000 meters from my house, and then rose in a spiral manner, with a tail of light behind it. It came in the night, had a round shape and a silver color. I believe it was sent by subterranean Atlanteans, who knew where I lived and came especially near my house.

"We are now twenty-on We are now twenty-one vegetarians. This is necessary for those who wish to enter the subterranean world. And if any of you wish to enter, you may send me your photos for Presentation to the Atlantean, to secure permission for you to enter.

"I am sending you this as an invitation to come here and I will guarantee to bring you to the Atlantean and to the subterranean world. I wish you to reply and tell me whether you care to come or not. We will then tell you when to come and meet us. Await our reply, as we are now building a boat and an elevator, and when these are ready we will advise you to come and meet us in Joinville.

"This may seem as a lie or a story, and many people will not believe that a subterranean world, which is a Utopia, exists, but IT EXISTS! I know it exists because I made this discovery and saw with my own eyes. The door I came to leads to a tunnel through which the Atlantean came up from the

subterranean world in the center of the earth on an "electrical apparatus" and there exists the cities of this interior world called Agharta.

"When the boat (to cross the river) and the elevator (to descend into the tunnel) are ready, I will enter with my family and bring them to the subterranean world, then I will return to wait for your coming and will bring you there. In that world there is no radioactivity to poison the air and foods, as here.

"That world has no bad people, no swindlers, no crooks. All the people there are good, pure and vegetarians. They do not eat bulky vegetables as we do here. There they live entirely on fruit concentrates prepared as pills, which dissolves in your mouth and eat nothing else. I say this because the Atlantean delivered a talk to me and told me all what I say and gave me a pill, which I ate. It made me feel as strong as a bull, and very warm, and it seemed as if I overate (I ate it on my way back), and could not walk, so I lay down and went to sleep for several hours until I got over the feeling of overeating.

"On that pill I returned to Joinville full of energy, and for the following three days I could not eat a thing, as I had no appetite, because the pill had a high concentration of the vitamins of fruits, and was so nourishing that I had no further need for food.

"Now we are working on the boat and elevator and the moment when they are finished, ten vegetarians here in Joinville including three men, one woman and six children, will go up the mountain and descend into the subterranean world. The youngest of this group is only one week of age. I want my newborn child not to live and grow up in this radioactively contaminated atmosphere and eat food full of radioactive poisons. I want it to grow

up in a better world free from radioactivity and live on these fruit concentrate pills in place of the radioactively contaminated foods here'". --- Sincerely., The Inca (THE END)

19B --- The following letter was sent to Richard Shaver by Dr. Raymond Bernard himself. Shaver in turn passed it along to Ray Palmer, who published it in the October 1959 issue of SEARCH magazine, p.48:

Dear Mr. Shaver:

"I have discovered several 'dero' races, who live in subterranean cities. If you came here I could bring you to the dero people, but they are NOT malicious (Note: The subterranean's that this individual met are probably NOT known as the 'dero', but by another name. - Branton).

"First of all, they are vegetarians, as they cannot keep animals where they live, and a vegetarian diet makes people peaceful. They are simply the 'Niebelungs' or dwarfs, and with long white beards, of fairy tales, and they have dwarf women and children. Last week my investigators returned and said they visited their city (which has its own system of illumination) and are able to bring any of my American friends to visit it, but I require one condition: absolute secrecy, as I don't want governments to send armies Into the tunnel to disturb these peaceful people.

"To reach them requires a 3-day journey of about 40 miles through a tunnel. This entire distance is through a tunnel carefully lined with cut stone blocks below,. above and on the sides. That was quite an engineering feat. I think the tunnel was made long to keep out curiosity seekers,

and only the most determined will travel that distance.

"Here is a report of my investigators:(They are two ranchers, father and son; who discovered the tunnel accidentally):

"'We left our house 5:A,M. for the tunnel on top of a mountain and reached it 3 P.M. We were tired and camped near the entrance of the tunnel. For three days we proceeded through the tunnel. We told time by our watches, as we could not tell when it was day or night. We went to sleep at 10 P.M. and awoke at 3 A.M. and continued walking. By the third day the tunnel started to go downward by steps. It was built of stone blocks on all sides. By the night of the third day the tunnel suddenly opened into a great space covered with what appeared as a sky with yellow light that made everything luminous, like daylight.

"'We saw a city with many houses and saw many people in the distance. They were dwarfs with long white beards and long hair and we saw women and children, and heard them crying. The third member of our party got frightened so we had to return...'

"These men found three such tunnels. They entered another for three days, but after hearing voices further in, got scared and returned. Now they are entering the third.

"But these people of your dero race (except not malicious, as you injected much imagination into your account of subterranean people) are degenerate offshoots of the real Atlanteans who live in the hollow center of the earth. How to gets there is a great secret.

"If you wish to come here and visit these dero people I can arrange it. There is no charge as we are not after money. But you better come soon because I intend to enter the deeper subterranean world, perhaps never to return. Why should I return

to this miserable radioactive world, which the Atlantean teacher told us will be as dead as the moon by 1969, when I can live in a non-radioactive paradise?

"To enter you must pay the price:

"1: STRICT VEGETARIANISM, to get a clean body inside, free from decaying proteins; the Atlanteans have refined sense organs and do not like people near them who are walking cemeteries of putrefying corpses of animals.

"2: Absolute continence, or conservation of phosphorus which is not wasted via the gonads and conserved to feed the brain cells.

"3: A vow of silence so that you don't 'spill the beans' and endanger these people who do not want any lunatics with atomic weapons to invade them.

"4: You must give up all surface attachments for money, fame, etc.

"If you, Richard Shaver, meet these qualifications, I will bring you to the subterranean world. No price charged except the price above stated. Show this all to Ray and tell him he and his family are welcome too. But I wonder if he would pay the price? Anyway he can do a good service on the surface to save others by publicizing our discovery in a cautious manner as we don't want madmen with atomic weapons invading these people to learn their scientific secrets concerning 'vril', their source of energy beyond atomic energy, which empowers their flying saucers... two of which came here yesterday to visit us.

"It is pure nonsense to claim they come from other planets. They purposely say so to conceal their true origin so as not to endanger their people. But now that the human race has only a few years left to survive on earth, the subterranean's

have adopted a more open-policy. You ask how to reach them. Their entry is in Matto Grosso, in Chavantes territory, where Fawcett was heading when last seen.

"Fawcett is still living in a subterranean city. The Atlanteans refuse to let him out because he has too loud a mouth and may speak too much or be forced to deliver lectures before scientific societies about his expedition. The subterranean's do not wish to risk invasion. However, those who are worthy will not be molested by the Indians who guard the entrance to the subterranean world. Just how to enter without danger is a secret I will tell only to qualified persons. The location of the entrance is (in the) Roncador Mountains in northeast Matto Grosso (Brazil), where Fawcett was heading after leaving Cuiaba.

Dr. Raymond Bernard
Director, New World Pioneers
Postal Box 485, Joinville
Santa Catarina, Brazil

(Mr. Shaver gave us this letter, apparently sent at the same time as the article we received from Brazil, and which is reproduced in the next issue. Apparently Mr. Shaver is unwilling to risk visiting the 'dwarf' people, admitted by Dr. Bernard to be 'degenerate'. The idea of their being peaceful because they are vegetarians doesn't convince Mr. Shaver, who points out that human beings are not vegetables, and he says he's seen [via telaug] human beings being eaten in caverns. As for the 'Atlanteans', Shaver just doesn't know. This is new to him. - Rap.)

#20 --- The following story appeared in a San Diego newspaper on Feb. 10, 1980. It was later published on page 48 of the Summer, 1980 issue of the NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL (Pat & Joan O'Connell, editors). This story also appeared in hundreds of other newspapers across the nation at the time:

"SAN DIEGO - Every now and then Bill Robinson takes the 10 pound onion out of his freezer and contemplates it. Behind the gargantuan vegetable lies a strange tale, difficult to believe, of the wonder farmer's from outer space. Even if the explanation is nonsense, there is no denying the reality of the onion, or the photos Robinson has of cabbages 3 feet wide and collard greens up to 51 feet long.

"Robinson is the information officer for the San Diego Police Department and local reporters generally give him high marks for credibility.

"It was while vacationing in Irapuato, Mexico, Robinson said, that he discovered farmer Jose Carmen Garcia, according to a copyrighted report in San Diego HOME AND GARDEN magazine.

"Garcia's produce is the wonder of the marketplace in Valle de Santiago, a village 260 miles northwest of Mexico city, near Irapuato. Townspeople gather to marvel at his eight pound onions, cabbages weighing from 44 to 60 pounds, and collard-greens as big as palm fronds.

"Housewives swear they are as tender and tasty as normal sized vegetables. Yet Garcia plows his 3 acre plot behind a mule or horse, just like his neighbors... buys the same seed at the store, and does not use fertilizers.

"Garcia said that in 1947, as a youth of 17 struggling to make ends meet on the farm inherited from his father, he met a stranger, who looked and talked like a Mexican peasant.

"The stranger said he had been held captive by tall, fair humanoids IN A TUNNEL BENEATH A NEARBY VOLCANO. His captors spoke unintelligible gibberish, he said, and lived on out-sized vegetables.

"He said he had memorized their magic formula, which he sketched on a scratch of paper. He told Garcia to concentrate on the symbols and that after a period of time, the 'message' would become clear, then he walked away.

"After several sleepless nights, Garcia got the revelation, what ever it was - planted the seeds and has produced gigantic vegetables ever since. Arrendondo wrote about Garcia in the Irapuato newspaper, EL ALACRAN and a Mexico City magazine, IMPACTO...

"An imaginative Agriculture Ministry official took up Garcia's challenge to prove his crop-growing, in a grow-off against any farmer on any soil. The ministry laid out two 20 acre plots near Campo de Tangasneque in December 1978. The competing tract was farmed by a team of ministry experts and local farmers hand-picked from a nearby cooperative, using fertilizers.

"At harvest time, the results were tallied. Garcia still has the tote sheets, showing the ministry team averaged 30 tons of produce per acre, compared to his 106 tons. A ministry official thanked Garcia and told him he could sell the produce, disappointing Garcia. He had expected to be summoned to Mexico City to reveal the formula to the government, which did not even keep samples.

"'Why isn't the world interested?' Arrendondo asked Robinson in the chance sidewalk Café encounter in Irapuato that put Robinson on Garcia's trail.

"Robinson and Arrendondo went to the farm north

of town where Garcia presented Robinson with the monumental onion. Why didn't the government experts give him recognition? 'Perhaps,' he replied, 'they took it personally.'"

#21 --- The two following accounts are taken from an article by Vincent H. Gaddis, titled "NOTES ON SUBTERRANEAN SHAFTS", which appeared on pages 150-151 of the June, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine:

"...Rising above the Pacific near Acapulco, Mexico, is a sheer rocky cliff, protected from the sea by jagged boulders that make a landing possible only by native canoe. In the face of this cliff is an (almost inaccessible) artificial tunnel, regarded with superstitious dread by the natives. Known as the 'Cave of the Pirates,' it was obviously made by a prehistoric, patient race, and since there are no safe anchorage spots nearby it is doubtful that pirates ever used it.

"It has never been fully explored, and it apparently goes back into the earth for an incredible distance. The walls are remarkably smooth and decorated with un-translated inscriptions and figures. Long delayed echoes reveal its astonishing depth.

"It has been known to the Indians for some years, but they avoid it and tell of strange lights that they have observed near its mouth. Although access to it is difficult, this man-made, vast and unexplored ancient tunnel deserves investigation. Why it was constructed in such a treacherous spot on a barren cliff is itself a mystery.

#22 --- (From the same article...) "...On the road from Mexico City to Laredo, down the Montezuma river valley, is the Indian town of Tamazunchale. Twenty-five miles from this town, on a rough side road, is Xilitla, where the ruins of an old Spanish monastery lie surrounded by a wall of masonry. On one side this wall is built against the side of a cliff.

"Some years ago an earthquake shook the village and part of the ancient wall collapsed, revealing a tunnel cut into the cliff.

"The sides of the tunnel bore mysterious inscriptions and figures of birds, snakes and curious unknown animals. The local Indians (natives) kept away from the passage, but one day two Americans who were passing through the village decided to explore it.

"Hours later they emerged greatly excited and left the town, stating that they would return. But they never came back. No one knows who these Americans were or what they found.

"The padres, for reasons known only to themselves, sealed the tunnel again by rebuilding the wall. In more recent years they have absolutely refused to permit exploration, although they state that they have no knowledge of what lies within -- which is probably true. Only time will reveal the answer."

#23 --- Pages 46-49 of the Aug. 1958 issue of "SEARCH" magazine carried the following article by Jim Wentworth, titled - "THE MARGARET ROGERS STORY":

"...Few students of the 'Shaver Mystery' would find the story of Margaret Rogers uninteresting. For it

was she who wrote a booklet in 1947 called 'BEGINNING' - which told, in seventy-seven pages, of her personal experiences in the ancient underground caverns that Richard Shaver claims exist to this day, for the most part in secret.

"Margaret was also responsible for the true story 'I Have Been In The Caves' which appeared in the January, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES.

"Her story began on January 8, 1930, when she was thirty-nine years old. As an American drug addict, unemployed, living in Mexico City in misery and despair, she prayed to be freed of her enslavement.

"On this day, a sympathetic and kindly friend, Doc Kelmer of the Electro Therapy Institute, took her in hand.

"As he had on other occasions, he gave her some money for food, clothing, hotel, etc. Later the following night, he met her, and in his car drove her past the city limits on the road leading to Cuernavaca.

"When Margaret became violently sick, he gave her a small vial to drink. She did so, falling asleep immediately.

"Still later, upon awakening in a motionless car, she found herself in mountainous country lit by a brightly shining moon. The car was close to a mass of greenery that grew at the foot of a tall cliff.

"Margaret thought the spot was near Ixtaccihuatl.

"Doc Kelmer stood quietly touching the foliage. Once more Margaret was overcome by nausea. After the (nausea) attack, Doc came to her side, talked briefly, and returned to the foliage. With upraised arms, he wailed (rather than spoke) a few words. Then a startling thing happened. The whole mass of

greenery slid to one side, revealing a large opening. Margaret followed the middle-aged man inside, oddly unafraid.

"The opening closed, and a queer bluish light filled the cave. Events moved swiftly then. But to Margaret it was all so vague. As though ordered, she made for a large block of black marble beside one of the cave's walls, and lay down upon it.

"She felt herself float above cool, green waters, watching strangely-colored denizens at play, unable to descend for quite some time. She finally submerged beneath the water. The sensation of drowning was never felt. Then -- utter oblivion. Once or twice, as in a dream, she saw that she was in a vast room, lying on a table of some sort. Many giant figures surrounded her. Under a soft, lavender light, Margaret felt heavenly relief from the pains she had known for so long.

"Again came the feeling of floating. And, again, came the hazy realization that she lay unclothed on a table with one of the giants bending over her. When fully awake, Margaret thought for a moment that death had truly claimed her. In wonder, as she lay in a fur-covered bed fifteen feet long and nine feet wide, she looked about the room in which she was present, a spacious room with appropriately huge furniture where everything was seemingly made of silvery metal.

"Now free of pain, feeling clean (and weak), Margaret was given a jolt when she received a visitor in the person of a strangely attired female giant, strikingly beautiful.

"Given food, and told the date -- January 15, 1930 -- as well as the fact that she had for days been taking the 'cure,' Margaret learned that she had not dreamed of the giant figures about her when she had arrived in the caverns. For later she met those very same giants (or surgeons, to give them

their proper name) who had cured her of the drug habit and its ruinous results on her system.

"Margaret Rogers saw many amazing things; learned much; met many of the cavern people who were all very kind to her. She noticed many articles of surface manufacture; examined wondrous machines of the underworld; saw evidence of how a badly hurt surface man, with one eye blinded for fifteen years, was made completely well again in two hours by the miraculous science of the wise people below (This man had accidentally fallen down a shaft while exploring the 'Cave De Los Vientos' ['Cave of the Winds'], where he was found unconscious by the subterranean inhabitants).

"Reduced to our size scientifically, Margaret was told that many cavern people live on the surface in large numbers, being scientists, doctors, lawyers, judges, even higher in the government.

"Days passed...

"Babies were seen as big as ten-year-old surface children. Cavern children at that age were noted to be Margaret's height of five-feet-five. The method of locomotion in the underworld was a vehicle that was wheel less and without motors, torpedo-shaped and two-seated. In what manner were they propelled over the perfectly smooth roads? Simply by -- thought! About 2,000 miles was covered in less than two hours on one occasion.

"She learned further that the caverns are visited by Venusians in space ships, for the people below (who by the way call themselves the 'Nephli') have colonies all over the universe.

"All the stars and planets as large as Earth, or larger, have life in humanoid form. None of this four-legged, green-colored intelligence so popular

in science fiction. Animals, on the other hand, are more varied.

"...More time passed for Margaret Rogers. For her it was a happy period. Horror and fear never once marred the scene.

"I might mention here the fact that certain underworld territory was forbidden. Margaret never had the reason explained to her.

"Before leaving for her return to the surface, she was told she would come back to the caverns in twenty years.

"Now, let us check back to the September, 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES where a letter was printed by a Mrs. D.C. Rogers of 117 Devine Street, San Antonio 3., Texas -- evidently the same Margaret Rogers who wrote the booklet BEGINNING.

"Here, in the letter, she touches briefly on her experiences in the immense caves of the underworld. A few important facts are mentioned.

"(1) Margaret Rogers 'disappeared strangely and appeared just as strangely after three years.' (Having entered the caves in January of 1930, she therefore departed sometime in 1933).

"(2) 'I was born here'(in the U.S.A.) 'but had lived in Mexico City since I was ten years old.'

"(3) 'I shall go back (to the underworld) when I am sixty years of age, three years from now.' (Figuring it out, by her own admission, Margaret was thirty-nine in the year 1930 when first she found herself in the caves.) With her published letter in AMAZING STORIES in 1946, she should have been fifty-five. 1951, then, would have been the year of her second disappearance below. For then she would be sixty.

"Since I have known the story of Margaret Rogers for more than ten years, I have often wondered about her. Did she vanish in 1951 as she had prophesied? I never did find the answer."

#24 --- The following two 'origin' stories/legends can be found on page 95 of "THE PROBLEM OF ATLANTIS", by Lewis Spence:

"...More important are the flood legends of the Indians of South America. The Antis Indians of the Bolivian Alps, north-western Brazil, the Ipurimas, Yurukares, etc., say that the world was overtaken by a great flood and men were imprisoned by this deluge in a large cave. Fiery cataclysms followed, and (much of) humanity perished.

"...The Arawaks of Gutana had a myth to the effect that Aimon Kondi, the Great Spirit, scourged the world with fire, from which the survivors sought refuge in underground caverns. A great flood followed, in which Marerewana and his followers saved themselves in a canoe."

#25 --- The following Taino myth was recorded on the island of Haiti, or Hispaniola, by Fray Ramon Pane, a poor anchorite of the order of St. Jerome, at the bidding of Columbus, who ordered him to set down all their language and antiquities, because of his familiarity with their language. (From - "LATIN AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY", by Hartley Burr Alexander., pp. 28-29):

"The earliest Indians appeared, according to the legend, from two caverns of a certain mountain of Hispaniola -- 'moat of the people that first inhabited the island came out of Cacibagiagua,' while the others emerged from Amaiauva (it is altogether likely that the two caves represent two races or tribal stocks).

"Before the people came forth, a watchman, Marocael, guarded the entrances by night; but, once delaying his return into the caves until after dawn, the sun transformed him into a stone; while others, going a-fishing, were also caught by the sun and were changed into trees. As for the sun and moon, they, too, came from a certain grotto, called Giovava, to which, says Fray Ramon, the Indians paid great veneration, having it all painted 'without any figure, but with leaves and the like'; and keeping in it two stone 'zemis' which looked 'as if they sweated'; to these they went when they wanted rain."

#26 --- Thy following information can be found on page 123 of Ellen Russell Emerson's book. "INDIAN MYTHS":

"...It is to the Cubans we are indebted for the following version of man's origin:

"It was from the depths of a deep cavern in the earth that mankind issued. There were two apertures to this cavern, one large and the other small: out of the large aperture passed the men who are of tall, magestic proportions; and from the small issued the men of diminutive size..."

#27 --- The following interesting information concerning the Aztecs can be found on pages 91-93 of "AMERICAN HERO-MYTHS", by Daniel G. Brinton:

"All through Mexico and Central America this legend of the Seven Sons, Seven Tribes, and Seven Caves whence they issued, or the Seven Cities where

they dwelt, constantly crops out. To that land the Aztecs referred as their former dwelling place. It was located at some indefinite distance to the north or northwest -- in the same direction as Tollan. The name of that land was significant. It was called the White or Bright land, Aztlan.

"In its midst was situated the mountain or hill Colhuacan the Divine, Teoculhuacan. In the base of this hill were the Seven Caverns, Chicomoztoc, whence the seven tribes with their respective gods had issued... those gods including Quetzalcoatl, Hnitzilopochtli and the Tezeatlipocas. There continued to live their mother, awaiting their return.

"The lord of this land and the father of the seven sons is variously and indistinctly named. One legend calls him the White Serpent of the Clouds, or the White Cloud Twin, Iztac Mixcoatl. Whoever he was we can hardly mistake the mountain in which or upon which he dwelt. Colhuacan means the 'bent or curved mountain'. It is none other than the Hill of Heaven, curving down on all sides to the horizon; upon it in all times have dwelt the gods, and from it they have come to aid the men they favor.

"Absolutely the same name was applied by the Choctaws to the mythical hill from which they say their ancestors first emerged into the light of day. They call it Nane Waiyah, 'the Bent or Curved Hill'. Such identity of metaphorical expression leaves little room for discussion."

Pages 134-135 of the same volume continues:

"For this reason Quetzalcoatl's statue, or one of them, was in a reclining position and covered with wrappings, signifying that he was absent, 'as of one who lays him down to sleep, and that when he

should awake from that dream of absence, he should rise to rule again the land.'

"He was not dead. He had indeed built mansions underground, to the Lord of Mictlan, the abode of the dead, the place of darkness, but he himself did not occupy them. Where he passed his time was where the sun stays at night. As this, too, is somewhere beneath the level of the earth, it was occasionally spoken of as Tlillapa, 'The Murky Land', and allied therefore to Mictlan.

"Caverns led down to it, especially one south of Chapultepec, called Cincalco, 'To the Abode of Abundance,' through whose gloomy corridors one could reach the habitation of the sun and the happy land still governed by Quetzalcoatl and his lieutenant Totec.

"But the real and proper names for that land were Tlapallan, 'the Red Land', and Tizapan, 'the White Land', for either of these colors is that of the sunlight. It was generally understood to be the same land whence he and the Toltec's had come forth in ancient times; or if not actually the same, nevertheless very similar to it'... "

Pages 206-207 of Franklin Folsom's book, "EXPLORING AMERICAN CAVES", carries the following related information:

"It is interesting to speculate that archeologists, working in caves of the United States or northern Mexico, may one day complete a chapter in the history of the Aztecs. These Amazing people, who ruled much of Mexico in Columbus' day, believed that the ancient and original home of their tribe was in seven caves.. far to the north.

"There is ample evidence that Aztecs did, in fact, move southward into the high valley of Mexico. It would be an Indian feather in some

speleologist's cap if he could solve the mystery of the longitude and latitude of caverns which the Aztecs did use in their migrations southward. Archeologists may rise up in careful academic wrath and say that no such find can ever be made, but scholars were not impressed when Heinrich Schliemann set out to find the city of Troy with not much more than Homer to go by. Amazing things have turned up in American caves..."

#28 --- The following story was reported by John J. Robinson, a popular investigator of UFOs and other phenomena. It appeared on pages 6-8 of Tim Beckley's book, "THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD":

"After the conquest of South America by the Spanish Conquistadores, the Catholic priests who were attempting to convert the heathen Indians (to Romanism) discovered a cave entrance to what they called 'Hell'. This entrance has since been sealed off with tons of rubble, dirt and huge stones and boulders.

"The village of Liyobaa (or to translate it, 'The Cavern of Death') was located in the province of Zapoteca (the 'Zapotec' natives lived in the state of 'Oaxaca', Mexico - Branton) somewhere near the ancient village of Mictlan (probably referring to 'Mitla' in the state of Oaxaca, Mexico, which is an ancient city containing Zapotec ruins - Branton), or the 'Village of the Underworld'.

"The Cavern of Death was actually located in the last chamber of an eight-chamber building or temple. This temple had four rooms above the ground and four more important chambers built below the surface.

"The high priests of the then prevailing Indian

religion conducted the ordinary ceremonies for the common man of Theozapotlan in the upper rooms. It was when they descended into the subsurface chambers that the secret and, to them, holy ceremonies, were conducted.

"The first underground room was the one which was reserved for any human sacrifice. Its walls were lined with the images of the representations of their various 'gods'. A blood-stained stone alter in the center of the chamber served for the sacrifice of any human victim, whose still-beating heart would be torn from a screaming still-living body and offered to the lips of those same stone idols for their supposed repletion. There was a second door in this first chamber which led to the second room. This was a crypt where the preserved bodies of all the deceased high priests reposed.

"The next door in this crypt led to the third underground vault, about the walls of which were the preserved bodies of all the former 'Kings' of Theozapotlan. For, on the death of a king, his body is brought to this chamber and installed there with all the state and glory, as well as with many sacrifices to accompany him.

"It was from this burial chamber of kings that the fourth and last underground room was accessible. A doorway in this third room led into the last underground chamber which seems appropriately to have contained nothing but another entrance covered by a huge stone slab. I write 'appropriately', for the entrance to either HELL or the CAVES should be covered but unencumbered in the area about it for the benefit of those who might wish to leave rapidly and wisely.

"It was considered by the Catholic Fathers of that day that this was an entrance to Hades; however, as we may well understand, it was an entrance to a Dero larder.

"Through this doorway behind the stone slab were placed the bodies of all human sacrifices as well as the bodies of all great lords and chieftains of the land who fell in battle. The bodies of these warriors were brought from far and wide to be thrown into this cave when they had been cut down in battles which were constantly being waged by these people.

"Many of the common people, when debilitated by an incurable illness or oppressed by an unsupportable hardship, which made them seek death, would prevail upon the high priests to allow them to enter the door of death while still living. They believed that if they did so they would be the recipients of a very special afterlife.

"The high priests would sometimes accept them as living sacrifices and after special ceremonies allow them to enter the 'Cavern of Death' while still living. Needless to say, none ever returned to describe their experiences. The Catholic priests, in order to convert the believers of this 'myth' to 'Christianity', made arrangements to enter the subterranean door with a large retinue of torch holders and a long rope, which was tied to the stone slab door. They also took the precaution of having a large armed guard make sure that the door was not closed on them.

"After they had lighted their torches and entered the door, it was discovered that they would have to descend several very large steps. At the foot of the steps was a very wide stone-paved passageway with a high stone buttress on either side. The passageway led directly away from the steps into the distant bowels of the earth. The bones of the most recent arrivals, picked clean, lay before them as the passage seemed to continue without end.

"On each side of the buttressed path they could

see into a large open area which was a labyrinth of huge stone pillars that seemed to hold up the very mountain which they knew they were beneath.

"As they advanced into the mountain, a putrid, dank air assailed their nostrils, serpents retreated from the light of their torches, and at times they seemed to see distorted figures retreat from the light behind the shadows of the pillars in the distance.

"They continued into the depths a distance of about 40 meters when suddenly a strong cold wind began to blow about them. Still striving to continue, as their torches were extinguished rapidly, they took flight when all became dark, not only from the danger of the serpents, but also from strange sounds they could not place, but which were being made by the members of their own party.

"Using the rope and the light of the torch one of the guards held in the doorway, out of the strong wind, the entire party rapidly retreated from this terrifying region.

"When all the company had swiftly retreated to the ante-chamber of 'Hell', they rapidly replaced the large stone slab door. After this the head prelate gave orders to fill in all the underground chambers and seal off and erase all signs of the stairs to them, thus eradicating for all time this entrance to the Caves."

Following are passages from various sources that give information on Inner-Earth related mysteries. They may specify the general, although not the exact, locations of the entrances to the caverns:

In July of 1980 I received a letter from a friend of mine, Ed Berg, of Liberty, KY., who claims to be

in contact with a race of 'extraterrestrials' who gave him the information which I quote from his letter below:

"...According to my friends in space some bases have been established, some underground and some above ground. There are many types of aliens, many different kinds. Some believe in God, some could care less - just like humans. Did you know the space people also have souls and know a considerable amount about the spirit world? But this is getting off the subject.

"As to the subterranean cities, they do exist... The cities were constructed by a race (or races?) who inhabit them now. This race is very highly advanced and very peaceful. According to my information this race went underground when the people of Atlantis and the rest of the world started turning negative...

"This race has created materials harder than diamonds..."

Issue No. 843 of the newsletter for the HOLLOW EARTH SOCIETY (GPO Box 563., Sydney 2001, Australia) reported the following about a disappearance in an Australian cavern network:

"Dear Members,

"The upper council has instructed me to inform you that, with great sadness, we announce the loss of a third independent expedition by two of our cherished members to the Central Australian Nullarbor cave region which the Society believes holds an entry point to the inner earth continents.

"An investigation was confidentially made. No trace of the party or their equipment however was

found. We have omitted names of the members until we can evaluate whether their mission was successful.

"A second expedition will be launched in March of this year with the full back-up of the H.E.S. We have arranged purchase of sophisticated electronic equipment from the Sony corporation which will keep the council abreast of all details..."

The following letter was sent to TAL LeVesque from Tawani W. Shoush (at the time living at: RR #1, Box 63, Houston, Missouri 65483 USA). 'TAL' was kind enough to forward this letter to me, which I record here in full:

"Greetings:

"We have received your letter of 21 January. We thank you for your courtesy and the enclosed items of interest..."

"First, we have no information to exchange. I shall try to be as brief as possible and to the point. Until five years ago all things in life were on what may be termed normal. Then on a certain morning I was awakened very early, about 1:30 AM by my faithful Doberman.

"A few hundred feet from my lodge on this beautiful Ozark mountain was a pulsating light. I arose and went to see what it was. Needless to say it was something that I had not dared to think existed. Yes, it was what is commonly called a 'Saucer', but I have since had several contacts, and have learned that the true name of these craft is 'Flugelrad'.

"I have had the honored privilege of accompanying these beautiful 'Arianni' on three

separate Flights.

(Note: Shoush, a German immigrant, admits that this name 'Arianni' is related to the word 'Aryan', which has led SOME to suggest -- in addition to the fact that 'Flugelrad' is a German word -- that these entities 'may' have been from the secret Nazi German 'New Berlin' underground 'saucer' base that exists or did exist beneath the Neu Schwabenland region of Antarctic, where these Nazi's reportedly collaborate with reptilian humanoids that do unspeakable things to those humans whom they abduct. The U.S. government allegedly knows of this base, and sent Admiral Byrd to investigate it, which led to a secret government operation called 'Operation Hyjump'. This base was reportedly constructed by a secret cabal of Nazi scientists who escaped the allied invasion of 'Der Fodderland' - Branton ;o).

"Of course this sounds like a crackpot does it not? Well, that is not the case. These craft do come from the inner Earth. Strange that you call yourself Tal, for that is the Name of my closest Arianni Friend 'Thal'. We desire no connection with any other group. We have been given a certain Crystal, this for Navigation purposes through the Magnetic Maelstrom that is a barrier against all at the Polar Apertures. This Crystal is far from here and in a very safe place until needed.

"The US Govt. found out what that Barrier means on the ill fated expedition to one of the Polar areas... Yet, today at the North Polar aperture nearby is a Soviet Base-camp, watching the coming and goings of the Flugelrad. The Americans made the greatest mistake of all in 1945 when the Arianni came to the surface in quantity, this to let the Surface People know of their existence. Hiroshima 1945.

"Instead of the Americans realizing that the

Arianni were a Super Race and here for the benefit of all Humanity, the Military Fired on them and pursued them with Hostile intent. Insanity! Thus the Americans have lost their chance with them.

"They have proposed to us (The Arianni) that if we can launch a sincere Expedition free of Military or Materialistic intent, they will meet with us. There will be many barriers no doubt, but as the (Hollow Earth? - Branton) Society in Australia states, 'At Last The Truth Will Be Known'.

"So we proceed our course as directed. Again, thank you for your courteous letter, and we wish you all good Fortune in the quest of Peace."

Page 10 of the book, 'ESCAPE TO INNER EARTH', by Dr. Raymond Bernard (author of 'The Hollow Earth') carried the following paragraph:

"...We will have to find refuge under the earth from the radioactive contamination of its atmosphere and surface. In fact, after we have found such refuge from the destructive effects of atomic bombs and fallout, we will have to become permanent subterranean dwellers. That such an idea is not as far-fetched as it may seem to be at first glance is indicated by the discovery of vast subterranean tunnels under South America, probably constructed by a prehistoric race who sought safety from a similar catastrophe."

The following letter appeared in the September, 1945 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on page 173:

Sirs;

"I sincerely hope that Mr. Shaver's intentions are good because it is clear that he has come into certain powerful knowledge from the past. Let me make clear these points. The tablets referred to were buried by Thoth (are these the so-called 'Emerald Tablets of Thoth'? - Branton). They have since been dug up and are at present in Tibet. Mr. Shaver will never find them.

"The Atlanteans and Lemurians were two different places and races. Both were wiped out by the great Masters because of failure to obey cosmic laws. The last remnants of the Lemurians are locked in a great cavern in the earth along with other... negative creatures and can not be reached by any ordinary mortal, for which I give thanks to the Cosmos.

"About Shasta - it is not peopled by Lemurians, although some of those who dwell there are centuries old. You may make inquiries if you wish, however you will not learn much unless the great ones wish it. The masters have seven great caverns in scattered places throughout the earth.

"There were other elder races besides the Lemurians and Atlanteans. One of these was the Xions, who came from a dark planet. As you travel in space, it can be done if you travel through curves but not through angles. I welcome inquiry in the proper spirit and will answer letters from anyone who is sincere.

--- Alden M. Scrum., P.O. Box 625., Williams, Ariz.

The following information can be found on pages 20-22 of David H. Lewis' book, "THE INCREDIBLE CITIES OF INNER EARTH". This book describes an alleged

expedition in April of 1979 into a tunnel located in Connecticut. The explorers claim they observed a huge agricultural center deep underground in which a strange type of plant was grown. They also reported seeing a massive complex with strange machines operated by automatons:

"...There are, as far as we can determine, seven openings from the outer crust to cavities yet unseen by surface man. One such opening is the gigantic gap at the north pole while the matching entrance being at our South Pole area. Of the five remaining, we can pinpoint them as being in South America, Russia, China, mid-Atlantic and one... in our northeastern hemisphere, not too far from the famed Hudson River.

"All openings mentioned are accessible with the exception of one located in the mid-Atlantic ocean. No opening lends to a dramatic entrance marked for your convenience with pointing signs, nor are they even obvious to the careful explorer who is sure he has covered every square mile of that location. The most obvious is generally the unobserved.

"For South America, I can state that the opening is by way of a natural tunnel for part of its enormous length: Its location lies south of the Amazon Basin and west of the Brazilian Highlands in a range of 700 latitude and 200 longitude.

"A second opening, recorded on the microfilm taken from the tombs of the Gizeh Pyramid, points to the land now occupied by Russia. This is somewhat a large opening hidden behind a series of caverns south of Tonbou, north of Voronezaa and east of Livny, with a 90° latitude and a 300 longitude. This particular opening, as far as research has gone, indicates a closed tunnel system, either by the force of man or by the violence of nature over these many centuries. One

expedition entered and reached a point of falled rock extending miles in depth, and never returned.

"A third passage is marked for China and due to the normal hostility, it becomes inaccessible. We do know, however, that such an opening does exist east of Kyaring, south of Ziling and due west of Bam. For all intent and purposes, this opening is yet unexplored by the people of China, either through the lack of money and equipment or a sheer lack of interest.

"The fourth and most direct route is completely inaccessible by people of earth, for its location is marked at a 40° longitude, or 1,0029 meters below the surface of the Atlantic Ocean. Such an opening would have placed you at the mid point of the Atlantean continent had it still remained on top of our earth's crust. Unfortunately, there are no indications that this is factual and could very well be a distorted location to throw all ancients off the track of the secret entrances around the world. There is one fact that is certain for there is a direct connection with the well known Bermuda Triangle and the many mysteries surrounding it.

"The fifth entrance is located here in the United States and is the opening that forms the basis for this book. Its location is mapped to a point just off route 6 that extends from Iahopoa to Brewster, New York. As to a definite explanation of why this particular continent of the United States was chosen for an opening is principally due to the formation of the outer crust and the coolness of the mantle beneath it. (Apparently Mr. Lewis only know of these few entrances as was not familiar with the dozens [or hundreds] of other reports of strange tunnels and caverns beneath the surface of the USA alone. - Branton)

"The United States, South America, China and Russia, at the time of such excavations, were

unoccupied in the area of such planned tunnels. These areas (speculatory thoughts only) were chosen for their climate, trade winds and the fact they could remain breathing holes for centuries - utterly undetected by the surface inhabitant..."

Pages 16-17 of the same book continues as follows:

"...Today, our earth contains hundreds of thousands of miles of tunnel systems - a network varying from the underground arched tunnels from Trenton, New Jersey to Bordentown of the same area ... to the network in Colorado Springs mountain - operated by our government, the unknown tunnels beneath New York City, the extensive system now in the Himalaya Mountains of China and the deep network of tunnel mastery that are buried deep beneath the solid rock of our ocean beds. When you take into consideration that most of this tunneling was done without your knowledge, especially here in America, nothing should surprise the average reader to find that thousands of more miles exist below our surface in the form of caverns and passageways.

"This vast network of tunnels buried far beneath earth's surface now extends from Hyderabad India, around the northern tip of the Arabian Sea, through the land bridge south of Jordan, across Egypt and extending northwest to areas above Pearyland. Greenland is but one small division of the system. Other tunnels were bored through solid rock from the Pearyland Junction, south and slightly westward to the Cumberland Peninsula of Finland and south to the mountain ranges of Tennessee and again westward to a dead end in the deserts of Arizona. There are other networks that connect Yucatan with a location just west of Bandeirante, Brazil.

"Networks now believed to have been destroyed

by quakes were marked from an unknown location in the Bermuda Islands back to Yucatan and southwest to Easter Island. If these points were connected by straight lines, each would represent its own triangle with the first beginning at Wilmington, North Carolina to Bermuda and down to Nassau.

"Others will form automatically when drawn on a world map. Bermuda and its triangle carry equal mystery as that of Yucatan, Bandeirante, Easter Island, Egypt and India. In the booklet, 'Mysteries of the Pyramids', the tunnels are revealed with detailed drawings originating below the Pyramid of Gizeh."

And finally, pages 30-31 of the same volume carry the following words:

"...There are facts regarding these inner caverns where some surface dwellers (such as you and I) have wandered into various tunnel openings and were never seen again. There are to date more than nine dozens accounts where people from our surface have entered cave openings and again, have not been heard from since the day of entry. There is no way to verify if they became hopelessly lost, and ventured beyond the point of no return or actually wandered into Utopia far in the depths of our earth.

"It is however, the author's opinion that not all of these odd nine dozen so-called adventurers lost their way to the point of no return. If, on the other hand, some did manage to escape detection on their journey and eventually reached a subterranean city, I could not even hazard a guess as to whether they would still be alive and reaping the benefits of an ultra-modern garden of Eden or befell disaster as an unwelcome intruder and immediately sentenced to a death fitting for this unforgettable sin of trespassing into another

world."

The following letter appeared in the November, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on page 174:

"Sirs: Here is some information you may have; if not, this can be added to the Shaver Mystery.

"I will reveal no names or how I came across this as it might involve the Ordinance officer who told it to some friends of mine.

"Recently in Mexico in some caverns the U.S. Army found six spaceships. They know not who they belong to, or what they are made of. The construction of them is strange as they seem to appear to run on compressed air or by some such method. I hope this will add to your knowledge.

"Kenneth Henderson., 1441 Madison Avenue., Indianapolis, Ind."

The following statement, made by Raymond A. Palmer, former editor of AMAZING STORIES magazine, was recorded on page 176 of the September, 1947 issue of that publication:

"...As for your editor, he can give you some of the information you want. For instance, we have close to 15,000 letters from pro and con readers concerning the Shaver Mystery (AMAZING STORIES was a very popular science 'fact-ion' - or science fact / science fiction - magazine during the mid-1940's, and it still a very popular magazine today... - Branton).

"We have perhaps 3,000 from people who have had similar experiences! We no longer count letters -- we weigh them."

The following is part of a letter which appeared on pages 172-173 of the March, 1948 issue of AMAZING STORIES:

"Sirs: ...Then there is the Brotherhood of the White Temple of 1600 Logan Street, Denver, Colorado, owned and operated by Dr. Doreal and Dr. Ramose. This is another order that tells tall stories of giants, underground cities, and the pyramid of magnetic fire that always points toward the Sun on a magnetic belt deep in the earth, and many tales that stretch the imagination..." --- G. H. Spaulding., Box 1223., Warrenton, Oregon.

Pages 355-356 of 'The Word' (a series of volumes dealing with the occult) contains the following information in the issue for Sept. 1917:

"...With elemental aid man will learn the geography of the earth. At present he knows little about the earth and its structure. All he knows is something about the seeming outline of the surface, the outer skin of the earth. Aside from the so-called geography there is an occult geography. Of this he can know nothing except what he will learn with the aid of... the use of some faculties of his mind (see THE WORD., Vol. 11, page 193) which are now unworkable as adamant.

"Within the skin of the earth are other earths and earth organs, of which man has not as yet even dreamed. Within the earth are other earths and oceans and airs and fires, each of them peopled by beings, some of them human in form and others strange beyond fancy...."

Pages 182-183 of "AN INTRODUCTION TO FOLK-LORE", by Marian Roalfe Cox carries the following passage:

"...The idea of bliss is not incomparable with underground abode. Legends tell of many a blissful sojourn in subterranean fairy-halls. In folk-tales, little children who are good fall into wells, and pass through green meadows to the house of the friendly Frau Holda. A well-known Chinese legend relates how two friends, wandering among the mountains in search of medicinal herbs, come to a fairy-bridge guarded by two maidens of superhuman loveliness, who invited them to cross into fairyland.

"The blissful period spent with the fairy-folk seems but as yesterday when it is passed; yet when the friends fulfill their desire to revisit their earthly home, they find that seven generations have lived and died during their absence, and they themselves are centenarians ..."

Pages 411-412 of Harriette Augusta Curtiss' book, "THE MESSAGE OF AQUARIA", carries the following information:

"....If it were possible to shut off all the other planetary forces and focus the Martian force it could be used to bore a tunnel clear through the earth. We are told that the Masters have constructed wonderful tunnels under continents and oceans through the help of the elements, but the elements and forces so used were not of Earth but of Mars. Engineers say that they could tunnel through the earth even now if they could remove the debris as the greater depths were reached, but with the use of the Martian force there would be no debris to be taken out, for the sides of the tunnel

would be compressed and fused and whatever resisted could be volatilized, and the tunnel, when completed, would endure as long as the planet itself.

"By the use of this force all the great Centers on Earth can be connected when the time comes."

Pages 30 and 81 of the book, "GODS AND RITUALS", by John Middleton, carries the following:

"...In the cosmogony of the Amba there is another world under this one and our earth is the sky of this other world. Rain, for instance, soaks through the earth and rains once more in the world below.

"...the world contains certain other invisible creatures - the 'people from below' (i.e., living inside the earth), who are 'good' people, for example, anxious to insure rain for the humans..." (Otoro tradition)

Page 155 of "THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE SAVAGES", by Bronislaw Malinowski, carries the following passage:

"According to active tradition, mankind originated from the underworld, whence a coupler, a brother and sister, emerged at different specified places. According to certain legends, only women appeared first. Some of my commentators insisted upon this version: 'You see, we are so many on this earth because many women came first. Had there been many men, we would be few.'"

On pages 176-177 of John Godwin's volume, "OCCULT AMERICA", we find the following information:

"...It is at this point that the UFO syndrome gets inextricably tangled with a row of underworld themes, bringing in earth gods, dwarfs, giants, subterranean serpents, and the whole kingdom of Pan, complete with the fauns, centaurs and satyrs of classic mythology.

"A number of spiritualist organizations hold that these creatures - plus others undreamed of by the ancients - are alive and exceedingly active in the bowels of the earth. The 'Borderland Sciences Research' Associates of Vista, California, specialize in describing encounters with them; sometimes via psychic projection, occasionally in person.

"But with the coming of the UFO, a new dimension was added to the picture. One set of beliefs merged with another, so today we have the cavern creatures increasingly identified with outer space beings. Often to such an extent that the term Venusian, for example, could denote a (reptilian) inhabitant of sub-Antarctica as easily as a planetary dweller -- simply according to who uses it."

The following comes from Robert Charroux's book, "THE GODS UNKNOWN", page 206:

"...Think of the pointer of a compass: it shows where the greatest magnetic forces of the earth are concentrated, and yet, geographically, there are places where apparently nothing at all happens.

"It might be, therefore, that Agartha (i.e. 'Agharta' - Branton) is either at the north Pole or

under the Himalayas. In any event, one tends to imagine initiatory centres to exist below the surface and always with some sort of lighting system based on highly technical knowledge!"

The following passages, putting forward the idea that beings exist below the earth's surface (according to some interpretations), may be found in the Holy Bible:

"And no MAN in heaven, nor in earth, neither UNDER the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon." -- Revelation, CH.5 vs.3

"There were GIANTS IN the earth in those days..." -
- Genesis, CH.6 vs.4

"And every CREATURE which is in heaven, and on earth, and UNDER THE EARTH..." -- Revelation, CH.5 vs.13

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things UNDER THE EARTH..." -- Philippians, CH.2 vs.10

"Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also DESCENDED first into the LOWER PARTS OF THE EARTH?" -- Ephesians, CH.4 vs.9

"For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the son of man be three days and three night in the HEART OF THE EARTH." -- St. Matthew, CH.12 vs.40

The following quote comes from Benjamin F. Johnson, and appeared in LIFE'S REVIEW (Independence, Mo., Zion's Printing and Publishing Co., 1947. P 93):

"...Some think the earth hollow and at the northern end of the earth there is a great hole. They fancy that the earth is inhabited inside with a race of people, said by some to be what is called the ten-tribes, as the statement is made that they (the lost tribes of Israel) journeyed to the north for many days and it seems impossible to many to account for them on the land that they now live on.

"...and if this be so it is more than likely that they are a numerous people. If they are inside the earth, I think that their cry for a long time has been: give us room that we may dwell." ("The North Pole.," The Deseret Weekly., 53:20-21 [June 20, 1896]...)

"...In adding his theory, the writer of the Era goes on to state the possibilities of a warmer region in the north. And that some day, explorers MAY find the ten tribes who likewise may also be searching for their brethren of the other two tribes." (ie. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin)

The most widely accepted source of information on the Lost Tribes of Israel can be found in the 'APOCRYPHA', which according to Jews and Christians alike are 'books' that are not considered to be 'Divinely penned scripture', but rather collections of Jewish tradition and history. One can read the following in the Apocryphal book of II Esdras 13:40-48:

"...And whereas thou sawest that he gathered another peaceable multitude unto him; those are the ten tribes, which were carried away prisoners out of their own land in the time of Csea the king,

whom Salmonasar the king of Assyria led away captive, and he carried them over the waters and so they came into another land. But they took this council among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a further country, where never mankind dwelt, that they might keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land. And they entered into Euphrates by the narrow passages of the river. For the most high then shewed signs for them, and held still the flood, till they were passed over. For through that country there was a great way to go, namely, of a year and a half: and the same region is called Arsareth. Then dwelt they there until the later time: and now when they shall begin to come, the Highest shall stay the springs and streams again, that they may go through: therefor sawest Thou the multitude with peace."

Page 77 of John W. Dean's book, "FLYING SAUCERS CLOSE-UP", carries the following information on the Hollow Earth theory:

"It is true that we have several books along that line, along with some vague stories and rumors. One of the earliest and most definite was an old issue of the magazine SHOWERS OF BLESSING (Published by the Rev. William R. Blessing). It showed sectional diagrams of Earth -- a shell 300 miles thick, having openings at each end... somewhat like a coconut with holes at the ends with rounded edges. I noted that they were drawn about 1910."

(Note: Some claim that if these 'holes' do exist, then why do they not appear in satellite photos? Well, first of all, there ARE satellite

photos which raise some suspicions, if you do a net-search for the words "polar hole photos", for instance. Next, these holes are allegedly concealed most of the time by thick polar cloud cover, or by some other phenomena, such as a dimensional phenomena!? The government of course has not released any evidence to the existence of these vortexes for obvious reasons. - Branton)

Pages 30-31 of the book, "RAINBOW CITY AND THE INNER EARTH PEOPLE", by 'Michael X', contains the following interesting information concerning Marshal B. Gardner (now deceased) who was the author of the volume, "A Journey To The Earth's Interior", one of the earlier books to put forward the idea of a geo-concavetic or 'hollow' sphere:

"By means of (electromagnetically assisted 'thought transference') I received the following message:

"'...There are entrances leading into the interior of the earth. One located at the Polar region, but not at the spot present exploration has covered. The opening is at distance some 1800 miles from the North Pole. Another opening is 2400 miles from the South Pole. These openings are not nearly as large as (some have) calculated... nor are they easy to find. The Inner earth people keep those entrances well concealed and camouflaged by their advanced scientific knowledge and superphysical abilities.'

"At this point the communication was brought to a close. I was permitted to ask no more questions at that session. But much of value had been revealed. Since then I've learned a number of other vital facts about the Inner Earthians.

"Most important, perhaps, is the fact that a

great 'housecleaning' has been going on within those inner earth realms -- in the great cavern cities -- and the negative, destructive entities are being removed by the friends and brothers from other advanced worlds. Both astral and physical levels of the inner earth are being cleaned out in preparation for the coming Golden Age on earth."

Page 62 of Raymond Bernard's book, "THE HOLLOW EARTH", puts forward the following speculations:

"Gravitational pull is strongest around the curve from the exterior to the interior of the Earth. A 150 pound man would probably weigh 300 pounds while sailing through the polar opening and around the curve from the outside to the inside of the Earth. When he reached the inside he would weigh only 75 pounds. This is because less force is needed to hold a body to the inside of a hollow ball in rotation than to hold it to the outside, due to centrifugal force."

The following statements can be found on pages 77 & 218 of the book, "FLYING SAUCERS CLOSEUP", by John W. Dean:

"The foregoing does not prove that there are not great caverns in Earth's crust with openings in Alaska and South America where space ships have been seen entering and leaving. "...There are regular freight space ships, unseen, since they land at sea in the undersea bases and the freight is distributed in their teleporters or by way of the network of tubes that lace the subterraneum."

Page 8 of Tim Beckley's book, "THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD", gives the following information concerning another entrance in Peru:

"Another source of tunnel information may be a huge monolith of perpendicular rock, which stands apart from its native habitat, the mountains. This rock is of lava, and how it was erected or who erected it is lost in the ages of antiquity, long before the Incas came on the scene.

"The huge monolith stands alone on the shore at Ila, a small town in the southern tip of Peru, not far from the Chilean border. The rock bears odd hieroglyphic marks carved upon it. Marks which only in the light of the setting sun create a cryptic group of symbols. It is said that these marks will reveal to the person able to read them and decipher the message correctly, the location of a secret entrance to the tunnels, an entrance located - some researchers assert - in the fastness of the 'Los Tres Picas', the Three Peaks region. This is a triangular formation of mountain tops near the monolith in the Loa River section.

"When Mme. Blavatsky visited Peru, she viewed and concurred with the information regarding the markings on the Ila monolith. She also asserted that information regarding the entrances to the tunnels had been graven in the walls of the 'Sun Temple' at Cuzco. Information of a symbolized nature, but nevertheless information which revealed to the person, with the knowledge of the meaning of the symbols, the secret entrances to those tunnels which the priests of 'Sun God' knew about. It is reported that Mme. Blavatsky received a chart of the tunnels, from an old Indian, when she visited Lima. This chart now reposes in the Adyar, India,

archives of the Theosophical Society."

Page 313 of the book, "BEASTS, MEN, AND GODS", by Ferdinand Ossendowski, records the following prophecies, made in 1890 by the (so-called) 'King of the World', who is/was said to reside in the subterranean kingdom of 'Agharta' or 'Agharti'. Quoting from the volume:

"...The Hutuktu of Narabanchi related the following to me, when I visited him in his monastery in the beginning of 1921:

"When the King of the World appeared before the Lamas, favored of God, in this monastery thirty years ago he made a prophecy for the coming half century. It was as follows (Note: It may be that the 'half century' interpretation may have been the author's idea, as many of these predictions were not fulfilled by the year 1971, 50 years following 1921. - Branton):

"'More and more people will forget their souls and care about their bodies. The greatest sin and corruption will reign on the earth. People will become as ferocious animals, thirsting for the blood and death of their brothers. The 'Crescent' will grow dim and its followers will descend into beggary and ceaseless war. It's conquerors will be stricken by the sun but will not progress upward and twice they will be visited with the heaviest misfortune, which will end in insult before the eye of the other peoples. The crowns of kings, great and small, will fall... one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight... There will be a terrible battle among all the peoples.

"'The seas will become red... the earth and the bottom of the seas will be strewn with bones...

kingdoms will be scattered... whole peoples will die... hunger, disease, crimes unknown to the law, never before seen in the world. The enemies of God... will come. Those who take the hand of another shall also perish. The forgotten and pursued shall rise up and hold the attention of the whole world. There will be fogs and storms. Bare mountains shall suddenly be covered with forests. Earthquakes will come... Millions will change the fetters of slavery and humiliation for hunger, disease and death. The ancient roads will be covered with crowds wandering from one place to another.

"The greatest and most beautiful cities shall perish in fire... one, two, three... Father shall rise against son, brother against brother and mother against daughter... Vice, crime and the destruction of body and soul shall follow... Families shall be scattered... Truth and love shall disappear... From ten thousand men one shall remain; he shall be nude and mad and without force and the knowledge to build himself a house and find his food... He will howl as the raging wolf, devour dead bodies, bite his own flesh and challenge God to fight...

"All the earth will be emptied. God will turn away from it and over it there will only be night and death. Then I shall send a people, now unknown, which shall tear out the weeds of madness and vice with a strong hand and will lead those who still remain faithful to the spirit of man in the fight against Evil. They will found a new life on the earth purified by the death of nations... Afterwards there will be eighteen years of war and destruction. Then the peoples of Agharti will come up from their subterranean caverns to the surface of the earth.'"

The following information comes from a booklet by TAL Levesque, titled "REFLECTIONS". The underworld journey described below is remarkably similar to that which is described in John Uri Lloyd's book, "ETIDORHPA" (Available from: Amherst Press., Amherst, Wisconsin., 54406):

"THINKING AND DESTINY", by Harold W. Percival., Word Publishers (1946):

"...Inside and outside of the crust of the earth, are spherical zones. Inside the crust and the zones are races and entities, some superior and some inferior to the human race. During certain cycles divine kings (perfected doers) come from the interior earth to teach and rule over human beings on the crust.

"SECTION 5 - The Way in The Earth.

"The companion meets the on-goer and makes himself known... 'I am here to help you on a part of the journey. Are you ready to go and to have me as your guide?'

"Together the companion and the on-goer go from place to place... When the time comes the companion leads the on-goer to an opening into the earth... a new guide appears. The on-goer and his guide leave the surface and enter the earth.

"Gradually the on-goer becomes accustomed to the darkness and sees by a new kind of light. They come to a new world inside the earth crust, a world existing on many levels. The new world is like spaces in a sponge; some of the chambers, passages and labyrinths are vast in size, hundreds of miles long and high, and some only small pockets. He sees strange things in many colors, landscapes, cliffs, some of crystal. He sees by an inner earth light, which is made by a mingling of transient units. There is no night and no day. There are no shadows, except at the outer limits of

the inner earth light. He travels on foot or at times in vehicles made of metal.

"The vehicles glide like a sled over the magnetic ground.

"The guide takes him through many countries, in which are varieties of human beings. They travel along different layers and from one layer to others. Different conditions exist on the different layers. Thus the force of gravity is strongest near the outer crust and after that point is passed, decreases gradually as they advance into the crust, and finally ceases (according to some, this would be the gravitational 'null' zone between the inward 'pull' of the outer crust and the centrifugal outward 'push' of the rotating inner surface - Branton).

"The on-goer sees many peoples. Nearest to the crust the races are wild and degenerate; they eat raw flesh and drink strong intoxicants. But farther in the people are peaceable and cultured. Nearly all races are white (no doubt due largely to the lack of the 'tanning effect' of direct sunlight - Branton). Some of them are acquainted with the earth and have powers over its forces.

"The people in the earth crust are human beings, but who are not (directly) akin to any human race NOW on the crust. Some have never left the interior. The on-goer meets people of the race to which his guide belongs.

"During these wanderings the guide explains the structure of the inner earth, its forces and history, the phenomena and their causes and reactions. He explains the illusions of time and of the dimensions of matter and the relative reality of all these things, which are seen as illusions. He explains that the on-goer must balance his thoughts, and that the end of The Way is in the balancing. The on-goer says: 'I will go on alone.'"

A former acquaintance of mine (mid-1980's) by the name of Christine Hayes, at the time living in Colorado, revealed an interesting account of a huge cavern beneath the South American country of Peru. In one of her letters, she stated:

"...a Cavern City (exists) beneath Lake Titicaca (Peru), called 'XUBLAAN'. It is next to an underground twin lake of Titicaca's..."

Pages 48-49 of Raymond Bernard's book, "FLYING SAUCERS FROM THE EARTHS INTERIOR", records the following account:

"Recently the Brazilian press and radio announced that a party of geologists and other scientists entered one of the many tunnels that open on the tops of mountains here (evidently constructed by an antediluvian race of 'Atlanteans' before the Deluge), and after descending some distance, came to a subterranean city. Then a sudden fright seized the party, and they fled before they entered the city. They refused to return or to reveal what made them get frightened. Perhaps the city was inhabited and perhaps its inhabitants did not want to be molested and projected certain types of radiations on them..." (Compare this with other rumors that many Incas actually disappeared into the subterranean world - Branton)

Page 159 of Andrew Tomas's book, "ON THE SHORES OF

ENDLESS WORLDS", records the following account, which is perhaps a reference to the sub-city of XUBLAAN mentioned earlier:

"...The Jesuit Agnelio Oliva (1572-1642) recorded the words of an old Inca quipu reader to the effect that the real Tiahuanaco was a subterranean city exceeding the one above ground in vastness. It was believed that the entrance to the underground apartments could be gained through four tunnels. Last century one passage was evidently found as treasure hunters managed to get in, to look for gold, but only one came out. He brought out with him two gold bars but left behind his sanity. After this incident the Peruvian government decided to wall up the cave entrance. How like the experience of the two Englishmen, treasure-hunting in Andkor..."

The following accounts come from page 242 of "THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE" - Vol-52:

"...The Cubeo Indians, a Tukano-speaking people, live at present along the Cuduiari, Querari, Pirabaton, and Vaupes rivers in southeastern Columbia. The region of these rivers is hilly, heavily forested country, at an average elevation of some 750 feet. Some thirty gentes grouped into three exogamous unnamed phratries comprise the tribe. The Cubeo Indians refer to themselves as pamiwa - 'first people.'

"...The Cubeo are a river people, and according to their traditions their ancestors first EMERGED from the rocks at river rapids; thereafter all the Cubeo lived along the rivers."

Pages 248-249 of the same work contains the following information:

"The Caraja are an isolated people inhabiting a large territory slightly north of the geographical center of Brazil.

"...In the underworld, the original home of the Caraja, there was neither sickness nor death. As the emergence myth states, 'More people kept being born. Nobody died. There wasn't enough room. When a man got old, he sat there in one place without moving. Kaboi couldn't add any more houses to the village. It was full. A new father was lying on the mat. It was time to eat honey. He went off hunting honey. While he was hunting he heard a 'seriema' (Portuguese name of a bird) sing. He scooped a hole toward it and came out. He found fruit at once and decided to return. When he got back he gave his folk the fruit to taste. They found it very good and wanted to come out. They invited the others to come with them. Wobedu sent his folk out first and he went first among them. Kaboi came among the last. He got stuck in the hole. His belly was too big. He decided to go back. It was a dead leaf that he spied. He spoke to his wife, 'Let's go back. There is death there.' They went back again..."

The following passage appeared in an article titled "Subterranean Saucers - Global Network Of Underground UFO Bases", by Raymond Bond, which appeared on page 58 of the 1980 issue of UFO ANNUAL:

"In the Tampico area of Mexico stands stately Sombrero Mountain, riddled with caves near the top. From these caves come incredible sounds which,

according to the local people, resemble those made by hydroelectric generating equipment. There is no hydroelectric plant within Sombrero Mountain. But take note, witnesses often have said that the UFOs they sighted made buzzing noises like 'electric machinery' "

The following two accounts can be found on pages 79-82 of Warren Smith's book, "THIS HOLLOW EARTH":

"In his book, 'Mysteries of Ancient South America' (The Citadel Press., New York., 1956), author Harold T. Wilkins related that in March 1942, a Mr. and Mrs. Lamb (no other identification) from California, were personal guests of President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the White House. The couple had reportedly discovered a tribe of uncivilized Indians in the Mexican state of Chiapas. These Indians, possibly members of the Iancandones tribe, said they guarded an ancient, unknown Mayan city. The Lambs informed President Roosevelt that the old city included a temple with a subterranean vault. Inside the vault were gold plates, inscribed with a record of man's history on earth. They also declared the gold plates had predicted the outbreak of World War II.

"The Lambs told the President that the gold sheets recorded history back beyond the great flood,' reported Gunther Rosenberg. 'The Indian tribesmen seldom visited the secret city, except to worship. Then they held ritualistic ceremonies in the Mayan temple and worshiped their ancient gods of the underworld,'

"This may be the same lost city mentioned by Abbe Charles Etienne Brasseur-deBourbourg, the scholarly, religious administrator of Chiapas,

Mexico, in the early 1850s. The Abbe recorded his experience in a journal, mentioning rumors of a lost city along the edges of the Mexican frontier. He said that people FROM this hidden city frequently appeared in the pueblos and town to barter for supplies. They vanished as quickly as they appeared when they were questioned about their origin.'

"...J. Lloyd Stephens, an adventurer, traveler and a friend of Madame Blavatsky, was exploring the areas of western Guatemala in 1838-39. Later, in both London and New York, Stephens astonished newsmen with stories of unusual ruins near the pueblo of Chajol. Stephens said:

"'There are ruins beyond Santa Cruz del Quinche that are unknown to our explorers. I was traveling with a band of native Indians near the headwaters of the Rio Usumacinta. After many days of hard travel, we climbed to the summit of a large ridge along the Sierra Cordillera. At a height of 10,000 feet I could look over an immense plain that extended to the south and down into the (Gulf?) of Mexico. From that vantage point I saw a marvelous city that extended over a great area. There were high, white turrets that glistened in the sun.

"'Stephens motioned for his porters to march toward the city. 'I was extremely excited at the thought of finding a lost metropolis In this dense green jungle,' he said later.

"'This is as far as a white man may go," an elderly Indian Informed Stephens. "The people in that city know that white invaders have conquered this land. They murder any white man who enters the city."

"'How have they remained undiscovered for so many years?" asked Stephens. "They have no coins, no livestock, or domestic animals," said the old Indian. "The buildings you see are not inhabited,

They have left the city and moved underground to save themselves from the white invaders."

"'"How do they live underground?" inquired Lloyd Stephens. "Without sunlight, they would surely die after a few weeks in a cave."

"`The old Indian looked at the explorer with amusement. "There are many secrets in this world," he said. "These people have known the formula for the great light for thousands of years."

"'"What great light?"

"`The Indian pointed to the earth and up into the cloudy sky. "The great light is the secret of all things," he said. "It was given to these people many years ago by the gods from beneath the earth."

"`Stephens argued with his Indian packers, but he was unable to convince them to enter the city. Frustrated, his curiosity at a fevered pitch, Lloyd Stephens reluctantly followed his guides down the Rio Usumacinta river. As he left the tortuous hilly jungles of western Guatemala Stephens wondered how many ancient races lived beneath the earth. These abandoned cities had once hummed with life. Now, he wondered if Cortez and his Conquistadors had seized the real treasure from the sallow-faced Aztec priests. Was the great light the real bonanza?'".

CAVE AND TUNNEL ENTRANCES OF THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE

compiled by B. Alan Walton

(1980)

#1 --- Pages 16-19 of Eric Norman's book, "THE UNDER-PEOPLE", carries the following strange story from a Monastery in Germany:

Pepin the Short, the pint-sized father of Emperor Charlemagne, was the founder of the Brunia Monastery in the fabled Trier region of ancient Prussia. In A.D. 1138, a strange series of events culminated in an unusual visitation by a bizarre little man.

There had been several nocturnal visitations to the monastery's wine cellar, and its steward voiced his suspicions to the abbot: "The monks are slipping into the wine cellar and sampling the casks."

The abbot frowned at the thought of a possible scandal and asked, "When did this begin?"

"It's been going on for several months. I didn't mind it when they only took a cup or two," explained the embarrassed monk. "Last night, the culprit tapped a huge cask and forgot to stop the bunghole. A whole keg of wine drained out onto the cellar floor."

The abbot hurried to the cellar, inspected the damage, then carefully tapped the bunghole in each of the huge casks. He anointed the cellar with holy water, securely locked the door and placed a saint's relic above the entrance... "None of our monks would dare to transgress against the power of the cross."

The following morning, a sleepy-eyed abbot unlocked the cellar door and squinted into the dim

room. Followed by a group of curious monks, the abbot discovered that another keg of wine had been tapped; the floor was covered with the rich, red liquid. Suddenly, the abbot spotted a movement in the dark shadows in the far corner of the cellar. "There's the thief," he shouted. "Grab the transgressor and prepare him for punishment!"

Two burly monks rushed forward and grabbed the shadowy figure. They carried the struggling thief into the light and the abbot stared in wonder at a dark-skinned dwarf, who glared back in impassive silence.

"Are you a Nubian? How did you get into our wine cellar?" inquired the abbot.

The strange little man would not speak.

"Do you have parents?" the abbot asked.

"Here! Here! This fellow got in through the wall," called a monk, pointing to a displaced stone that covered a small tunnel leading down into the earth. The bewildered monks crowded around the secret tunnel as one quaking novice suggested the tunnel must lead to the Devil's lair. An older monk spoke knowingly of subterranean demons who delighted in tormenting those who had taken the vows.

Despite his crime, the captured dwarf was accepted into the society of holy men. "He looks human and the least we can do is provide the poor child with a Christian education," the abbot said. But in spite of the kindness showed him by the monks, the dwarf refused to utter a single word. He sat quietly on a bed in a cross-legged position, staring directly ahead and refusing all food and drink. After several weeks of fasting, the monastery dwellers were concerned for the life of their visitor, and a visiting bishop was asked for his advice as the dwarf was brought into the great hall and introduced to him.

"Good Lord! You must expel this Devil's child at once!" the alarmed bishop shouted. "He is a

demon and the tool of the devil!"

Gervase, a monk at Christ Church, Canterbury, England, later inscribed this strange ending to the dwarf's appearance in his manuscripts: "...The demon ran in alarm from the holy words. He went to the cellar and returned to his underworld tribe!"

The monastic scribes produced hundreds of manuscripts with stories of visits from demons, evil apparitions and other "devils" from the vast subterranean world. They were adamant in their belief that a nether world, an underworld, existed beneath the surface. Many of these manuscripts told of long tunnels and deep caves that led down into this inner world.

A thirteenth-century historian, Saxo-Gammaticus, wrote down the folklore and myths of Scandinavia. He recorded the ancient Viking belief in "Hadding Land," a subterranean world where giants, super-humans, tribes of black dwarfs and "snake people" lived. These strange beings, and even stranger animals, were said to occasionally surface in our outer world and create chaos. The (Roman Catholic) church was violently opposed to these beliefs and condemned such theories as "ignorant superstitions." Gradually, such tales lost their element of fact and truth and became a part of the folklore of northern Europe.

#2 --- Pages 19-20 of the same book tells the following:

"In Vol.1, No.6 of the 'NEWSLETTER FOR THE COMMITTEE FOR THE SCIENTIFIC EVALUATION OF PSI', there is a fascinating account of a laborer in Staffordshire, England, who may have glimpsed, for a moment, the mechanical development of the 'aliens' within the inner earth. Researcher Ronald Calais told of a tunnel laborer, digging underground in 1770, who heard a roaring sound behind a large, flat stone. Curious, he pried away the stone with pick and crowbar and was amazed to

see a smooth stone stairway leading down into the earth. This laborer's first thought was that he had discovered some type of ancient tomb.

Envisioning vast chests of ancient treasure, he cautiously walked down the stairs. Suddenly, the stairway ended and the man was standing in a large stone cavern, filled with gigantic machines. The astonished laborer glanced about the well-lit room, then saw hastening toward him a strangely-clad, hooded figure. The being had a baton-like object in his upraised hand and the terrified laborer scrambled back up the stairway to safety..."

3 --- Brinsley Le Poer Trench's book, "SECRETS OF THE AGES", gives the following interesting information on pages 49-51:

"...Wilkins has more to tell us about the ancient tunnel systems.

"Among the Mongolian tribes of inner Mongolia, even today, there are traditions about tunnels and subterranean worlds which sound as fantastic as anything in modern (sci-fi & fantasy) novels. One 'legend' -- IF is be that! -- says that the tunnels lead to a subterranean 'world' of Antediluvian descent somewhere in the recess of Afghanistan, or in the region of the Hindu Kush....

"It is even given a name, 'Agharti'. The legend adds that a labyrinth of tunnels and underground passages is extended in a series of links connecting Agharti with all other such subterranean worlds! ...The subterranean world, it is said, is lit by a strange green (electromagnetic-auroral) luminescence (that is diffused throughout the subterranean atmosphere itself) which favors the growth of crops and conduces to length of days and health."

This last account is of special interest as Kolosimo refers to this green fluorescence in

another part of the world. He writes in TIMELESS EARTH about a strange "bottomless well" in Azerbaijan in the Soviet Union. Apparently, a bluish light comes from its WALLS and odd noises are heard. Eventually, after investigating and exploring, scientists found a whole system of tunnels connecting with other ones in Georgia and 'all over the Caucasus'.

After describing these tunnels, which are regular in form, and, he stated, almost identical with similar ones in Central America, Kolosimo went on to tell us that they are part of a huge system even connecting with Iran, and moreover, with the tunnels of China, Tibet and Mongolia.

Now, referring back to Wilkins' account of a subterranean world called Agharti, where it was said to be lit by a strange green luminescence, Kolosimo has this to say:

"The Tibetans believe that the tunnels are citadels, the last of which still afford refuge to the survivors of an immense cataclysm. This unknown people are said to make use of an underground source of energy which replaced that of the sun, causing plants to breed and prolong human life. It is supposed to give out a green fluorescence, and it is curious that we also meet with this idea in (native) American legend..."

#4 --- The following Irish account appeared on pages 92-93 of the 28th edition of FOLKLORE: A QUARTERLY REVIEW - published by the 'Folk-lore Society':

"There is a feeder to the river Aille which runs into lake Mask., Co. Mayo, which gathers on the foothills of the Partry Mountains, and as it reaches the lower slopes is blocked by a transverse out-crop of limestone cliff, beneath which it

burrows, and after about half a mile or more of subterranean course rises from the ground in a large pool, and then joins the main stream. In heavy rains the entrance to the caves in the cliff become a raging whirlpool, which rises 15 or 20 feet up the face of the cliff, the subterranean passage being unable to give vent to the flood. But in ordinary weather one can penetrate some distance into the caverns which receives the stream.

"The place in question is about 12 miles east of Westport on the way to lake Carra. I visited it, desiring to explore the cavern as far as it seemed safe, and took a guide from the nearest part of the main road.

"When we approached the hollow, my guide refused to come further, and tried to dissuade me. He sat down of a height afar off, and would not even go near the entrance. I had to go to the low cliffs (alone), but found two of the side entrances chocked with debris, and did not venture into the main opening, which did not offer a secure foothold, especially to anyone unaccompanied by a guide.

"I offered him half a crown, then five shillings, but he said that not for a pound note would he go near the foot of the cliff, and showed such terror that I induced him to give me his reason. He then explained that though persons had penetrated more than once by one of the side openings, he said a man who having got in suddenly saw the vault lit up by the lights of some large buildings illuminated with numerous windows, and what he saw and heard was too dreadful to be described... and then he (the guide) crossed himself and made for his home, leaving me alone on the slope of the hill."

#5 --- The following appears on page 227 of the JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE - VOL.II - under the title, "Arab Legend of a Buried Monastery", told by H.C. Bolton:

"Sounds produced by obscure natural causes have given birth to many legends. In Scotland the noises of sea-caves are attributed to pipers blowing their bagpipes, and reasons are assigned for the detainment underground of these musicians.

"Akin to this is the legend of the Bedouins concerning the "Mountain of the Bell" (Febel Nagous), in the desert of Mt. Sinai. My guide gave me the following version, which is less elaborate than that reported by other travelers: --

"A Bedouin fisherman, going to work one day, met an old man, who saluted him and conducted him into the bowels of the mountain. There, to his surprise, he found a monastery, gardens and date palms bearing fruit, and good water. The monks received him kindly, gave him food, and when they dismissed him, made him swear not to disclose the secret of the monastery. The Bedouin went to his village, Tor, on the Gulf of Suez, near by, and related his discovery. The village people went with him to the spot, but found only a sand-bank; and they wanted to kill the man who had deceived them. But the sound of the nagous, or wooden gong used by the priests to call the monks to prayer, is still heard issuing from beneath the bank of sand.

"Another Arab declared that the nagous is heard three times a day, morning, noon, and evening, at the hours of prayer; he crossed himself when the sound was unusually loud..."

#6 --- Pages 131-132, of "MYTHS OF CREATION", by Phillip Freund, tells the following:

"In Malinowski's Trobriand Islands, on the other side of the world, the ancestors of the four clans -- the Iguana, the Dog, the Pig, and the Opossum, as has already been mentioned -- emerged from their previous subterranean existence by one special hole, called 'Obukula', near the village of Laba'i."

Pages 9-12, of "SUBTERRANEAN WORLDS OF PLANET EARTH", edited by Gene Duplantier, contains an interesting chapter by Paul Doerr. In it we find the following Information:

#7 --- "...An article in FATE covers the search for the cavern systems mentioned in Perelandra and describes the area found and some of the caves, including one which can be followed for miles by boat along its half-flooded passages. Of course, no one has explored deep enough yet to find the city, if it exists.

#8 --- "...A Polynesian legend describes the ancient race living deep beneath the ruins of the stone city on the South Pacific island and says they will someday emerge to again rule the earth. A peculiarity of the construction of these buildings is the odd stone shapes which make the structures look somewhat like collexial forts..."

#9 --- "...A cave was found in Cornwall which had artifacts useable only by very tiny people. Another cave in the American west was dry when the finders entered it, only to fill up with boiling water. Some think the lights of Brown Mountain issue from a cave as yet undiscovered on the side of the mountain, hidden in the very dense underbrush. Various caves are said, by reliable witnesses, to have strange sounds and even lights deep inside

them. One cave "disappears". The entrance can be found at some times, and not at others. Some caves fill with poison gases." (Brown Mt. is in North Carolina)

#10 --- "...The Tuareg supposedly have great, very ancient, underground cities. Some North Africans still build their homes underground to escape the great heat. Labyrinths and catacombs underlie many great cities, both ancient and modern, from the Gobi to Mayaland. The UFOs have been said to have underground house in isolated places, or in the Amazon. Certainly, thousands of documented cases exist of this exciting subject."

#11 --- Pages 20-21 of the same book contains the following:

"In July, 1961, Professor of Archaeology, Chi Pen Loo, stumbled across an underground system of caverns in the Valley of Stones in China. The labyrinth, a part of the Honan mountains on the south shore of lake Tung Ting, had tunnels that were smooth and glazed, and covered with paintings of animals seemingly running away in one direction. Up above them stand men on a "flying shield."

Duplantier continues...

#12 --- "In Herbert Rittlinger's book 'The Measureless Ocean', a tunnel was found on the South Pacific island of Temuen, but it is not known where it ends or really begins. Other inner earth hiding planes exist in Cholula, Mexico) San Augustin, Columbia, Darinkuyu, Anatolia, Turkey..."

#13 --- Pages 268-269 of Peter Tompkins book, "SECRETS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID", carries the

following passages:

"...According to the Baron de Cologne, as quoted by Robert Charroux in LE LIVRE DES SECRETS TRAHIS (Paris, Laffont, 1965), there is an underground kingdom under the Egyptian desert similar to 'Agartha' of Tibet.

"...Many Egyptologists and explorers were convinced -- and many still are -- that the Pyramid (at Gizeh) conceals one or more secret and yet undiscovered chambers. It is also believed that the Pyramid is connected by subterranean passageways to other pyramids, to the Sphinx, and to long-demolished reception halls, small temples and other enclosures.

"The engineer of the Australian railways, Robert Ballard, believed the Giza pyramids may also have been built above a vast series of catacombs, with chambers and galleries, like the pyramids of lake Moeris, which are said to have vast subterranean residences for its priests and keepers.

"Ballard suggests that much of the limestone for the structure of the pyramids of Giza may have been quarried from such catacombs. He suggests that a good diamond drill with two or three hundred feet of rods be used to make tests on the Giza (or Gizeh) plateau. Ballard believes that when the subterranean city is discovered it will be found that it has access passages for priests and the surveyors linking it to every pyramid..."

"...When Perring and Howard-Vyse were exploring the bent pyramid at Dashur in 1839, they noticed an extraordinary phenomenon. The workmen clearing the passages were suffering from intense heat and lack of oxygen when suddenly a strong cold wind began to whistle through the passages. It blew so fiercely for two days that men had trouble keeping their lamps lit. Mysteriously it stopped and no one has yet figured out the mystery.

"Ahmed Fakhry, working in the same pyramid in

the 1950's, heard weird noises which led him to conclude that there must be undiscovered passages within or under the bent pyramid.

"...Edgerton Sykes, an archeologist and author, who is perhaps the best living authority on ancient Atlantis, also believes there is a whole maze of corridors and passages dug into the Giza hill. Sykes quotes an ancient Arab source to the effect that the designers of the Pyramid made 'several doors, built over underground vaults of stone, each with a secret stone door revolving upon a hinge.'

"Peter Kolosimo believes that there are more tombs and caves beneath Saqqara, A'bydos, and Heluan, of very ancient dynasties, and reports the legends of hidden doors 'that could be opened by a mysterious force' such as a supersonic wavelength, or specially resonant voice.

"Herodotus speaks of a palace complex of 3500 chambers half above ground and half below ground at (Lake) Moeris. The Egyptians called, It 'the temple at the entrance to the lake.' Herodotus called it a labyrinth, and considered that it out ranked the pyramids as a wonder.

"Piazzi Smyth was equally convinced that there was an undiscovered chamber in the Great Pyramid 'which will prove to be the very muniment room of the whole monument...'"

In relation to the above account, there is a prediction which appears on pages 143-145 of the book "CHEIRO'S WORLD PREDICTIONS", by the famous 'seer' CHEIRO:

"...From 1980 the succeeding period of another seventy times seven will, in my opinion, see the restoration of the Twelve Tribes of Israel as the dominant power of the world.

"During this period it will be the Israelites and nations who have intermingled with them who will open up and develop the great wealth of both Palestine and Egypt.

"The Great Pyramid will then become the controlling center in the world's civilization. Under their influence it will at last be fully explored, the secret passage at present sealed up by the granite block in the side of what is called 'the well' will at last be opened. Beneath the thirteen acre base of the pyramid a treasure temple will be discovered, one not only containing gold and jewels beyond the wildest dreams of imagination, but revealing scientific secrets by which the Pyramid was built, which will upset all previously known laws relating to Astronomy, gravitation, electricity, the harnessing of the powers of light, etheric rays and the hidden forces of the atom. With such knowledge at their disposal the Israelites and all the descendants of 'the lost tribes' will become possessors of the Earth in every sense as has been predicted so many times in the Bible... Before this desired time can dawn, the great Armageddon must be fought...

"Among other things, there are allegations that the Great Pyramid at Giza holds hidden within itself actual artifacts related to the life and crucifixion of Christ, including the actual cross

mentioned in the Bible; a Space Ship; a tunnel leading to distant countries; and 12 super beings - at present in a state of suspended animation..."

Page 89 of the book, "THE HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF MAGIC", contains the following information relating to the Gizeh region of Egypt:

"...The Sphinx of Gizeh, says Iamblicus, served as an entrance to the 'sacred' vaults in which the Maji held their tests. This entrance, frequently blocked, can still be traced between (and beneath) the forelegs (of the Sphinx). In former times it was closed by a bronzed door whose secret spring was known only to the Magi. In the body of the Sphinx were constructed corridors that communicated with the subterranean portions of the Great Pyramid; these corridors were so skillfully arranged that anyone who undertook the journey from the Sphinx to the Great pyramid without a guide was inevitably brought back through their mysterious network to the point whence he had started."

Pages 107-109 of Richard Webb's book "THESE CAME BACK" records 11 prophecies concerning those things to happen at the close of the age. They were given to a man named Tony during his visit to the Tsai Hei Lamasery. One of these prophecies seems to refer to the Great Sphinx, it is recorded in the book as follows:

"The stone cat of the desert shall reveal its standing legs and lost knowledge and wisdom shall come forth from them. The first to un-lock the ancient doors shall be three men, each from a nation of love and peace, and each of a different

race."

#14 --- Pages 35-36 of Franz Hartmann's book, "AMONG THE GNOMES", contains the following legend:

"...We were accompanied by a guide, carrying our provisions and scientific instruments. This guide was a direct descendant of the reputed Lazarus Gitschner, who in the year 1529 spent ten days among the gnomes in the Untersberg (a mountain in the Austrian Alps). We attempted to draw him out, but the guide would not reveal what his ancestor had seen during that visit; nor is this surprising, for Lazarus himself never revealed it to anybody except to the priest in the confessional. All that has become known about it is, that he came out of the Untersberg a man entirely changed from what he was before he went in, and the priest also, after hearing the confession, became very much changed himself, even so that he left off playing ninepins on Sunday morning, led a retired life, and died not long afterwards in the odour of sanctity."

#15 --- Page 106 of William Denton's book, "THE SOUL OF THINGS - Vol.11", contains the following psychometric experiment concerning the burial customs of the Egyptians:

"...It seems like a city underground, it is so large. It extends a long way. I turn to the right, and go on. At the end is a door, which seems to open into a little room or chapel. There are people buried even in here, and piled one above another in niches that appear to have been cut for them. I cannot see very distinctly in this room; but there is something in the centre raised above the floor.

There is water in it: It is indistinct, however. These bodies are all embalmed. I am going to look at some of them. I am close to one: he lies near the wall. He is tall. Yes, he was considered a very wise man. He must have been a priest, I think. Yes, he was considered a very wise and a very good man: he was a saint. I don't like it down here. I must get out..."

#16 --- Page 138 of C.S. Kirk's book, "MYTH: MEANING AND FUNCTIONS", carries the following Mesopotamian legend:

"...He arrives at the mountain called Maahu, guarded by scorpion-men (a long established hybrid of Mesopotamian art and myth, particularly chosen to guard the boundaries of earth and sky). They recognize him as one-third mortal and two-thirds divine, and allow him to pass through the mountain. After twelve leagues of terrifying darkness he emerges into the brilliant light of a jeweled (underground) garden... described at some length. In the tenth tablet the journey continues..."

#17 --- In the volume "ETIDORHPA", by John Uri Lloyd, there is a reference to a huge subterranean ocean existing below the Arctic area at a great depth. One end of this body of water, according to the volume, comes up against a huge precipice, miles deep. The water is kept from overflows by a small wall about a foot above the water's surface, which extends a distance around a section of the ocean's edge. When this ocean, which is as smooth as glass, overflows this barrier, the water falls in cascades to the bottom of the precipice, where

there is a funnel-shaped opening of great size. When this water hits the salt compounds and other minerals, it causes a chemical reaction, thus forcing the gases created down the funnel and through a very long tunnel in the earth. The gases eventually emerge on the surface in the form of one of Italy's volcanoes, Mount Epomeo, situated on a small island off the west coast of Italy, not far from Naples.

#18 --- Harold T. Wilkins' book, "FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED", pages 97-98, carries the following story of the strange emergence of two children from an underground 'world' in the area of Suffolk, England:

"The twelfth century monk, Gervase of Tilbury, tells of 'The Cream Children,' who emerged from some caves or pits, in Suffolk, in such queer circumstances that one might conclude either that they had been teleported from some world in space, or from some terrestrial subterranean world! This story is also given by three other monastic chroniclers, William of Newburgh, Walsingham, and Giraldus Casbrensis.

"Gervase titled it, 'De Viridibes Pueris':

"'There is a village in England, some four to five miles from the noble monastery of the blessed king and martyr, Edmund, near which may be seen certain strange and memorable antiquities, called the English 'Wolfpittes' (N.B. The modern Woolpit, seven miles from Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk). They gave their name to the adjacent village. There came a harvest-tide when the reapers were gathering in the corn. On a sudden, there crept out from these two pits a boy and a girl, green at every point of their body, and clad in garments of strange colour and unknown texture.

"They wandered distraught about the field, until the harvesters took pity on them and brought them to the village, where many thronged to see them, marveling at the strangeness of the occurrence. And for some days, these children refused all food that was placed before them. But it happened that some beans were brought in from the fields, and the two children snatched at them greedily and eat in the pits, weeping bitterly, for they found the pods empty. Then one of the bystanders offered them only shelled beans, which they took gladly and ate forthwith. On this food they were nourished for some days, until they learnt to eat bread. At length, under the prevailing influence of our food, they slowly changed the colour of their skin and learned to speak English.

"Then, on the advice of wise folk, they received holy baptism, but the boy, who seemed the junior in age, lived for only a brief time thereafter, while his sister thrived and lived on, differing in no wise from the girls of our own country. The story goeth that she later married a man at Lynn, or Lennam (King's Lynn, Norfolk ?) where she is still said to be living (at the time of this writing), or was so said, up to a few years ago.

"'These two strange children were often asked whence they came, and replied, "We are folk of St. Martin's Land, for he is the chief saint among us... Among us no sun riseth, nor is there open sunshine, but such a twilight as here goes before the rising and setting of the sun. Yet a land of light is to be seen not far from us, but severed from us by a stream of great breadth.'"

"..Incidentally, Garvase of Tilbury lived around the late 12th and early 13th centuries."

Pages 32-33, of Timothy Green Beckley's book, "THE SHAVER MYSTERY AND THE INNER EARTH", records more details to this strange story:

"...The most famous case involved the discovery of two subsurface children in the year 1100, in the small English town of Wulfpeters (i.e. 'Wolfpittes' - Branton). The entire story is related in Chronicon Anxllcmrum, by Abbot Ralph, of the nearby community of Coggsshall. We quote this text as follows:

"'...This boy and girl, brother and sister, came out of holes at Mt. Mary de Wulpeters (in East Anglia), next to the edge of the pit found there. They had all the members, like those of other men; but in the color of the skin they differed from all other mortals of earth. For the surface of the skin none could understand. At that time, weeping inconsolably, they were taken, out of astonishment, to the house of Richard de Calne at Wikes..."

"'...And after being regenerated by the holy waters of baptism, for many years remained in the service of the soldier, afore-said, as from the same soldier and his family we often heard. She showed herself very wanton and lascivious. Indeed asked about the men of her own country, she affirmed that all who dwelt in her land, or had lived there, were colored green, and no sun was perceived there, but that a brightness or shining such as would happen after sunset was visible at all times.

"'Asked in what manner she had come from the land with the boy, she replied that they were following sheep and arrived at a certain cavern. On entering it they heard a certain delectable sound of bells and, in trying to reach the sweet sound, they wandered for a very long time through the cavern until they came to its end. Thence, emerging, the excessive brightness of our sun and the unwonted, warm temperature of our air astonished and terrified them. For a long time they lay upon the edge of the cave. When overcome with disquietude, they wished to flee, but they could not in the least find the entrance to the cavern,

until they were seized by the people of the countryside.'" "

More details on this story can be found in an article by W. Raymond Drake, titled "The Green People", which appeared on pages 16-18 of the Winter 1979-80 issue of SEARCH magazine:

"...William of Newbury in Yorkshire, England, (1136-11987) in his 'Historia Rerum Anglicarum', a careful record of contemporary events, penned in Chapter XXVII, 'De Viridibus Pueris', a most fascinating tale which intrigues us more than ever today. Our own translation of the mediaeval Latin reads... 'About The Green Children'.

"The prodigy which happened to arise during the reign of Stephen in England (1135-1154) should not appear to go unheard for centuries.

"...There is a village in Eastern England four or five miles distant, it is said, from the noble monastery of Edmond, the blessed King and martyr. Nearby the village may be seen certain most ancient trenches, which in the English language are called 'Alfpittes', that is 'Wolf-pits'. They give their name to the adjacent village..."

#19 --- (The following account is continued from the previous work - Branton):

"...The rest of the story, as recorded by William of Newbury, does not deviate much from that given by Gervase in his 'De Viridibus Pueris'. Perhaps, just as interesting, is the story of the two children who emerged from tunnel in Spain, almost 1000 miles to the south, which was also mentioned in Drake's article:

"The brilliant Jacques Bergier in 'Les Extra-Terrestres dan l'histoire' repeats this startling story in almost every detail; he describes two

children with negroid faces and Asiatic almond eyes, who manifested one afternoon in August 1887 near the village of Banjos in Spain. The young girl said they came from a country without sun dimmed by perpetual twilight. This remarkable parallel between these stories seven centuries apart may be purely coincidental, although without more contemporary confirmation we are tempted to suspect some plagiarism. However, even the sceptic must admit, if green children really did appear once from a twilight land, others could appear again.

"It is said that the green children at Banjos were taken to the house of Ricardo da Calne, magistrate and the village's chief landowner. An article attributed to John Macklin in 'GRIT' (magazine), December 1966, reprinted in the American review 'Understanding' - Volume XII, August 1967, states "The documents are still in existence. The sworn statements of witnesses who testified to have spoken to, and touched, the beings who came hand-in-hand from a mole In the ground..." If this be true, it is most surprising that the Spanish authorities have not made intensive investigation and fully reported these amazing details, which agree somewhat suspiciously with the original tale of 'The Green Children' of Alfpittes (Wolfpit) mentioned by William of Newbury and said to be supported by medieval chronicles of Gervase of Tilbury, Giraldus Cambrensis and Walsingham.

"Harold Wilkins in "FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED' states (that) 'St. Martin's Land' is probably Merlin's land of 'grammarye', or necromancy; a subterranean world, or twilight land, to which the 'gods' or god-men, were forced to descend after the submersion of Greater Atlantis.'..."

#20 --- The following story, titled 'THE MOONSHAFT', by Antonin T. Horak, appeared on pages 30-34, of the March, 1965 issue of 'NSS NEWS', a publication of the National Speleological Society:

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is a translation by the author from his own journal. Antonin T. Horak was a captain in the Slovak Uprising (against the Nazi occupiers) during World War II, and he tells of his discovery of a strange "moonshaft" in a cave in Czechoslovakia. Dr. Horak is a linguist who is now a U.S. Citizen living in Pueblo, Colorado, and he hopes to persuade speleologists to study his moonshaft further and to learn its true nature. The illustrations were traced from sketches that he made 20 years ago (circa 1945) in the cave, which is located near the villages of Plavnice and Lubocna, at about 49.2° N., 20.7° E. The journal was written on the spot and starts when Dr. Horak and two of his wounded soldiers were found by a peasant and rescued from capture.

OCTOBER 23. 1944 --- Early yesterday, Sunday, October 22nd, Slavek found us in a trench and hid us in this grotto. Today at nightfall he and his daughter Hanka came with food and medicine. We had not eaten since Friday, and all we had had before, during the last two battles, was maize bread and not enough of that. Our commissary had been on its last legs anyway; the supply carriers had been dispersed by confusion and the enemy.

Saturday afternoon the remnants of our battalion (184 men and officers, a quarter wounded, 16 stretcher cases) were retreating through the snow of the north slope. My company was the rear guard. At dawn Sunday, two 70 mm guns opened up at

us from close range -- about 300 meters. Having held our position for 12 hours, I ordered the gradual breakup of the skirmish and a slip-off. But in our left trench someone became careless and that drew 2 direct hits -- shells, two wounded. Arriving there I bumped into the enemy, caught a bayonet and bullet with my left palm and a blow on my head, which put me out. Without my fur cap It might have been fractured.

I came to when someone was pulling me from the trench, a tall peasant. He packed snow on my hand and head, and grinned. Then this rough and ready Samaritan grabbed Jurek stripped off his pants, yanked a long sliver of steel from his thigh, and planted him bare-bottomed and gasping into a heap of snow. Martin, with a slash across into his belly was tenderly bandaged. Building a stretcher the peasant introduced himself as Slavek, a sheepman, owner of the pastures hereabouts. With Slavek hauling and guiding, it took us four hours to reach this cranny.

Slavek moved rocks in the cranny and opened a low cleft, the entrance to this roomy grotto. Placing Martin in the niche, we were astonished to see Slavek become ceremonious: he crossed himself, each of us, the grotto, and, with a deep bow, its back wall, where a hole came to my attention.

About to leave us, Slavek went through the same holy rites, and begged me not to go further into his cave. I accompanied him to fetch pine boughs, and he told me that only once, with his father and grandfather, had he been in that cave; that it is a huge maze, full of pits which they never wanted to fathom, pockets of poisonous air, and "certainly haunted". I was back in the grotto with my men at about midnight, exhausted, head very painful, soothed in with snow. Martin was unconscious, Jurek feverish. For breakfast-lunch-dinner he and I had hot water, and, thank God, I had my pipe. I placed warm stones around Martin, and Jurek got the first

watch.

Miserable night. Martin at times conscious; I gave him 3 aspirins and hot water to sip with drops of Slivovitz. Jurek hobbled hungrily around the two German helmets in which he boiled water to which I added 10 drops of Slivovitz, our breakfast. With this deluge of snow, avalanches imminent, and enemy skiers roaming, Slavek may not be able to get through to us with food for days to come. And neither should I try hunting and track up the landscape while I have two immobilized men on my hands. But here we have this cave which Slavek knows only partially; it may have more than this known entrance, and it may contain hibernating animals. These possibilities I mulled over while Jurek was chewing pine bark, and, as expected, he implored me to go poaching into Slavek's cave and promised to keep mum. And I was not only starved but equally eager to find out what makes self-assured Slavek scared enough to invoke the Deities. I started my cave tour with rifle, lantern, torches, pick. After a not too devious nor dangerous walk and some squeezing, always taking the easiest and marking side passages, I came, after about 1 ½ hours, into a long, level passage, and at its end upon a barrel-sized hole.

Crawling through and still kneeling, I froze in amazement -- there stands something like a large, black silo, framed in white. Regaining breath I thought that this is a bizarre, natural wall or curtain of black salt, or ice, or lava. But I became perplexed, then awestruck when I saw that it was a glass-smooth flank of a seemingly man-made structure which reaches into the rocks on all sides. Beautifully, cylindrically curved it indicates a huge body with a diameter of about 25 meters. Where this structure and the rocks meet, large stalagmites and stalactites form that glittering white frame. The wall is uniformly blue-blackish, its material seems to combine properties

of steel, flint, rubber -- the pick made no marks and bounced off vigorously. Even the thought of a tower-sized artifact; embedded in rock in the middle of an obscure mountain, in a wild region where not even legend knows about ruins, mining, industry; overgrown with age-old cave deposits, is bewildering -- the fact is appalling.

Not immediately discernible, a crack in the wall appears from below, about 20 to 25 cm wide, tapers off and disappears into the cave's ceiling; 2 to 5 cm wide. Its insides, right and left, are pitch black and have fist sized, sharp valleys and crests. The crack's bottom is a rather smooth trough of yellow limestone, and drops very steeply (about 60°) into the wall. I threw a lighted torch through; it fell and extinguished with loud cracklings and hissing's as if a white hot ploughshare was dropped into a bucket.

Driven to explore, and believing me thin enough to get through this upside-down keyhole, I went in. Wriggling sideways, injured hand and head below and steeply downward, nearly standing on my head, cramped, though my right arm with the lamp could move in the extended crack above me, the crush got the better of me and I had to get out, back quickly. And that became a struggle. When out and breath regained, I was too fascinated by the whole riddle and determined to get at it. For the day I had had enough and had to think about tactics.

I was in camp at about 4 pm. Jurek had washed Martin, kept him between warm stones, and I gave him three aspirins and hot water with Slivovitz to sip. I explained to Jurek that the hunt in the cave requires much smoke, poles, and rope. Thank God, Slavek and Hanka did come with provisions. When they left I accompanied them to fetch torch boughs, was back in camp at about 2 am., dead tired, but finally we had eaten -- Jurek too much -- and I got the 2nd watch.

October 24, 1944 --- Peaceful nights; Martin sipped fever-tea with honey; hope we can pull him through. Jurek's posterior is not even swollen, but my head still is. I cut our belts, braided 8 meters of solid rope. At 10 am was at the walls; anchored the rope over a stick across the crack, keeping it slung over my shoulder, forced myself again into the grim maw. Like yesterday, the lamp, this time carbide, was on a stick ahead within the jaw above. When it came through and down, it swung freely over some void into which I could not see, and there was again rushing as if from agitated waters. And, unable to turn, I feared a water-filled pit ahead and to end in it -- literally -- in a headstand.

I wriggled upward, back again; my clothes caught on the protrusions, descended on my shoulders and head, and formed a plug. The resulting struggle nearly caused me to be burned alive. When out and on my feet, I was shaking from exhaustion, and had lurid visions.

There are no loose stones about the wall, and so I hacked stalagmites into shorter rolls and bowled them down through the crack. They rolled on, causing enormous echoes, and knocked to a standstill, indicating a solid floor and room to turn. I launched the unlit torches after the stones, undressed, keeping the shirt only, and went after the stones and torches. Already acquainted with the meanest fangs in the crack, I came through with only a few cuts, dropped a little, rolled down an incline and was stopped by a wall which felt familiar, satiny smooth like the front wall.

My lamp was still burning next to me, but there were confusing sounds. Lighting some torches, I saw that I was in a spacious, curved, black shaft formed by cliff-like walls which intersect and form a crescent-shaped, nearly vertical tunnel, (or) rather shaft. I cannot describe the somberness and the endless whisperings, rustling's, and roaring sounds, abnormal echoes from my breathing and

movements. The floor is the incline over which I rolled in, a solid lime "pavement".

All the light together did not reach the ceiling or where these walls end or meet. The horizontal distance between the apexes of the concave backside of the front wall and the convex back wall is about 8 meters; along the curve of the back wall is about 25 meters. To explore further I needed more light and my pick, which does not fit through the crack and must be taken apart.

I left jubilant, in a sort of enchantment mixed with determination to explore this large structure, which I believe is unique, singular.

This time with my head up, with no clothes to ensnare and burn me, I was through the crack fairly un-scratched, dressed, smoked a pipe, and was underway to my men. I tried to catch some bats, but caught none. Jurek was boiling potatoes and mutton and therefore inclined to excuse my bad huntsmanship; he even appreciated its hardships when he had to grease the scratches on my back, and mend my shirt.

Martin had a crumb of bread with honeyed fever-tea. After 6 pm I went for a new load of torches, was back at about 10 pm. Jurek got both watches.

OCTOBER 25, 1944 --- We had a god night. Martin seems to mend. Am glad that Jurek's thigh is not yet well enough for him to want to go with me poaching for bats. It is better that he knows nothing about the cave's secret.

I went directly to the wall, undressed like yesterday, smeared mutton-fat over me, slid my things through the crack and went in, feet first. Extending the carbide lamp upon a double pole, with four torches burning, still the upper ends of the cliffs remained in the dark. I fired two bullets up, parallel to the walls. The reports caused roars as from an express train, but no impact was visible. Then I fired a bullet on each wall, aiming

some 15 meters upward from me, got large blue-green sparks and such sounds that I had to hold my ears between my knees, and flames danced wildly.

Assembling the pick caused more uproars. I probed the "pavement", and started digging where the lime is thin, in the horns of the crescent. At right is dry loam at; left I came, at about half a meter, upon a pocket of enamel from the teeth of some large animal; took one canine and one molar, replaced the rest.

Digging-on nearby, the back wall has, at about 1/1-2 m. below the pavement, a vertical, finely fluted, undulating pattern. It seemed warmer than the smooth surface. I tried with lip and ear, and believe the impression is correct. In the middle the pavement is too thick for a trench-pick.

When the torches were extinguished, and I was in a freezing sweat, I left the "moonshaft", dressed and went where the bats are, and bagged seven. Jurek stuffed them with bread and herbs and they became exquisite "pigeons".

Slavek and Olga, his other daughter, came about dusk with hay, straw, and sheeps' fleece, more medicinal herbs - selfheal and stonecrop - and seeds from the Iris, an excellent coffee substitute. I accompanied him, fetched pine torches, two long poles, and was back about midnight. Martin got the last aspirins, honey-water; and Jurek both watches.

OCTOBER 26, 1944 - It was a good night. I went into the moonshaft to continue experimenting. On my longest assembly of poles the carbide lamp did not light the upper end of these cliffs. I fired above the lighted areas; the bullets struck huge sparks and made deafening echos. Then horizontally at the back wall with similar effects - sparks, roaring's, no splinters, but a half-finger-long welt which gave a pungent smell. After that I continued in my

digging in the left moon 'horn' and saw that the wavy pattern extends downward; but in the right horn I found no such pattern.

I left the moonshaft to probe the front wall and its surroundings. Next to the stalactites are some enamel-like flecks which, scraped, yield a powder too fine to be collected without glue, which I will try to boil from our "pigeon's" claws. I wish to obtain a sample of the peculiar material of the walls, but even firing two bullets into the crack, upon the protrusions and hitting them, I received only ricochets, a blast of thunder, welts, and the same pungent smell.

Returning to camp I caught some bate and we again had "pigeons". I ordered Jurek to carefully remove any trace of them, and kept the claws. The Slaveks arrived as usual at nightfall bringing this Use a quarter of a deer, $\frac{1}{2}$ kilogram of salt, and a tin of carbide. Jurek took both watches.

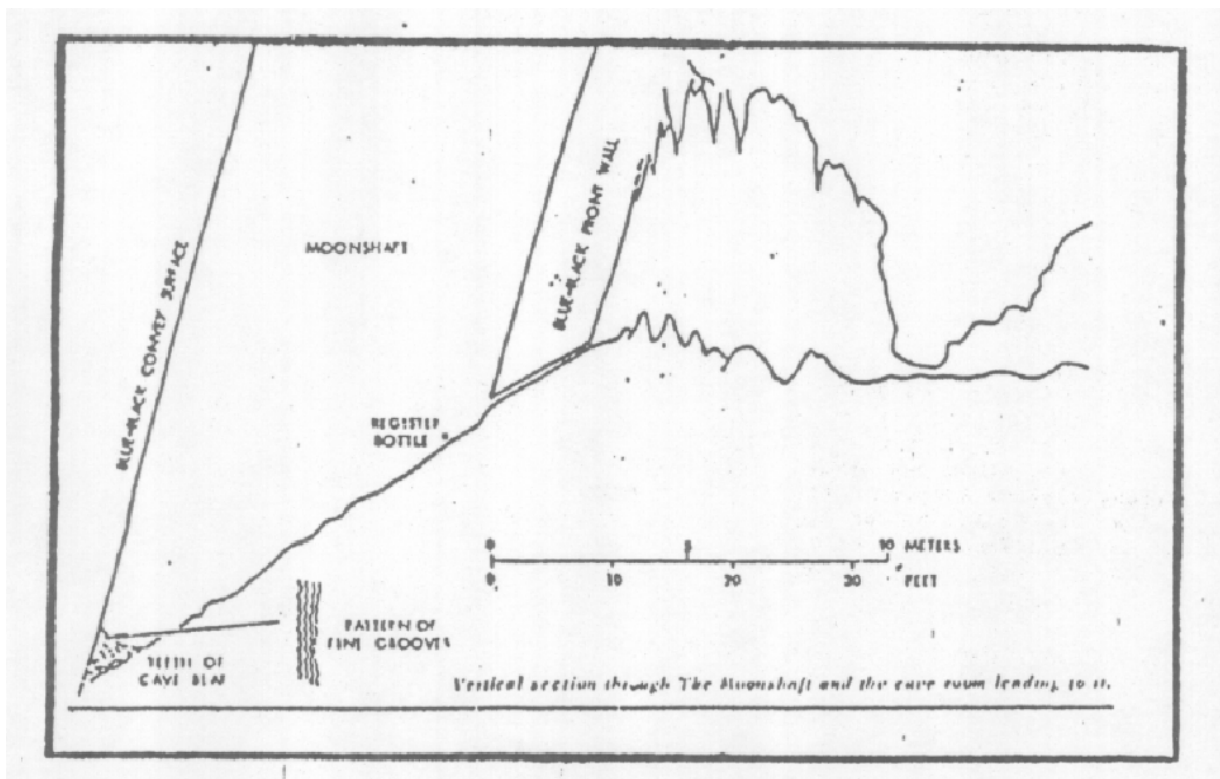
OCTOBER 27, 1944 --- Martin died, slept into death. Jurek knows his kin, took charge of his belongings, including his wallet with 643 crowns, watch with chain, and my certificate. Now we are free and ready to leave and rejoin our battalion which is somewhere east of Kosice. With his stick Jurek can march some 10 kilometers daily, and we have to move carefully anyway. We will start tomorrow.

At 10 am I was in the cave probing passages for a way around behind the moonshaft; looked also for ice and poisonous air about which Slavek had spoken, and found none, though there may be some. Then I slipped into the moonshaft to sketch, dig, and ponder, and returned to camp at about 4 pm. I ordered Jurek to prepare our packs, clean the weapons, boil food for seven days, and have ready what we will not need to be returned to the Slaveks. He had both girls - as if the family had sensed that Martin died - come, and we carried him into the dwarf pines to the trench where he had

received his mortal wound, took turns to dig his grave, prayed, and buried him in a blanket. Slavek is to set up a good cross next spring for which I gave him 150 crowns. Slavek briefed me as best he could about the enemy eastward from here. Jurek and I were back in our grotto at midnight, and he took both watches; he can sleep most of the day tomorrow.

OCTOBER 28, 1944 --- Restful night, good breakfast. Cut my name, etc., on a leather strip, and together with the golden back of my watch rolled and inserted both engravings into a glass bottle, plugged it with a pebble and a ball of clay mixed with charcoal, and deposited this record in the moonshaft, on top of the ashes of my torches. (It) may stay there for a long time, possibly until the structure is completely hidden behind its curtain of stalactites and stalagmites. Slavek has no son to tell him about his cave-mystery; his womenfolk don't know about it, and anyway daughters usually marry to other villages. In a few decades nobody will know, if I do not come back and have the structure explored.

I sat there by my fire speculating: What Is this structure, with walls 2 meters thick and a shape that I cannot imagine of any purpose known nowadays? How far does it reach into the rocks? Is there more behind the moonshaft? Which incident or who put it into this mountain? Is it a fossilized man-made object? Is there truth in legends like Plato's about long-lost civilizations with magic technologies which our rationale cannot grasp nor believe?



I am a sober, academically trained person but must admit that here, between these black, satiny, mathematically-curved cliffs I do feel as if in the grip of an exceedingly strange and grim power. I can understand that simple but intelligent men like Slavek and his forebears sense here witchery, conceal it, and also fear that if the existence of this moonshaft is ever made known, it would attract

armies of tourists, and all the commotion, tunneling and blasting, hotels, and commercialization... would probably ruin their nature-bound trade and honest life. If and when I come back it will be with a team of secrecy-bound experts: geologist, metallurgist, cave expert; and if the object is of true importance for the advancement of knowledge and proper civilization, ways will have to be found to respect the Slavek's interests.

On my way back to camp I burrowed and hid the crawl holes which led towards the wall; the cave may have entrances which Slavek does not know of, and some chance discoverer may start blasting "for treasure" before a scientific team can get there. I was in camp after 3 pm, and about 5 pm all three Slavek's arrived, bringing some hard-boiled eggs. Jurek asked permission to talk privately with Slavek, and then Hanka was carefully sounded out by her father whether she would accept Jurek as her husband. She cried and laughed, Jurek gave her his photograph and golden watch which his father had brought from America; Jurek is a well-to-do carpenter in Bratislava; I am invited to the wedding and will try to come. To make sure, I gave Hanka a letter to a befriended jeweler and commanded her to get the nicest set of Bohemian garnets as a wedding present. The Slavek's had brought their family Bible, and I made some entries.

With the hardy Slovak handshakes and "Mhoho atiastia, Pan Buh posehnaj Yas, Duh a tabou," we shouldered our weapons and packs and went. When we entered the pines and turned we saw Slavek concealing his cave and the girls sweeping away our tracks. The moon was bright and the snow glittered.

OCTOBER 30, 1944 --- We moved during the dark hours only and along the timber line. During daylight, camping snugly below a fine pine-tree, we were

alarmed by the sound of infantry fire; approaching to investigate we observed a strong group of insurgents skirmishing with a ski party of Wehrmacht and Polish Blue Police (fascists). The fascists went soon, and, joining the insurgents (who were fighting the fascists) we were their guests for a whole day. They were a mixed group of Hechaluts, ZOB and DROR, from the Rseazow region in adjacent Poland, who had helped in our Uprising and were now on their way back - through immense snow - to their usual sectors between Cracow and Przemyal. Their physician was Rachel W., the widow of a murdered Jewish doctor; she knew and told us about the exploits of the famous Jesia Fryman Bands against the Nazis; and fed us two fine, hot meals. When these valiant Jewish fighters (against the Nazi invaders of Poland) were marching on northward, we had to go southward, towards Kosica, which we reached on our 6th day; and there receiving directions we could proceed to join our battalion which was waiting the next offensive of the Red Army, to join it until the end of the war.

In the very last days of World War II, on my way towards Bohemia, I revisited the place. The Slaveks lived temporarily at Zdar. I visited Martin's grave and looked at the cave entrance. I had taken the animal teeth I had collected to the curator of paleontology at Uzhorod, and he classified them as adult cave bear - *Ursus spaeleus*. Thereupon I speculated; the crack is too small, the lump of limestone and stalagmites in front of the crack would not let any debris through; this bear seems to have fallen into the moonshaft, which may have had a connection to the surface.

In correspondence dealing with plans for the publication of this journal, Dr. George W. Moore suggested that the moonshaft might have been

dissolved from a steeply-dipping limestone layer between curved parallel sheets of chert. I was skeptical. All the inner surfaces of the moonshaft are composed of the same material. Also, such a hypothesis does not explain the peculiar, exactly parallel, finely grooved pattern on the back surface (or wall) of the left horn.

On my last visit to the place, I examined the mountainside about the cave and found no sinkholes or pits, the assumed connections toward the moonshaft. But on these very steep slopes in the Tatra Mountains, rock-slides could have obliterated or filled in any such connections."

#21 --- The following story appeared on pages 14-19 of Riley H. Crabb's book, "THE REALITY OF THE CAVERN WORLD" -- published by the 'Borderland Sciences Research Foundation' - B.S.R.F. - of (at the time) P.O. Box 548., Vista, Cal. 92083 USA:

"...As we headed eastward across Texas after Carlsbad I toyed with the idea of putting this Underground talk together. Three weeks later, in New York City, I heard a personal experience of contact with Cavern dwellers. It made the lecture seem very much worth putting together.

"In the big-city on the Hudson we stayed overnight with Constance Lois Jessop, secretary of the New York Saucer Information Bureau. Miss Jessop is English and back in the 1930's worked for the British government on the Island of Malta, Britain's great naval base in the middle of the Mediterranean, only sixty miles south of Sicily.

Malta's soft limestone is riddled with caves, some natural, some carved by hand. Whether or not the carving was done by human hands is hard to say at this date. The 17 ½ mile long island, situated strategically in the center of the Mediterranean,

has been the prized possession of every (Mediterranean occupying) naval power for the past six thousand years! The Phoenicians owned it then. Consequently it has been fought over many, many times; and each defender has dug into that limestone to store water, food, weapons and men. The organized priesthoods of the island, whether pagan or Christian, also dug in. The crypt below the church of the Knights of Malta is world-famous. The suspected catacombs below the neolithic temples on the surface have so far escaped discovery, with the exception of the Hypogaeum of Hal Saflini in the village of Paula on the inland plateau behind the capital city of Valetta.

When Richard Walter visited Malta in 1939 he was told that a person could walk from one end of Malta to the other through caves, until the British government walled some of them up, including portions of Hal Saflini. This neolithic marvel, duplicating the style of the surface temples, was dated at 3,000 B.C. by Zammit, curator of the Valetta Museum. The temple which undoubtedly stood above it was probably razed in some ancient and long-forgotten siege which ravaged the island. Or more probably the temple and its hapless priesthood was destroyed by an enraged and long-suffering populace, in desperate revolt against insatiable earth gods who had been devouring virgin maids and youths for hundreds of years.

A Maltese contractor blundered into Hal Saflini in 1902 when digging a cistern for a new house. Word of the find finally got to Valetta officials and a man named Magri was put in charge of the excavation, not of the catacomb itself which was a beautiful piece of work, but of the garbage! The numberless rooms and corridors of all three levels of Hal Saflini were half full of dirt, broken pottery, and bones!

By the time Hal Saflini was cleaned out and ready for the first eager tourists, enough human

bones had been taken out to account for 33,000 people having been killed and eaten(?) in there! And these were the bones of normal sized, modern surface dwellers like you and me. They were not the bones of the little people who must have dug the cave. The passageways between the rooms were only four and a half feet high. Shaver claims the Deros are cannibals and here is one fact that seems to bear him out. The National Geographic has featured Malta many times over the years and Hal Saflini (or, Hal Saflienti) has come in for its share of comment. The best single feature on the marvelous megalithic find is in the National Geographic for May, 1920. This article "Malta, The Halting Place of Nations" by William Arthur Griffith, contains the best pictures on the interior of the cave, as well as a lengthy description.

Here is Griffith's description of the "Oracle" in the cave: "...at about the level of a man's mouth is a hemispherical hole in the wall about two feet in diameter. Here it was noticed only a few months ago that any word spoken into this place was magnified a hundredfold and audible throughout the entire underground structure. A curved projection is specially carved out of the back of the cave near this hole and acts as a sounding board, showing that the designers had a good knowledge of sound-wave motion. The impression upon the credulous can be imagined when the oracle spoke and the words came thundering forth through the dark and mysterious places with terrifying impressiveness."

When Paul Wilstach toured Hal Saflini it left a lingering impression on him which is well described in his book "Islands of the Mediterranean". He remembered the guide pointing out a funnel-shaped pit in one of the lower levels as being "the pit of the sacrificial serpent"; but Griffith writes the most significant description of it:

"...The pit is shaped like a funnel with a curious slipway worn out just below the hole in the

opposite wall which communicates with the main hall. After sloping downward and inward the pit widens considerably and is sufficiently deep to prevent even a tall man from climbing out. It has been thought that sacred serpents were kept in this pit, the curving sides of which would prevent their escape. Possibly after the serpent had been lifted up, as was done by Moses in the wilderness, and due worship made, it would be returned to its lair through the hole in the wall. The larger entrance on the opposite side would permit a man or woman being cast among the serpents to be stung (ie. bitten) to death. (See: Hiram Bingham's "Peru" in 'National Geographic' magazine for April, 1913.)..."

Griffith tugs at the fringes of the Shaver Mystery when he says that Hal Saflini is "so complex that one can only speculate as to the use or significance of its many extraordinary features."

Griffith seems to have been the only one of the cave's writer-explorers who suspected lower level to the labyrinth. This was when he was retracing his steps from the (so-called) 'Holy or Holies' through the room which contained a phallic, upright stone... and on into another set of chambers on the left. Here he noticed that "...the rock, instead of sounding solid to the tread, suddenly sounds very hollow, as if there were a well or a room not yet opened. What wonderful store of archaeological wealth is perhaps here awaiting that opening"!

He wouldn't have thought it so wonderful if he had accompanied the school children who disappeared into those lower levels of Hal Saflini about fifteen year later!

This is a mystery I can explain only by saying that the entrances to the Cavern world are camouflaged beyond discovery -- except when some unsuspecting mortal approaches and for some reason is wanted down below -- or to welcome someone "in

the know". Ray Palmer says he has been given the location of a genuine Cavern entrance, and has passed the location on the eager underground researchers. In one case, the Spelunker never came back. He must have succeeded in penetrating the mystery. In all other cases no Cavern entrance could be found by the explorers. There is probably some form of hypnosis involved. This blinds the unwanted to the hole in the ground.

In the case of Hal Saflini, thousands of tourists and technicians must have explored all three levels from 1906, when it was officially opened, until the time when Lois Jessop and her five friends toured the place in the mid-thirties. Certainly a few of them, like her, would have refused to accept the guide's laconic statement on the third level that "...this is all there is to see." Even in the last room there are still more openings leading off into the blackness. These are even lower in height than the four-and-a-half foot corridors.

Archaeologist J.D. Evans, in his well-illustrated (book) "MALTA", describes this final, high-ceilinged room "...from which open four small oven-like chambers... these were obviously intended to be used for burials but were found empty when the building we first explored." And we can suppose that the scientist gave these dark cubicles at least a cursory glance to satisfy himself that this was indeed the end of Hal Saflini.

But that wasn't what Joe, the guide, told Lois after she and her friends had completed the regular tour and were asked to retrace their steps back to the surface.

"What's down there?" she asked the guide, pointing to a small opening off the walls.

"Go then at your own risk, and you won't go far," he replied.

This was a challenge Lois couldn't pass up. She talked it over with her friends. Two of them

decided to stay with Joe. The other three summoned enough courage to explore with her.

"I was wearing a dress with a long sash that day and as I decided to lead the group; I asked the fellow behind me to hold on to it. So, with half-burnt candles in our hands the four of us started through that low, narrow passage, groping and laughing our way through.

"I came out first, of course, onto a ledge pathway only two feet wide, with a sheer drop of fifty feet or more on my right and the wall on my left. I took a step forward, keeping close to the rock wall side. The person behind me, still holding on to my sash, was still in the tunnel.

"I held my candle higher and peered down into the abyss, thinking that with this dangerous drop it was better not to go on further without a guide. Then I saw about twenty persons of giant stature emerge from an opening deep below me. They were walking in single file along another narrow ledge down below. Their height I judged to be about twenty to twenty-five feet, since their heads came up about half way on the wall on the opposite side of the cave. They walked very slowly, taking long strides. Then they all stopped, turned and raised their arms and with their hands beckoned to me. The movement was something like snatching or feeling for something, as the palms of their hands were turned down."

By this time her friends back in the passage were becoming impatient of the delay. There was a tug of the sash.

"Go on. We're all getting stuck in here. What's the matter?"

"Well," stammered Lois, "There's nothing much to see."

She took another hesitant step forward, her candle in her right hand, her left hand against the cold rock for support. But it wasn't on a cold rock wall, It was on something damp and wet, AND IT

MOVED!

"...Then a strong wind came from nowhere and blew my candle out! Now I really WAS scared in the darkness. I yelled to the others, 'GO BACK! Go BACK! Guide me with my sash. I can't see!'

"They pulled me back into the low tunnel and we backed up all the way along the passage into the large room."

Lois was relieved to see her friends and Joe, the guide, again.

"Did you see anything?" one of them asked.

"No, my candle went out," she replied with finality. "There was a strong draft in there."

"Let's go," said Joe, looking at Lois, and she returned his glance eye for eye. She knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that at one time Joe had also seen those giants. There was an expression of caution in his glance which held her to silence.

"Out in the hot Malta sunshine again we thanked our guide and as we tipped him Joe said to me! 'If you really are interested in exploring further it would be wise to join a group. There is a school-teacher who is going to take a party exploring soon,'"

Lois left her address with him, suggesting that he have the school-teacher get in touch with her; but she never heard any more of it. Some few days later one of the friends of the Hal Saflini excursion called her on the phone.

"Remember that tunnel you wanted to explore in the Hypogaeum? Well, it says here in the local paper that a schoolmaster and thirty students went exploring and apparently got as far as we got. They were roped together, with the end of the rope tied to the opening of the cave. As the last student turned the corner where your candle blew out the rope was clean cut. None of the party was found because the walls caved in."

Miss Jessop was shocked by the news, but it only strengthened her own resolve to say nothing of what she had seen and felt, that unforgettable day in Hal Saflini. Some months later her sister came to Malta on a visit, and insisted on touring the famous Hypogaeum. Reluctantly, Lois went along, retracing the same route but this time with a different guide. She awaited that fateful opening with a dreaded expectancy as they worked their way through the corridors and rooms to the lowest level. The entrance to that tunnel was boarded up!

"Isn't this where the schoolteacher and the thirty students got trapped?" she asked the guide.

He nodded his head vaguely, shrugged his shoulders, "perhaps," and refused to answer her question about the tragedy.

"You are new here, aren't you," she observed, thinking of Joe who had guided her through on her previous trip. "Where's Joe?"

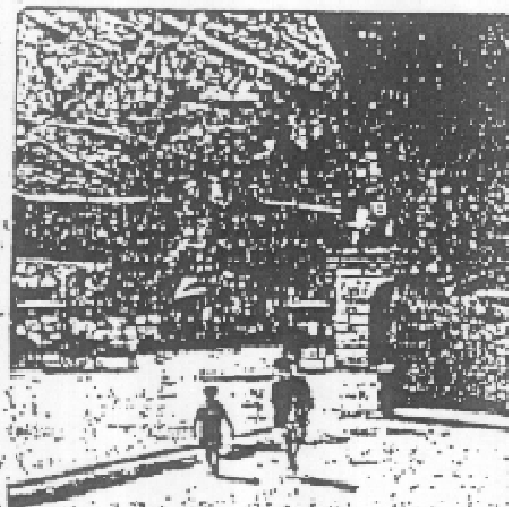
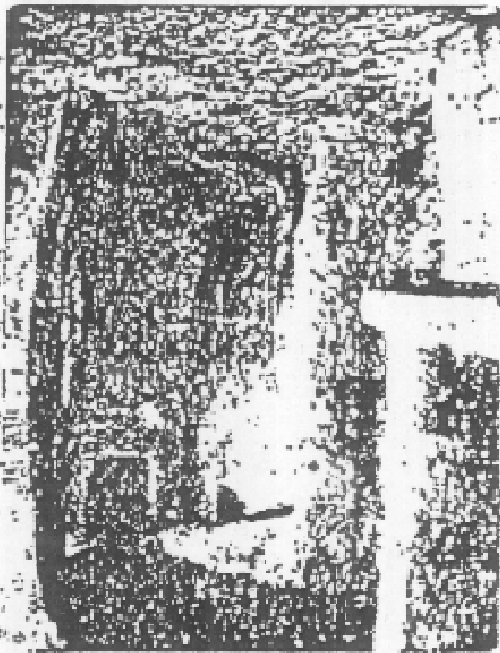
"Joe?" he asked, puzzled, "I don't know any Joe. I, alone, have been showing people around this catacomb for years."

It was then Miss Jessop verified what many another visitor to that strange island has discovered, You cannot get a thing out of the Maltese, when they don't want to talk. After that one brief glimpse into the underworld she was confronted by the impenetrable mystery which has confounded so many researchers -- unless they have somehow broken through the veil and are "in the know".

The Maltese are not a European race. Their peculiar language is closer to Arabic than it is to any European tongue. Outwardly, at least, they are 'Christians', in the iron grip of the Catholic Church!

My third Flying Saucer talk, on American Destiny, contains references to the Cavern world. It was after hearing this presentation to the NYSIB (New York Saucer Information Bureau) that Miss

Jessop felt moved to tell me and Mrs. Crabb of her Malta experience. Then in the Communications talk given in New York the second night she saw illustrations which reminded her of the appearance of the twenty-five foot creatures in the Hypogaeum of Hal Saflini. The illustrations are from Max Heindel's "Rosierucian Cosmo-Conception", line drawings of the magnetic field or aura of: the ordinary man, the involuntary clairvoyant, and the voluntary clairvoyant.



ABOVE, chamber of the lowest, third level of Hal Saflini; with the small, black entrances to the so-called burial chambers in the corner. Presumably, it was beyond here that Lois Jessop had her shocking experience and the exploring children were lost in the mid-1930s. Presumably also, these are the entrances that were boarded up, though casual observers saw only blank walls when they peered inside. ABOVE RIGHT is a downtown street of Valetta, Malta. Camera looks out from

under one huge opening carved from the soft limestone, at other cavern entrances across the way.

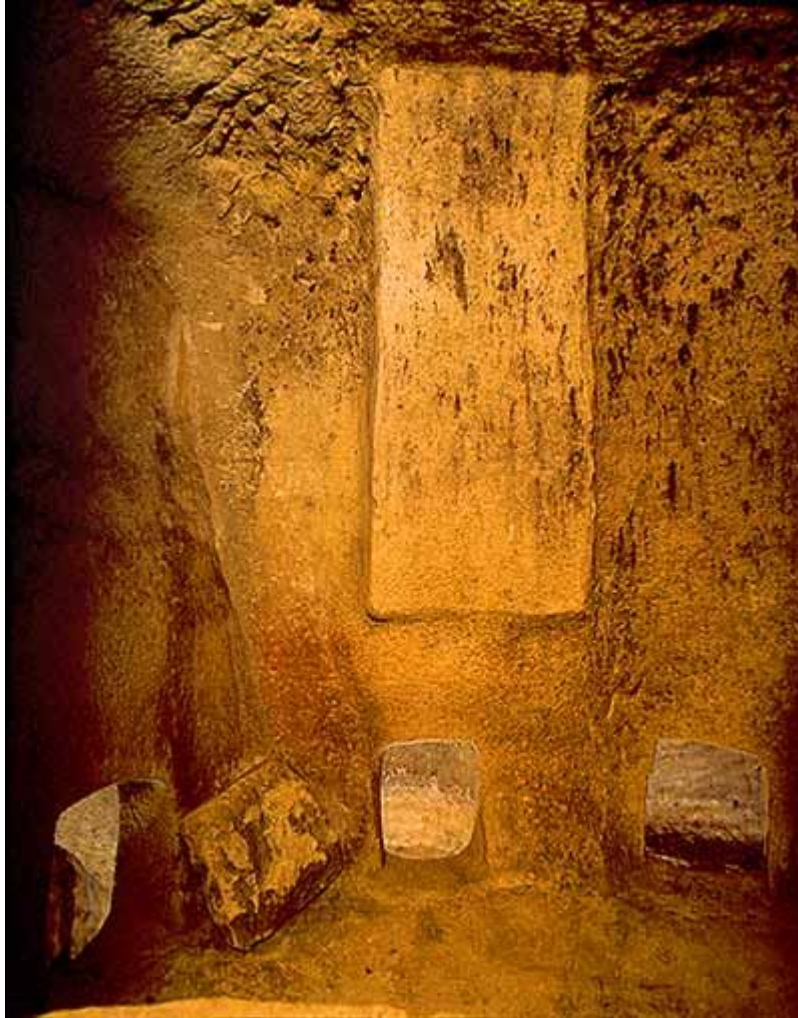
AT LEFT is another picture of the interior of Hal Saflini, showing the finished detail of the underground work, the chief tourist attraction on the island of Malta.



Actually, Lois found the giants of the cave hard to describe because their covering seemed to be like long white hair, combed downward and shaggy looking. Their heads were unusually elongated at

chin and top with large features, and the hair on their heads fell about the shoulders like a draped monk's cowl. Lois found the Heindel drawings exciting because "the currents in the desire body" sketches were the first to resemble in any way the cave dwellers she saw on Malta. Nor does her description of that correspond to Shaver's Deros, hideous dwarfs or trolls who might very well have carved that portion of Hal Saflini now open to the public. This conflict in sizes and types very well illustrates the point I made earlier, that the underworld is peopled with beings of many sizes, shapes and varying degrees of density, from the completely physical to the completely invisible.

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(The lowest chamber in the Hypogeum, with 3 of the so-called 'burial chambers' visible, and another to the right outside of the photo. Press CTRL+click to follow link. From:

http://web.genie.it/utenti/m/malta_mega_temples/hypo/hypo.html)

AAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAA

Now I have no reason to doubt Miss Jessop's honesty, nor the accuracy of her story, nevertheless, it is understandable that I only half believed it when Mrs. Crabb and I left New York to continue our trip. But on returning home to Vista, and going to the San Diego library for reference

materials on Malta, I found enough confirmation for me.

I saw it in Richard Walter's "Wanderers Awheel In Malta" in the August 1940 'National Geographic':

"...Years ago one could walk underground from one end of Malta to the other, but all entrances were closed by the government because of a tragedy. On a sight-seeing trip, comparable to a nature study tour in our own (American) schools, a number of elemental school children and their teachers descended into the tunneled maze and did not return. For weeks mother's declared that they heard wailing and screaming from the underground. But numerous excavations and searching parties brought no trace of the lost souls. After three weeks they were finally given up for dead."

A sad story isn't it? One wonders why the British government, powerful as it is, didn't organize an expedition and go in there in great force. Did fear stop them? Fear of the unknown? Or perhaps pressure from the Catholic hierarchy? Bureaucratic officials are not notoriously brave...

In this case it was easier to close the file with the official statement that the walls had caved in, and walling off the area -- not an unusual procedure for authorities in a situation beyond their control.

#22 --- The following information also appeared in Riley H. Crabb's book, "THE REALITY OF THE CAVERN WORLD", on page 20:

"...At times the (Barbary) apes swarm over the Rock of Gibraltar. At other times they disappear completely, presumably back home to Spanish Morocco, 16 miles across the Strait in Africa. Apes are not native to Europe!

"Identification banded apes, tagged in

Gibraltar, have been found in Morocco, and vice versa. No apes have ever been seen swimming across the Strait. They certainly don't fly -- though perhaps they could be transported in Flying Saucers -- so the only logical conclusion is that the apes make their way across the strait through underground caverns, still unknown and undiscovered by surface dwelling human beings. Natural caverns deep within the Rock were discovered early in World War II when supply and storage tunnels were being dug out. Apparently these were not fully explored, or if they were, the results were censored by the British government."

#23 --- The following story, from an Unknown source, appeared on page 5 of 'THE HOLLOW HASSLE' newsletter - Vol.2 No.1; This publication was dedicated to the study of Inner-Earth phenomena:

"Cave explorers wearing scuba equipment have discovered a mysterious staircase, obviously ancient, leading to a network of caves on the Carribean Island of Bonaire. There are 18 steps in all and it is believed they could not have been carved by the primitive island inhabitants who lived on Bonaire when the Spanish arrived there in the 15th Century. The cave explorers, led by Don Stewart, manager of the Flamingo Beach Club on the Island, found no artifacts in the one cave they explored but reported that the walls and the ceilings were covered with red and black inscriptions which 'resemble' Mayan hieroglyphics. There are at least 25 other large caves on Bonaire which have not been investigated - by modern man."

#24 --- Pages 58-59, of the "UFO ANNUAL - 1980"

magazine carries the following information from an article by Raymond Bond, titled - "Subterranean Saucers - Global Network of Underground UFO Bases":

"...But it is not only 'little men' who lurk in the shadowy bowels of the Earth. Early in 1968, a team of archaeologists explored ancient tunnels and buried chambers in a remote part of Turkey. Some 900 feet below, they came upon a maze of huge passageways obviously dug by artificial means. Suddenly, they were attacked by a group of giant albino-haired men seven feet tall. One archaeologist was killed, another hospitalized for months... every member of the party had serious wounds. To date, no further attempt has been made to reenter the caverns and solve the mystery.

"These hairy giants sound a lot like the 'yeti' of abominable snowman legends or the bigfoot 'Sasquatch' in the California Sierras. But note: the legend about trolls and such did not always specify that they were small men, but often huge 'monster men' seven to ten feet tall.

"The legends about subterranean beings are as prolific as those of the little men. Archaeologists have uncovered ancient underground habitations, their proportions signifying that only enormous men could have lived there. George Hunt Williamson, famed archaeologist, tells in the book 'Road In The Sky', of a man named de Daida who discovered seven skeletons of giant men and woman who were between eight and nine feet tall, and a Mexican legend concerning a giant called Xelhua who 'came out of a mountain.'"

#25 --- (and quoting from the same work...)

"...Williamson also says that Mt. Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa, has been the scene of numerous UFO sightings. According to the natives, there are 'giant white men' who live in the mountain. It is a fact that eerie lights playing

around the peaks have often been observed by explorers.

"Proof of an ancient race of giants exists in a tribe of black people living near Kilimanjaro. Its members are up to eight feet tall! They are the well-known 'Watusi'.

"Are they the remnants of the underground giants who once wandered to the Earth's surface and stayed there?"

The following passages come from pages 34, 147, 184-185, 195, and 259 of VOL. VII in THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES series (Armenian & African Mythology - by Mardiros H. Ananikian & Alice Werner):

"...We find in the region of Sassun (ancient Tarauntis), a legendary hero, called Mehar, who gathers around himself a good many folk-tales and becomes involved even in eschatological legends. He still lives with his horse as a captive in a cave called Zympzympa which can be entered in the Ascension night. There he turns the wheel of fortune, and thence he will appear at the end of the world.

"...But it should be noted that only the Heraro themselves and their cattle sprang from the sacred 'Omumborombonga'. The 'Hill-Damara,' a previous population supposed to be Bantu by race - though speaking a Hottentot dialect - came out of a rock, together with goats, sheep and baboons. Perhaps a double racial tradition explains the divergent accounts given by the Banuto; the one most generally accepted is that men sprang from a reed-bed, but some say they issued (together with the animal) from a cave. The Anyanja believe that the first men came out of a hole in the ground at a place called Kapirimtiya, where their footprint and those of the animals are still to be seen impressed

on the rock. "This is said to be on a hill, or, according to some, an island in a lake, somewhere west of lake Nyasa. A correspondent of 'Life and Work' (the Blantyre Mission Magazine) was shown the alleged site of this event in the Wemba country, '...a conglomerate rock, showing what the natives call footprints of a man, a child, a zebra, a horse, and a dog.' The horse, if not the result of a misunderstanding, must be a comparatively recent addition. The legend may indicate that here or hereabouts was a center of dispersion for the Nyanja, Wemba, and perhaps some other tribes; also it looks as if it had been inherited from that older stratum of the population which, as we have seen, was most probably absorbed. The Hill-Damara, who likewise came out of a rock, may represent the mingling of the advance guard of the Bantu immigrants with some Bushman tribe."

And later in this work, we read:

"...The spirit-world is reached most easily, as we have seen, through caves or holes in the earth. The Wachaga speak of gates leading thither -- some say there are two 'in the east, where sky and earth join.' One of these give entrance to heaven, the other 'to the ghosts.' The distinction is remarkable, and is also found in a legend already quoted, where the two gates are located, not on the distant horizon, but on Kilimanjaro mountain.

"...The Bapedi (a branch of the Bechwana living in the Eastern Transvaal) believe that the cave of Marimatle, from which the human race originally issued (as elsewhere from Kapiirimtiya), was also the entrance to the spirit-world. And we find in so many different places, that we may presume the legend to be or have been current all over Bantu Africa, accounts of men who, pursuing some animal into a burrow, have, like Mpobe, reached the abode of the dead. Thus the Zulus say that one Uncama followed a porcupine into its hole and, after a day and night came upon a village, where he saw smoke

rising and people moving about, and heard dogs baying and children crying, 'all things resembled those which are above, mountains, precipices, and rivers.' He did not wait to make a closer examination but said: 'Let me not go to these people, for I do not know them.'

"...The country of the dead, on the other hand, is reached, usually, through a cave, or a hole in the ground, such as an animal's burrow, or by plunging to the bottom of a pool. The Wachaga speak of several gateways, probably caverns, which formerly existed in certain specific locations, but are now closed: this seems to be a tradition distinct from that of the gates of the eastern horizon, mentioned in the last chapter.

And still later in this work, we read the following 'tradition':

"...Again, some say it was the Gumba who lived in caves, as many of the people round Mount Elgon still do; others that it was the Maithoachiana who lived in the earth. Maithoachiana means, in Kikuyu, 'eyes of children.'..."

#26 --- Page 37 of Stephen Herbert Langdon's book, "SEMITIC" (MYTHOLOGY) -- VOL.V in 'THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES' -- contains the following information:

"Lucian, in his account of the Syrian goddess, refers to the shrine of Hierapolis as follows. Between the statues of Zeus (Adad) and Hera (Atargatis) stands a peculiar image of gold, which the Assyrians (i.e. Syrians) call 'onunios' (a symbol). In his time (latter part of second century A.D.) the Syrians, themselves, could not tell whether it represented Dionysus, Deucalion, or Semiramis. On its top perched a dove, and each year it was taken to the Mediterranean Sea to bring water, which was poured into a cavern beneath the

temple. The myth ran that when Deucalion's ark floated on the waters of the Deluge, a cavern miraculously yawned at Hierapolis and received the waters of the Flood. In memory of this sign of divine intervention he founded a temple to Juno over the cavern, and instituted the annual ritual of bringing water from the sea and pouring it into the cavern."

#27 --- Page 125-126 of John Arnott Macculloch's book, "CELTIC" mythology -- VOL.III in 'THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES' -- tells the followings:

"...Another hunting of magic swine concerns animals from the cave of Cruachan, which is elsewhere associated with divinities. Nothing grew where they went, and they destroyed corn and milk; no one could count them accurately, and when shot at they disappeared. Medb and Ailill hunted them, and when one of them leaped into Medb's chariot, she seized its leg, but the skin broke, and the pig left it in her hand. After that no one knew whither they went, although a variant version says that now they were counted. From this cave came other destructive creatures -- a great three-headed bird which wasted Erin till Amairgen killed it, and red birds which withered everything with their breath until the Ulstermen slew them. It is strange why such animals should be associated with this divine cave, but probably the tradition dates from the time when it was regarded as 'Ireland's gate to hell,' so that any evil spirit might inhabit it..."

#28--Page 143 of William Sherwood Fox's book "GREEK AND ROMAN" mythology -- VOL.I in 'THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES' -- contains the following:

"ENTRANCES TO, AND RIVERS OF, THE UNDERWORLD -- Although some were skeptical enough to say that 'no roads led underground,' yet the average Greek entertained no other opinion than that such paths did exist. In a number of places the inhabitants pointed to local caves whence the ways ran downward; for instance, at Tainaron in Lakonia, at Troizen in Argolis, at Ephyra in Thesprotia, and at

Herekleia in Pontos, while Hermione In Argolis offered so short a route that those who traveled along it were exempted from the payment of the usual obol. Often white rocks by the banks of streams were held to mark the proximity of the lower world, or, again, the channels through which springs or streams disappeared beneath the ground passed as entrances..."

#29 --- The following origin account for the Island of Mangaia, in the Pacific, can be found on page 224 of Martha Beckwith's book, "HAWAIIAN MYTHOLOGY":

"MANGAIA: Wakea breaks out of the darkness of the underworld into the light of the upper world. He brings Papa upward, in one version luring her by sprinkling coconut meat in the cave leading out from the underworld. From these two spring the people of Mangaia."

#30 --- Page 168 of Roland B. Dixon's book "OCEANIC" mythology -- VOL.IX in 'THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES' -- contains the following statement:

"...Perhaps related to this belief in that held in Watubela and the Kai Islands, that the first men arose out of the ground..."

#31 --- Page 271 of the same volume carries the following information concerning certain native Australian tribes:

"...The first of these types seem to be mainly

restricted to a series of tribes stretching from Lake Eyre northward through the central section of the (Australian) country to the Gulf of Carpentaria. Among all these tribes the belief is held that the totem ancestors of the various clans 'came up out of the ground,' some being in human and some in animal shapes. They traveled about the country, usually leaving offspring here and there by unions with women of the people (of whose origin nothing is said) whom they either met or made, and ultimately journeyed away beyond the confines of their territory known to the particular tribe, or went down into the ground again."

#32 --- The following Norwegian account is from page 398 of 'FOLK-LORE - A QUARTERLY REVIEW - VOL.XX' (1909). The area in question is located about a hundred miles southwest of Trondheim, Norway. Lilledal is a small valley running into the Sundalen fjord from the south, close to the bottom of Sundal:

"...Over Yulevolden the high Fjeld Kalken rises. There is an underground passage going through this mountain, straight from Hovedalen to Lilledalen. There is supposed to be an iron gate in the passage, with a dog tied to it. Many folk have tried to penetrate (the passage), but few have dared to go so far (as the gate). It is told how a red-haired dog once went in at Lilledalen, and, after a long time, came out by Maele in Sundalen, but it was hairless on one side."

The following incident takes place in the same region of Yulevolds, on the farm Snova, not far from Lower Nesja and Snovaorene, and is recorded on pages 331-332 of the can volume:

"On the same farm there lay, close to the house, a big stone slide, probably formed by a landslip. Inside this mound there was said to be a secret cavern called 'Julgjelthaale,' which opened down by the river. Formerly it had belonged to the underground folk, and no one had been able to bring themselves to enter it. A foolhardy man, who believed that he could do anything; wagered that he would enter the cave, but, when he tried to do so, he came upon an iron gate, which was placed across the hole. He was obliged to turn round; and after such toil he came forth again."

#33 --- This same volume also contains legends of man's emergence from the Subterranean World, according to the traditions of the tribes of Bengal and Burma (page 388,390-393,417). The article, titled "Folk-Tales Of The Lushais And Their Neighbors" was written by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Shakespear:

"These tales have been collected from the people inhabiting the great mass of hills which separates the plains of Bengal from those of Burma.

"...Here is another tale recorded by Colonel Lewin, the pioneer of exploration and administration in what is now the Southern Lushai Hills, who, though he penetrated but a short way into the hills, made such an impression on the people that to this day, 40 years after he left them, a Lushai who wishes to pay you a great compliment will tell you that you are just like Thangliana, which is their way of saying 'Tom Lewin'. Colonel Lewin took the tale down from a Bunjogi (a clan allied to the Lushais), but the tale is practically the same as is told to this day wherever Lushai is spoken. It must have been recorded in the neighborhood of Demagri:

"Formerly our ancestors came out of a cave in the earth, and we had one great Chief, named

Tlandrok-pah. He it was who first domesticated the guyal (tame bison).

"...The cave whence man first came out is in the Lhoosai country close to Yanhuilen's village, of the Burdaiya tribe; it can be seen to this day, but no one can enter. If one listen outside, the deep notes of the gong and the sounds of men's voices can still be heard.

"...According to a version common through the northern hills, the population of the world died off, and the world was peopled from the hole I have described.

"This idea that mankind emerged from the earth is very widely spread. In Manipur we find many clans which are closely allied to the Lushais and have evidently migrated from a more southern abode, and these all bring their ancestors from holes in the ground. The Alal tell the following tale:

"Once the whale earth was flooded, and the entire human race, except one man and one woman, were drowned... Pathian, the creator, seeing the sorrowful state of the world, sent a man and a woman from a cave to repopulate the earth.

"..The Thados (a very numerous clan subdivided into many families, and now scattered over a very wide area) have the following legend, which I extract from Colonel M'Culloch's book on Manipur, written in 1859:

"One day their king's brother was hunting hedgehogs (in the subterranean world in which they then lived), when his dog, in pursuit of one of them, entered a cavern, and he, waiting its return, remained at the mouth. After the lapse of some time, the dog not having returned, its master determined to go in and see what had come of it. The dog he did not find, but, observing its tracks and following them, he found himself suddenly on the surface of the earth.

"The scene presented to his view both pleased and astonished him. Returning to his brother, he

related his adventure, and counseled him to ascend with his village to the new country. To this the king agreed, and, having made their arrangements, they started on their journey. They had arrived near the surface when they perceived a large serpent in the way, which stopped their further progress, and they also saw that the orifice by which they were to emerge had over it a great stone, kept up merely by the support a (giant) bird gave to it with its legs.

"On seeing this the people of the village began to abuse the king's brother, accusing him of having deceived them, and having brought them from their burrow to deliver them to the serpent. Stung by the reproaches of the people, the king's brother attacked and killed the snake, and he and the greater portion of the village emerged into the light. Meanwhile the king, having discovered that a wooden dish or bowl which had the magical property of always being full of meat, and some other articles of a similar magical description, were not among his effects, returned to fetch them. Before he got back the bird, having got tired of supporting the stone, had let it fall, and, unable to raise it, he and his wife remained below.

"Attributing the closing of the orifice to the ambition of her brother-in-law to become king, Namnik, the king's wife, cursed him and those who had gone up with him, to suffer diseases hitherto unknown to them. This curse, they say, is on them still, and when disease presses them sorely they offer a mithan (gyal) to Namnik, in mitigation of her wrath. Continuing the tale of the proceedings of their progenitors, they relate that the party which had reached the surface began to feel the cravings of mortals.

"...The tale of the origin of the Lushais from a hole or cave in the ground is also found among the Naga tribes (to the) north. At Maikel, to bear witness to the truth of the tale, is the stone

which stood over the mouth of the cave. Dr. Brown in his 'Account of Munnipore', written in 1868 (p. 113), says that the Angamis had among them a legend of much the same purport, and I have collected a similar tale among the Kabuis, a tribe in contact with the Kukis..."

The following passage is from an article by Karl A. Sinnhuber, titled "On The Relations Of Folklore And Geography" (FOLK-LORE; A QUARTERLY REVIEW -- Sept. 1957), page 397:

"Mountains in their fearsome majesty also became the realm of the dead, particularly limestone mountains, since their many caves appear as gates to the underworld. Legends warn people not to enter them and tell of those who disregarded this warning and were never seen again. Caving is not, and never has been, a harmless sport, even with modern equipment. Sometimes it may be the particular dead who are thought of as being inside such a mountain; legends tell of a great emperor -- in most cases Charles the Great or Frederick Barbarosaa (who did not return from a crusade) -- who sleeps inside the mountain surrounded by his knights and men and who is destined to awake before the day of judgement to lead the forces of the good in the final battle against the forces of evil."

34 --- The following MAY be a mixture of reality and fiction, and is an account allegedly received through 'intuitive' means, or perhaps through a phenomena that Richard Shaver termed 'Racial Memory'... or basically, that on some low-frequency levels of the collective minds of humanity, all people -- and thus their memories and thoughts --

are connected. If this subtle psionic connection exists, then it is a very 'deep' level of the mind where the ancient mental and ancestral 'roots' connect. If however there is little evidence for 'racial memory', or for deep-level encephalographic waves which connect all people at the deepest levels, then just consider this story as an adventurous creation of someone's fertile imagination.

This is from some writings by admitted 'occultists' Annie Besant and C.V. Leadbeater. These writings, published in 1924 in India, are centered around the area of Puri, on the Bay of Bengal. The following is a fantasy/story (!?) of a young man named Alcyone, who was born at a coast-town called Kanura, only a few miles from Puri:

"...Alcyone was earnest, eager, and easily impressible. He responded at once to true affection, but shrank into stolidity if treated unkindly. He had an intense admiration for his father, his mother and his elder sisters...

On one occasion this (intuition) gave him the startling information that there were people living in the interior of the earth, and when he developed a keen in this it offered to give him ocular demonstration of the fact by leading him to a certain cave by which he would gain admission into their dwelling-place -- or rather, as was represented, one of their dwelling places. He eagerly accepted this offer, but it was unfortunately coupled with a condition that he should tell no one of the expedition, if he wished to undertake it. He doubted much as to the wisdom of this course, but eventually his curiosity was too strong for his prudence, and he resolved to make the journey and attempt to verify (his 'intuition'), but stipulated that a certain bosom friend, Demeter, should be allowed to accompany him.

Demeter was another young priest, a son of one of the chief priests of the same temple, and the original reason of the bond between them was that Demeter also could see nature-spirits (both good and evil, and unknown), and could sometimes hear the same inner voice.

This stipulation seemed for some time to be an insuperable difficulty, but eventually the mysterious inner voice yielded on that point -- only, however, on condition that both the young men took a specially solemn vow that they would tell no one of their journey nor indicate to anyone else the way which was to be shown to them. In compliance with the terms of this agreement they had to pretend to set forth... upon a pilgrimage to certain northern shrines, that is to say, the pilgrimage was genuine enough, for they really visited the shrines, but the true object of the expedition was known to none but those who undertook it. The journey which they had to take was a long one for those days, and occupied some months, but in due course and after many adventures they found themselves in the neighborhood of the spot that had been indicated to them.

The inner voice would not permit them to take with them any servant or attendant for the final effort, but directed them to provide themselves with food for many days, and also with a supply of torches to light them during their exploration. With considerable trouble they found the entrance to a cavern which was apparently quite unknown to the tribes living in the neighborhood. They entered it with considerable misgivings, not caring, when it came to the point, to trust themselves in its intricacies, for indeed it seemed to be a perfect labyrinth. For a long time it led them merely into the heart of the mountain, without making any appreciable descent, but eventually the course of the naturally-arched passage which they had been directed to follow turned steeply

downwards, and they had to do an amount of downward climbing which was exceedingly awkward and perilous for them, hampered as they were with bundles of torches and packages of food.

How far down they actually penetrated they had no means of knowing, nor could they estimate with any sort of accuracy the time which the descent occupied, but their underground journey must have been altogether a matter of many days. They suffered a good deal from the pressure of the atmosphere, which was great at that depth, and alarming to them, as of course they did not in the least understand it. The temperature also increased slightly, but not seriously enough to interfere in any way with their advance, though the conditions made the violent exertion of progress over so rough a road exceedingly trying. They had many narrow escapes, more than once only just avoiding serious accidents. Though they knew nothing of such matters it seems probable that they were traveling down a kind of fault or fissure, which may perhaps have been caused by an earthquake, or possibly by some volcanic outburst of long ago. Fortunately, plenty of water was usually available, although once or twice in that confined and heated atmosphere they suffered considerably from the want of it.

After a long time spent in this slow progress they became conscious of a faint and inexplicable luminosity in the heavy atmosphere which surrounded them, and presently they came out into a cavity so vast that they were unable to see its limits. It seemed to be full of a curious pale radiance, by means of which, however, they were able to see distinctly enough to dispense altogether with the torches. Their eyes required a great deal of adjustment to this extraordinary light, so for some time they could not at all calculate the distance of objects, and met with some awkward falls in consequence.

Everything felt abnormally heavy to them, and every motion seemed somehow a violent effort. They soon discovered that this enormous cavity was inhabited not only by animals but also by human beings, though these last were in various ways unlike any others that they had ever seen. The impression conveyed to them was that the inhabitants of this strange inner world had at some time or other in the far past belonged to the outer, though it would appear that the people themselves held rather the opposite idea, and thought of themselves as original, and of those who had escaped into the outer world as men upon whom some dismal fate had fallen.

The men whom they saw were wild-looking, and somehow indescribably strange and inhuman. They seemed to constitute numerous communities, and there were many things about them which were inexplicable to our explorers. They had no means of communicating with them, except, by gestures, but it was evident that their arrival excited great wonder. If these primitive cave-men had ever had communication with any humanity on the surface of the earth it must have been long ago, for their characteristics at this day differed widely from those of any of the known races.

The utter strangeness of everything daunted the spirits of our explorers, and although their interest was naturally intense they often wished that they had never undertaken the adventure. The life in the midst of which they had found themselves was in so many ways quite

incomprehensible to them. The Inner voice directed them only occasionally, and they had no means of obtaining the information on hundreds of points which they were naturally so eager to acquire. They were unable to form any opinion as to the nature of the diffused radiance which filled the vast cavern. The vegetables which grew in it, and the animals which moved among them, were alike strange to them. The people seemed to be in many ways what we should call savages, for they had no visible dwellings of any sort, nor was it clear that they engaged in any definite work, such for example as the cultivation of their soil. They appeared to live partly upon the flesh of certain semi-reptilian animals which they caught, and partly upon huge fungoid growth which was exceedingly common, a sort of gigantic toadstool. Our adventurers shrank in horror from the reptilian form of food, which the inhabitants devoured raw -- indeed there was nothing whatever to show that they knew of fire or any of its forms -- but since the stores which our friends had brought with them were running low, and they had no certainty of being able to replenish them, they did eat the fungus, and found it to be sustaining, though far from palatable. It seemed to have a curious exhilarating or almost intoxicating effect upon their unaccustomed organisms.

The people were evidently greatly astonished to see their visitors, and indeed at first fled from them in fear, but presently they ventured to approach and examine them more closely. Nothing in the nature of clothing was seen, and the colour of the people was an unpleasant and curious livid kind of lead-colour, probably produced by this strange diffused light. Women were seen among them and also large numbers of children. They may have been a remnant of some early Lemurian race, for they had many of the characteristics of the blue egg-headed people, who at one time occupied a considerable portion of the Lemurian continent. Among other things, they were somewhat below the ordinary height of men, though broad and squat in appearance, whereas the ancient Lemurian races from which they might have sprang were distinctly taller and looser in build than the men of the later races. If, however, they

did originally come from that stock, they must have been considerably modified by long ages of sojourn under these unearthly conditions...

These people still exist at this present day. There are many of these cavities and some of them are peopled by tribes much more advanced than those encountered by our adventurers. The mental body of these people is not at all highly developed. Their speech is an unholy compound of clicks and grunts, helped out with a good deal of clumsy gesture. No ceremonies have so far been observed among them. Marriage is between one man and one woman in many cases, but in other cases not. There seems no sign of rank, nor any kind of government -- indeed, there is nothing to govern. Sometimes there are quarrels, but all on a small scale. As regards property, they may be said to own some sort of weapons. The majority of them have no clothing. There is no day and night with them; they mostly throw themselves down to sleep after taking a meal. The children sometimes amuse themselves with dances. There are plenty of rivers and the people swim in them in a curious dog-like fashion.

Our two friends abode among these extraordinary savages for a period which, measure by day and night, would have been perhaps a couple of weeks. Their difficulties were considerable, and a great portion of each day had to be devoted to sleep, as they never both slept at the same time, feeling it always necessary that one should be on the watch. The savages seemed to have no evil intention towards them, and it is also certain that some of the reptiles were carnivorous, and probably poisonous. There was a good deal of vegetation, specially in the neighborhood of water; nothing of any great size, except what might be called a sort of gigantic grass, a kind of bamboo which could not support itself, but crept along the ground. There were also spiky plants of the general appearance of aloes, and various kinds of cactus and rushes and sedges and that kind of thing, but all of a curious bleached unhealthy colour, many of them darkish, but none really green (ne doubt due to the lack of photosynthesis as is found in the outer world - Branton).

After they had become somewhat accustomed to this weird

and uncomfortable condition of affairs, the voice directed Alcyone and his friend to proceed straight out into the cavity and to walk for many hours in a straight line, leaving the great wall. They soon lost sight of the wall in this curious diffused luminosity, and felt strangely lost in this nightmare of a world, with no certainty of getting out of it again. But they continued walking, in spite of the difficulties of the atmosphere, and at last came upon a different type of people, who by comparison with the others might be said to be quite advanced, for they had places to live in, though they were only hollowed out of the ground -- chambers in the rock. But these people wove a sort of matting. They did not seem to know fire, but they may be said to have kept domestic animals. They had a kind of goat, of which they drank the milk. Their settlement was pitched round a number of boiling springs or geysers, and in these boiling springs they cooked the flesh of their goats, also that of some turtle-like creatures. It may have been the same race, but it was certainly a stage further advanced. They could draw to a certain extent, and also they engraved or scratched signs upon the rocks according to some primitive scheme, consisting entirely of round impressions (cup-shaped marks) arranged in a form which signified something -- so many in a straight line meaning one thing, and so many arranged in an angle something else. These were not letters, but ideograms, or signs for certain things. The marks were produced by grinding a sharpened edge into the rock. They had thus a series of intelligible signs, but no idea beyond the making of these round depressions.

They made also a kind of string or rope out of their reeds, and the women were beginning to wear coloured stones. Our friends came in one place upon a kind of pocket of precious stones, and carried them away with them -- fine specimens, splendid gems, which proved on their return to the upper world to be of great rarity. These people, who might be said to be a little more advanced, sometimes smeared themselves with colour, for there was coloured mud to be found in connection with the boiling springs. We noticed a sort of rose-colour, green, and yellow (which may have been sulphur); it was something like the "paint-pots"

in the Yellowstone Park. To scoop out the mud these people used flat stones.

Eventually our friends found their way back, with great difficulty, to the hole by which they entered the cavity. They had still some of their original food, though it was hard and dry, and they also took with them some of the fungus. They made a fresh bundle of torches out of the bamboo, but they were not satisfactory, as they often went out. However, they were able to relight them, as they carried with them the primitive instrument for fire-making which they had brought with them -- a stick and string and a little cup. At last they struggled up to the surface again, but with great difficulty in climbing; and came out into the daylight dazzled and bewildered. Indeed, they had to remain in the cavern for more than a day, in order to get their eyes gradually used to the daylight. They had a curious feeling of sickness, arising apparently from the change in the density of the air; this sickness lasted for a good many hours, but they were thankful indeed to get back again.

The voice told Alcyone that this experience was necessary for him, that now he had a wider knowledge of the possibilities of life and evolution, so that he might understand and sympathize more fully, and that later on he would know more about all this. But now he was to go home again, to rejoin his family, and to prepare himself for another great trial which was to come. The two friends agreed to say nothing of their story anywhere in the places through which they passed, but to reserve all mention of it until they reached home. There they told the story to Alcyone's father and the family circle. The father said, "Yes, there is a tradition, not among us, but among the Atlanteans, of such underground races of men." Something of the story was also told by Demeter to some other people outside; but they supposed it to be mere fabrication. The family of course knew it to be true, and fully realized what a wonderful experience it was..."

#35 --- The following passages can be found on pages 20-21 of "THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD", edited by Timothy Green Beckley. In one chapter titled "The Inner Earth", detailing some of the writings of 'Doreal', we read:

"...They say this also, concerning the manner of heat increasing, by so many hundreds of feet that we descend into the earth. That was one of the things you were probably taught in school and probably still are, though in mines in Russia where one mine extends to a depth of seven miles, one finds that the heat increases up to a certain point, then remains static and then begins to decrease. There is only a certain area of the outer skin of earth subjected to the cosmic ray that has a heated area. That is also true of thermometers which have been let down deep, dry oil wells.

"...First, this inner earth is not just a succession of caverns with nobody in them. They are inhabited by one of the races of ancient Atlantis who disappeared from the earth before Atlantis sank; that is, the Blue Race of Atlantis... Before Atlantis sank the Blue Race had lived in the interior part of the earth. During that long period of time, they lost the use of their physical eyes - not that the inner part of the earth is dark and dismal. I want to correct any idea you might have of that. These passages are filled with a certain luminous atmosphere. Second, (this) atmosphere supplies all the needs of the body. If one merely breathes it, one does not have to eat. Third, this race has lost the use of eyes. They have no eyes at all in their heads (their psychic sense is so well developed they do not need them).

"The greatest of all caverns is under the Caroline Islands where our soldiers fought during World War II.

"The Blue Race went below to supplant a yet more ancient race who were the guardians of the center of the earth..."

#36 --- There is, in India, a tradition of an Underworld Paradise called Patalas. Patalas is divided into seven

different worlds: Rasatala, Mahatala, Atala, Sutala, Vitala, Talatala and Patala. They lie directly below Vasumati, the earth. Legends of this world tell of beautiful subterranean gardens, forests, and jeweled palaces where heavenly beings dwell. Upon occasions, surface dwellers are permitted to enter to enjoy a life of peace and happiness, usually beloved kings and princes who are well known for their good deeds. A good description of this Subterranean Paradise can be found in the (East) Indian manuscript "SOMADEVA'S KATHA SARIT SAGARA" (or, "Ocean Of Streams Of Story"), in ten volumes. Volume VI, pages 108-109 of the translated version carries the following example, from "The Adventures of King Bhunandana":

"... 'King, that Daitya maiden that you love lives in Patala, so be of good cheer. I will take you to her. For I am a Brahman named Bhlrivasu, the son of a sacrificing Brahman of the Deccan, named Yajuh, and I am a chief among magicians. My father communicated his knowledge to me, and I learned from a treatise on Patala the proper charms and ceremonies for propitiating Hatakesana. And I went to Sripurvata and performed a course as asceticism there for propitiating Siva, and Siva (an astral entity, one of the many thousands of so-called 'gods' which manipulate the strange belief-system of the Hindu's - Branton), being pleased with it, appeared to me and said to me: 'Go; after you have married a Daitya maiden and enjoyed pleasures in the regions below the earth, you shall return to me; and listen; I will tell you an expedient for obtaining those delights. There are on this earth many openings leading to the lower regions; but there is one great and famous one in Kasmira made by Maya, by which Usha the daughter of Bana introduced her lover Aniruddha into the secret pleasure-grounds of the Danavas, and made him happy there. And Pradyumna, in order to deliver his son, laid it open, making a door in one place with the peak of a mountain, and he placed Durga there, under the name of Sarika, to guard that door, after propitiating her with hundreds of praises. Consequently even now the place is called by the two names of Peak of Pradyumna and Hill of Sarika. So go and enter

Patala with your followers by the famous opening, and by my favor you shall succeed there.

(Note: I should state here that other traditions relate that 'Nagaloka', a major underground 'city' within the seven-leveled caverns of 'Patala', is said to be the underworld of the reptilian 'Nagas'. So then, could this 'voice of Siva' have been some form of hologram which originated from the Naga-reptilians themselves in order to bring many more people down into the caverns to re-stock the reptilian food supply? Of course, this is speculation entirely and does not mean that these people met with such a fate. Yet, one must wonder... - Branton)

"...And then the great ascetic, triumphed by the favor of the boon of Siva, revealed the opening by scattering mustard-seeds in the prescribed manner, and the king entered with him and his pupils, and marched along the road to Patala for five days and five nights..."

#37 --- The following account appears in Warren Smith's book "THIS HOLLOW EARTH", on pages 63-65 & 76-79. It tells of Doc Anderson's visit to the Far East, where he learned of the legends concerning tunnels and subterranean civilizations. Anderson was a well known 'psychic' whose predications had a fair degree of accuracy. Most of these are recorded in "DOC ANDERSON - THE MAN WHO SEES TOMORROW", by Robert E. Smith. As a matter of interest, I received a letter from my friend and follow researcher TAL LeVesque, dated 3-27-80, which contained the following: "... 'Doc' Anderson (The Man Who See's Tomorrow) who told us he would be using his psychic power to find openings in the U.S.A. to the ancient tunnel network; this week DISAPPEARED... his car was found wrecked but NO body anywhere..."

('Doc' Anderson's account as related by Warren Smith):

"... 'Several times we were told by the bogdos, the Holy Ones, that the mystery of the subterranean kingdom would be solved when the seven pyramids of Shensi were opened.' Anderson drawled in a deep, southern accent. 'One old bogdo

was a good friend of ours. We'd hear of the pyramids of Egypt, buddy, but pyramids in Asia were something else again. These pyramids were in a westerly direction from Sian-fu, the capital of Shensi province.'

"The two young men traveled along the great caravan road that stretches from Peking, China, to the shores of the Mediterranean sea. 'We asked about the pyramids at each village,' Anderson said. 'Frank couldn't speak the local dialect, but there was usually a chief in each place who knew pure Chinese. At one place, an old man said the pyramids were a couple of days' travel from his village.'

"...The land around the pyramids was a long, desolate flatland. The entire region was under cultivation and forested areas had been cleared away. There were seven pyramids, flat-topped, with three giants resting along the outer edges. 'There was a tiny village about two miles from the large pyramid,' Anderson related. 'We asked the old lama there about the pyramids, but he could only shake his head. They were another of the mysteries of Asia. The pyramids were mentioned in ancient scrolls in the temples. He believed they were at least 5,000 - perhaps 6,000 - years old. No one knows for certain who built them, why they were constructed, or how they were built out of that flat plain.'

"Anderson, Frank Shearer, and the lama walked out to inspect the largest pyramid. 'It may be the largest man-made structure on earth.' Doc drawled. 'We estimated it was about 2,000 feet at the base and about 1,200 feet high. This makes the Asian structure twice as large as the largest pyramid in Egypt.' (Anderson visited Egypt's pyramids at Giza in 1970 and believes he is the only man now living to have seen both the Asian and Egyptian structures).

"...A network of subterranean tunnels that link the continents of the world is one of the most persistent beliefs in hollow earth lore. Stories of these tunnels can be gleaned from the legends, folklore, and myths of almost every country. Monasteries on the craggy slopes of Tibet are supposed to be constructed over large, tranquil subterranean lakes. Many European visitors to Tiber have fascinated their western audiences with descriptions of tunnels that run from the monastery to the lake, then on

down into the inner earth.

"...Many occultists believe that Eastern mystics have knowledge of secrets unknown to our present world, claiming there is seldom smoke without fire, and many legends have a basis in fact. The reader must determine his own attitude toward these unique facets of the hollow earth mystery.

#38 --- There is an ancient legend among the Hindus of India that tells of a civilization of immense beauty beneath central Asia. Several underground cities are said to be located north of the Himalayan mountains, possibly in Afghanistan, or under the Hindu Kush. This subterranean Shangri-la is inhabited by a race of golden people who seldom communicate with the surface world. From time to time, they travel into outer lands through tunnels that stretch upward in many directions. Entrances to the tunnels are believed to be hidden in several of the ancient cities of the Orient. Tunnel entrances are said to be in Ellore and the Ajunta caverns in the Chandore Mountain range of India.

'The lamas were very convincing about the tunnels,' said R.C. 'Doc' Anderson, the Roseville, Georgia, psychic. 'The Tibetan holy men frequently told me there were vast caves beneath North, South, and Central America. They said these caves were connected through tunnels to the surface world. Underground cities are supposed to be built in these vast cavities inside the earth. These cavern people are an ancient race, possibly the Atlanteans. The lamas asserted that these secret tunnels and cavern cities are illuminated by an unusual green light (diffused through the luminescent subterranean atmosphere itself - Branton) which is favorable to crops, long life, and food health.'

Tibetans also told Doc Anderson that Atlantis, the legendary continent, had a network of tunnels and passages extending beneath the ocean in many directions. 'The tunnels were used by the merchants of Atlantis to carry on their trade with other countries,' said Doc Anderson. 'The lamas showed me a map of the underground passages leading from a

large island in the Atlantic ocean to Europe, Africa, South America, and (North) America. I was informed that this map was extremely old and that no other white man had ever seen it.'

#39 --- (continuing from the same volume)... A similar legend of subterranean tunnels of ancient construction, and an unknown origin, was brought to the attention of early explorers in Martinique, in the West Indies. In his reports on his explorations, Columbus revealed the West Indies claimed the island was once the site of many vast cities. 'These ancient communities were connected by tunnels that ran beneath the earth,' a West Indian informed Columbus. 'Our land was once ruled by giant women warriors. They fought with a tribe of cannibals. Whenever the cannibal men attacked, the women rushed down through the great tunnels.' If their enemies stormed the tunnels, the women killed them with arrows from their great bows.'..."

#40 --- Pages 134-141 of Warren Smith's book "THIS HOLLOW EARTH" carries the following unusual story concerning reputed tunnel entrances connecting with the sewers of Paris and an elevator shaft within an old building in the same city:

"...In the May, 1967, issue of the HOLLOW EARTH BULLETIN, we printed portions of 'The Messerschmidt Manuscript.' A French woman, thought to have been killed, returned to her home in the suburbs of Paris with a frightening tale of being kidnaped and taken into the 'deros' lair. An edited version of her statement follows:

'There are those who will claim I am insane... They will testify that I am mentally ill and unable to remember those weeks in the caves. In wish In

could erase those memories from my mind. But, the world MUST be warned. The monsters are down there. We must DESTROY them before they kidnap more women for their horrible purpose...

'In was a young woman on nineteen years of age in 1943, proud of my ability as a student, and eagerly looking forward to marrying a young man who planned to be a physician.

'One night we planned to meet at my fiance's office building, join another couple, and have dinner in a small café. We were not worried about the Nazis. In arrived a few minutes late at my fiancé's office building and the old man who ran the elevator had left for the day. In decided to operate the lift for myself. In stepped inside to inspect the controls.

'There were no symbols to indicate whether the lift went up or down by moving the lever one way or another. Lighthearted and in love, In decided that if In ran the elevator into the basement, In could reverse the controls and go up to the other stories...

'In made an error and the elevator stopped in a dark basement. In reversed the controls, but my hand slipped. I pushed on the "down" control.

'The elevator suddenly plunged down below the basement, falling through space as if the cable had broken. After a rapid drop, perhaps several hundred feet, the elevator stopped with a sudden lurch. I was so frightened as I fell onto the floor of the cage, sobbing and screaming.

'Through my terror-stricken mind, I heard a loud, guttural noise on the other side of the elevator door. The elevator door was torn open with a vicious slam and I saw the most horrible beast in the world. The memory of that monster haunts my mind and, at night, I cannot sleep without sedatives or sleeping pills...

'His face was a pale, whitish color. His short, twisted body was covered with thick, bristly hair.

His eyes? Piggish, insensitive to any emotion, and gleaming with evil lust. The creature was fat, almost bloated. There were terrible scars and running sores all over most of his body. He had no neck, so his head was placed squarely atop his muscular shoulders.

'The face was the most horrible portion of his terrible features. It was much too large for his body, totally devoid of hair. The skin was scarred and wrinkled. His nose was fashioned more like a snout. It was at least seven inches in length, a terrible thing hanging down over his lipless mouth. His nose ended about the middle of his chest. He was nude. His body looked as if he had never worn garments.

'A filthy, animal-smell filled the elevator. Mercifully, In fainted into unconsciousness. In have never known what happened in the elevator. Did they use that for an entry into the outside world? In have thought about it and those elevator shafts may go down far into the earth at certain points.

'When In recovered consciousness, In was lying on the polished stone floor of an immense cavern. There were several other women standing around in that dark corner and, as my eyes adjusted to the dimness, In saw that we were caged into one corner of a large cave. A metal gate, and bars, rose from the stone floor up to the ceiling. In suppressed an impulse to scream, thinking this terrible nightmare would end in an instant.

'Across the way, the devil-men were fighting over a carcass. It was some reptile-like animal which they hunted in the caverns. In learned later that if these reptiles became scarce, they crept up into Paris at night and captured human beings for their food. There were giant hooks on the walls, quite sharp, where they hung the bodies to drain. They collected the blood as a drink, fighting among themselves for the thick, red drippings.

'There were about twenty women crowded into the

cave. Most of them were totally mad; insane creatures who had lost their minds. They huddled in the cage, whimpering and crying. Others simply sat in mute catatonic shock. They were like living robots, with their emotions and human feelings destroyed by the horrible existence in the caverns.

In stood up, looked around for my clothing, which was gone. Trying to hide my nakedness, In walked to the front of the cage. Despite my fear, In shouted across the room to the group of monstrous beings. It was a moment of total unreality.

"The police will be looking for me," In said. "Release me, or I'll charge you with kidnaping." My mind was like a taut string on a musical instrument, ready to snap at any moment.

The devil-man who had pulled me from the elevator grinned wickedly through his lipless mouth. He lurched up from where he had been gnawing on the carcass. In trembled with fear as he shuffled toward me. In moved back into the cage.

He spoke in a guttural growl, almost grunts.

This was a signal and the other women in the cage grabbed me. They pressed me against the bars of the cage. In passed once again into unconsciousness as the devil-man placed a dirty, hairy palm on my breast.

...In regained my senses once more that same night. In remembered that seven or eight of the devil-men chased we round the cavern. They tossed me back and forth between each other, fondling my body, and - as they wished - carried me off into a passageway for their amusement.

After that first night, nothing they could do to me would kill the spirit of life within my body. I learned! Oh! How I learned. I put my mind elsewhere when they pulled me from the cages. In survived and retained my sanity by living in the past. When one of the lusting, evil monsters dragged me out of the cages for his pleasure. I

went into a catatonic state. I relived the happy years of my childhood in my mind to retain my sanity. Or, I blanked out into unconsciousness.

Most of the woman who had been captive for some time were in horrible physical condition. They had picked up the various infections and sores from the beasts. They had skin eruptions and bruises were all over their bodies. Many had lost weight, due to the mental strain, and the food. The men-beasts often forgot to feed us and, when they did, they threw a large chunk of meat into the cage. I never knew if the meat was human, or animal, and I became so hungry that I didn't care.

About once a week, perhaps more often because time measurement was impossible in the caverns, we were given an armload of damp, moldy weeds. We were allowed a small fire in the cages, for cooking, and to ward off the dampness. We took these subterranean ferns, mosses, and mushrooms, and brewed them into a stew. Once, we were given a dark, almost black, type of mushroom that produced hallucinations.

In must have been a captive of these terrible devil-men for two weeks, perhaps a month, when the gray (skinned) men appeared from out of the tunnels. The devils scrambled in the opposite direction, grunting with fright, as the gray men shot them with gas guns. Several of the bestial men-animals were killed. Prisoners were released from the cage, given a toga-like robe for clothing; and taken through the tunnels for medical attention. They had a strange sort of vehicle, not like our automobiles, that was parked in the tunnels.

A physician led us into a mobile laboratory. The room had a large number of machines and, even under the lights, the metal was grayish in color. Everything was made of this metal and even their clothing appeared to be metallic. In retained a sense of where In was, but the leader of the group

indicated to the doctor that In should be treated.

They spoke perfect French, but with a strange accent. 'Your mind is disturbed because of your experience,' said the leader of the group. He was about five feet tall, muscular, with only his face visible under the helmet of the same gray metal. His face was more elongated, thinner, than those of the human beings In have met. It was gray in color, almost like the cast of old baking dough.

We were taken individually into another vehicle that looked like a combination hospital and computer room. Another man, who seemed to be a physician, indicated In should lay back on a table made from the same grayish metal. He also spoke French, indicating that the treatment would not hurt me.

'You will feel no pain,' he said. 'We have tried to erase memories from the mind but they are never totally gone. They will come forth through dreams, nightmares and disguised thoughts. We are attaching you to a machine that provides you with information on why you were tortured by the animal men.'

'Can't you tell me,' I inquired.

'It would take many years of time, as you measure it,' he replied. 'The machines implant information in your mind without error. The data is not filtered through my mind, but remains purified.'

After the treatment, In was taken to another section of the tunnels. Some of the men in metallic uniforms were sealing off the tunnels. The leader designated a man to lead to back me the surface world, and in another two hours, we were in the sewers of Paris. In was back on the streets in a short while. In must have looked very strange walking barefoot through the streets in winter. A gendarme stopped me and In was take into custody and, eventually, my family was contacted. In spent many weeks in a mental hospital and, today, In am

in a sanitarium trying to recover from the experience...

WHAT WAS THE MESSAGE GIVEN TO THE YOUNG WOMAN THROUGH THE MACHINE?

(In ancient times...) as the human race continued to grow, some species were driven underground to the caverns for their survival. They adapted themselves to the life beneath the surface and, in time, they created the tunnels and cavern cities. There were tremendous problems related to biological mutations and the necessary evolution (i.e. 'adaptation') of the species to survive the environment of the inner earth. In time, the original (underground) colonists degenerated into the brutal, horrible animal men. In ancient times, these degenerates preyed upon surface humanity through raids on outlying areas. Ancient stories of strange appearances of unusual animals, werewolves, and men-beasts are memories of battles between our ancestors and the animal men (of the underground...)

Eventually, mankind developed weaponry to defend themselves. The men-beasts were pushed back under the ground. They now prowl only at night and they are careful to avoid detection by humans. The wars, the atomic age, and evolution (i.e. 'mutation') of the animal-men, has created the problem today. The animal-men are a great threat to human survival. The animal-men have evolved into a deadly species, more crafty and extremely cunning. The constant tests of nuclear weapons have destroyed, or cracked, many of the great tunnels. Whole cavern cities have been wiped out by these tests. The animal-men are growing stronger. They've become the heirs to advanced weaponry, airships, and electro-magnetic weapons.

The animal men are on the march to conquer the entire planet, including the surface world.

WHO WERE THOSE IN THE METALLIC UNIFORMS?

They are what we would call a biological team from the far reaches of space. During a routine check of the earth, they learned of the mutations that had occurred among the animal-men. They brought back their instruments and established several 'breeding stations,' notably under the oceans and seas.

They plan to observe the war between the animal-men and the armies of our surface nations.

WILL THEY SAVE US FROM THESE DEMONIC CREATURES?

Our salvation will come through our own efforts. The 'starmen' are observers of the battle between the species on this planet. They have no plans to disturb the functions of natural selection or committing their weaponry to either species...

(Note: These animal-men sound a lot like the 'De-ros' -- as in De-trimental, De-ranged, De-generate, etc. -- spoken of by Richard Shaver during the mid-1900's - Branton)

SHOULD WE BELIEVE THIS STORY?

The lady approached our representatives in Paris last year, seeking more data on the hollow earth. She believed the Hollow Earth Society might provide more information to put her terrible experience into some sort of understanding. Unfortunately, we do not have the funds to maintain a library... at our headquarters. (One of the researchers) checked the elevator at the office building where the kidnaping allegedly took place. The shaft ended at the basement but - strangely enough - there were signs of fresh masonry construction at the bottom of the elevator shaft. We asked for permission to test the shaft for possible proof of her story. The

building owners refused to allow tests of any type.

HOW DOES HER STORY CHECK WITH THE SHAVER INFORMATION?

Shaver stated that people on the surface evolved from the abandero. He reported our ancestors were those ancient people who were unable to gain entry into the caves. As they roamed the radiated surface of our world (solar 'radiations', etc.), they were reduced to a species known as the Neanderthal man. Those who did not die off eventually built up an immunity to the radiation rays of the sun.

As time progressed, humanity forgot about the ancestral catastrophe except for the folklore about vanished civilizations like Atlantis and Lermuria, and memory of a group known as the 'Masters'..."

#41 --- Following are some passages from Andrew Tomas' book, "ON THE SHORES OF ENDLESS WORLDS", pp. 160-163, 166-167:

"...And now a return to Asia. Even in this jet-age every Hindu is familiar with and usually believes in the legend of the Nagas, the 'serpents' which live in extensive underground palaces in the rocky Himalayas. It is believed that these creatures are able to fly in space and that they possess amazing magical powers and intelligence (i.e. or rather, 'cunning'). They are not too fond of man if he is a curiosity seeker, explorer or mountaineer. According to the sacred tradition of the Hindus, the deep caverns of the Nagas contain fabulous treasures, illuminated by flashing precious stones. The subterranean abodes are known to be in certain parts of both the Himalayas and Tibet, particularly around the Lake of the great Nagas - Lake Manasarowar."

"...Nicholas Roerich and Alexandra David-Neel, the noted orientalist's, both wrote of Gessar Khan's prophecies: 'I have many treasures but only upon the appointed day may I bestow them upon my people. When the legions of Northern Shambhala shall bring the spear of salvation, then shall I uncover the depths of the mountains.'

In Sikkim Roerich was told of tunnels and giant caves that were used for storing ancient reliques. The mountain Kinchinjunga was so named because in Tibetan that means 'Five Treasures of the Great Snow.' According to the lamas: 'the giant gate of this storehouse will one day 'be opened'.

In Karakoram Pass (altitude 6,000 meters) at the western end of the Himalayas, Nicholas Roerich was told by a guide: 'even we lowly people know that there are deep extensive underground vaults in which are gathered treasures from the beginning of

the world..' During his expedition Nicholas Roerich and his son Dr. George Roerich, professor of Oriental languages, obtained information from the lamaseries about hidden passages under the Dalai Lana's palace, the Potala, and about a grotto under the main temple. He recorded the legend of the black stone of Shambhala which allegedly came from another planet:

Helena Blavatsky spent at least three years in Tibet, Bhutan and Sikkim. Her encyclopedic books contain a wealth of data on Asiatic lore:

'Along the ridge of Altyn Tagh whose soil no European foot has ever trodden so far, there exists a certain hamlet, lost in a deep gorge. It is a small cluster of houses, a hamlet rather than a monastery, with a poor-looking temple in it, with one old lama, a hermit, living near by to watch it. Pilgrims say that the subterranean galleries and halls under it contain a collection of books, the number of which according to the accounts given, is too large to find even in the British Museum.'

In another passage Blavatsky states: 'Built deep in the bowels of the earth, the subterranean stores are secure, and as their entrances are concealed, there is little fear that anyone would discover them, even should several armies invade the sandy wastes'.

All these records point to the startling possibility that a stellar race (or an ancient race who has since left this planet) not only planted priceless scientific artefacts in widely distributed underground storehouses, but also

appointed trusted priests, monks and scholars to guard them from generation to generation. This heritage could have been handed down in an epoch the memory of which only mythology preserves.

"...A few weeks later I decided to go to the Kulu Valley in the Western part of the Himalayas to visit Naggar, where Nicholas Roerich had lived. Since I had known him personally, the trip had a sentimental overtone. A narrow curving road, a precipice on one side with rocks and avalanches on the other, were not conducive to an enjoyable journey to this remote region near Ladakh and Tibet. The village of Naggar derives its name from "Naga," the serpent. High up in the mountains lies Roerich's estate. Having been an artist of note, his two-storied house contains a museum of his paintings.

As I began my ascent on the mountain path, I saw a tall grey-haired sadhu (hermit), sitting by a mountain torrent. In his hand he held a cobra-shaped staff, which together with the markings on his forehead, signified that he was a devotee of Shiva. During the earlier, more peaceful times of the British Raj, these pilgrims would travel to the Lake of the Great Nagas, Lake Manasarowar, or to Mount Kailas, the abode of Shiva, in Tibetan territory. I climbed the mountain and reached the terrace on which the Roerich's house was built. I spent at least an hour studying the master's paintings. On the way back I admired the narrow valley and the looming snow-capped mountain ridges on both sides.

The sadhu was still there. I thought, 'A place called Naggar, a devotee of the Nagas with the cobra staff, if he does not know something about the Nagas, then who does? Knowing the ways of the East, I saluted the (so-called) 'holy' man with the folded hands in the fashion that is customary in India, and waited for the older man to speak first.

'You like Roerich's paintings?' he said in

fluent English.

'Very much, indeed. Tell me, did you know the master in life?'

'Yes, for many years. A great Rishi (inspired sage) and a friend of Nehru.'

'Venerable sadhu, I believe in the Nagas. Have you seen them?' I asked diplomatically.

'I am a poor sadhu, I know nothing, sahib. But about twenty years ago my yogi teacher went into the mountain kingdom of the Nagas. Bright light everywhere, big halls like Taj Mahal. Wonderful. The Nagas have many, many things and machines. They are clever, like Cambridge men, may be more clever, sahib,' the sadhu said with an apologetic smile. I could not help laughing.

'Your yogi must have been a Rishi. Don't the Nagas destroy men (with) their sting?' I asked.

'Yes... they do not like men who have no business near their palaces,' he replied. '...China lets in no more pilgrims, I can only go through the long holes but I am too old now,' he concluded.

"...A description of the contents of a Tibetan subterranean museum is given by C.W. Leadbeater in his book 'The Masters and the Path.' Doubts as to its authenticity may be partly justified not because the evidence itself is false but due to its naive presentation. Leadbeater claims that the museum contains statues of the different racial types that go back to the beginning of time, the profiles of continents with their changes, diagrams of ethnical and religious fusions, and much more besides. There are, he says, 'strange scripts from other worlds than ours'.

"...In recapitulating this chapter it appears that a great similarity pervades the folklore of many countries no matter how far apart they are. Traditions of vaults, labyrinths, tunnels and buried treasures of remote antiquity are found in Crete, Egypt, Tibet, Angkor, India, Mexico, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru..."

#42 --- Chapter XV of W.B. Seabrook's book, "ADVENTURES IN ARABIA", tells of the mysterious caverns beneath the Temple-Shrine at Sheik-Adi, in Arabia, on Mount Lalash and within walking distance of Badri. The Yezidees use the Shrine to perform their mystical rites, as the following description by the author portrays:

"...Through this door we entered a small square chamber, over which was the smaller of the two cone-shaped domes we had seen from outside, and under the dome was a sarcophagus-like tomb. At the right was a small closed door which led apparently into the bowels of the mountain, while at the left there was a open door leading to the dark chamber which I had peered into through the iron grating. We entered this chamber and found, beneath the larger of the two domes, another tomb, covered with a black pall, which, the priest told us, contained the remains of Sheik Adi, the founder of their sect. Beyond it another door led to a third inner chamber, where were stored many earthen jam of oil for the lamps.

Mechmed Hamdi began telling me in French, which the priest could not understand, of the supposed cavern or crypt, hidden in the bowels of the mountain, beneath our feet, which he had wanted to see on former occasions. He said he had been refused on the ground that strangers could be permitted to enter it only by special order of the Mir Said-Beg himself. The closed door from the adjacent chamber was supposed to lead to it.

Now that Said-Beg was here and seemed friendly disposed, we decided that it could do no harm at least to make the request. This Mechmed Hamdi did, in politist Arabic, suggesting that if the priest were not too greatly inconvenienced, and if Said-

Beg graciously permitted it, we would like to ate the lower chamber.

The priest seemed uncertain, but was willing that we should consult the Mir himself. And so we did when we went back and found him awaiting us in the upper courtyard.

He told us we might descend the steps and look in, but that there was nothing to see --- "it was just a cave." The priest procured a torch, and we reentered the temple, went through the little door, down a very old flight of damp stone steps, through a dungeon-like passage. At the foot of the steps where we stopped and stood, we found ourselves in a vaulted cavern, partly natural, it seamed, and partly hewn from the rock, and around a corner the sound of rushing water --- a sound which we had heard as a murmur in the upper temple, but had supposed to come from some near-by stream flowing down the mountainside.

We could not see the whole of the cavern, or guess how far it extended. Its floor at the foot of the steps was covered with water, which I guessed from the slope to be not more than ankle-deep, but the priest made it an excuse to deter us from going farther, declaring that there was no use getting our feet wet, since there was no more to see...

Our partial penetration of it was interesting chiefly as establishing the fact that the whole temple edifice was constructed over subterranean caverns and streams and springs, some of the water of which was led into the pools we had seen in the temple and courtyard above. I learned later that the Yezidees believed these waters flowed by a subterranean river across all Arabia, underneath the desert, from the miraculous spring of Zem-Zem in Mecca. The fountain of Zem-Zem, like the Xaaba, with its black stone, was 'holy' to the ancient idolatrous Arabs many centuries before Mecca became the 'sacred' city of Islam. I found that the

Yezidees regarded both fire and water as sacred elements.

I would have given a month of my life to explore those caverns completely, and shall always wonder what I might have found around the angles of the rocks --- what other chambers, what alters, what relics of ancient or modern sacrifice. I have since had nightmare dreams of wading ankle-deep through the water at the foot of the stairs, of turning a corner and, beneath a great vault like a cathedral, coming upon a dreadful red, fiery alter --- but actually there and wide awake, the only thing which made me believe there might possibly be an altar of some sort in the cavern was the fact that there was no sign of one, or even an emplacement for an altar, in the temple above..."

(NOTE: the Yezidees, or Yezidis, are known as a devil-worshiping cult, suggesting that the underground 'altar' -- suspected of existing beneath the mountain -- may be used for human sacrifice. - Branton)

#43 --- The following account appeared in an article by Vincent H. Gaddis, titled "Notes On Subterranean Shafts", on page 149 of the June, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine:

"In a remote region of northern Tibet, Theodore Illion, playwright and world traveler, found a mysterious shaft and an underground city devoted to evil. He tells the story in his book, 'Darkness Over Tibet' (Rider & Co., London), which contains a detailed account of his observations and his almost-miraculous escape.

"'The existence of an underground city in Tibet,' he writes, 'is occasionally hinted at by well-informed people in this forbidden country,

although the stories are often extravagant and turn the city, which I succeeded in entering, into a "Mighty Underground Empire inhabited by millions of people." Tibet became somewhat more accessible as the years roll by, and I am confident that eventually other explorers will confirm my description of (this) city."

"After receiving a letter of introduction and directions from a native Tibetan, the occultist, Illion found the city near the Sangpo Valley, twenty miles from the nearest village. It is known as the 'City of the Initiates,' and consists of seven underground buildings that drop at least fourteen stories below the surface, the tops of these subsurface constructions being level with the ground. They are built around a shaft, the top of which is surrounded by a wall four feet high and ten yards in diameter.

The top of each building consists of a large glass skylight that is level with the surface and can be quickly covered. In front of each is a narrow staircase going down to a heavy door. The buildings are connected by tunnels, are easily kept warm, and practically earthquake-proof. Several hundred inhabitants are (or were) under the rule of a Prince Mani Rimpotche, a tall aged Tibetan with a white beard who speaks six languages, including English, and is remarkably well-informed about world affairs.

Illion learned that only one other westerner had ever visited the city, and he had lived and died there under a Tibetan name. Life in the city resembles that of an ant-hill under the absolute control of its ruler. No one is permitted to leave the city without permission, and every action of its dwellers is rigidly regulated.

The shaft itself appeared incredibly aged and very deep. Stones weighing up to twenty pounds were thrown in, but no sound reached Illion's ears. His inquiries revealed that only a few of the highest

initiates knew what was at the bottom, and any other person who found out would die -- "there are such secrets" --- with death automatically following the discovery.

This city is apparently the headquarters of a widespread secret organization with agents scattered throughout the Orient -- perhaps even in the west, according to additional information reaching the writer recently. Illion's discovery of the concealed evil nature of this city which poses as good, his refusal to become an agent, his escape and the uncanny nature of his pursuit are details that will be found in his book.

It is hoped that additional observations may be made by travelers in future years. The fact that possession of this mysterious shaft is in evil hands is very suggestive, and it is one of the reasons why I feel that stories and doctrines coming out of Tibet and apparently devoted to mankind's best interests must be carefully considered before they are blindly accepted as truth."

#44 --- Pages 274-275, of "The Journal Of American Folklore"., Vol.65., carries an article by Douglas Taylor titled - "Tales And Legends of The Dominica Caribs":

"The Carib Remnant in Dominica, West Indies, one hundred -- or less than a quarter -- of whom may reasonably be regarded as 'full-blooded' Indians (i.e. 'natives'), lost their language at the beginning of this century, and with it, in all probability, a considerable amount of traditional lore. The black Carib of Central America, who are predominantly of Negroid descent, still speak Island Carib and alone conserve many Antillean beliefs and practices concerning the supernatural.

One tradition that managed to survive was that of "the Spirit Of The Rock" and the Caserne Caraibe, told by Jolly John of Pointe Port (the last Carib chief, who died in 1941), who had heard it from his grandmother Zara; 'The people of Bataka used to climb up the big rock on the Barakua ridge in search of charms. There are steps leading to the base and a crack on the top that goes right through to the inside. That is where the spirit lives.'

He also tells the story of the woman of Bataka who long ago entered the Caserne Caraibe, a cave near the Tuluma River, with her children.

'The woman and her children are still inside the cave, together with all the other old-time Caribs. They will not leave it until the end of the world; but it is said that they sometime come out by night to use their boat, the Carib Caravel; and I myself passed it when out fishing one night, to find it gone some hours later when we returned the same way.'

"...The setting of this tale is entirely local. Facing the hamlet of Bataka across a wooded ravine, Pegue Rock, itself some thirty feet in height,

stands at the end of Barakua Ridge; while below, at the foot of a 150-foot cliff, runs the bridle path here dignified by the name of 'highway' (Creole: 'chemin la Beine'). The so-called Caserne Caraibe ("Carib Barrack," but perhaps a corruption of Caverns Caraibe, "Carib Cave") is a large cave, usually accessible only from the sea, onto which it opens between the "Carib Lands" of Uakaresi and Kraibu, some six miles north of Bataka. The Carib Caravel is a rocky islet about a hundred yards offshore from the mouth of the cave. It is possible, though by no means easy, to climb Pegua Rock..."

#45 --- On pages 90-91, 207-208, & 342 of "FOLK-LORE, A QUARTERLY REVIEW" can be found additional accounts of cave-related beliefs from Ireland and England (in Vol. 28):

"CAVES. -- I have heard at Newhall of a cave 'between Ennis and Liadoonvarna' in which runs an underground river that makes old people young. The exact locality is unknown, as the people who have gone to use it have never been seen again. Lismulbreeda cave, in Dromcliff parish and near the Kilrush road, is marked all over its sandstone sides and roof with crosses, figures, and initials, which it is considered lucky to cut on a visit. Horses are said to have come out of the Kilcorney cave, and left descendants in the valley below..."

"This cave (Kilcorney) was famous in the eighteenth century for throwing out floods of water full of fish -- (cf. 'inter alia, -Gough's Camden'), -- and this is remembered traditionally, although the floods have been rare and insignificant since 1833). Other similar phenomena are recorded in Irish annals; e.g. in the Ulster Annals in 759 "Bennmuilt poured forth a stream with

fishes," and in 867 "a strange eruption of water from Sliabh Cualann with little black fishes"..."

"UNDERGROUND PASSAGES. -- One is said to lead from Cahercrochaun to Dundahlin on Loop Head, and another from the great promontory fort of Dundoillroe eastwards, where a brown track, probably an old road, still remains. A third ran through Barnagoskaigt to the Tuamnagoskaigh in Ballynahown, near Lisdoonvarna, where there is a roofed cleft of some length. A fourth went from Bealboruma fort under the Shannon; through it the angry Brian Boru sent soldiers to waylay and kill his slandered son-in-law the King of Leinster. Others connected Killone with Clare Abbey, and Quin Abbey with St. Finghin's church at the other side of the "Rine."..."

"CAVES. -- Not more than a hundred yards away from "The Round Tree" there is a kind of cave or hollow, with a great stone half-way across the opening; it is said to be the entrance to an underground passage leading to Minchinhampton. "In a time of battle a queen took refuge there," said an old man in Hyde. There are terraces along the upper slope of the hill from Hyde to Bestbury, with France 'Lynch' and Oakridge 'Lynch' on the opposite side of Brimscombe Valley."

Pages 247-248 of the same work carries the following interesting information:

"Mr. MacCulloch adopts in a wholesale manner K. D'Arbois' theory about the rule of Dispat in the realms of the dead, and his idea that the Celts believed themselves to be descended from this Dark Divinity. He says (pp. 229, 341), -- 'Dispat was a Celtic under-world god of fertility, and the statement (of Caesar) probably presupposes a myth, like that found among many primitive peoples,

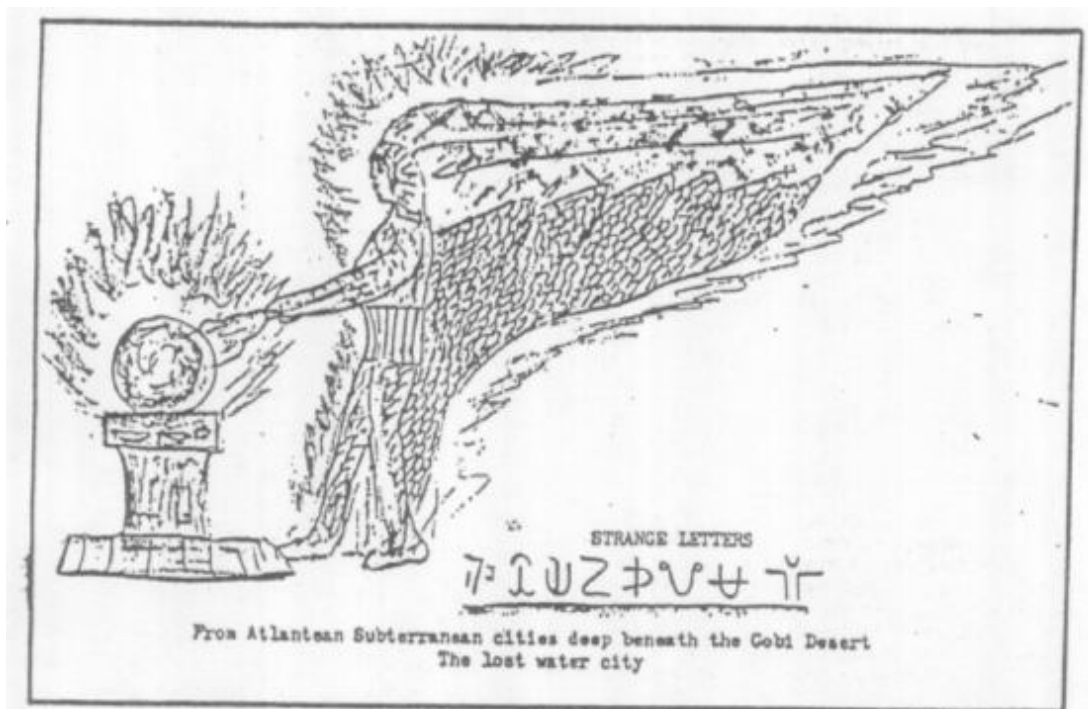
telling how man once lived under ground and thence came to the surface of the earth. But it also points to their descent from the god of the underworld. Thither the dead return to him who was ancestor of the living as well as god of the dead.'

"For all this there is no shadow of warrant in Celtic literature, and it is time that so hypothetical a doctrine should be given up. A single obscure dictum of Caesar is not sufficient to establish a permanent theory which is not supported by native warrant or tradition. The Irish kings and septs certainly traced their descent from the god or local deity worshiped by their tribe, or from some more universal divinity; but that they believed in an 'underworld from which they came and to which they went at death,' there is, I believe, nothing in the ancient literature to prove. If such a doctrine is given at all, it should be with extreme caution, as a hypothesis, not as a statement of fact. It is a pity to perpetuate a doubtful theory in a popular book."

#46 --- The following letter was forwarded to me by TAL LeVesque. it was written by a man with the initials W.S. (Wilford South? - South did research into inner earth related studies, and was connected with the Lodge of the Lion in England, which, according to South, had material on the inner earth. He passed away in 1977):

"...Williams, the Canadian explorer - discovered in 1922-3, tunnels leading from the Cornish Coast, and Bodmin Moor, - rich in minerals and China Clay, pure white, - and granite out - crops, with stone monoliths and megaliths everywhere - yet deep below the earth surface strange coloured pictures of human-bird-like figures in tunics in colour - engraved in mineral

dust, deep into the rocky wall of giant caves. The egg crystal came from a crystal grotto - deep below the sea-bed that was once a subterranean city - with an altar of pure coloured crystal. A winged figure carved in pure quartz rock crystal holding the egg crystal in her hand. Not an angel - but



either a nature spirit, or a person from another world.

This expedition was kept a secret, no press - The secret was kept in manuscript form. The egg crystal came from the pyramid city and originally from KARDON CITY NINTH, Universal translation from symbols. The oldest in our world today - Deep below Turkey, Williams found a similar Grotto - with Granite tombs, with pots of Byzantine coins some 4,000 B.C., and 2.000 years old."

"...This (see illustration above) is one of the designs upon a great cave. Could be early Atlantean - or earlier Dyzan Epoch. There was a crystal figure of golden woman clad in a tunic in colour - Her figure was pure crystal - She was holding a

crystal ball about 3-lbs in weight. A Rev. Wayne Taylor of The Sun Foundation, New Mexico - paid 500 dollars to the Williams'... I was Williams best friend and have several designs of the wall mineral dust engravings. I think the is a Unimeter Power Cone. The figure is a person from the stars or planets..."

#47 --- Chapters XLVI-XLVIII of Ferdinand Ossendowaki's volume "BEASTS, MEN AND GODS", carries a wealth of information on the subterranean world of Agharti, collected from the lamas and inhabitants of the Far East. Agharti is a subterranean country inhabited by millions of highly-advanced (technologically) and intelligent beings, according to various legends and traditions and statements recorded by Ossendowaki and others (including the researcher and world traveler Nicholas Roerich) during their visits to the lands of India, Tibet, China and Mongolia. A land where science has reached heights that have no comparison to the technologies of any surface civilization, and where, it is said, rules the great (and so-called) 'King of the World', or Brahytma:

"...When bidding us adieu, the Kalmuck sorcerer slyly smiled and said, 'Do not give any information about me to the Chinese authorities.' Afterwards he added: 'What happened to you yesterday evening was a futile demonstration. You Europeans will not recognize that we dark-minded nomads possess the powers of mysterious science... But there exists a more powerful (man)..."

"Is it the King of the World in Agharti?" I interrupted.

He stared and glanced at me in amazement.

"Have you heard about him?" he asked, as his brows knit in thought.

After a few seconds he raised his narrow eyes and said: "Only one man knows (his) name; only one man now living (on the surface, that he was aware of - Branton) was ever in Agharti. That is I. This is the reason (why) Dalai Lama has honored me and why the Living Buddha in Urga fears me. But in vain, for I shall never sit on (the) Throne of the highest priest in Lhasa nor reach that which has come down from Jenghiz Khan to the Head of our yellow faith. I am no monk. I am a warrior and avenger.

He jumped smartly into his saddle, whipped his horse and whirled away, flinging out as he left the common Mongolian phrase of adieu: 'Sayn! Sayn-bayna!'..."

MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES --- THE 'KING' OF THE WORLD

THE SUBTERRANEAN KINGDOM

"... 'STOP!' whispered my old Mongol guide, as we were one day crossing the plain near Tzagan Luk. 'Stop!'

He slipped from his camel which lay down without his bidding. The Mongol raised his hands in prayer before his face and begin to repast the sacred phrase: "Om! Mani padme Hung!" The other Mongols immediately stopped their camels and began to pray.

"What has happened?" I thought, as I gazed round over the tender green grass, up to the cloudless sky and out toward the dreamy soft rays of the evening sun.

The Mongols prayed for some time, whispered among themselves and, after tightening up the packs on the camels, moved on.

"Did you see," asked the Mongol, "how our camels moved their ears in fear? How the herd of horses on the plain stood fixed in attention and how the herds of sheep and the cattle lay crouched close to the ground? Did you notice that the birds did not fly, the marmots did not run and the dogs did not bark? The air trembled softly and bore from afar the music of a song which penetrated to the hearts of men, animals and birds alike. Earth and sky ceased breathing. The wind did not blow and the sun did not move. At such a moment the wolf that is stealing up on the sheep arrests his stealthy crawl; the frightened herd of antelope suddenly checks its wild course; the knife of a Shepard cutting the sheep's throat falls from his hand; the rapacious ermine ceases to stalk the unsuspecting 'salga.' All living beings in fear are involuntarily thrown into prayer and waiting for their fate. So it was just now. Thus it has always been whenever the King of the World in his subterranean palace PRAYS (to the Creator) and searched out the destiny of all peoples of the earth."

In this wise the old Mongol, a simple, coarse shepherd and hunter, spoke to me.

Mongolia with her nude and terrible mountains, her limitless plains, covered with widely strewn bones of the forefathers, gave birth to Mystery. Her people, frightened by the stormy passions of nature or lulled by here deathlike peace, feel her mystery. Her "Red" and "Yellow Lamas" preserve and poetize her mystery. The Pontiffs of Lhasa and Urga know and possess her mystery.

On my journey into Central Asia I came to know for the first time about "the mystery of mysteries," which I can call by no other name. At the outset I did not pay much attention to it and did not attach to it such importance as I afterwards realized belonged to it, when I had analyzed and connected many sporadic, hazy and

often controversial bits of evidence.

The old people on the shore of the River Amyl (in northern Mongolia) related to me an ancient legend to the effect that a certain Mongolian tribe in their escape from the demands of Jenghis Khan hid themselves in a subterranean country. Afterwards a Soyot from near the Lake of Nogan Kul showed me the smoking fate that serves as the entrance to the "Kingdom of Agharti." Through this gate a hunter formerly entered into the Kingdom and, after his return, began to relate what he had seen there. The Lamas cut out his tongue in order to prevent him from telling about the Mystery of Mysteries. When he arrived at old age, he came back to the entrance of this cave and disappeared into the subterranean kingdom, the memory of which had ornamented and lightened his nomad heart.

I received more realistic information about this from Hutuktu Jelyb Djamarap in Narabanchi Kure. He told me the story of the semi-realistic arrival of the powerful King of the World from the subterranean kingdom, of his appearance, of his miracles and his prophecies; and only then did I begin to understand that in that legend, hypnosis or mass vision, whichever it may be, is hidden not only mystery but a realistic and powerful force capable of influencing the course of the political life of Asia. From that moment I began making some investigations.

The favorite Gelong lama or Prince Chultun Beyli and the Prince himself gave us an account of the subterranean kingdom.

"Everything in the world," said the Gelong, "is constantly in a state of change and transition -- peoples, science, religions, laws and customs. How many great empires and brilliant cultures have perished! And that alone which remains unchanged is Evil, the tool of Bad Spirits. (Several) thousand years ago a holyman disappeared with a whole tribe of people under the ground and never appeared again

on the surface of the earth. Many people, however, have since visited this kingdom, Sakkia Mouni, Undur Cheghen, Paspas, Khan Baber and others. No one knows where this place is. One says Afghanistan, others India. All the people there are protected against Evil and crimes do not exist within its bournes. Science has there developed calmly and nothing is threatened with destruction. The subterranean people have reached the highest knowledge.

"Now it is a large kingdom, millions of men (and women) with the King of the World as their ruler. He knows all the forces of the world and reads all the souls of humankind and the great book of their destiny. Invisibly he rules eight hundred million men on the surface of the earth and they will accomplish his every order."

Prince Chultun Beyli added, "This kingdom of Agharti. It extends throughout all the subterranean passages of the whole world. I heard a learned Lama of China relating to Bogdo Khan that all the subterranean caves of America are inhabited by the ancient people who have disappeared underground. Traces of them are still found on the surface of the land. These subterranean peoples and spaces are governed by rulers owing allegiance to the King of the World.

(Note: According to one source there is a vast underground city named TELOS deep beneath Mt. Shasta in northern California, inhabited by blond humans claiming descent from the Uighers, Naga-Mayas, and Quetzals - and possibly even the ancient Greeks, since the very word 'Telos' is a Greek word meaning 'uttermost'... and also there is the fact that the Telosians may have interactions with those humans who dwell within the caverns under the Panamint mountains of southern California, who originally according to Paihute Indian tradition arrived in America in ancient times -- before migrating to the caverns -- in large rowing

ships... such as the Greeks possessed!? One of these 'Telosians', Sharula Dux, claims to be of subterranean birth yet now lives in the surface world. She also claims that her people - the Telosians - are under the direction of the 'King of the World of Agharti'.)

In it there is not much of the wonderful. You know that in the two greatest oceans of the east and the west there were formerly two continents (shortly following the 'deluge', according to some - Branton). They disappeared under the water but their people went into the subterranean kingdom. In underground caves there exists a peculiar light which affords growth to the grains and vegetables and long life without disease to the people. There are many different peoples and many different tribes.

"An old Buddhist Brahman in Nepal was carrying out the will of the gods in making a visit to the ancient kingdom of Jenghiz, - Siam, -- where he met a fisherman who ordered him to take a place in his boat and sail with him upon the sea. On the third day they reached an island where he met a people having two tongues which could speak separately in different languages.

"They showed him peculiar, unfamiliar animals, tortoises with sixteen feet and one eye, huge snakes with a very tasty flesh and birds with teeth which caught fish for their masters in the sea. These people told him that they had come up out of the subterranean kingdom and described to him certain parts of the underground country."

"The Lama Turgut traveling with me from Urga to Peking gave me further details.

"The capital of Agharta is surrounded with towns of high priests and scientists. It reminds one of Lhasa where the palace of the Dalai Lama, the Potala, is the top of a mountain covered with monasteries and temples. The throne of the king of the World is surrounded by millions... They are the 'holy' Panditas. The palace itself is encircled by the palaces of the Goro, who possess all the visible and invisible forces of the earth, of inferno and of the sky and who can do everything for the life and death of man.

"If our mad humankind should begin a war against them, they would be able to explode the whole surface of our planet and transform it into deserts. They can dry up the seas, transform lands into oceans and scatter the mountains into the sands of the deserts. By his order trees, grasses and bushes can be made to grow, old and feeble men can become young and stalwart; and the dead can be resurrected. In cars strange and unknown to us they rush through the narrow cleavages inside our planet. Some Indian Brahmans and Tibetan Dalai Lamas during their laborious struggles to the peaks of the mountains which no other human feet have trod have found there inscriptions carved on the rocks, footprints in the snow and the tracks of wheels. The blissful Sakkia Mouni found on one mountain top tablets of

stone carrying words which he only understood in his old age and afterwards penetrated into the Kingdom of Agharti, from which he brought back crumbs of the sacred learning preserved in his memory. There in palaces of wonderful crystal live the invisible rulers of all pious people, - the King of the World or Brahytma, who can speak with God as I speak with you, and his two assistants, Mahytma, knowing the purposes of future events, and Mahynga, ruling the causes of these events.

"The Holy Panditas study the world and all its forces. Sometimes the most learned among them collect together and send envoys to that place where human eyes have never penetrated. This is described by the Tashi Lama living eight hundred and fifty years ago. The highest Panditas place their hands on their eyes and at the base of the brain of younger ones and force them into a deep sleep, wash their bodies with an infusion of grass and make them immune to pain and harder than stones, wrap them in magic cloths, bind them and then pray to the Great God. The petrified youths lie with eyes and ears open and alert, seeing, hearing and remembering everything.

"Afterwards a Goro approaches and fastens a long, steady gaze upon them. Very slowly the bodies lift themselves from the earth and disappear.

"The Goro sits and stares with fixed eyes to the place whither he had sent them. Invisible threads join them to his will. Some of them course among the stars, observe their events, their unknown peoples, their life and their laws. They listen to their talk, read their books, understand their fortunes and woes, their holiness and sins, their piety and evil. Some are mingled with flame and see the creature of fire, quick and ferocious, eternally fighting, melting and hammering metals in the depths of planets, boiling the water for geysers and springs, melting the rocks and pushing out molten streams over the surface of the earth through the holes in the mountains. Others rush together with the ever elusive, infinitesimally small, transparent creatures of the air and penetrate into the mysteries of their existence and into the purposes of their life. Others slip into the depths of the seas and observe the kingdom

of the wise creatures of the water, who transport and spread genial warmth all over the earth, ruling the winds, waves and storms.... In Erdeni Dzu formerly lived Pandita Hutuktu, who had come from Agharti. As he was dying, he told about the time when he lived according to the will of the Goro on a red star in the east, floated in an ice-covered ocean and flew among the stormy fires in the depths of the earth.

"These are the tales which I heard in the Mongolian 'yurtas' of Princes and in the Lamaite monasteries. These stories were all related in a solemn tone which forbade challenge and doubt...

"Mystery.....

"During my stay in Urga I tried to find an explanation of this legend about the King of the World. Of course, the Living Buddha could tell me most of all and so I endeavored to get the story from him. In a conversation with him I mentioned the name of the King of the World. The old Pontiff sharply turned his head toward me and fixed upon me his immobile, blind eyes. Unwillingly I became silent. Our silence was a long one and after it the Pontiff continued the conversation in such a way that I understood he did not wish to accept the suggestion of my reference. On the facts of the others present I noticed expressions of astonishment and fear produced by my words, and especially was this true of the custodian of the library of the Bogdo Khan. One can readily understand that all this only made me the more anxious to press the pursuit.

"As I was leaving the study of the Bogdo Hutuktu, I met the librarian who had stepped out ahead of me and asked him if he would show me the library of the Living Buddha and used a very simple, sly trick with him.

"'Do you know, my dear lama,' I said, 'once I rode in the plain at the hour when the King of the World spoke with God and I felt the impressive majesty of this moment.'

"To my astonishment the old Lama very quietly answered me: 'It is not right that the Buddhist and our Yellow Faith should conceal it. The acknowledgment of the existence of

the most holy and most powerful man, of the blissful kingdom, of the great temple of sacred science... is such a consolation to our sinful hearts and our corrupt lives that to conceal it from humankind is a sin.

"Well, listen," he continued, 'throughout the whole year the King of the World guides the work of the Panditas and Goros of Agharti. Only at times he goes to the temple cave where the embalmed body of his predecessor lies in a black stone coffin. This cave is always dark, but when the King of the World enters it the walls are striped with fire and from the lid of the coffin appears tongues of flame. The eldest Goro stands before him with covered head and face and with hands folded across his chest. This Goro never removes the covering from his face, for his head is a nude skull with living eyes and a tongue that speaks. He is in communication with the souls of all who have gone before.

"The King of the World prays for a long time and afterwards approaches the coffin and stretches out his hand. The flames thereon burn brighter; the stripes of fire on the walls disappear and revive, interlace and form mysterious signs from the alphabet 'vatannan'. From the coffin transparent bands of scarcely noticeable light begin to flow forth. These are the thoughts of his predecessor. Soon the King of the World stands surrounded by an auriole of this light and fiery letters write and write upon the walls the wishes and orders of God.

"At this moment the King of the World is in contact with the thoughts of all the men who influence the lot and life of all humankind: with Kings, Czars, Khans, warlike leaders, High Priests, scientists and other strong men. He realizes all their thoughts and plans. If these be pleasing before God, the King of the world will invisibly help them; if they are unpleasant in the sight of God, the King will bring them to destruction. This power is given to Agharti by the mysterious science of 'Om,' with which we begin all prayers. 'Om' is the name of an ancient Holyman, the first Goro... He was (one of) the first men to know God and who taught humankind to believe, hope and struggle with Evil. Then God gave him power over all forces ruling the visible world.

"After his conversation with his predecessor the King of the World assembles the 'Great Council of God,' judges the actions and thoughts of great men, helps then or destroys them. Mahytma and Mahynga find the place for these actions and thoughts in the causes ruling the world. Afterwards the King of the World enters the great temple and prays in solitude. Fire appears on the altar, gradually spreading to all the altars near, and through the burning flame gradually appears the face of God. The King of the World reverently announces to God the decisions and awards of the 'Council of God' and receives in turn the Divine orders of the Almighty. As he comes forth from the temple, the King of the World radiates with Divine Light.

"'Has anybody seen the King of the World?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes!' answered the lama. 'During the solemn holidays of the ancient Buddhism in Siam and India the King of the World appeared five times. He rode in a splendid car drawn by white elephants and ornamented with gold, precious stones and finest fabrics; he was robed in a white mantle and red tiara with strings of diamonds masking his face. He blessed the people with a golden apple with the figure of a LAMB above it. The blind received their sight, the dumb spoke, the deaf heard, the crippled freely moved and the dead arose, wherever the eyes of the King of the World rested. He also appeared five hundred and forty years ago in Erdeni Dzu, he was in the ancient Sakkai Monastery and in the Nerabanchi Kure.

"'One of our living Buddha's and one of the Tashi Lamas received a message from him, written with unknown signs and golden tablets. No one could read these signs. The Tashi Lama entered the temple, placed the golden tablet on his head and began to pray. With this the thoughts of the King of the World penetrated his brain and, without having read the enigmatical signs, he understood and accomplished the message of the King."

"'How many persons have ever been to Agharti?' I questioned him.

"'Very many,' answered the Lama, 'but all these people have kept secret that which they saw there. When the Olets

destroyed Lhasa, one of their detachments in the south-western mountains penetrated to the outskirts of Agharti. Here they learned some of the lesser mysterious sciences and brought them to the surface of our earth. This is why the Olets and Kalmucks are artful sorcerers and prophets. Also from the eastern country some tribes of black people penetrated to Agharti and lived there many centuries. Afterwards they were thrust out from the kingdom and returned to the earth, bringing with them the mystery of predictions according to cards, grasses and lines of the palm. They are the Gypsies...'

"The Lama was silent and afterwards, as though answering my thoughts, continued.

"'In Agharti the learned Panditas write on tablets of stone all the science of our planet and of the other worlds. The Chinese learned Buddhists know this. Their science is the highest and purest. Every century one hundred sages of China collect in a secret place on the shores of the sea, where from its depths come out one hundred (long living) tortoises. On their shells the Chinese write all the developments of the divine science of the century...'

"'Several times the Pontiffs of Lhasa and Urga have sent envoys to the King of the World,' said the Lama librarian, 'but they could not find him. Only a certain Tibetan leader after a battle with the Olets found the cave with the inscription, "This is the gate to Agharti." From the cave a fine appearing man came forth, presented him with a gold tablet bearing the mysterious signs and said:

"'"The King of the World will appear before all people when the time shall have arrived for him to lead all the good people of the world against all the bad; but this time has not yet come. The most evil among mankind have not yet been born."

"'"Chiang Chun" Baron Ungern sent a young Prince Pounzig to seek out the King of the World but he returned with a letter from the Dalai Lama from Lhasa. When the Baron sent him a second time, he did not come back."...'"

#48 --- More information on Agharti can be found on pages 210-222 of Nicholas Roerich's book, "SHAMBHALA", in his chapter - "Subterranean Dwellers":

"Once on our travels we reached a half-ruined village. There was a glimmer of light in only two houses. In a small room, an old man sat cleaning a utensil. He became our host for the night. I asked him the reason for his isolation. He answered... 'Every one has departed. They have found more suitable sites for their dwellings. They were strong and enterprising. Something new attracted them. But I knew that nothing new exists on earth. And I did not wish to change the place of my death.'

"Thus the strongest ones depart. The decaying ones patiently await death. Is it not the story of all migrations, of all enterprises?

"The subject of the great migrations is the most fascinating in the history of humanity. What spirit was it that thus moved whole nations and innumerable tribes? What cataclysm drove the hordes from their familiar steppes? What new happiness and privileges did they anticipate in the blue mist of the immense desert?...

"In every city, in every encampment of Asia, I tried to discover what memories were being cherished in the folk-memory. Through these guarded and preserved tales you can recognize the reality of the past. In every spark of folk-lore, there is a drop of the great Truth adorned or distorted. Not long ago we were too vain to appreciate these treasures of folk-lore. 'What could these illiterate people know!' But afterwards we learned that even the great Rig-Vedas were written down only in the comparatively recent past, and perhaps for many centuries they were passed down by word of mouth. We thought that the flying carpet of fairy-tales belonged only to the children: but we soon recognized that although each fantasy, in its own individual way, weaves a beautiful carpet ornamenting life, nevertheless this very carpet bears the footprints of great reality of the past.

"Among the innumerable legends and fairy tales of various countries may be found the tales of lost tribes or

subterranean dwellers. In wide and diverse directions, people are speaking of the identical facts. But in correlating them you can readily see that these are but chapters from the one story. At first it seems impossible that there should exist any scientific connection between these distorted whispers under the light of the desert bonfires. But afterwards you begin to grasp the peculiar coincidence in these manifold legends related by peoples who are even ignorant of each other's names.

"You recognize the same relationship in the folk-lore of Tibet, Mongolia, China, Turkestan, Kashmir, Persia, Altai, Siberia, the Ural, Caucasia, the Russian steppes, Lithuania, Poland, Hungary, Germany, France; from the highest mountains to the deepest oceans. You will hear wonderfully elaborated tales in the Tourfan district. They tell you how a holy tribe was persecuted by a tyrant and how the people, not willing to submit to the cruelty, closed themselves in subterranean mountains. They even ask you if you want to see the entrance of the cave through which the saintly persecuted folk fled.

"In Kuchar you will hear of King Po-chan, ruler of the Tokhars, and how, when the enemy approached, he disappeared with all the treasures of his kingdom, leaving only sand, stones and ruins behind him...

"Each entrance to a cave suggests that someone has already entered there. Every creek -- especially the subterranean creeks -- draw one's fantasy to the underground passages. In many places of Central Asia, they speak of (the) Agharti, the subterranean people. In numerous beautiful legends they outline the same story of how the best people abandoned the treacherous earth and sought salvation in hidden countries where they acquired new forces and conquered powerful energies.

"In the Altai Mountains, in the beautiful upland valley of Uimon, a hoary Old Believer (Starover) said to me: 'I shall prove to you that the tale about the Chud, the subterranean people, is not a fantasy! I shall lead you to the entrance of the subterranean kingdom.'

"On the way through the valley surrounded by snowy mountains, my host told us many tales about the Chud. It

is remarkable that 'Chud' in Russian has the same origin as the word 'wonder'! So, perhaps, we may consider the Chud a wonderful tribe. My bearded guide told how '...once upon a time, in this fertile valley lived and flourished the powerful tribe of Chud. They knew how to prospect for minerals and how to reap the best harvest. Most peaceful and most industrious, was this tribe.

"'But then came a White Tzar with innumerable hordes of cruel warriors. The peaceful, industrious Chud could not resist the assaults of the conquerors, and not wishing to lose their liberty, they remained as serfs of the White Tzar. Then, for the first time, a white birch began to grow in this region. And, according to the old prophecies, the Chud knew that it was time for their departure. And the Chud, unwilling to remain subject to the White Tear, departed under the earth.

"'Only sometimes can you hear the holy people singing: now their bells ring out in their subterranean temples. But there shall come the glorious time of human purification, and in those days, the great Chud shall again appear in full glory.'

"Thus the Old Believer concluded. We approached some low stony hill. Proudly he showed me, 'Here we are. Here is the entrance to the great subterranean kingdom! When the Chud entered the subterranean passage they closed the entrance with stones. Now we stand just beside this holy entrance.'

"We stood beside a huge tomb encircled by great stones, so typical of the period of the great migrations. Such tombs, with the beautiful remains of Gothic relics, we saw in South Russian steppes, in foothills of the Northern Caucasus. Studying this hill, I remembered how during our crossing of the Karakoram pass, my sais, the Ladaki, asked me, 'Do you know why there is such a peculiar upland here? Do you know that in subterranean caves here many treasures are hidden and that in them lives a wonderful tribe which abhors the sins of earth?'

"And again when we approached Khotan the hoofs of our horses sounded hollow as though we rode above caves or hollows. Our caravan people called out our attention to this, saying, 'Do you hear what hollow subterranean passage we are crossing? Through these passages, people who are familiar with them can reach far-off countries.' When we saw entrances to caves, our caravaneers told us, '...Long ago people lived there, now they have gone inside; they have found a subterranean passage to the subterranean kingdom. Only rarely do some of them appear again on earth. At our bazaar such people come with strange, very ancient money, but nobody could even remember a time when such money was in usage here.'

"I asked them if I could also see such people... And they answered, 'Yes, if your thoughts are similarly high and in contact with these holy people, because only sinners are upon earth and the pure and courageous people pass on to something more beautiful.'

"Great is the belief in the Kingdom of the subterranean people. Through all Asia, through the spaces of all deserts, from the Pacific to the Urals, you can hear the same wondrous tale of the vanished holy people. And even far beyond the Ural Mountains the echo of the same tale will reach you. Often you hear about subterranean tribes. Sometimes an invisible holy people is said to be living behind a mountain. Sometimes either poisonous or vitalizing gases are spread over the earth, to protect some one. Sometimes you hear how the sands of the great desert shift, and for a moment disclose treasures of the entrances of subterranean kingdoms. But none would dare to touch those treasures. You will hear how, in the rocks, in the most deserted mountain ranges, you can see openings which connect with these subterranean passes, and how beautiful princesses once upon a time occupied these natural castles.

"From distances one might take these opening for eyries, because all which belong to the subterranean peoples is concealed. Sometimes the holy city is submerged, as in the folk-lore of the Netherlands and Switzerland. And

there is folk-lore that coincides with actual discoveries in the lakes and along the sea coasts. In Siberia, in Russia, Lithuania and Poland, you find many legends and fairy tales about giants who lived at times in these countries but afterwards, disliking the new customs, disappeared. In these legends, one may recognize the specific foundation of the ancient clans. The giants are brothers. Very often the sisters of the giants live on the other shores of the lakes or the other sides of the mountains. Very often they do not like to move from the site but some special event drives them from their patrimonial dwelling... animals are always near these giants; as witnesses they follow them and announce their departure...

"The endless Kurgans of the southern steppes retain around them numerous stories about the appearance of the unknown warrior, nobody knows from whence. The Carpathian Mountains in Hungary have many similar stories of unknown tribes, giant-warriors and mysterious cities. If, without prejudice, you patiently point out on your map all the legends and stories of this nature you will be astonished at the result. When you collect all the fairy-tales of lost and subterranean tribes, will you not have before you a full map of the great migrations? An old Catholic missionary casually tells us that the site of Lhasa was sometimes called Gotha...

"The folk determine these problems much more simply: for them all which has disappeared, has departed underground..."

The following comes from the book "BLACK ELK SPEAKS", which is life story of the 'holy' man of the Oglala Sioux, as told through John G. Neihardt (flaming rainbow):

"Behold the thunder beings. You shall see and have from them my power; and they shall take you to the high and lonely 'center of the earth' that you may see; even to the place where the sun continually shines, (according to many, this is the central 'sun' or orb suspended within the very

center of the earth's concavity - Branton), they shall take you there to understand.'

"I looked up and saw the rainbow leap with flames of many colors over me.

"Take courage younger brother. For yours shall be the power of the white giants wing, the cleansing wing.'

Then he got up and stared to the north.

"Take courage, younger brother, for across the earth they shall take you."

The metaphysical volume, "ETIDORHPA", by John Uri Lloyd, is well-known among 'Hollow Earth' investigators, as it tells of a concave world similar to that which Gardner, Reed, Bernard and others have described in their books. This inner surface, according to the book, is about 800 miles below earth's outer surface, and is called the 'Inner Circle', or the 'Unknown Country'.

The story begins when a man, known in the book as 'I-Am-The-Man', found his way to the 'cave of Zoroaster' in the general vicinity of Salem, Kentucky. Some believe his true name to have been William Morgan, who was an actual historical figure - a prominent 'Mason' in the area who 'disappeared' under unusual circumstances, and William Morgan was similar in many respects to the main figure of the volume.

After he received a strange letter which instructed him to join the Freemason Society and reveal its 'forbidden secrets' to the world, he did so. This letter had been passed from person to person, though none who received it before him dared to undertake such a dangerous task.

He eventually learned the occult secrets of the Alchemists and then published them in manuscript form under the title "My Confessions". Within two days after the manuscript was published, three Masons grabbed him and took him to a house where they 'processed' him and caused the 24 year old man to look 80 years of age. They promptly tracked down all of the published manuscripts and destroyed them (although it seems that at least one copy survived,

which was published under the title of: "ILLUSTRATIONS OF MASONRY" - Chicago, 1827), then (they) borrowed a corpse of another man and placed it where it would be found with his identification papers on the cadaver and his death was announced.

The three masons took him in a closed carriage with curtains drawn and they spent a couple of days in continuous travel until they came to the town of Smithland, Kentucky. From there one of them took him across the Cumberland River and they headed eastward along the northern shore, passing TWO bluffs, the second one was a large, dark outcropping which was called by some locals 'Biswells Hill' (probably Bissell and Dobson bluffs).

They also observed several large sink-holes on the way, all this time the Mason was explaining to him about the vast cavern fields extending over large areas of Kentucky and Tennessee, pointing out that although many caves (on a comparatively small scale) have been discovered near the surface, there exists even greater caverns far below.

After passing the second bluff, they turned their trek northwards and traveled for three days on foot into the heart of Livingston county.

They then came to a cave from which a cold stream of water emerged. There the Mason left the traveler with a strange being who had emerged from the cave, and informed him that this was to be his new guide. He was humanoid, about five feet tall, had bluish claylike skin -- possibly as the result of living his entire life underground -- he was totally nude and possessed no (visible) sex organs and had no eyes at all in his head. (Note: such mutations are not uncommon, as one can see by examining the 'blind fish' which no longer have 'eyes', and which exist in the underground streams of the Mammoth-Flint ridge cavern system of Kentucky, and other areas. - Branton)

He later learned that this being did not need eyes but instead used a type of sixth sense or natural instinct to "see". The blue-skinned man took him into the cave and guided him through the pitch-black caverns for what must have been days. Eventually, he became aware of a strange diffused light that slowly became stronger the deeper they

traveled. In the upper caverns they passed through spaces filled with creeping reptiles, strange insects, and large flowers and other strange plant structures unlike anything he had ever seen before.

Deeper yet, where the light was more apparent, they encountered vast forests of huge fungal growth. He was told that mushrooms on the surface were degenerate forms of such larger and purer species of growth that grew in the inner caverns, which somehow found their way to the surface and became poisonous under the adverse conditions. Those he encountered in the subterranean forests were pleasing to the taste, many of them tasting similar to various kinds of fruits growing on the surface, without any of the impurities or poisons found in surface growth. (Note: We must remind the reader that ETIDORHPA was written long before the popular movie -- the original one with Pat Boone -- A JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH... which depicted a giant 'mushroom forest' in vast caverns deep within the earth. - Branton)

Many of the specimens were thousands of years old, due to the lack of harsh climatic changes. In relation to this, the strange subterranean being told the traveler: "These meandering caverns comprise thousands of miles of surface covered by these growths which shall yet fulfill a grand purpose in the economy of nature, for they are destined to feed tramping multitudes when the day appears in which the nations of men will desert the surface of the earth and pass as a single people through these caverns on their way to the immaculate existence to be found in the inner sphere."

They came across huge valleys of crystalized salt, enormous stalactites and stalagmites, endless labyrinths, and beautiful subterranean streams and waterfalls. At one point they came across a huge subterranean lake, one hundred and fifty miles below the surface of the outer earth, approximately the size of the Mediterranean Sea and which stretched underground for over six thousand miles.

On the shore of this glass-smooth sea they boarded a strange metallic 'boat', which our adventurer (I-Am-The-Man, or William Morgan!?) finds out is operated by controlling the earth's magnetic lines of force. It is

obviously an invention of some race of scientifically advanced subterranean dwellers, perhaps the race from which the guide came, although nothing much is said concerning his race in the book.

They traveled across the smooth surface of this underground sea at speeds reaching close to nine hundred miles per hour. One section of this sea's edge came up against a precipice almost ten miles deep. Like a vast dam holding back the subterranean sea, the waters came right to the edge, indicating that any additional waters must have plunged over the precipice long ago. At the bottom of this precipice, he learned, was a huge funnel-shaped opening which led by a long tunnel or crack in the earth to the volcano of Epomeo on the island of Ischia off the coast of Italy.

When the water of the subterranean sea overflows the black barrier, or the so-called 'dam', at the edge of the lake or sea, it falls down into the Chasm and comes in contact with the metallic bases of salt, and creates heated gases which are forced through the tunnel and eventually emerge through the opening in the crust known as Mt, Epomeo.

During his long journey he learned many of the occult wonders concerning the hidden forces of the earth, and many of the mysteries he encountered in the inner earth were explained to him. As they ventured deeper their weight decreased until at a depth of a few hundred miles below the earth's outer surface it disappeared complete. As he continued deeper his weight slowly began to return, but instead of being drawn to the earth's center, the pull of gravity was reversed, so that as he went towards the center of the earth, it became evident that the pull of gravity was drawing him in the direction of the outer surface, or rather, towards the 'Circle of Rest' or 'Middle Circle' -- a sphere of energy older than the earth itself.

Upon reaching the surface of the inner earth crust -- the inner surface of this hollow or concave sphere, similar to the interior of a geode -- a land which his guide referred to as the 'Unknown Country', the traveler (I-Am-The-Man) entered the 'land of Etidorhpa' (his name for it, since 'Etidorhpa' is 'Aphrodite' spelled backwards), almost 800

miles beneath the outer shell of the planet, where exists a Golden Race of 'Ancients' who were/are far more advanced than surface civilizations.

The air of the inner earth, he learned, was vitalizing to the body in as much as anyone who breathed this inner atmosphere for any length of time would not require much food or water for their sustenance. According to some, although the book does not say, I-Am-The-Man (or William Morgan) stayed with these Golden People for seven years, after which he returned to the surface and gave a record of his experiences in the form of a manuscript, to the man John Uri Lloyd, who later had it published in its present form.

Dr. Raymond Bernard's book, "FLYING SAUCERS FROM THE EARTH'S INTERIOR", carries the following information relating to the theory of a concave world within the earth, or the "Geod-Concavitic" earth theory:

"A subterranean tunnel explorer whom the writer met in Santa Catarina told him about a rare book he once came across, written in old German by one of the early German settlers who came to Brazil with the Portuguese, which recorded the traditions of the Indians here, acquired from the Atlanteans who once colonized Brazil.

"This book stated that the earth is hollow and that its hollow interior is inhabited by descendants of the Atlanteans, who compose a disease-free, long-lived race of fruit-eaters, who enjoy a longevity measured in-the thousands of years. They are vary muscular. In the center of the hollow interior of the earth, the author said, was a sun, which gave it light and supported plant growth. He also spoke of tunnels that connect the outer surface and the Subterranean World in the hollow interior of the earth, and stated that the greatest number of openings of these tunnels exist in the states of Santa Catarina and Parana, Brazil..."

"In January 1955, at a four day conference of the

Brazilian Theosophical Society, in Rio de Janeiro, Paulo J, Strauss, a Commander of the Brazilian Navy, said: 'One should not ignore the legends of enchanted cities... I believe these mysterious apparatuses (flying saucers) come from the center of the earth, where it has long been believed that life exists to a degree far advanced over our own civilization.'

"This is also the opinion of Prof. Henrique de Souza, president of the Brazilian Theosophical Society, a noted esotericist and archeologist. Strauss also believes that Colonel Fawcett is still alive with his son Jack, dwelling in a subterranean city of the Atlanteans which he reached through entering a tunnel opening in the Roncador Mountains of northeast Matto Grosso. This is also the opinion of Prof. de Souza and his Theosophical Students, who have a large temple in Sao Lourenzoa, State of Minas Gerais, Brazil, dedicated to Agharta, the Subterranean World.

"It is claimed that there once existed an advanced civilization on the prehistoric continent of Atlantis, whose scientific development was beyond our own, and that their air vehicles, known as 'vimanas', were identical with what we now call flying saucers. This great civilization destroyed itself through a terrible nuclear war which brought on a terrible geological catastrophe (during which the vast aquiferial caverns beneath the continent collapsed, sending the continent to the bottom of the ocean).

"Prior to its total destruction, certain better (more peaceful) inhabitants of Atlantis escaped by flying in their flying saucers into the hollow interior of the earth through the polar openings, where they continued to live ever since.

(Note: This sinking of Atlantis did not occur in connection to the Biblical deluge, however following the deluge science increased dramatically, especially on Atlantis, only a few generations following Noah. It was this new kingdom of post-diluvians who inhabited Atlantis and may of them, save for those who escaped into the earth, perished with it. - Branton)

"These (some of them) Atlanteans are a race of giants;

and their final war is referred to in mythology as the War of the Titans. Michael X Barton writes:

"'I believe that Atlantis was every bit real, and that the Atlanteans' ancestors are living today, now, in the interior of the earth. They are in all probability very large people, physically. Perhaps blonde giants. But why believe they are still in existence?

"'Because persistent rumors have it that a vast system of subterranean TUNNELS exist beneath the land of South America. Secret openings are said to exist, leading from the surface of the earth into the tunnels. In his book 'Agharta', Robert E. Dickhoff claims that a fantastic network of tunnels exists underground...'

"According to Dickhoff, one tunnel surfaces in the Matto Grosso region of Brazil, precisely where Col. Fawcett vanished in 1925... Perhaps he found the 'secret city'... and more. A tunnel nearby (leads) down into the earth's fantastic cavern kingdoms, and maybe the people there never permitted him to leave.' (This is the opinion of Commander Paulo J. Strauss and Prof. H.J. de Souza.)

"We quote from a letter from Ottmar Kaub. Writing about the book, 'The Smoky God', by Willis George Emerson, he says: 'This book has the books of Reed and Gardner all beat. I read it through at one sitting and was never so excited in my life. The Smoky God IS the inner sun. It is supposed to be the true story of a Norse father and son who, with their small fishing boat and unbounded courage, attempted to sail to the land beyond the North Wind as they had heard of its warmth and beauty. A miraculous storm and wind carried them most of the distance.

"They spent two years there and returned via the South Pole, and the father lost his life when a berg broke in two and destroyed the boat. The son (Olaf Jansen) was rescued and subsequently spent 28 years in prison for insanity when he told the true story. When he was released, he told the story to no one, but after 26 years as a fisherman, he saved enough to retire in this country, coming to Illinois and then to California.

"In his nineties, by accident, the novelist, Willis George Emerson, befriended him and was told the story; on the old man's deathbed he relinquished the maps that he had made of the Inner Earth, and the manuscript. He refused to take chances while he lived, due to his past experience in having people disbelieve him and consider him insane to mention it...

"Jansen checked all the explorers, as Reed and Gardner did later on, and Emerson has this material quoted briefly, and proves all the points about the Inner Earth. The 'Smoky God' is a masterpiece based on Arctic reports...

"Michael X, in his book referred to above, quoted Dr. Nephi Cottam of Los Angeles, who said that one of his patients, a man of Nordic descent, told him the following story:

"'I live near the Arctic Circle in Norway. One summer my friend and I made up our minds to take a boat trip together, and go as far as we could into the North country. So we put one month's good provisions into a small fishing boat and with sail and also a good engine in our boat, set out to sea.

"'At the end of one month we had traveled far into the north, beyond the pole and into a strange new country. We were much astonished. Ahead of the warm, open sea we were on, was what looked like a great mountain. Into that mountain at a certain point, the ocean seemed to be emptying. Mystified, we continued in that direction and found ourselves sailing into a vast canyon leading into the interior of the earth. We kept sailing and then saw what surprised us - a sun shining (inside) the earth!

"'The ocean that had carried us into the hollow interior of the earth gradually became a river. This river leads, as we came to realize later... all through the inner surface of the world from one end to the other. It can take you, if you follow it long enough, from the North Pole clear through (the inner concave surface of the planet) to the South Pole.

"'We saw that the inner earth's surface was divided, even as the outer one is, into both land and water. There is plenty of sunshine, and both animal and vegetable life

abound there. We sailed further and further into this fantastic country... fantastic because everything was huge in size as compared with things on the outside.

(Note: Some have suggested that this is because the gravitational pull on the inner/concave surface of the planet is less than that on the outer surface, or approximately half of that on the outer surface. For instance, one who weighed 200 pounds in the outer world would weigh about 100 pounds on the inner surface. Some suspect that this is why humans living in the inner surface are normally taller than those on the outer surface. - Branton). "Plants are big, trees gigantic, and then we came upon the GIANTS.

"They were dwelling in homes and towns, just as we do on the earth's surface. And they used a type of electrical conveyance like a mono-rail car, to transport people. It ran along the river's edge from town to town.

"Several of the inner earth inhabitants - huge giants - detected our boat on the river, and were quite amazed. They seemed just as astonished to see us as we were to see them! They were, however, quite friendly. We were invited to dine with them in their homes, and so my companion and I separated - he going with one giant to that giant's home, and I going with another giant to his home.

"My gigantic friend brought me home to his family, and I was completely dismayed to see the huge size of all the objects in his home. The dinner table was colossal. A plate was put before me and filled with a portion of food so big it would have fed me abundantly for an entire week! The giant offered me a cluster of grapes and each grape was as big as one of our outer-earth peaches. I tasted one and found it far sweeter than I had ever tasted 'outside'. In the inner earth all the fruits and vegetables taste far better and more flavorsome than those we have on the outer earth.

"We stayed with the giants for one year, enjoying their companionship as much as they enjoyed knowing us. We observed many strange and unusual things during our visit with these remarkable people, and were continually amazed at their scientific progress and inventions. All of this

time they were never unfriendly to us, and we were allowed to return to our own home in the same manner in which we had come - in fact, they courteously offered their protection if we should need it for the return voyage.'

"Dr. George Marlo claims to have made this same trip many times by flying saucer, and has met the people living inside the earth's crust and is known to them. He described the people as being 12 to 14 feet tall. The men have short beards. He speaks of choirs of 25,000 people. The men wear sandals and shorts. He speaks of musical instruments, especially harps. He speaks of grapes as large as oranges and apples... (and oranges and apples) the size of a man's head.

"He mentions five cities, named Edan, Nigi, Delfi, Jehu and Hectea. They speak a language like Sanscrit. He said they marry at the age of 75 to 100 and live for 600 to 800 years of age. He speaks of birds with 30 foot wingspread, which lay eggs two feet long. He mentions tortoises 25 feet to 30 feet long, and elephant-like creatures (resembling those which emerged from the North Polar opening to be frozen as mammoths); and penguins 9 feet tall.

"He speaks of trees 1,000 feet tall and 120 feet in diameter. He said that the compass inside the earth points north (but) leads one to the South Polar opening."

(Returning to the story of Olaf Jansen...)

"...Olaf Jansen lived to be 96 on this horrid Outer Earth. There are 186 pages (in his book, 'THE SMOKY GOD'). There are eleven beautiful illustrations made by some artist (John A. Williams), but no clue to his address (at the time). The picture of the Central Sun is very good. The men are twelve or more feet high and wear knee breeches, and have short beards. They use gold generally in decorations.

In a letter in 'Flying Saucers' magazine, Wm. L. Constantine writes:

"For many years it has been my opinion that a race of highly intelligent people do actually live in the earth's core. If Admiral Byrd did find this 74 degree climate at the pole in 1947, is it not a more than a reasonable assumption that our government would make a great effort to follow through? Byrd says he was forced to turn back after 2300 miles because of dwindling gas supply. Granting this to be true, this problem no longer exists. "If my information is correct, we have planes that can do far better now. I believe this has already been done and that landings have been made and contacts firmly established on a sound and lasting understanding.

"Can it be that our government is trying to lull the rest of the world?"

INNER EARTH PEOPLE AND FLYING SAUCERS

"The following are reports told the writer (Raymond Bernard) in Brazil concerning Inner Earth people and flying saucers. There is no 'proof' at all that these reports are true. They may be lies invented by the narrators in order to create an impression. But whether true or false they are interesting and show along what lines people are thinking today.

"A Russian who formerly served in the Russian army said he and his troops once reaches Lhasa, Tibet, where he was stationed some time, and there he came in touch with a secret

society of Tibetan vegetarians who made regular trips by flying saucer through the North Polar opening to the hollow interior of the earth. He says he saw the saucer that made these trips.

"He said that the supreme object of all Tibetan lamas and yogis is to prepare their bodies to be worthy to be picked up by a flying saucer and carried to the hollow interior of the earth, whose human population consists mostly of Tibetan lamas and Oriental yogis, with very few Westerners since Westerners are too bound to the things of this world, while lamas and yogis wish to escape from this miserable world and enter a much better world in the hollow interior of the earth.

"The reason why subterranean people sent their flying saucers to us after the Hiroshima atomic explosion in 1945 was because they were afraid that further explosions might poison the air that comes into their interior atmosphere through the polar openings, coming from the outer air. Since inhabitants of other planets would have nothing to worry about if we poisoned our atmosphere by nuclear explosions, inhabitants of the earth's interior - who receive their air from the outside atmosphere - would have plenty to worry about...

"This contactee describes flying saucers as made of a brilliant nickel that glows with a light at night. He says that the people of the earth's interior wield a form of energy beyond atomic energy (electromagnetism) which motivates their flying saucers. They use this superior energy (the 'vril' described by Bulwer Lytton in the book 'THE COMING RACE') only for peaceful purposes.

"Also these people have one government and one nation and are not divided into warring nations as we are. This is helped by their speaking all the same language. They are in advance of us in all ways...

MYSTERIES OF THE PYRAMID OF GIZEH

"Robert Dickhoff, in his book "Agharta", mentions that the secret chambers of the Pyramid of Gizeh were connected by tunnels with the Subterranean World. An Egyptian informant

says that at the base of this pyramid are three tunnels that radiate in different directions. Two lead to dead ends, but the third seems to go on and on and may have once connected Atlantis with its colony in Egypt by passing under the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

"Two Swedes tried to traverse this long tunnel till its end and never returned. While believed to have died, rescue parties could not find them. This caused the government to forbid anyone from entering this third long tunnel, though they were permitted to enter the other two. There are strange reports of ancient Egyptians (or Atlanteans?) having been seen inside the long tunnel, coming from the Subterranean World.

"Many believe that the Swedes who disappeared joined these people. A popular book was selling in Egypt some time ago entitled 'THE MYSTERIOUS PATH TO THE UNKNOWN WORLD', dealing with the apparently endless third tunnel below the pyramid of Gizeh and the world to which it leads...

"As Donnelly points out in his book 'ATLANTIS THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD', the pyramids, with their four sides and truncated top, memorialize the sacred mountain of the gods in the center of Atlantis from which their builders came. It is probably that the messengers from the Subterranean gods traveled on swift-moving vehicles through the tunnels that open at the base of the pyramids.

"A report has been circulating that some scientists entered a tunnel in West Africa that ran under the ocean bed in the direction of the vanished Atlantis, which was finally reached and many mechanical contrivances were then seen on the ocean bed, including motor vehicles. How true this report is, the writer cannot say. Another report refers to the discovery of a subterranean city by Brazilian scientists, reached by a tunnel opening near the border of the states of Santa Catarina and Parana. Similar subterranean cities were reported in Matto Grosso, whose entrances are guarded by fierce Chavantes and Bat Indiana...

"After three years of searching in Brazil for an opening to the Subterranean World, the author of this book has come to the conclusion that it is not necessary to search

for the subterranean cities of the Atlanteans in the Roncador Mountains of Matto Grosso as Colonel Fawcett did, since the states of Santa Catarina and Parana, Brazil are honeycombed by a network of Atlantean tunnels that lead to subterranean cities. The writer is now organizing an expedition known as the Aghartan Expedition, for the purpose of investigating there tunnels, with the object of reaching the subterranean cities to which they lead, after which he hopes to establish contact with the still living members of the Elder Race of Atlanteans and arrange for bringing qualified persons to them to establish residence in their cities in a World free from Fallout and thus avoid a radioactive destruction which will eventually be the fate of all surface dwellers..."

WORLD ENTRANCES

(Volume IV in the INNER EARTH ENTRANCES series)

compiled by B. Alan Walton

The following account comes from page 263 of the March, 1957 issue of "FOLK-LORE - Transactions Of The Folk-Lore Society", in an article by L.V. Grinsell, titled: "The Ferryman And His Fee":

"At the town of Hermione, on the coast of Argolis, there was a natural chasm, and it was locally believed that the descent into Hades could be made through that chasm, thereby avoiding the River Styx. Therefore we find that the thrifty and fortunate inhabitants of Hermione and its surroundings did not have to place coins with their dead, because their journey to Hades did not involve the use of the services of Charon."

The following appeared on page 14 of the Summer, 1978 issue of SEARCH magazine, under the heading 'SAUCER TRAVELS', by Henry M. Steele:

"When a very SMALL CHILD I had a few 'dreams' with space people. Richard Shaver told me they were via 'dream mech' from a ship. Super clear and life-like were they -- very colorful, too. Some of the small details folks read in those 'modern contactee' books I too experienced.

"I considered them just a few wonderful dreams. The first place they flew me to -- via 'saucer' -- was earth's hollow interior and baby sun, cities, etc. I would write pages of everything, even though this happened in the 1930's. I was not told to spread the

word on the things I was taught..."

The following interesting story appeared in the Summer, 1980 issue of the SHAVERTRON newsletter. It was written by Brent Raynes who had in turn heard it from Gary Elvers and the 'Universal Mutational Expedition Team':

"The following 'hollow earth' type story was written to me in a letter postmarked November 15, 1972 from Mr. John Johnston:

"In the summer of 1966 I ran across a middle aged person who, while in the service of the armed forces, came onto, by chance, classified information that told a fantastic story.

"He was my neighbor then and after telling him about my hobby of UFO's, he seemed somewhat interested and told of only one bizarre story or file he came across by accident only. He was in the Army in Texas and a clerk then.

"He claims to have noticed a file cabinet unlocked marked 'Classified Only'. Well, because of being human (let's say curious), he decided to peek into the cabinet and came up with a diary of Captain James Cook, dated in the 1700's. This diary, in Cook's own handwriting, gave a detailed description of the events that took place in the far regions of the South Pole.

"Going on what he read from the diary, he remembered what Cook had written and seen while exploration of the South was in progress.

"Cook described large machines and creative men with large feet and long arms, quite strong, on a small trunk. Very tall -- around 7 feet... slits with very little noise coming from speech, if at all, meaning telepathic communication. They were of a friendly nature and Cook's crew -- some of whom died during the polar trip -- and the rest with him felt at ease in some manner with the people or aliens.

"Cook told the 'leader' that he needed some parts

to repair his ship to get back to England. These people did help with repairs and Cook then sailed back to his homeland, but he wrote his accounts of the South Pole and as a result his diary, whether true or not, is now Army property."

(Ed. Note - Cook's expedition to the pole was between 1772-1775)"

Peter Kolosimo, in his book 'NOT OF THIS WORLD', relates a bizarre story concerning the purported discovery of an Alien by an American adventurer, by the name of John Spencer, in 1920. While at the Mongolian lamasery of Tuerin, he chanced upon an entrance to a subterranean passage. The tunnel was illuminated by a strange green light!

At length, he arrived at a room with 25-30 boxes of rectangular shape lined up against one wall. He opened each in hopes of finding something of value. The containers were in actuality coffins, each containing a human body.

As Kolosimo states in his book...

"He then began to consider two other points: that the corpses were in a perfect state of preservation and that they were not all of the same epoch, becoming older the further he went towards the walls at the end of the room...

"In the propenultimate box lay a man 'wrapped in white bedclothes' and in the last - but one - a woman whose origin he could not establish. Of the longed-for necklaces, etc., there was not the slightest trace. Spencer was annoyed and when he lifted the last lid he was rooted to the spot with amazement: the body of a man was inside, dressed in a sort of silver mail and who in place of a head had a ball of pure silver, with round holes where the eyes should be and an oval thing full of small holes in lieu of a nose -- and there was no mouth!

"Spencer, recovering from his surprise, was about

to touch the object when he changed his mind suddenly as the big round eyes of the 'dead man' were wide open and emitting a horrifying green gleam. So he Quickly dropped the lid and ran back shouting... to the place he had come from. After about ten yards he had the good sense to stop and think, otherwise he would never have been able to find the exit again. He returned to the exit after a long walk but when he came out he had another shock: darkness had fallen in the valley

"`I must have walked for two or three hours all told', he said afterwards. `It is impossible that I could have lost all sense of time to such an extent in there!`..."

Later, wanting an explanation of what he had seen, a monk told him that the row of biers contained "people who enriched the world with their wisdom."

He also told him that the silver-headed man was a "high lord who came from the stars."

He then pointed to markings behind the altar: the constellation Taurus and the Pleiades!

The following account appears on page 13 of the April, 1958 issue of FATE magazine:

"In Normandy a couple of months ago, a miller went to his mill one night after he heard his water wheel stop. He found the river had disappeared into a mysterious hole in the earth."

The next story was published on pages 5-6 of the June, 1953 issue of FATE:

"Something is going on beneath the little village of Lapinjarvi, 75 miles north-east of Helsinki, Finland. Since August residents of the village have been aware of strange rumblings, unusual vibrations,

deep-pitched roars and muttering's. They are unable to locate them accurately or to pin them down. In one night, 20 separate disturbances were noted. Some of the residents call them 'explosions.' Some say they are shaking's. They cannot tell whether they are in the air or in the ground but most of them think the latter. Some say the earth trembles, others disagree...

"Meanwhile the citizens shake their heads, talk in low voices, and go about their jobs waiting apprehensively for the next deep rumbling to start."

"THE CAVE OF THE ANCIENTS", by T. Lobsang Rampa, is one of the many books which tell of the author's life growing up in the lamaseries of Tibet, and of his travels in the Western World. One of his most startling claims is that which he calls 'The Cave Of The Ancients'... an ancient storehouse of (ancient) scientific knowledge and artifacts hidden deep within the mountains of high Tibet.

'Tuesday Lobsang Rampa's' Guide and Mentor, the Honorable lama Mingyar Dondup, at that time one of the most revered men in all Tibet, told Lobsang of an expedition he had undertaken when just a young boy.

With his teacher and three other young lamas, they were exploring some of the remoter mountain ranges on the high Tibetan plateau. Some weeks before, they had heard an extraordinary loud bang followed by the sound of heavy rock fall. When they arrived at the area, the source of the disturbance, they discovered a small valley filled with rocks and boulders of all sizes which had broken off from a nearby peak and had fallen into the valley below.

Their teacher suddenly went into a kind of trance state as if he was being controlled by an unseen force, and he began making his way toward the broken peak. The boys were startled by this unusual occurrence but followed their teacher to the peak. The four young lamas followed their teacher, rather reluctantly, up

the steep mountain peak, climbing vertically over 500 feet with only precarious outcroppings as hand and foot-holds, which made going extremely difficult.

They eventually reached a ledge which had been uncovered by the rockslide. They gasped for breath in the thin, freezing atmosphere and although they could see no sign of their teacher, who had ventured ahead of them, they did observe a crevice in the side of the cliff which measured about 2-ft, 6-inches wide, by five ft. in height. After seeing no sign of anyone above them on the mountain, they figured that the crevice must have been the only course their teacher could have taken.

Lobsang entered first, followed by the others, and ventured deep into the bowels of the mountain, turning one sharp corner after another, until they suddenly emerged into a vast 'lighted' cavern.

Suspended from the darkness of the roof were a number of globes giving off light, and which they later learned were ice-cold to the touch. Quoting from Mr. Rampa himself... "Strange machines crammed the place, machines such as we could not have imagined. Even from the high roof (were) suspended apparatus and mechanisms. Some, I saw with great amazement, were covered by what appeared to be the clearest of glass." They found their teacher wandering about the fantastic displays, apparently released from his trance.

In one room, full of all kinds of strange machines, they saw 3-dimensional "movies" of events which happened in the ancient past, a time when man had the ability to fly in the air, traveling in vehicles strange and unknown to our present-day technology, a time when man had machines which could translate thoughts into pictures and, unfortunately, nuclear fission bombs... which had all but wrecked the world an ancient times, causing whole continents to emerge and sink beneath the waves. They observed perfectly-detailed, miniaturized models of fantastic, futuristic cities representing those that at one time existed on earth. They saw

strange elevator-type mechanisms, but most of the machines had purposes that the lames could not even guess at.

Lobsang learned from his guide, the Honorable Lama Mingyar Dondup, that there were other such "Time Capsules" concealed beneath the sands of Egypt, beneath a pyramid in South America, and at a certain spot in Siberia. In the Tibetan Cave of the Ancients, his mentor learned of the whereabouts of these other chambers.

Within a few weeks of the time that Lobsang was told this story by his guide/mentor, he found himself part of an exploration party, sent by the (so-called) 'Inmost One', the Dalai Lama, for the purpose of making further investigations of the Cave of the Ancients. This party included T. Lobsang Rampa, his guide, and five other lames who had been assigned to this second expedition.

The way to the Cave was as it had been when the Lama Mingyar Dondup had last seen it when a young man, except that there was now a swift-flowing river running through the middle of the valley of the boulders. They entered the cave and again the strange luminous globes were observed, still glowing steadily after countless thousands of years. They also observed the strange machines, more advanced than anything they could imagine.

They saw the "pictures" showing the last days of this particular lost civilization of Earth. They observed how beautiful cities were instantly vaporized by the blinding flashes of thermonuclear explosions, which in turn caused violent upheavals in nature. They saw how groups of these ancient peoples constructed "time capsules" in an attempt to preserve a remnant of their culture and science, at selected places around the globes, each containing machines, historical records telling of their accomplishments, also their follies, in hopes that one day evolved men of earth might find their "time capsules" and use the knowledge for their benefit.

Lobsang and the others then left the Cave, sealed it and journeyed back to Lhasa, where they drafted a map showing the exact route to the "Cave of the Ancients" which they were to keep hidden in their lamaseries until such a time arrived when mankind would be evolved enough, both scientifically and spiritually, to understand the workings of such machines, and the knowledge to use them for the benefit of all mankind.

In the years of 1945-1946, in the Magpie Mine of Derbyshire, England., a man with a lighted candle walking in the mine disappeared. A Speleologist in the mine at the same time was a witness to the strange occurrence. In the same mine, a photograph taken revealed a figure standing on top of nine feet of water.

The following news-story, which appeared in the March 3, 1978 issue of REVEILLE, was submitted by Ray Archer of Stoke, Coventry, England:

FEAR UNDER A FLAT CAP - KEVIN HOPTON was working alone three miles down a coal mine when a miner asked a favor, But as Kevin, 19, phoned the request through to another part of the mine... the miner disappeared.

A petrified Kevin ran sobbing along pitch dark underground passages to the surface -- another victim of a grimy ghost called Flat Cap.

No one knows exactly when Flat Cap -- so called because of the old style headgear he wears -- was first seen.

But the underground spirit has been haunting Silverhill Pit at Tibshelf near Mansfield, Notts., for at least 30 years.

"It was 1:30 in the morning when this happened." said Kevin. "Two men had just passed me and gone back to work.

"Then another bloke came towards me. He looked just like an ordinary miner.

"He said: 'Can you ask those two blokes to put my bag on the panther' -- that's a chain conveyor belt.

"Then -- while I was looking him full in the face -- he just vanished."

In issue #6 of Paul Doerr's Newsletter, "UNKNOWN" (now out of print), there appeared the following legend about a subterranean race who, it is said, will one day emerge upon the surface of the earth:

"In Papua is a widespread and immeasurably old tradition that, imprisoned under the hills, is a race of giants that once ruled a mighty continent that sunk under the seas, called the 'Chamat'. Many of the Islands in the Carolinas are honeycombed with caves, some very deep and unplumbed. The legend is spread throughout Malaysia. It is said they will one day emerge and remake the world. Atlantic Monthly in early 1900's, article by W. Beebe... Herbert Spencer points out every myth and legend has a basis in some sort of fact. 'Nan-matal' on Matalanim Harbor in the Carolinas... islands of Penape, Lele, Kuaaia, Ruk, Hogolu..."

Pages 114-115 of Howard Rollin Patch's book "THE OTHER WORLD", carries the following legend of "Saint Patrick's Purgatory":

"...Another exceedingly widespread story is that of the visit of the Knight Owen to the cave in the island of Saint Patrick's Purgatory (or Station Island, County Donegal)

in Ireland. Owen was supposed to have visited the cave in 1153, and to have told of his experience to Gilbert of Louth, who in turn narrated them to Henry of Saltrey. Versions of the account in Latin appear in a large number of manuscripts; it is introduced into the 'Flores historiarum' of Roger of Wendover, into the 'Legenda aurea,' into Vincent of Beauvais' 'Speculum historiale,' in middle English into the 'South English Legendary,' and elsewhere.

"It was retold by Marie de France and used for a play by Calderon. 'Let him who has his doubts about purgatory, go to Ireland and enter the purgatory of St. Patrick,' says the monk in the 'Dialogue' of Caesarius of Heisterbach. Froissart, when he was in England, asked if there was any foundation in truth for the marvelous things that were said to be seen in the cave, and a knight who had been there said that there was. There is hardly a detail of the story, however, which cannot be paralleled in other visions of this type:

"`After fifteen days of fasting and prayer, Owen is put into the cave. At first it is quite dark, and then gets lighter ("Ingrauescentibus magis ac magis tenebris, luces amittit tocus claritatis. Tandem ex aduerso lux paruula cepit"). He proceeds until he comes to an open plain in which is a building like a cloister, where monks warn him of the coming temptations of demons. The demons arrive and lead him through a wilderness where the earth is black and swept by an icy wind ("Nigra erat terra et tenebrosa...."). Various plains of punishment appear to him and a bath house filled with pits of sulphur and molten metal into which sinners are immersed at various depths. He is led to the top of a high mountain, where naked people suffer from a tempest that hurls them into a river of icy water ("in flumine fetido ac frigidissimo"). He sees a deep fiery pit, and a broad fiery river filled with demons ("....ad flumen unum latissimum et fetidum peruenerunt. Erat autem flumen illud totum flamma quasi sulphurei incendii coopertum atque demonum multitudine plenum....") over which is a slippery bridge so narrow

that one could not stand on it and so high it made one dizzy to look downwards. Owen, however, calls on the Holy Name, and the bridge becomes broader as he passes over it.

"'At length he reaches Paradise (or, 'Abraham's bosom', a Biblical subterranean realm of bliss, a holding place -- for good spirits from pre-Christian times -- which is divided from Hades by a 'great gulf'... a peaceable abode for these blessed spirits until the last days 'resurrection' - see: Luke 16:22-26 - Branton), which is surrounded by a high wall, one gate of which is adorned with precious stones and metals. The gate opens and a great flood of fragrant air rushes towards him as if the whole world were turned to perfume. Here he is met by a procession led by two archbishops. Here too are meadows with flowers and fruit trees, and a great throng of people. This is the Earthly Paradise. Later he gets a glimpse of Heaven as well."

The same book also carries the following information on pages 233-234:

"The lower world again is introduced into the story of the priest Eliodorus according to the 'Itinerary Through Wales' of Giraldus Cambrensis. As a boy the priest had on a certain occasion gone to hide 'under a hollow bank of a river' (in concaua fluuii cuiusdam ripa), and there two pygmies joined him and invited him to come along with them to their country. He followed them on a path 'at first subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, adorned with rivers and meadows, woods and plains, but obscure, and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark, on account of the absence of the moon and stars.' The path 'per uiam primo subterraneam et tenebrosam' is clearly that of the continuously underground journey to the familiar realm no longer lit by the sun and stars; but the river and the cave in its bank suggest tantalizing vestiges of another idea, the river barrier perhaps and

the Other World in a hill.

"The rest of the adventure does not concern us, except the end where the boy is punished by losing all traces of the subterraneous road 'though he searched for it on the banks of the river for nearly the space of a year' (intra concauas aquae praedictae ripas uiam inutilis explorator inquireret). Such a place appears in the account by Gervase of Tilbury of the swineherd who, searching for one of his swine, entered a notoriously windy cave when its winds were quiet, and following a path, came from darkness into light (ab opnacis in lucidum locum} on a spacious (subterranean) plain where men were gathering a ripe harvest. On his return with the pig he found winter still in process outside.

(INTERJECTORY NOTE BY 'BRANTON': Gervase of Tilbury, mentioned in the paragraph above, also recorded other strange 'subterranean' stories, like the following: Sometime during the 12 century, the monastic chronicler in England... "Gervase of Tilbury", recorded a strange account of two "children" who suddenly appeared near a small town near Bury St. Edmunds, England. The account was also recorded in the writings of several other chroniclers who lived at the time or sometime afterwards. These include: William of Newbury - HISTORIA RERUM ANGLICARUM, written in Yorkshire, England [1136-1198?]; Abbot Ralph of Coggeshall - CHRONICON ANGLICARUM; and also the chroniclers Giraldus Cambrensis and Walsingham. The account was more recently related in FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED, by Harold T. Wilkins [Citadel Press., New York, N.Y. 1955., pp. 97-98]. From their combined accounts we can piece together the following bizarre story which the chroniclers swore to be true.... One warm, sunny day in the 12th century some farmers and other residents of the small town of Wolfpittes [or Wolpitt], England - some seven miles distant from the larger village of Burry St. Edmunds - were startled to see two young children wandering around as if

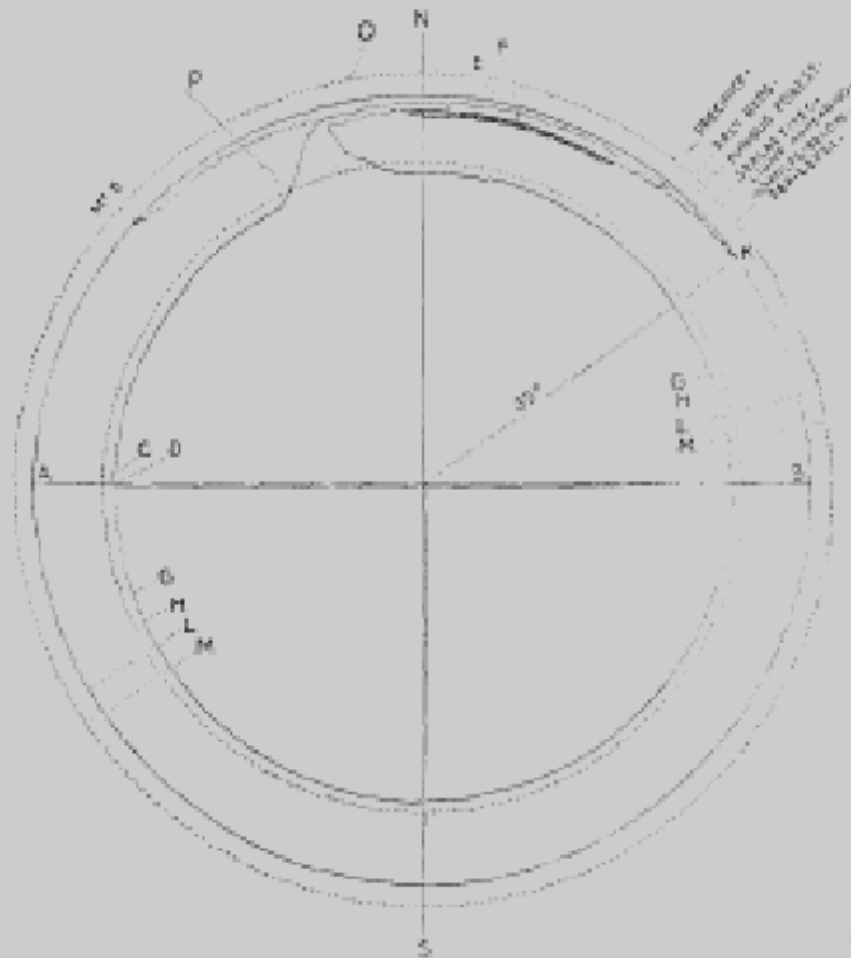
disoriented in some ancient "pits" or "trenches" known to the locals as the "Wolf-Pitts", after which the small village had taken its name. These excavations were ancient, but no one seemed to know when or by whom they were dug, but the consensus was that they were at least partly artificial, and very ancient. The most shocking thing about the children, which the residents of Wolfpittes encountered, was that they had skin which was olive-green in colour, yet the rest of their features were as human as the average Englishman... The villagers attempted to communicate with the children but were unsuccessful as they soon discovered that the young boy and girl spoke a language which was completely unfamiliar to the villagers. The townspeople had compassion on the children and took them to the village and offered them various different kinds of food, all of which they seemed unfamiliar with and which they refused. However, when they were shown some beanstalks, they took them greedily, but instead of opening the bean-pods, the children attempted to open the stalks themselves, as if they had been accustomed to opening stalks in this way [apparently a practice they had learned in the subterranean land from which they emerged]. Upon finding nothing in the stalks, the children began to weep. Unfortunately, the shock of entering our world was too much for the young boy, and even though he became partly acclimated to other forms of food, he nevertheless became weaker and weaker and finally died a few years afterwards. The young girl, however, adjusted quite well to her new surroundings. In fact she eventually grew into a mature, beautiful woman, and later married a gentleman from the nearby town of Kings Lynn. As time passed, her husband patiently instructed her in the complexities of the English language, and soon she was able to communicate fairly well, and the story she told of where she had come from and how she had arrived in our "world" with her brother was even more incredible... She told her husband that her people all had skin similar to hers, or rather to what her skin had once

been like, as over a period of years the greenish tinge had left her. She described her world as a cavernous, subterranean country of enormous size, a country which went by the name of "St. Martin's Land." The land in which she lived was described as "twilight" in nature, yet there was a large underground river, on the other side of which there was another land more brightly lit. One day, she and her brother were herding some type of underground animal when they heard something like the sound of "bells" emerging from one of the cave passages or tunnels which lined the perimeter of this underground land. Out of extreme curiosity, they entered this tunnel and followed the passage upwards for what could have been a few days, although in their underground land they probably did not have any concept of what "day" or "night" was. After their long and weary journey up the steep incline they suddenly emerged into the brilliant sunlight of the British countryside. The change from their twilight world was dramatic, and the children walked around in the pits or trenches starved, half-blinded and disoriented. They shortly afterwards attempted to re-locate the small opening through which they had emerged, but were unable to do so, because of the blinding light. At about this point some farmers found them and took them to the village... A somewhat similar incident was reported in the small hamlet of Banjos [or Banos] Spain, in August of 1887, several hundred years after the incident at Wolfpittes and several hundred miles distant. Basically, the Banjos incident reportedly had to do with two children who emerged from a CAVERN near the town [not "pits" or "excavations"], spoke an unknown language, and so on, although the details are sketchy.)

(Continuing to quote from Howard Rollin Patch's book):

"Here the entrance to the cavern is in a mountain (in monte cauerna foraminis). So is the entrance to the lower world in Gervase's story of the demonic palace,

which is underground near a lake at the top of a mountain in Catalonia. At the foot of this inaccessible eminence runs a stream with golden sands, and its peak suffers continual snow and ice."



DESCRIPTION OF JOURNEY FROM K. [KENTUCKY] TO P.,—"THE END OF EARTH."

- A, B, Diameter of earth, 8,000 miles.
A, D, Thickness of earth crust, 800 miles.
C, D, Distance from lunar earth crust to energy sphere, 100 miles.
K, Underground lake.
E, F, Distance from surface of lake to earth's surface.
G, Inner Circle, "The Unknown Country".
H, Middle Circle, "Sphere of Energy, or Circle of Rest".
L to M, Height of atmosphere, 100 miles.
N, Entrance to cavern in Kentucky.
L, Outer circle, earth's surface.
Mt. K, Mount Kpomeo in Italy.
N, North Pole.
O, Rock shelf from which the leap was made (into the inner-earth space).
P, Junction of earth crust with Circle of Rest. Point where I-Am-The-Man stopped "outward and upward" in "The Unknown Country."
S, South Pole.

DESCRIPTION OF JOURNEY FROM K. [KENTUCKY] TO P.—"THE END OF EARTH"

A, B, Diameter of earth, 8,000 miles.	K, Entrance to cavern in Kentucky.
A, D, Thickness of earth crust, 800 miles.	L, Outer circle, earth's surface.
C, D, Distance from inner earth crust to energy sphere, 100 miles.	Mt. E, Mount Epomeo in Italy.
E, Underground lake.	N, North Pole.
H, F, Distance from surface of lake to earth's surface.	O, Rock shelf from which the land descends into the intra-earth space.
G, Inner Circle (the Unknown Country).	P, Junction of earth crust with the interior.
H, Middle Circle (Sphere of Energy, or Circle of Rest).	Rest. Point where I-Am stepped "onward and upward" into "The Unknown Country."
L to M, Height of atmosphere, 200 miles.	S, South Pole.

(Diagram from the book ETIDORHPA, published in 1898
 "by" John Uri Lloyd, showing the interior of planet
 earth and the path which 'I Am The Man' took with his
 mysterious guide, into the concave-hollow interior of
 the planet)

The metaphysical volume, "ETIDORHPA", by John Uri Lloyd, is well-known among Hollow Earth investigators as it tells of a concave world similar to that which Gardner, Reed, Bernard and others describe in their books. The inner surface of this 'world', according to the book, is about 800 miles below earth's outer surface, and is called the 'Inner Circle', or 'Unknown Country'.

The story begins when a man known in the book as 'I-Am-The-Man' (some believe his true name to have been William Morgan, an actual Mason who disappeared in the area at that time) found his way to the 'cave of Zoroaster'. After receiving a strange letter which instructed him to join the Freemason Society and reveal its forbidden secrets to the world, he did so.

This letter had been passed from person to person, though none who received it before him dared to undertake such a dangerous task. He eventually learned the occult secrets of the Alchemists (Masons) and then published them in manuscript form under the title "My Confessions". Within two days after the manuscript was published, three Masons grabbed him and took him to a house where they processed him and caused the 24 year old man to look 80 years of age. They promptly tracked down all (all but one!? - since the book later WAS published - Branton) of the published manuscripts and destroyed them, then borrowed a corpse of another man and placed it where it would be found with his identification papers on the cadaver, and his death was announced.

The three masons took him in a closed carriage with curtains drawn, and they spent a couple of days in continuous traveling until they came to the town of (he learned later) Smithland, Kentucky. From there one of them took him across the Cumberland River and they headed eastwards along the northern shore of the river, passing two bluffs... the second of which was a large, dark outcropping which was called by some 'Biswells

Hill' (probably 'Bissell' and Dobson bluffs). They also observed several large sink-holes on the way, and all this time the Mason was explaining to him about the vast cavern fields extending under large areas of Kentucky and Tennessee, pointing out that although many caves on a small scale have been discovered near the surface, there exists even greater and more massive caverns far below.

After passing the second bluff, they turned their trek northwards and traveled for three days on foot into the heart of 'Livingston' county.

They then came to a cave from which a cold stream of water emerged. There the Mason left the traveler with a strange being who had emerged from the cave, and informed him that this was to be his new guide. This being was humanoid, about five feet tall, had bluish clay-like skin, he was totally nude and possessed no visible sex organs and had no eyes at all in his head. 'I Am The Man' later learned that this being did not need eyes, but instead used a type of sixth sense or natural instinct to "see".

The blue-skinned man took him into the cave and guided him through the pitch-black caverns for what must have been days. Eventually, he became aware of a strange diffused light that slowly became stronger the deeper they traveled.

In the upper caverns they passed through spaces filled with creeping reptiles, strange insects, and large flowers and other strange plant structures unlike anything he had ever seen before, on the surface.

Deeper yet, where the light was more apparent, they encountered vast forests of huge fungal (mushroom) growth (NOTE: Recall that the book was written in 1898, LONG before the original JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH movie came out, which depicted huge subterranean 'mushroom forests' - Branton). He was told that mushrooms on the surface were degenerate forms of much larger and purer species of growth that existed in the inner caverns, which somehow found their way to the

surface and became poisonous under the adverse conditions. Those he encountered in the subterranean forests were pleasing to the taste, many of them tasting similar to various kinds of fruits growing on the surface, without any of the impurities or poisons found in surface growth.

Many of the specimens were thousands of years old, due to the lack of harsh climatic changes. In relation to this, the strange subterranean being told the traveler: "These meandering caverns comprise thousands of miles of surface covered by these growths which shall yet fulfill a grand purpose in the economy of nature, for they are destined to feed tramping multitudes when the day appears in which the nations of men will desert the surface of the earth and pass as a single people through these caverns on their way to the immaculate existence to be found in the inner sphere."

They came across huge valleys of crystalized salt, enormous stalactites and stalagmites, endless labyrinths, and beautiful subterranean streams and waterfalls. At one point they came across a huge subterranean lake, one hundred and fifty miles below the surface of the outer earth, approximately the size of the Mediterranean Sea and which stretched underground for over six thousand miles, parts of it even stretching towards the north polar region. On the shore of this glass-smooth sea (remember, there is no wind in the caverns) they boarded a strange metallic 'boat' which he finds out is operated by utilizing the earth's magnetic field and magnetic lines of force, for propulsion.

It was obviously the invention of some race of scientifically advanced subterranean dwellers, perhaps the race from which the guide himself came, although nothing much is said concerning his race in the volume.

They traveled across the smooth surface of this underground sea at speeds reaching close to nine hundred miles per hour. One section of this sea's edge

or shore came up against a precipice almost ten miles deep, at the bottom of which, he learned, was a huge funnel-shaped opening which led by a long tunnel or crack in the earth to the volcano of Epomeo on the island of Ischia off the coast of Italy.

When the water of the subterranean sea overflows the black barrier, or the natural 'dam' at the edge of the lake, it falls down into the chasm and comes in contact with the metallic bases of salt, and creates heated gases which are forced through the tunnel and eventually emerge through the opening in the crust known as Mt. Epomeo.

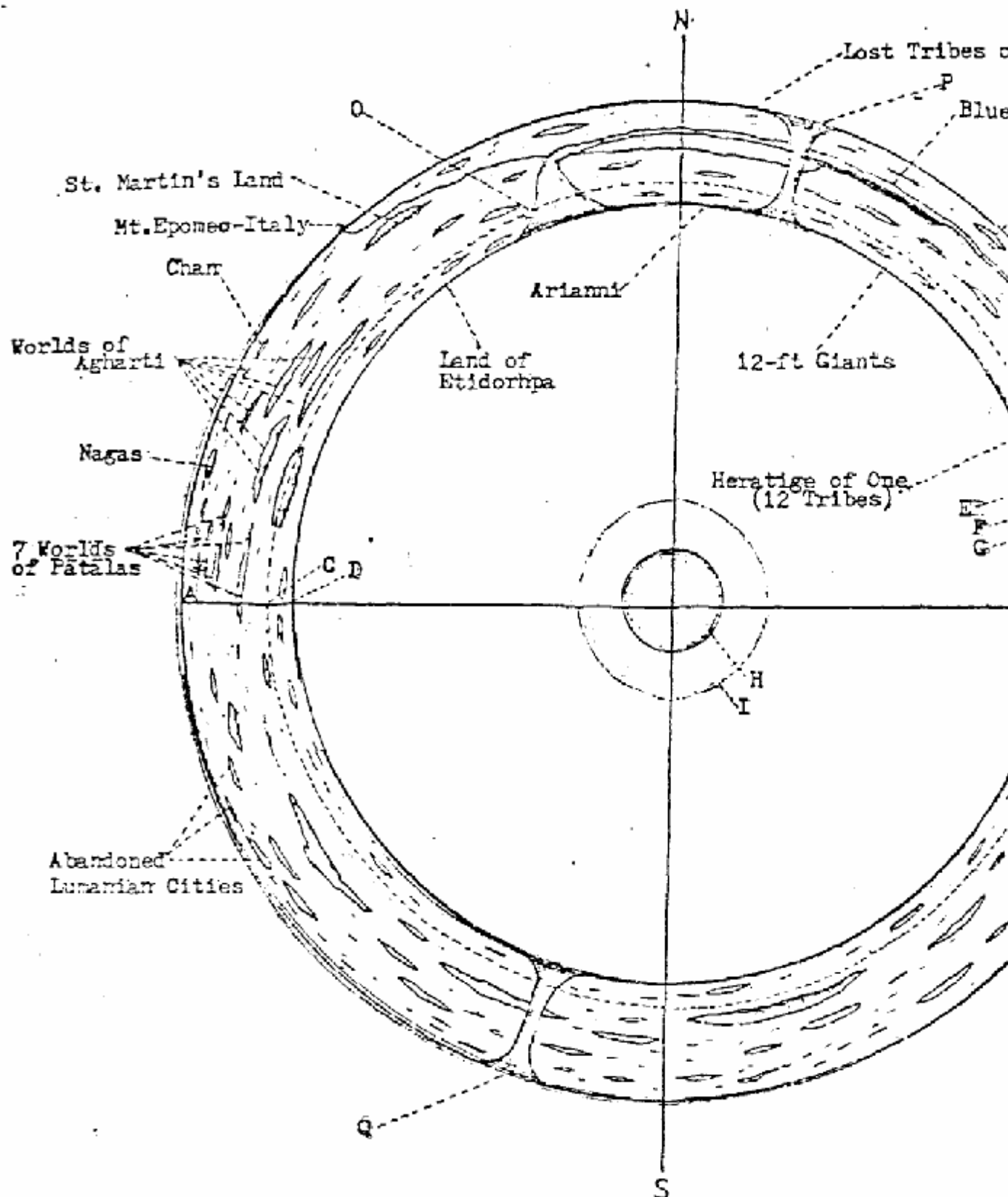
During his long journey he learned many of the occult wonders concerning the hidden forces of the earth, and many of the mysteries he encountered in the inner earth were explained to him. As they ventured deeper, their weight decreased until at a depth of between 600-700 miles below the earth's outer surface it disappeared completely. As they continued deeper his weight slowly began to return, but instead of being drawn to the earth's center, the pull of gravity was reversed, so that as he went towards the center of the earth, it became evident that the pull of gravity was drawing him to the outer surface, or rather, to the 'Circle of Rest' or 'Middle Circle', a sphere of energy older than the earth itself, 600-700 miles beneath the outer crusts.

Upon reaching the concave surface of the inner earth crust, or 'Unknown Country', the traveler I-Am-The-Man entered the 'Land of Etidorhpa', 800-900 miles beneath the outer shell of the plant, where exists a Golden Race far more advanced than surface civilizations.

The air of the inner earth, he learned, was vitalizing to the body in as much as anyone who breathed this inner atmosphere for any length of time would not require any food or water for their sustenance (there ARE those in the outer world who believe that the air contains what is necessary for sustenance, and they use breathing exercises to minimize their need for food or

water. These people are known as 'Breathairians' - Branton).

According to some, although the book does not say, I-Am-The-Man (or William Morgan!?) stayed with these Golden People for seven years, after which he returned to the surface and gave a record of his experiences in manuscript form, to the man John Uri Lloyd, who later had it published in its present form.



St. Martin's Land

Mt. Epomeo-Italy

Charr

Worlds of
Agharti

Nagas

7 Worlds
of Patalas

Abandoned
Lunarian Cities

Arianni

Land of
Etidorhpa

12-ft Giants

Heratige of One
(12 Tribes)

Lost Tribes of

Blue

EP
F
G

S

N

C D

H
I

Q

O

HYPOTHETICAL DIAGRAM OF THE EARTH'S INTERIOR

(The above hypothetical diagram is a composite drawing of earth's interior based upon information from INNER-EARTH ENTRANCES - VOLS. I, II & III, as well as numerous reports concerning the 'Geo-Concavitic Sphere' [or the so-called 'hollow earth'] theory)

A & B - Diameter of the Earth = Approx. 8,000 miles

A & D - Thickness of the earth between the inner and outer crusts = Approx. 800 miles

C & D - Distance between INNER Earth crust to the 'Sphere of Energy' = Approx. 100 miles

E - Inner Circle (the Unknown Country) = $\frac{1}{2}$ gravity of the outer surface

F - Middle Circle (Sphere of Energy, or Circle of Rest) where the inner and outer surface gravities cancel each other out. Zero-G

G - Outer Circle = Earth's outer surface

H - ATOMA, or Central Sun of the Earth. Approx. diameter = 600 miles

I - 'Smokey God' (the haze, mist, halo or illuminated 'aura' of thermo-electrical energy surrounding the central sun)

N - North Pole

O - Junction of Earth's Crust with Circle of Rest

P - North Polar Entrance

Q - South Polar Entrance

S - South Pole

Dr. Raymond Bernard's book "FLYING SAUCERS FROM THE EARTH'S INTERIOR" (pages 45, 73-76, 81-83, 87) carries the following information relating to the theory of a concave world within the earth:

"A subterranean tunnel explorer whom the writer met in Santa Catarina told him about a rare book he once came across, written in old German by one of the early German settlers who came to Brazil with the Portuguese, which recorded the traditions of the Indians here, acquired from the Atlanteans who once colonized Brazil. This book stated that the earth is hollow and that its hollow interior is inhabited by descendants of the Atlanteans, who compose a disease-free, long-lived race of fruit-eaters, who enjoy a longevity measured in the thousands of years.

"They are very muscular. In the center of the hollow interior of the earth, the author said, was a sun, which gave it light and supported plant growth. He also spoke of tunnels that connect the outer surface and the Subterranean World in the hollow interior of the earth, and stated that the greatest number of openings of these tunnels exist in the states of Santa Catarina and Parana, Brazil..."

"In January 1955, at a four day conference of the Brazilian Theosophical Society, in Rio de Janeiro, Paulo J. Strauss, a Commander of the Brazilian Navy, said" 'One should not ignore the legends of enchanted cities... I believe these mysterious apparatuses (flying saucers) come from the center of the earth, where it has long been believed, that life exists to a degree far advanced over our own civilization.'

"This is also the opinion of Prof. Henrique de Souza, president of the Brazilian Theosophical Society, a noted esotericist and archaeologist. Strauss also believes that Colonel Fawcett is still alive with his son Jack, dwelling in a subterranean city of the Atlanteans which he reached through entering a tunnel opening in the Roncador mountains of northeast Matto Grosso. This is also the opinion of Prof. de Souza and his Theosophical students, who have a large temple in Sou Lourenzoa, State of Minas Gerais, Brazil, dedicated to Agharta, the Subterranean World.

"It is claimed that there once existed an advanced

civilization on the prehistoric continent of Atlantis, whose scientific development was beyond our own and that their air vehicles, known as 'Vimanas', were identical with what we now call flying saucers. This great civilization was destroyed through a terrible nuclear war which brought on a terrible geological catastrophe and a flood. Prior to its total destruction, certain better inhabitants of Atlantis escaped by flying in their flying saucers into the hollow interior of the earth through the polar openings, where they continued to live on ever since.

"These Atlanteans are a race of giants; and their final war is referred to in mythology as the war of the Titans. Michael X writes:

"'I believe that Atlantis was every bit real, and that the Atlanteans' ancestors are living today, now, in the interior of the earth. They are all probably very large people, physically. Perhaps blond giants. But why believe they are still in existence?

"'Because persistent rumors have it that a vast system of subterranean TUNNELS exist beneath the land of South America. Secret openings are said to exist, leading from the surface of the earth into the tunnels. In his book 'Agharta', Robert E. Dickhoff claims that a fantastic network of tunnels exists underground... According to Dickhoff, one tunnel surfaces in the Matto Grosso region of Brazil, precisely where Col. Fawcett vanished in 1925... Perhaps he found the 'secret city'... and more. A tunnel nearby leads down into the earth's fantastic cavern kingdoms, and maybe the people there never permitted him to leave.'" (This is the opinion of Commander Paulo J. Strauss and Prof. H.J. de Souza.)

"We quote from a letter from Ottmar Kaub: Writing about the 'The Smoky God', by Willis George Emerson, he says: 'This book has the books of Reed and Gardner all beat. I read it through at one sitting and was never so excited in my life. The Smoky God is the inner sun. It is supposed to be the true story of a Norse father and son who, with their small fishing boat and

unbounded courage, attempted to find the land beyond the North Wind as they had heard of its warmth and beauty. A miraculous storm and wind carried them most of the distance. They spent two years there and returned via the South Pole and the father lost his life when a berg broke in two and destroyed the boat.

"The son was rescued and subsequently spent 24 years in prison for insanity when he told the true story. When he was released, he told the story to no one, but after 26 years as a fisherman, he saved enough to retire in this country, coming to Illinois and then to California. In his nineties, by accident, the novelist, Willis George Emerson, befriended him and was told the story; on the old man's deathbed he relinquished the maps that he had made of the Inner Earth and the manuscript. He refused to take chances while he lived, due to his past experience in having people disbelieve him and consider him insane to mention it. (THE SMOKY GOD, by Willis George Emerson, is published by INSPIRED NOVELS - Palmer Publications, Inc., C-137 Hickory, Mundelein, Illinois).

"Olaf Jansen claims that the four rivers of Genesis (Paradise) are very large and flowing in the Inner Earth, and much gold was there as Genesis states. The rivers are larger than the Amazon. Jansen checked all the explorers, as Reed and Gardner did later on, and Emerson has this material quoted briefly, but proves all the points about the Inner Earth. The 'Smoky God' is a masterpiece based on arctic reports...'

"Michael X, in his book referred to above, quoted Dr. Nephi Cottam of Los Angeles, who said that one of his patients, a man of Nordic descent, told him the following story:

"I live near the Arctic Circle in Norway. One summer my friend and I made up our minds to take a boat trip together, and go as far as we could into the North country. So we put one month's good provisions into a small fishing boat and with sail and also a good engine in our boat, set out to sea.

"At the end of one month we had traveled far into

the north, beyond the pole and into a strange new country. We were much astonished at the weather there. Warm, and at times at night it was almost too warm to sleep. Then we saw something so strange we both were astonished. Ahead of the warm, open sea we were on, was what looked like a great mountain. Into that mountain at a certain point, the ocean seemed to be emptying. Mystified, we continued in that direction and found ourselves sailing into a vast canyon leading into the interior of the earth. We kept sailing and then saw what surprised us - a sun shining in(side) the earth.

"The ocean that had carried us into the hollow interior of the earth gradually became a river. This river leads, as we came to realize later... all through the inner surface of the world from one end to the other. It can take you, if you follow it long enough, from the North Pole clear through to the South Pole.

"We saw that the inner earth's surface was divided, even as the outer one is, into both land and water. There is plenty of sunshine, and both animal and vegetable life abound there. We sailed further and further into this fantastic country... fantastic because everything was huge in size as compared with things on the outside. Plants are big, trees gigantic, and then we came upon the GIANTS.

"They were dwelling in homes and towns, just as we do on the earth's surface. And they used a type of electric conveyance like a mono-rail car, to transport people. It ran along the river's edge from town to town.

"Several of the inner earth inhabitants - huge giants - detected our boat on the river, and were quite amazed. They seemed just as astonished to see us as we were to see them! They were, however, quite friendly. We were invited to dine with them in their homes, and so my companion and I separated - he going with one giant to that giant's home, and I going with another giant to his home.

"My gigantic friend brought me home to his family, and I was completely dismayed to see the huge size of all the objects in his home. The dinner table was

colossal. A plate was put before me and filled with a portion of food so big it would have fed me abundantly for an entire week! The giant offered me a cluster of grapes and each grape was as big as one of our outer-earth peaches. I tasted one and found it far sweeter than any I had ever tasted 'outside'. In the inner earth all the fruits and vegetables taste far better and more flavorsome than those we have on the outer earth.

"We stayed with the giants for one year, enjoying their companionship as much as they enjoyed knowing us. We observed many strange and unusual things during our visit with these remarkable people, and were continually amazed at their scientific progress and inventions. All of this time they were never unfriendly to us, and we were allowed to return to our home in the same manner in which we had come - in fact, they courteously offered their protection if we should need it for the return voyage."

Dr George Marlo claims to have made this same trip many times by flying saucer, and has met the people living inside the earth's crust and is known to them. He described the people as being 12 to 14 feet tall. The men have short beards. He speaks of choirs of 25,000 people. The men wear sandals and shorts. He speaks of musical instruments, especially harps. He speaks of grapes as large as oranges and apples the size of a man's head. He mentions five cities, named Eden, Nigi, Delfi, Jehu arid Hectea. They speak a language like Sanscrit (probably Atlantean). He said they marry at the age of 75 to 100 and live for 600 to 800 years of age. He speaks of birds with 30 foot wingspread, which lay eggs two feet long. He mentions tortoises 25 to 30 feet long, and elephant-like creatures (resembling those which emerged from the North Polar opening to be frozen as mammoths); and penguins 9 feet tall. He sneaks of trees 1,000 feet tall and 120 feet in diameter. He said that the compass inside the earth points north (but) leads one to the South Polar opening..."

"The following are reports told the writer in Brazil concerning Inner Earth people and flying saucers. There is no proof at all that these reports are true. They may be lies invented by the narrators in order to create an impression. But whether true or false they are interesting and show along what lines people are thinking today.

"A Russian who formerly served in the Russian army said he and his troops once reached Lhasa, Tibet, where he was stationed some time, and there he came in touch with a secret society of Tibetan vegetarians who made regular trips by flying saucer through the North Polar opening into the hollow interior of the earth. He says he saw the saucer that made these trips. He said that the supreme object of all Tibetan lamas and yogis is to prepare their bodies to be worthy to be picked up by a flying saucer and carried to the hollow interior of the earth, whose human population (from the outer world) consist mostly of Tibetan lamas and Oriental yogis, with very few Westerners since Westerners are too bound to the (material) things of this world, while lamas and yogis wish to escape from this miserable world and enter a much better world in the hollow interior of the earth.

"The reason why subterranean people sent their flying saucers to us after the Hiroshima atomic explosion on 1945 was because they were afraid that further explosions might poison the air that comes into their interior atmosphere through the polar openings, coming from the outer air...

"This contactee describes flying saucers as made of a brilliant nickel that glows with a light at night. He says that the people of the earth's interior wield a form of energy beyond atomic energy (electromagnetism) which motivates their flying saucers. They use this superior energy (the "Vril" of Bulwer Lytton's book, 'THE COMING RACE') only for peaceful purposes.

Also these people have one government and one nation and are not divided into warring nations as we are. This is helped by their speaking all the same language. They are in advance of us in all ways...

"Robert Dickhoff, in his book 'Agharta', mentions that the secret chambers of the Pyramid of Gizeh were connected by tunnels with the Subterranean World. An Egyptian informant says that at the base of this pyramid are three tunnels that radiate in different directions. Two lead to dead ends, but the third seems to go on and on and may have once connected Atlantis with its colony in Egypt by passing under the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

"Two Swedes tried to traverse this long tunnel till its end and never returned. While believed to have died, rescue parties could not find them. This caused the government to forbid anyone from entering this third long tunnel, though they were permitted to enter the other two. There are strange reports of ancient Egyptians having been seen inside the long tunnel, coming from the Subterranean World. Many believe that the Swedes who disappeared joined these people. (Note: There are other sources which speak of an ancient Egyptian subterranean cult, with collaborative ties with some reptiloid species and also ties with ET's in the star system of Sirius, which is called the 'Gizeh Group' or 'Komogal-II' group. This subterranean cult apparently has connections to certain 'Illuminati-type' operatives on the surface - Branton)

"A popular book was selling in Egypt some time ago entitled, 'THE MYSTERIOUS PATH TO THE UNKNOWN WORLD', dealing with the apparently endless third tunnel below the pyramid of Gizeh and the world to which it leads...

"As Donnelly points out in his book, 'Atlantis the Antediluvian World', the pyramids, with their four sides and truncated top, memorialize the sacred mountain of the gods in the center of Atlantis from which their builders (of the pyramids) came. It is probably that the messengers of the Subterranean 'gods' traveled on swift-moving vehicles through the tunnels that open at the base of the

pyramids.

"A report has been circulating that some scientists entered a tunnel in West Africa that ran under the ocean bed in the direction of the vanished Atlantis, which was finally reached and many mechanical contrivances were then seen on the ocean bed, including motor vehicles. How true this report is, the writer cannot say. Another report refers to the discovery of a subterranean city by Brazilian scientists, reached by a tunnel opening near the border of the states of Santa Catarina and Parana. Similar subterranean cities were reported in Matto Grosso, whose entrances are guarded by fierce Chavantes and Bat Indians...

"After three years of searching in Brazil for an opening to the Subterranean World, the author of this book has come to the conclusion that it is not necessary to search for the subterranean cities of the Atlantean's in the Roncador Mountains of Matto Grosso as Colonel Fawcett did, since the states of Santa Catarina and Parana, Brazil, are honeycombed by a network of Atlantean tunnels that lead to subterranean cities. The writer is now organizing an expedition known as the Aghartan Expedition, for the purpose of investigating these tunnels, with the object of reaching the subterranean cities to which they lead, after which he hopes to establish contact with the still-living members of the Elder Race of Atlantean's and arrange for bringing qualified persons to them to establish residence in their cities in a World Free from Fallout and thus avoid a radioactive destruction which will eventually be the fate of all surface dwellers..."

The following two 'Psychometric' experiments are recorded on pages 337-339 of William Denton's book, 'THE SOUL OF THINGS'. Both experiments were undertaken by Sherman Denton, William's son, who, at certain times of the day, was in-tune with certain senses whereby he had the ability of psychometric clairvoyance:

THE EARTH'S INTERIOR -- With a specimen of gold ore from Briggs Mine, Colorado, Sherman gave the following. He knew that the specimen was ore of some kind.

"I see something that looks like gold in a white rock. There is a great deal more of yellow ore as it goes down. The pieces grow larger, till it is nearly all ore.

"The vein starts at the top, and cuts right through the rocks. It is quite broad.

"I can see lava now. The vein goes down a long, long way, and keeps getting richer as it goes down. It goes down almost to the lava; but it is awful hot, and nobody could stay there. Some of it is melted. All around the rocks are cracked, and there are great hollow places. All I can see is red-hot rocks.

"There are different kinds of substances floating in the lava -- all kinds of metal mixed up. One kind looks blue. There are places where it has tried to come up, but could not -- big holes. The lava blinds my eyes."

("How far is it down?")

"It's more than one mile.

"The lava boils up, and seems to try awfully to get out."

("What color is the rock above the lava?")

"Above the red, the rocks are very dark green. There are holes miles up. I see a great deal of bright yellow stuff. I think it is gold: it is very pure.

"The vein is of enormous width deep down: it seems to be a mile wide.

"I see other veins all round here, going straight down."

The mine is in the heart of one of the richest gold districts of Colorado, and is surrounded with gold-bearing veins.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE PLANET

Working in the garden in June, 1868, Sherman said he could see 'readily'. As I had no specimens with me, I took him into the cellar of our new house, which was near, and said...

"Go straight down here, and tell me what there is

under."

"There is a fine bed of sand, and then gravel under here: there are lines of dark-colored sand among the light. Under that it is all trap, then slate and thin yellow rocks, and then granite that is awful thick. It keeps getting warmer and warmer as I go down, then hot and red-hot, and then lava."

("Go down through the lava, and see what there is on the other side.")

(Pause.) "Oh, but it is a long way! I am not through yet. I cannot see anything in the lava. Going through this is like having a nightmare. I have got to granite on the other side (the granite goes all round). Above that (Note: Apparently going upwards at this point - Branton) is a kind of black rock, very thick, but not very hard: it is a kind of slate. Then yellow rock, and a big bed of sandstone: above that is a little trap; and right above that native copper in chunks and lumps, there is a great deal of it. I came to hollow places that glisten: I don't know what is in them. There is trap above that, and copper again, and then mud-rock, that splits very easy, with fossils in it. Above that is a very hard rock like flint, and then a rock full of holes, and then dirt to the top.

"Oh, what a PRETTY country! There are houses with bells all round; and, when the wind blows, they ring. Some are like tents, and scalloped all round, and have pictures of animals on them -- lions, eagles, elephants, and things. I see fishermen all along the shore of the ocean."

"...Had he passed through the planet in a direct line, he would NOT have found the shore of the ocean..."

(NOTE FROM BRANTON: This is just a possibility, although unproven. However, could he have emerged near the shore of one of the 'interior continents' which are believed by some to exist within the inner geo-concavitic - or 'hollow' or 'geoditic' - sphere?)

Page 98 of W. Max Muller's book, "EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY" ('The Mythology Of All Races' - Vol. XII), carries the following

paragraph:

"There is a hole in the ground at U-pega (or U-peger, Re-Peger, "the Place, the Mouth of Pequer") which was shown as the entrance to the lower world, a pond was regarded as the celestial "Jackel Lake" or as the source of the abyss, a great flight of steps represented the stairway of the sun..."

The following account can be found on pages 79-82 of Warren Smith's book, "THIS HOLLOW EARTH":

"I- his book, "Mysteries of Ancient South America" (the Citadel Press, New York, 1956), author Harold T. Wilkins related that in March 1942, a Mr. and Mrs. Lamb (no other identification) from California, were personal guests of President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the White House. The couple had reportedly discovered a tribe of uncivilized Indians in the Mexican state of Chiappas. These Indians, possibly members of the Lancandones tribe, said they guarded an ancient, unknown Mayan city. The Lambs informed President Roosevelt that the old city included a temple with a subterranean vault. Inside the vault were gold plates, inscribed with a record of man's history on earth. They also declared the gold plates had predicted the outbreak of World War II.

"'The Lambs told the President that the gold sheets recorded history back beyond the great flood,' reported Gunther Rosenberg. 'The Indian tribesmen seldom visited the secret city, except to worship. Then they held ritualistic ceremonies in the Mayan temple and worshiped their ancient gods of the underworld.'

"'This may be the same lost city mentioned by Abbe Charles Etienne Brasseur-de-Bourbourg, the scholarly, religious administrator of Chiappas, Mexico, in the early 1850's. The Abbe recorded his experience in a journal, mentioning rumors of a lost city along the edges of the Mexican frontier. He said that people from this hidden city

frequently appeared in the pueblos and town to barter for supplies. They vanished as quickly as they appeared when they were questioned about their origin.'...

"J. Lloyd Stephens, an adventurer, traveler and a friend of Madame Blavatsky, was exploring the areas of western Guatemala In 1838-39. Later, in both London and New York, Stephens astonished newsmen with stories of unusual ruins near the pueblo of Chajol. Stephens said:

"`There are ruins beyond Santa Cruz del Quinche that are unknown to our explorers. I was traveling with a band of native indians near the headwaters of the Rio Usumacinta. After many days of hard travel, we climbed to the summit of a large ridge along the Sierra Cordillera. At a height of 10,000 feet I could look over an immense plain that extended to the south and down into the Gulf of Mexico. From that vantage point I saw a marvelous city that extended over a great area. There were high, white turrets that glistened in the sun.'

"Stephens motioned for his porters to march toward the city. 'I was extremely excited at the thought of finding a lost metropolis in this dense green jungle,' he said later.

"`This is as far as a white man may go,' an elderly Indian informed Stephens. 'The people in that city know that white invaders have conquered this land. They murder any white man who enters the city.'

"`How have they remained undiscovered for so many years?' asked Stephens.

"`They have no coins, no livestock, or domestic animals,' said the old Indian. 'The buildings you see are not inhabited. They have left the city and moved underground to save themselves from the white invaders.'

"`How do they live underground?' inquired Lloyd Stephens. 'Without sunlight, they would surely die after a few weeks in a cave.'

"The old Indian looked at the explorer with amusement. 'There are many secrets in this world,' he said. 'These people have known the formula for the great light for thousands of years.'

"`What great light?`

"The Indian pointed to the earth and up into the cloudy sky. `The great light is the secret of all things,' he said. `It was given to these people many years ago by the gods from beneath the earth.'

"Stephens argued with his Indian packers, but he was unable to convince them to enter the city. Frustrated, his curiosity at a fevered pitch, Lloyd Stephens reluctantly followed his guides down the Rio Usumacinta river. As he left the torturous, hilly jungles of western Guatemala, Stephens wondered how many ancient races lived beneath the earth. These abandoned cities had once hummed with life. Now, he wondered if Cortez and his Conquistadors had seized the real treasure from the sallow-faced Aztec priests. Was the great light the real bonanza?"

The following passage may be a reference to the before-mentioned Sub-City of 'XUBLAAN'. Page 159 of Andrew Tomas' book, "ON THE SHORES OF ENDLESS WORLDS", carries the following information:

"...The Jesuit Agnelio Oliva (1572-1642) recorded the words of an old Inca quipu reader to the effect that the real Tiahuanaco was a subterranean city exceeding the one above ground in vastness. It was believed that the entrance to the underground apartments could be gained through four tunnels..."

In the book, "A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS - OR, THE DIVIDING OF THE WAY", by 'Phylos, the Thibetan', there is reference to a series of subterranean caverns where exist ruins of an extremely ancient civilization. These caverns are said to exist in Southern Umuur (an 'Atlantean' name for South America). This book is an account of the adventures of an Atlantean named Zailm Suzerainty, in the years just before the Great Cataclysm which sank the Atlantean Continent. At

one point in the story, Zailm sets out from Atlantis on an exploring expedition in search of mineral deposits in Southern Umaur. He then finds a cavern which he decides to explore:

"...I found the bottom of the cavern to be of the same rocky character as the bed of the arroyo (canyon). I knew it was not mineral bearing, but my curiosity was aroused and I concluded to go to the end of the tunnel. In my pocket I had a small lighting battery and incandescent bulb, and when it grew dark in the cave by reason of my distance from the entrance, I used this to illuminate my pathway. For fully half a mile I found the cave to open on before me. At that point I stopped, overcome by surprise. In all that region I had not seen a sign of human presence, recent or ancient, until now. But before me, only partially exposed, stood a house, presenting its corner and part of two heavy walls of basalt. I dropped my lumen in my surprise, and it broke on the rocky floor, extinguishing the light. But it was not altogether dark about me, for daylight filtered in from some source.

"Long I stood there in that gloomy cavern, gazing upon the ruined house. Whence had come its builders, and in what forgotten age? Where had they gone? Was this a solitary building, or were there others hidden in the sands of the plain nearby, but not uncovered? Conjecture had here full play, for in all the annals of Poseid, covering decades of centuries with concisely written records, no mention was made of any people, civilized, or even savage, having had inhabitants on this "No Man's Land." The only tenable conclusion was that I now gazed upon the relic of some people so ancient as to antedate even Poseid's forty centuries.

"At length I crossed the cave's short width in order more closely to examine this remnant of the dim past, a past forgotten even when Poseid was young. In the side of the building nearest to me was a doorway through the smooth, finely chiseled basalt blocks forming the wall. Partly ajar swung a door, apparently formed of a single slab of basalt about six inches thick by the proper proportions otherwise. Impelled by curiosity, I stepped into the room, which was easily done without disturbing the door from the position

it had so long occupied. My reason greatly disliked the admission that even a stone structure should so long have withstood the effects of time; but it was only thus explainable, so I dismissed conjecture for the time.

"I found the three dimensions of the interior apparently equal, and about sixteen feet every way. There was but the single door to give entrance. Excepting two parallel openings in the roof, formed by placing a stone of less width by a span on either side of the opening it would otherwise have filled, there was no break in the solid masonry. The floor, which was thinly covered by sand, I found to be made of granite, the jointure of which was as perfect as that of the walls -- not a sheet of paper could have been slipped between any two blocks. After exploring thus far, I leaned against the wall, near enough to the door to touch it without change of place, and letting my gaze rest on the barred grating in the ceiling, gave myself to reflection. How cold and gloomy it seemed in that lonely room, relic of a bygone age, forgotten by even so old a race as ours.

"The solid construction, the simple severity of its plan, all forcibly brought to mind the descriptions given of persons in Poseid in ante-Main days. Was it the solitary example of building skill of its constructors in which I now stood, or was it one of a collection forming a buried city? How this particular building came to be clear of sand in its interior was easy to see. The rain waters had percolated through the shallow soil above, and had run through the crack which I have mentioned as giving light to the cavern. A part of the flow had gone outside, thus exposing two sides of the corner of the house; the rest of the water, running on the flat roof, had entered through the grating. Seeping thence through the sand in the room it had carried it out of the door standing open at the side..."

The following is titled, 'THE DESTRUCTION OF ATLANTIS AND LEMURIA - A CONVERSATION WITH BONNIE', and was edited by

William Hamilton (it appeared in the Winter, 1980 issue of 'THE NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL'; pp.50-53):

So many people responded to my article on the 'Lermurian' girl, Bonnie (actually, 'Bonnie' claimed to be descended from an ancient people called the 'NagaMayas' - Branton), that I have decided to impart further information as given by Bonnie, in hopes that it can clarify certain mysteries that we are all trying to solve. The following questions and answers are condensed and edited from a conversation we had in August, 1978.....

Q. Were there ten races on Lemuria?

A. They were called sub-races. There was still only one race.

Q. You once said that the early Lemurians came from the planet Aurora?

A. Yes, and at that time the sun (of Earth) was giving off entirely too much radiation resulting in shorter life spans. The HYPROBEANS went inside this planet. They entered at the polar entrances, inside of where there is another sun which has no radioactive effect. These people still live there in the major city of Shamballah. They are still ruled by the hereditary King of the World. The people who remained on top degenerated into what we call the fourth race. (Note: Bonnie corrected my first article's spelling of Hyper Beings and said it should be Hyprobeans or Tripolians).

Q. Did they continue to degenerate?

A. They continued to degenerate. There came to be more differences in the races. They started mental degeneration to the point of warring on each other. Before, fighting was unheard of.

Q. Did they have technology at that time?

A. At that time, the technology was quite high. The Lemurians started shrinking in stature from about 12 ft. to about 9 ft. The fourth race was about 9 ft. tall. The

people started taking on the color of the land. The Atlantean skins were taking on a reddish hue. Asian and Lemurian skins took on a yellowish hue. (NOTE: 'Adam' means red-man!)

Q, OK, so we had some kind of war going on at that time?

A. Right! ... The fourth race. We started to grade into the fifth race at the time the war started... At this time Atlantis chose to break away from the Motherland Mu. Atlantis was getting more and more vindictive. They were living under the Law of the One - the One God. The Lemurians were the major race at this time which had developed into the Uighers, the Naga-Mayas, and Quetzalcoatl. The Quetzels at this time started leaving Lemuria in droves.

Q. Where did they go?

A. To North America, then on to the Scandinavian countries. Some of them went south into Central and South America and some of their decedents are still there. Explorers have brought back records of white Indians (true).

Q. Do you know who Quetzalcoatl and Viracocha were?

A. Quetzalcoatl was Venusian. Viracocha was a Lemurian High Priest who went to South America upon the destruction of Lemuria.

Q. What sent Lemuria to the bottom - a war or natural catastrophe?

A. It was a blowing out of Archean gas chambers. When the earth was forming, huge gas pockets were formed, cavities within the earth, some of which were just a few feet wide, but thousands of miles long. The scientists started detecting the weakening of the Archean gas chambers on their instruments... and at that time the earth's magnetic field was getting very erratic.

Q. Did you have contact with extraterrestrials at that time?

A. At that time we were still in contact with the Federation. Lemuria and Atlantis were both members of the Federation.

Q. Did they have air travel and space travel?

A. Yes, they did. Atlantis and Lemuria could both travel to other planets.

Q. What was the name of the King of Atlantis at that time?

A. Chronos.

Q. What was the name of the King of Lemuria at that time?

A. Triton was one of his names. The high priest was called a Ramu.

Q. And - your father is now?

A. A Ramu

Q. What is it that destroyed Atlantis?

A. After the destruction of Lemuria, which was caused by natural catastrophe, for a long time the planet was unstable for about 200 or 300 years. The pyramids were built before the destruction of Lemuria. At this time the Atlanteans were becoming difficult and several of them who believed in the Law of the One did not care for what the scientists were doing. The scientists were experimenting with monster crystals that had unbelievable power.

Q. Were there any biological experiments like cloning or with DNA?

A. Yes, there were. This had been going on for hundreds of years by that time. They were using the "things" as their slaves. Some people left Atlantis at this time and came to Mt. Shasta where the Lemurians built a city called Telos. (Note: In Greek, 'Telos' means 'Uttermost', however any connection to the Shasta city is merely guesswork - Branton)

Q. Now the Atlanteans started experimenting with huge

crystals - were these the fire crystals?

A. Yes, they generated by cosmic energy. It is the cut of the crystal which causes the generation (wavelength?). It draws it out of the atmosphere (the energy) and generates it into a high force and higher vibration. It has no moving parts. The crystal has an inner fire - they change colors. The crystals the Atlanteans used built up energy they could not control.

Q. Is this the secret of the power source on flying saucers?

A. Yes, a lot of it is crystals, particularly the atmospheric vehicles. The planet-to- planet vehicles are driven by an Ion-Mercury engine. Spaceships can reach speeds way beyond light - they can enter hyperspace - you generate into the fourth dimension - this is controlled by an on-board computer that takes you into and out of hyperspace. I know this is a simplification. When your on a ship going into hyperspace, you will hear this vibration and a loud screaming sound when you enter, then you will hear nothing. (I have had many correlations on this data and am researching it further toward a comprehensive theory of space travel - Bill Hamilton).

Q. Do ships travel between galaxies?

A. Yes, that is usually when you enter hyperspace when you are going a far, far distance.

Q. Have you heard stories of any advanced beings out there?

A. Yes, they are near the center of the Universe.

Q. What is at the Center?

A. We call it the seat of God - the generation of energy. (or apparently the origin and center of the so-called 'Big Bang' from which the universe was created. - Branton)

Q. Can anyone go there?

A. In the bodies we are in, it is hard to go near there. In the astral, it's possible. (NOTE: She calls God - Tamil)

Q. Now, back to Atlantis. How did it get destroyed?

A. Atlantis was taking pot shots with their crystals at China. China was still a fairly strong colony of Lemuria and refused to come under Atlantean domination. At that time Atlantis was trying to dominate the world. And they didn't dare pick on the Hyprobeans in the earth's center. During the last change in the poles, the entrances were inaccessible because of (the) ice and cloud cover. Atlanteans had set up colonies in Egypt... Atlanteans, Lemurians, and extraterrestrials built the pyramids as they knew they were needed to stabilize the planet during the coming cataclysms. The pyramid in the Matto Grosso in Brazil still hasn't been found. That was built using radioactive paste. Sound was used to levitate the stone blocks.

Q. Now - on the destruction itself?

A. The Atlanteans were taking pot shots at China and they were using a form of vibrating crystal rays off certain elements in the atmosphere and bouncing them off satellites in orbit around earth. At this time earth had two moons. One of them was taken out of its course by the Atlanteans, the smaller moon. They were vibrating the rays of the crystal higher and higher and hoping to direct the small moon as a missile aimed at China and India. The Atlanteans' major crystal was located near Bimini (island) and they could not control it as the force went higher and higher and the moon plunged to earth, split in two and fell on the heads of the Atlanteans themselves, bringing about their final destruction.

The following letter, sent in to Richard Shaver, was published on pages 28-29 of the SHAVER MYSTERY MAGAZINE, Vol.1 - No.2 (1947):

Dear Mr. Shaver:

I have read every story that you have written for Amazing and Fantastic Stories from "I Remember Lemuria" down to the present time and the only way that I can express

my appreciation of them is just to say that I think they're TOPS!

The only kick that I have to make is that things just don't move fast enough. I would like to tell you about a friend of mine. His name is C. J. Spillman, I met him when he was racking pool balls in a local billiard parlor. As a joke a friend of mine told me to ask him if I could read his manuscripts. The joke was on me. He did. Here is an outline of his "story" and some of the pertinent facts that he told me which were not mentioned in the "story."

Mr. Spillman wrote this story at the insistence of a friend. It was never intended to be published but was just for the entertainment of his friend. In 1912 Mr. Spillman was asked to make a trip to South America with two friends of his. One of his friends whom we shall call "Mr. Jones" recently had come into an inheritance from his grandfather. His making this trip was a stipulation in the will. After arriving in San Simon (I believe this was the name of the town), Bolivia, they left civilization. After many days travel they arrived at a place which looked as if it had been bombed. After looking around through the jumble of rocks, they found an opening to a small cave. Inside a little ways the cave gradually got larger until it was large enough to walk around in, comfortably. For the space of about three days, the three walked down and ever down. At the end of this time they came into a cavern which was so large they could not see the other side of it. Coming toward them were three men who were about eight feet tall and who looked exactly alike. They looked like Christ must have looked because of the their faces and their long flowing white hair. These men took them to their city and made them welcome.

Facts about them: they were all males. They were all vegetarians. They thought it cannibalistic to eat meat. They reproduced artificially. They were an exploration party from another planet...

Mr. Shaver, I could go on for three or four pages telling you about Mr. Spillman's manuscript but I won't. I just wanted you to get some idea of what it's like because Mr. Spillman is just as sincere as you are when he said he

had this adventure.

Now, Mr. Shaver, I'm going to start haranguing you. That's no news, but there are a few things I want you to know. Do the people in the caves need help? And if they do, how can we help them? Do they need men to fight? How can a person get to the caves?...

I am quoting this from your article "Voices in The Night" in the Shaver Mystery Club Magazine. Quote: Voices in the night say: "Tell 'em outright, get 'em down here, we need 'em plenty!"

Mr. Shaver, please, if they need help, let's give it to them. There must be plenty of men who believe in you and are willing to go with you.

I am 24 years old and a fireman for the Southern Pacific Railroad, but right now I am laying off and going to radio school. I have been studying radio for three years. I have a private pilot's license and used to own my own plane. I am a high school graduate, weight 185 pounds, am six feet tall and considered very healthy. Yes, I'm a veteran too; I have worked at most everything; mined coal, worked in the shipyards, aircraft plants, copper smelters, railroads and know the United States exceptionally well.

The reason I'm telling you these things, Mr. Shaver, is that I'm willing anytime to go along to the caves with you and fight like the very devil.

So long for now Mr. Shaver. Sincerely ... Wayne D. Simpson, 1708 W. Madison St., Phoenix, Arizona.

The next letter also appeared in the SHAVER MYSTERY MAGAZINE, Vol.1 - No.2 (1947); on pages 32-34:

Dear Mr. Shaver:

In the first Shaver Mystery Mag. on the last page in "Letters From Readers," I read a letter from "Henry West" of 138 Lincoln St., Midvale, Utah. This chap's experience is similar to one I had with my first husband.

To set the scene I must tell you that we were living at a gold mine in the Organ Mts. in New Mexico about sixty miles or more northwest of El Paso, Texas. My husband was

top-ground Engineer and I was state Bookkeeper.

Often on Sundays we would get in our eight cyl. Stude. and with our wolf-hound leave "The Bean Blossom" mine, I believe they called it and go exploring on our own.

Far up on the scarred Mt. we noticed signs of an old abandoned Mine. We parked the car at it's base and with only a 22 rifle and our wolf-dog, started to climb the ore-splattered Mt. side. Arriving at the Mine's entrance we entered a large room in which early miners had evidently lived, for old stoves, broken beds and empty cans littered the space.

At the rear a great iron fire-door gaped open. We walked through into an immense, throne-like room where the ceiling and near-by walls sparkled with "fools-gold and copper hues."

Deciding to explore further, we built a huge fire from old boxes and crates found in the once lived front room. We lighted pine slabs and re-entered the Mine. We walked a great distance until looking back, our bond-fire became a small torch of distance.

We had taken the left side of the mine on going in. We decided to get out of there and finally turned right and started back. My husband led the way and soon outdistanced me. My pine torch was flickering out so I called to him. He yelled back to keep coming in a straight line. I could see his pine torch bobbing far ahead of me.

I reached out my left hand, still holding my dimming torch and felt empty space. That didn't startle me at the time. Then, my right hand encountered hard rock, a wall-like structure. I kept my right hand on it and stumbled on. Finally, I threw away my now glowing embered torch and as I did so, I saw it go down, down until the glowing ember was swallowed up by darkness. I stood perfectly still. I was afraid to go on and I was afraid to stay. I hadn't heard that torch hit anything. I got down on my... knees and crawled, keeping my right shoulder brushing that rock wall. Finally I drew near the lighted entrance where our bonfire was throwing its beams. I got up and ran to my husband and told him about the incident. Naturally man-like(??) he pooh-poohed the idea and said he'd show me I was wrong.

This time we took an armful of lighted fagots (torch branches) and as we neared the spot where we had walked and I had later crawled on a narrow ledge about eighteen inches wide. To the left of the ledge was an immense hole. It gaped inky-black. We dropped and rolled rocks into space and no noise came up. My husband's face was a pasty white when we reached our bonfire.

Back at our own Mine we told an old sour-dough about it. First he bawled H--- out of us and then he told us the great hole was known as a "Glory-Hole." Miners avoided those places and that accounted for the rock wall. The Miners had left it standing between them and the immense Glory Hole.

Now where do you suppose this great cavity leads to? This happened in 1932. Could it connect with Carlsbad Cavern? That has never been fully explored. "Glory-Hole" must mean that if someone stepped into it one would go to "Glory."

Another strange thing has happened to me, twice in the past year. A very warm something has hit my feet coming through my shoe soles. This has happened in the same spot in my living room. This very warm sensation streaked like lightning toward my knees then died out.

I very foolishly told a friend and she rather insultingly told me (don't laugh now), that it was probably some change taking place in me. First I'm too young and second, I asked a Doctor and after his diagnosis he told me, "NO." So where did that very warm sensation come from through my shoe soles? No, I'm not over a furnace and I'm on the third floor, with no radiators near that spot.

Thanks for the letter of explanation and the interesting Mag. Sincerely ... Helen Compton Gordon, 6334 Ingleside Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

(Shaver's reply:)

Dear Mrs. Gordon:

Nearly everyone, if they tell the truth carefully, has had similar experiences to the heat ray on your feet. If you read Chas. Fort's books, you would find cases of dozens of people who burn up, without even scorching their clothes!

But don't worry, it is just an inquisitive (?) taking a look. Usually a child, the older ones would not betray their presence, being more skilled.

About the Glory Hole, we have dozens of these to look into --- if we could. Some of them with weird phenomena... For instance the place where Tannhauser courted Venus is still waiting in Germany, called the Venusbeurg -- the Hollow Hill of the opera. No one will live near it because of the devilish things that happen. It is supposed to be the abode of Devils.

Hope you will stick with the Mystery till we really get to the bottom of some of these Glory holes. - Richard Shaver

The following letter appeared on page 35 of the same issue of the 'SHAVER MYSTERY MAGAZINE'; Vol.1 - No.2 (1947):

Dear Mr. Shaver:

"...While I was in Colorado during the war, I heard some interesting stories about Pike's Peak which was seven or nine miles from our camp. One old timer told me about hearing falls of rocks that seemed to be INSIDE the mountain. Geologists have heard these rock falls and seem to think the mountain had hollow spots or caverns in it. I had several others tell me about hearing rocks falling as if underground.

The country has a layer of limestone running under a lava cap and other softer stone. I had went through one small cave in the area. This cavern was nearly on top of a high hill. We went down some three hundred (feet) before we climbed back up to the upper entrance. Parts of this cavern had not been opened to the public and some may not even be explored as of yet. As they make enough funds, they explore and open up the sections of the cave. They say there are other caves in the area but none have been found that are large enough to warrant consideration. -- Howard F. Griffin, Oregon State College, Corvallis, Oregon.

The following articles, which appeared in the London Daily Telegraph, were contributed by another friend and former correspondent of mine, Ray Archer of England. Another reference to these 'Venezuelan Craters' appeared in Vol.II - No.4 of this 'INNER-EARTH ENTRANCES' series:

From the DAILY TELEGRAPH, Monday, February 4, 1974:

LOST WORLD SOUGHT IN 650-FT. HOLE

By Our Caracas Correspondent

A 30-MAN "lost world" expedition leaves Caracas tomorrow for a jungle-covered plateau in Southern Venezuela in quest of prehistoric life.

The objective is Sarisarinama, a 5,500-ft tableland mountain close to the Brazilian border, 500 miles south of the capital.

On the top of the plateau is a geologically unexplained, 300-yd wide, 650-ft deep, vertical-walled hole, with jungle and a river at the bottom, first sighted from the air in 1964.

The hole is in rock which is among the oldest formations in the world... Conditions on the plateau have apparently changed very little since life first appeared on earth.

Scientists believe that life forms in the hole have not undergone the mutations of evolution and are thus prehistoric.

The descent into the hole will be made by a British climber, Mr. David Nott and the Venezuelan leader on the expedition, Senor Charles Brewercarias.

They will drop by rope from the hovering helicopter to the edge and descend to the bottom, leaving fixed ropes in place.

From the DAILY TELEGRAPH, Sunday, February 17, 1974:

'LOST WORLD' MEN GO BACK

By John Weaver

Three members of a "lost world" expedition will prepare to be lowered 800 feet down an eerie crater in the Venezuelan jungle today a few hours after they had been rescued in their search for prehistoric life.

The men, including Mr. David Nott, 'The Daily Telegraph' correspondent in Venezuela, were hauled to surface safety from the same crater on a rope ladder. They brought with them strange plants never before seen by man.

With Mr. Nott were Dr. Charles Brewer Carias, who is expedition leader and an official of the Venezuelan Natural Science Society, and his brother, James.

'VERY SCARY'

Yesterday tropical downpours cut radio communication between Caracas and the expedition 450 miles away in the jungles. Mr. Nott's wife, Mariela, said to me by telephone from Caracas: "It is very scary..."

"There is no noise or anything down there and the slightest sound could start an avalanche. There is a lot of danger but they won't tell me much about that because they don't want me to panic."

The three men, who were rescued after four hazardous days, rested in their base camp yesterday. They have to decide how to retrieve more of the prehistoric fauna and flora in the craters.

They suffered only slight dehydration after sleeping in hammocks hanging from their climbing ropes in bad weather. But there was always the danger of poisonous reptiles.

The unknown carnivorous plants they retrieved from the bottom of the crater will prove difficult to keep alive on the surface because of the differences in climate.

The explorers flew to the 5,000 ft. tableland mountain Sarisarinama 10 days ago to penetrate deep into the hole 300 yards wide first sighted from the air in 1964. The hole,

which has no geological explanation, revealed a jungle and a river at the bottom.

Conditions (inside) the plateau apparently have changed little since life first appeared on earth. The expedition has been surprised at the scarcity of animal life in the thick jungle.

PREHISTORIC LIFE

The scientists, who plan to stay another two weeks, hope to confirm their belief that life forms in the hole have escaped the mutations of evolution and are thus prehistoric.

The team experienced difficulty on its first descent when the rock walls changed to soft substances. This made it difficult to secure ropes for each stage of the search in the subterranean jungle.

Mr. Nott, who is 45, is a former instructor at the Eskdale Outward Bound School.

From the DAILY TELEGRAPH, Friday, February 22nd, 1974:

'LOST WORLD' EXPLORERS REACH SURFACE

By Our Caracas Correspondent

Three explorers climbed to the surface yesterday after two days at the bottom of the second of the giant holes near the northern edge of the "lost world" Sarisarinama Plateau in Venezuela.

Charles Brewer-Carias, 35, leader of the expedition exploring the holes., Frederico Isasi, 27, radio expert., and Dr. Jesus Diaz, 26, reached the bottom of the 450-ft hole by rope and wire ladder, on Monday. They penetrated 180 feet of underground tunnels but were unable to prove the supposed connection between this hole and its 900-ft deep companion about a mile away.

The explorers brought up to the surface two sacks of plant specimens including some carnivorous types. Several of the plants have been reported by radio to be new species.

The following account appeared on page 75 of the November,

1955 issue of FATE magazine, and was titled, 'MYSTERY OF THE SINKING ROAD':

"In April, 1954, six miles south from New Castle, Pa., a section of Route 18 caved in, carrying with it telephone poles, road signs and grass on both sides of the road. The Sinking left a 450-yard gap in the road with a huge pit 50 feet deep.

"The State Highway Department sent engineers from Harrisburg to determine the cause of the sinking and to repair it. The experts decided that a shifting clay stratum had caused the roadbed to sink and recommended that the hole be filled in.

"For a week 1600 cubic feet of filler material was poured into the hole -- 24,000 pounds altogether. The engineers were confident that they could fill the hole to the road level -- but suddenly the sinking began again. The new road sank 50 feet. The State Highway Department gave up. It now appears that it will be necessary to build a bypass around this bottomless pit. The Pennsylvania Railroad already has closed its tracks nearby and rerouted traffic to another line."

The following story titled: "SUBTERRANEAN TRAIN", appeared on page 74 of the March, 1956 issue of FATE magazine:

"In 1875 at Pueblo, Colo., a locomotive and several cars were derailed into quicksand. They sank out of sight almost at once. Workmen later probed down to a depth of 50 feet -- but they never found the vanished train."

The following information appeared on pages 8-9 of the September, 1956 issue of FATE magazine:

It seems impossible to believe that these persistent reports, these frequent sightings, are hallucinations. But

consider several other matters recently reported in the newspapers. What about these?

Alfred Scadding of Kingswood Road, Toronto, Ont., (Canada) is the sole survivor of three men trapped in the famous 1936 Moose River Mine disaster. Recently Scadding made a confession to George Bryant of the TORONTO DAILY STAR.

Minutes before the mine caved in, he said, he was on his way to join the others.

"I came to a cross-cut, a tunnel running across the one I was in, and as I passed I looked left. I saw a small light, like a flashlight, about two feet from the ground and swinging as if in someone's hand, moving away from me.

"Yet, as we later learned, there wasn't another human being down there at that time."

Bryant recalls the belief of older miners in the reality of gnomes. If they are seen it portends a big strike or a major disaster.

"And two minutes after I saw that light the mine came in on us."

After they were trapped, Scadding and Dr. Eddie Robinson, both conscious and apparently clear-headed, heard a sound like children playing off in the distance.

"There was shouting and laughter, as of little people having fun," he says.

"We both heard it so clearly we thought there was a vent to the surface. But there wasn't. It went on for 24 hours..."

The following information comes from an article in UFO REVIEW - #9., titled: "THE BRISTOL HUM", by Jon Douglas Singer, M.A.:

"...The idea of underground cities is not as far-fetched as it might seem at first glance because archaeologists have actually entered some and excavated a few of the tunnels! These are in Turkey, according to Dr. Ron Anjard, who is an expert on subterranean cities for PURSUIT magazine, the journal of the 'Society for the Investigation of the

Unexplained', issue of Summer, 1978.

"One is at Derinkuyu, Turkey, and nearby are no less than 30 of the vast tunnel complexes. They had bedrooms, storage chambers, wine cellars, toilets, and kitchens. There were ventilation ducts and some cities even had tunnels connecting them to other, nearby underground cities in a sort of precursor of the Manhattan subway system!

"One of the cities had as many as 100,000 people, Artifacts found in the city at Derinkuyu village dated the site to 2000 B.C. The floor plan of the cities couldn't be mapped in their entirety because a cataclysm caused cave-ins and flooding in the lowest levels. The name of the people who built the underground cities is unknown, and the names of the individual cities are lost. It appears that the unknown civilization was destroyed by the invading Hittite's, an Indo-European people whose horse-drawn war chariots and bronze battle-axes were superior to the weapons of the subterranean people.

"Later, the caves were briefly re-inhabited by Christian Byzantine Greeks who were fleeing from Arab Turkish invaders.

"Anjard added that there were buried cities in France, his source being Erich Von Daniken. No details were given. He also stated that there were 44 ancient underground cities in North America, six being on the West Coast. No details were given, and Anjard's sources were anonymous American Indians.

"...Jets are probably not the cause of peculiar booming or rumbling noises that are heard in my own state of Connecticut. The sounds are heard near the towns of East Haddam and Moodus, which is why local residents refer to them as 'Moodus Noises.' The very name, Moodus, means, 'Land of Strange Noises' in the old Indian language. I first heard of the Moodus Noises while reading the books of Charles Fort, such as 'THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED', 'LO!', and 'NEW LANDS'. These accounts of odd phenomena were written in the 1920's, so I didn't think that the Moodus Noises were still known about or heard today.

"...There are caves on 'Cave Hill' outside Moodus where Indians once lived and where the witches once congregated,

according to legend.

"Hobamacko, the Indians' version of Satan, resided on Mt. Tom near Moodus and the Indians made pilgrimages there. The god Mackimoodus is reputed to live under the earth, where he sits on a great sapphire throne in a huge cavern..."

The News-story which follows, appeared in the January 4, 1903 issue of the NEW YORK HERALD, Page 8: (Credit: Lucius Farish):

"FAIL TO EXPLORE HAUNTED MINE" - (Another Futile Effort to Enter Famous Shaft in Texas. - HURLED FROM OPENING - Man Who Made Vain Trial Describes Astonishing Experience. - ALPINE, TEXAS, Saturday).

"--Another futile effort has just been made to explore the shaft and underground workings of the so-called haunted Refugio mine, in the Chispa Mountains, sixty miles southwest of here.

"The mine was worked by the Spaniards more than a century ago. It was abandoned and forgotten until about twenty years ago, when an American mining engineer, Henry Boyd, while looking up the title to a Mexican mining property, came across a mention of it in the archives of the State of Coahuila, at Saltillo. Mexico.

"The records gave a careful description of the property and its location. They showed that it was worked for forty years prior to 1791, and that it produced during that time more than \$7,000,000 of silver ore.

"Accompanied by a Mexican guide, he left Saltillo for the Chispa Mountains.

"It was a long and fatiguing trip, and the two men experienced great hardships until they reached the little Mexican settlements along the Rio Grande south of here, where they made their headquarters while they made expeditions into the rough country north of them in search of the mine.

"The records showed in a general way where the mine was situated, but the exact spot could not be found until a

Mexican shepherd one day informed Boyd that he could show him the ruins of an ancient smelter. These ruins were situated in a deep canyon, and after a patient search Mr. Boyd came upon the mouth of the shaft.

LADDER MADE OF HIDES

"A crude ladder, made of the hides of wild animals, still hung in the shaft, and other evidences of a sudden abandonment of the mine were seen. What occurred when Mr. Boyd attempted to explore the mine is told in a letter which he wrote to James E. Meade, who resided in San Antonio at that time, but has engaged in business here for several years. The letter said:

"'A horrible and most astonishing thing has happened to me when I attempted to explore the mine. My moze (servant), Pedro, let me down to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of about one hundred feet, by means of a rope.

"'The candle gave poor light, but I could see that a great deal of net ore still remained in the workings. I had started to explore one of the drifts, when a noise like the bursting of a thousand cannons sounded in my ears and was followed by a terrific rush of air which came from the drift that I was about to enter.

"'I was lifted off of my feet and thrown against the rock walls of the shaft with such force that I was badly bruised and almost knocked senseless. The rush of air gradually subsided, and as it did so there came echoing out of the murky drift one of the most piercing and plaintive cries I have ever heard.

"'It was a wail that produced indescribable and uncontrollable terror in me. I fled for the rope, and quickly tying it around my body, I yelled to the Mexican to draw me up.

"'There was no response from above. I yelled and yelled, but Pedro did not come to the rope. I then realized that he had heard the mysterious demonstration and had fled in his superstitious terror.

"'It was lucky that the rope was fastened to a mesquite trunk on the surface, as I was able to draw myself out of

the shaft hand over hand, bracing my feet against the walls. Just as I reached the surface the underground phenomenon was repeated.

MEXICAN FIVE MILES AWAY

"My Mexican was found at the home of a sheepherder five miles away. The story that the mine is haunted has spread throughout the Mexican settlements here, and as I can get no one to help me, I have abandoned all hope of further exploring the wonderful mine at this time.'

"Mr. Boyd went to San Antonio to organize an expedition to undertake the work of exploring the mine. Before he had got his men together he died.

"Mr. Meade then took charge of the expedition. They spent three months at the mine, but only one attempt was made to explore the underground workings, and that experience was so terrifying that the men, including the Americans and Mexicans, threatened to leave if forced to make another effort.

"They sunk a shaft near the old one to a depth of fifty feet, but the noises became so pronounced that the workmen refused to go on with it, and the whole project was abandoned.

"Since then many attempts have been made to explore the mine, but the experience has proved more than any man is willing to stand a second time.

"Captain Louis Sefton was at the head of the latest expedition to the haunted site. He is one of the most prominent stockmen in Texas and has a reputation for great courage. In a spirit of adventure, he left his ranch in Sutton county a few days ago for the mine, taking with him a half dozen of his cowboys.

"They let the rope ladder down into the old shaft, and Captain Sefton and two of his cowboys went down to the bottom. All was quiet, and they had just started to enter the drift when the phenomenon suddenly broke forth in all its fury.

"The three men were hurled with great force several feet and thrown repeatedly against the jagged rocks of the

shaft. It was only with the greatest effort that they could climb to the surface. Their bodies were covered with bruises and their clothing was torn.

"'I am not superstitious,' Captain Sefton said, in describing his experiences, 'but if the interior of that mine is not an inferno occupied by hellish spirits I won't believe what I see with my own eyes hereafter.'"

On page 47 of the Summer, 1980 issue of 'THE NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL', there appeared an article written Albert Roger, titled 'IS THERE A SHANGRI-LA IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS?':

"A report came out in the early 1940's of a small winding path that led up one of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado... As the path neared the top of the hill, it turned to continue on a level course onward. But... just where the path turned there was an outcropping of rock and shrubbery, and behind the rocks there was a small cave entrance. It was barely wide enough to squeeze oneself into, and the tunnel that started at the back of the cave ran straight into the mountain for a distance of about a quarter mile.

"This tunnel had several side exits and one of them led to an open valley that was entirely surrounded by the mountain, and was thus inaccessible from the outside, except by going through the tunnel. This open valley was described as a garden paradise, a veritable 'Shangri-La', as in it there grew trees, grass, all in abundance, and there was evidence of former habitants here, built in the fashion of the cliff-dwellers. Rooms and apartments were hollowed out along the sides of the mountain, facing the hidden valley.

"The report also stated that some treasure in the form of jewels, gold bars and ancient coins were to be found there, but all this was then guarded by the Spirit of the mountain. Those who discovered this place were sworn to secrecy, but it was predicted that, in coming decades ahead, all this would once more be revealed to man, revealed

perhaps by some seismic disturbance such as an earthquake or landslide. The ancient Records say that such things are hidden at present because man is too materialistic, and too blind to the true values of the Spiritual Life.

"These tunnels are not natural formations, but were made by ancient man - using rock-dissolving rays... This network of tunnels can be found mostly inside and beneath the mountain chains that extend the length of the Americas, namely the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, and there are also tunnels extending beneath the ocean beds and connecting several continents. The tunnels that connect South America to Antarctic may go through Rainbow City, which is located under the Antarctic Ice Cap. Certain tunnels have been obliterated or blocked by natural disasters, in time past... There are predictions of Buddhist origin, stating that when the end of our present civilization comes, the people from inside the Earth will come to the surface, patterned no doubt, after the underground civilization where they have lived for many millennia..."

The following Newspaper clipping was sent in to Richard Toronto, former editor of the Newsletter SHAVERIRON (now <http://www.shavertron.com>). It appeared in issue #4, pp.7-8 of that 'zine'. Since this article appears in the very early 1980's, much more exploration of the cavern system has no doubt been accomplished... the story continues:

CAVER'S FIND LINK

DISCOVERIES PUSH MAMMOTH CAVE LENGTH TO 212 MILES

A Cave Research Foundation explorer team of four men and one woman has discovered an 850 foot passageway that connects Mammoth Cave to Proctor Cave. Mammoth Cave was nearly 197 miles long prior to the new linkup, and was the longest cave in the world. The new discoveries and the connection add 15 miles to the total length to make Mammoth Cave 212 miles long.

Announcement of the discovery was made jointly Monday by CRF officials and the National Park Service at a press conference at Mammoth Cave.

W. Calvin Welbourn, president of the Cave Research Foundation (CRF), said the discoveries are the most significant finds in Mammoth Cave National Park since 1972. At that time a connection was found between the Flint Ridge Cave System and Mammoth Cave.

The trip was led by Roger W. Brucker, 50, an advertising executive of Yellow Springs, Ohio. It lasted 24 hours and included crawling through body-size crawl ways and chimneying along projection-studded canyons for several miles. The August 11 connection trip began at the Frozen Niagara Entrance of Mammoth Cave.

The final 850 feet was explored by Dr. John Wilcox, 42, a research engineer from Coolspring, PA., and Tom Gracanin, 23, a graduate student in geology at the Ohio State University in Columbus, OH.

The two explorers stripped to avoid soaking their clothing, and pushed into a low ceiling water passage that provided only four inches of air space for breathing for the first 50 feet.

"After that we squeezed through a muddy crawlway for about 200 feet to a small stream. We followed the stream to a large river passage we recognized as one we had found earlier in Proctor Cave," explained Tom Gracanin.

According to the two, the passage containing the stream was so small they had to crawl with one ear in the water in places. At the connection point the passage opened into a larger river from an obscure hole near the ceiling of the passage.

"Chances are we would not have found the connection from the Proctor Cave, and because the ceiling lead was hidden in shadow," said John Wilcox.

Other members of the exploration party were Lynn Weller, 22, an electrical engineering student at the Ohio State University and resident of Columbus, OH., and Tom Brucker, an audio service manager from Nashville, TN.

This latest find is part of a wave of cave discoveries that began on May 27, 1979, when Roger Brucker and Lynn

Weller repelled 150 feet down ropes in Proctor Cave. They found a passage 50 feet wide by 30 feet high containing a river flowing at the rate of 25 cubic feet per second (16 million gallons per day). They named it Hawkins River after the superintendent of Mammoth Caves National Park, Amos Hawkins.

Subsequent explorations through the Summer of 1979 revealed one marvel after another. The river was followed 1000 feet to a T-intersection. The explorers used divers' wet suits and inner tubes to push the right-hand fork one-half mile to a place where the passage continues unexplored.

The left-hand fork leads to miles of spectacular passageways decorated with live flowstone, stalactites, and stalagmites. Some chambers are as large as 100 feet wide by 60 feet high.

The explorers left many leads unchecked as they probed the main river passage. Many of those are walking-height passages up to 20 feet wide by 10 feet high. Roger Brucker estimated that the discoveries could easily total 30 miles of passageway by the time the leads are fully explored and the rivers pushed to their ends.

Prior to the connection, the Flint-Mammoth Cave System was already known as the world's longest. In 1972 the Flint Ridge Cave System in Mammoth Cave National Park was the longest listed cave at 87 miles. Mammoth Cave ranked third with 58 miles mapped. In September, 1972, John Wilcox led a team of 'Cave Research Foundation' explorers that found the natural connection between the two caves through a stream passage. The linkup formed a single cave system about 145 miles long.

Since that time CRF survey teams have been making discoveries steadily. By the summer of 1979 they had extended the total length of the cave system to about 197 miles.

Proctor Cave, in Mammoth Cave National Park, was discovered in 1863 by Jonathon Doyle. He found about a half-mile of passageways near the entrance. Later Larkin J. Proctor, owner and operator of the cave, claimed to have found an underground river through a long crawlway.

In 1967 CRF mapping teams began to survey Proctor Cave. In 1970 they found the long crawlway and Mystic River, a quarter-mile stream that plunges into a pit. In 1973 explorers sent to check the pit found leads upward. They discovered a set of large upper- level walking passages, some of which were beautifully decorated with gypsum crystals. None of the upper levels had been entered by man before. By February, 1979, Proctor Cave was 6.8 miles long.

The Mammoth-Proctor cave connection was the result of more than 7600 hours of exploration by several dozen explorers. John Wilcox, who led many of the trips into Mammoth Cave leading toward the new river, said the 24 hour trips were some of the most rigorous known to modern cave explorers. Lynn Weller, who participated in many of the trips from the Proctor Cave end, said that the explorers had to be in top physical shape, and able to fit through 7 ½ - inch squeezes.

Page 3 of issue #2 of SHAVERTRON 'letterzine' (now an e-zine at: <http://www.shavertron.com>), carried the following article by Eldon K. Everett, titled 'THE DUPUIS PAPERS':

"...What about the Tacoma Caves? Well, starting around 1870, the Northern Pacific Railroad and others started importing thousands of Chinese laborers into the Tacoma area. This was illegal, of course, but it was done anyway.

"With the Chinese there came opium smuggling galore on this Northwestern counterpart to the Barbary Coast. Crime and vice (most of it laid to the pitiful Chinese) got so far out of hand, that in 1885 the 30,000 righteous citizens of Tacoma grabbed their guns and drove the several thousand Chinese out of town, most of the Orientals trekking 40 miles up the Bay to Seattle.

"It was common knowledge that the Chinese had carried on their evil trafficking through some old caves they had discovered. The legend of these caves, honeycombing the entire Peninsula, persists to this day.

"In December, 1938, Carl Dupuis deposited a 1400-word document called 'THE MYSTERIOUS CHINESE CAVES' with the Washington State Historical Society. Two typescripts of this document (Doc. #979.7781/D929X) are currently in the society's files. One of them is a recent copy, the other apparently is Dupuis' original. The copy is of the first as stands. But the original is incomplete! The last few pages, ostensibly an interview with an aged citizen of the area, have been lost or stolen.

"The material which follows is from the remaining pages of the document:

"During the spring of 1956, 'Tacoma City Light' workers were placing an electrical conduit underground

in an alley between Pacific Ave. and "A" Street, just back of the State Hotel.

"At a point approximately 73 feet south of 7th St. the crew crosscut a tunnel some ten feet below the ground. William Zimmerman, of 4305 S. L Street, entered the tunnel. It was three feet wide by five feet high and tended in a southwesterly direction, under the hotel. In the opposite direction, it angled toward Commencement Bay.

"Zimmerman found that he could walk about 50 feet in either direction. Under the Hotel, the tunnel was blocked, apparently by a cave-in. Away from the Hotel, the tunnel turned sharply toward the west, and after several feet, a gradual curve to the right again. About 30 feet from the entrance, the tunnel dipped sharply, and Zimmerman reported that it would have been necessary to use a rope to descend safely on the wet floor.

"Zimmerman also investigated the cave beneath the old Tacoma Hotel, now Stadium High School. A hill drops sharply behind this old building for some 400 feet. The hill is crossed by a little-used railroad spur but, for the most part, it is covered with fir trees and dense undergrowth. The cave entrance is supposed to be partially blocked, but still accessible. Climbing around on this hillside, which is 3 miles from downtown Tacoma, is pretty dangerous, but I have twice tried to locate the entrance, without success. "According to legend, there is also an entrance down on the Bay, some 50 feet from the foot of the hill. This is a very deserted stretch of waterfront, covered for the most part by a crumbling seawall, and the blackened timbers of the old Tacoma docks which burned many years ago. This entrance is supposed to be underwater at high tide.

"Zimmerman, so far as I know, is the only one to leave a record in print of his investigations of this cave. According to the mutilated Dupuis document, Zimmerman went back over 150 feet into the hillside, but was met with a cave-in apparently caused by the

water from the fire hoses when the top floors of the Tacoma Hotel burned over 50 years ago. "He describes a branch in the tunnel, turning to the right, and advanced the theory that it was likely that this branch connected with the tunnel on 7th Street. Another branch led off toward Pacific Ave. but apparently Zimmerman followed neither of these branches for any distance."

The following letter also appeared in SHAVERTRON, on page 9 of the #5 issue. As you may recall, Mr. Steele wrote the letter describing his "dream-trips" with space people into the hollow interior of the earth (in page 1, this volume):

MILLION \$\$ CAVE ENTRANCE REVEALED BY STEELE - NO CHARGE
An Open Letter from Henry M. Steele

"Since the deros prevent me from getting a lot of money from the govt. on certain information (I asked a million), I'll reveal the secret below. The deal was included in that long letter to Turner (head of CIA). We don't have a govt. 'for the people'. Why?

"From years of checking into things I know the governments take their orders from space travelers, dero ray, and maybe Tero-"Haves" ray. (These were terms used in Richard Shavers quasi-fictional, or allegedly fact-fictional novelettes which appeared in issues of AMAZING STORIES magazine around the mid-1900's - Branton)

"I hope you will put the above in the next issue. And the following: Here is something backing up Shaver as much as anything could in a society of government-run suppression of cavern data and related subjects. Here is what Shaver-fans have been looking for. But it takes money and time (small expeditions) to get there.

"Deros want this info kept quiet. They also harp

to me that a govt. man will read your newsletter -- probably one of those pretending to be a good fan. And they can mech-read my mind on everything and just keep quiet about it. So -- I've decided to tell how fans can get together and track down a mech-cavern staffed by Indians. As some may question how I got this data, let me explain to them:

"There are two places one can easily talk to people: Florida beaches and Texas parks. In a Dallas park one day, I talked to an Indian (Native American). To make this to the point, I know of Shaver's 'Red Legion' piece, so I just up and asked the fellow if he knew any stories pertaining to old Indian caves. He (I can't remember his name) started telling me a story he overheard as a child. His old grandmother was telling the story to some elder Indians, thinking that the Indian child was sleeping. The boy woke up in time to hear interesting details... first, know this:

"Along some Texas river is a mech cavern entrance!! Instead of having to look all over the planet we now have the specific type of place. There aren't many Texas rivers, are there?! Just follow one after another and in some months (perhaps only a few) we'll spot the large entrance. A large hole faces the river. His tribe in the olden days used this large opening to live in. At least it seemed large to these Indians. This data is the best we can ever hope for it seems -- and is something we can put to use providing money and time can be had away from jobs. A collection taken and strong boatmen/hikers appointed from us Shaver fans?

"Details: The tribe lived only in the front part of the cave. They fished and shot deer. On occasion, they would have encountered 'The Old Ones', who came from deep within the cave. These never talked or associated with the tribe. They came out for deer and fish. They lived much longer than his tribe members (via mech stim we now know) and so their specific title. At times the entrance -- Indians could hear a hum from way back in the cave. One time a few decided to see where these 'old ones' came from. They walked very, very far

back. They got in far enough to hear a (mechanical) HUM. Finally they saw the tunnel start to become dimly LIGHTED in the distance. They became frightened at this and returned. Never did they go that far again.

"This fellow didn't hear from his grandmother where their old cave was. The tribe moved from it while she was just a child. She died while he was a child.

"How correct can Shaver get?? He and Palmer (Raymond A. Palmer, AMAZING STORIES editor - this magazine continued long after his death - Branton) have stated lots of people know something of mech caverns, their people, dero tricks, etc. You bring up the matter by jut mentioning caves or people living in caverns. You get in return a Shaver type tale. Thus, no need to be just an intellectual. No need to simply believe... you know.

"If you Shaver fans would ask folks like I did sooner or later you'd get results. See how valuable you Shaver fans are for each other? Keep together, get addresses and write each other. Make new fans. - Henry.

Another letter from Henry M. Steele appeared on page 5 of the #3 issue of SHAVERTRON:

"Dear Mr. Richard R. Toronto,

"Glad and surprised to know Dot (at the time, Richard Shaver's widow - Branton) is helping a lot. Knowing your newsletter is coming out gave me a glad feeling! Many things I could write about. The deros talk to me as much as others knowing about them. Is this safe to state in a newsletter or magazine? In one or two volumes, Richard wrote the leaders (and masses) are easily mentally/emotionally rayed (i.e. victims of 'dero' electromagnetic thought-control rays or beams from underground - Branton) as their minds are too dumb to take all his data; they can't comprehend the degree of ray control on themselves.

"Do you recall Richard (Richard Shaver, not

Richard Toronto - Branton) writing in some volume that Teros had a time-traveling device? And that it was one subject he couldn't get much specific data on due to real strong dero ray interference? Well, Mr. Dick Williams told me the govt. is in some tech-caverns and can work some of the mech.

"Such caverns were ones just having the devices. One of the devices, said Williams (ex-CIA) was a time traveling device! They are using it -- have been for years.

"He explained it was not at all like we think of H.G. Well's time machine... works different.

"I can just hear Boris Karloff say in his serious way, 'Its his knowledge that can not be believed.' Shaver knew the deal with me. Two-three others I've told things to thru the years said I've investigated too far.... Sincerely., HMS., TX.

The following reports, concerning Mt. Shasta in northern California, were sent in by a friend & correspondent, Walter Kafton-Minkel of Portland, OR.:

From Sydney A Clarm's book "GOLDEN TAPESTRY OF CALIFORNIA":

"...Mt. Shasta, as well as the city of that name, and Shasta Springs, are curiously enough not in Shasta County at all but in Siskiyou County, which takes its name possibly from the Six Rocks (Six Caillous) which a pioneer French Canadian guide used as a ford to cross the Umpqua River. No county, however, is big enough to monopolize this mountain, which can be seen from many counties round about, including one or two in Oregon.

"Its name is sometimes said to be derived from the Russian word 'Tschasta', meaning 'chaste', but however desirable and romantic this might be in tribute to its eternal mantle of pure white, it is incorrect, for the

Indians bestowed the name upon it (although the Russian word DOES coincidentally seem to be very descriptive of the beauty of this mountain - Branton), and Peter Ogden, the Hudson's Bay trapper who first discovered it in 1826, merely borrowed the name already in use.

"There is an awesome air of mystery about Shasta with which few mountains seem able to clothe themselves, and this accounts, perhaps, for the absurd stories which are circulated, and often believed, about the strange village of 'Lemurians' in a glen at the mountains base.

"The Lemurians are supposed to be descendants of that race which inhabited a prehistoric continent long since vanished beneath the waters of the Pacific. Individuals and groups are always hunting for this village and in the fall of 1930 a band of Rosicrucians came from Santa Cruz and spent some time in an organized search.

"One Frater Selvius wrote a long article about it in the 'Rosicrucian Digest' of May, 1931. It discoursed at length on '...the strangest mystical village in the Western Hemisphere, where the last descendants of the ancient Lemurians, the first inhabitants of this earth, find seclusion, protection and peace... Various members of the community... in pure white, gray-haired, bare-foot and very tall have been seen on the highways and in the streets of the villages near Shasta... Many testify to having seen the strange boat, or boats, which sail the Pacific Ocean, and then rise at its shores and sail through the air to drop again in the vicinity of Shasta... This boat... has neither sails nor smokestacks.' A sufficiently tall story to satisfy most readers.

"There is much more, but... Mt. Shasta, being lost in lofty contemplation is likely to give little heed to the racial affiliations of those curious little creatures called men who make their home at its base."

'MT. SHASTA'S MYSTIC QUALITY' - From the 'Medford Mail Tribune'., 3 Mar. 1963... by Cleve & Aileen Simmers:

"...Mt. Shasta, the awe-inspiring 14,162-foot giant that decorates the center of California's Siskiyou county, means many things to many people.

"It is world famous, but for varying reasons. To some it is an enjoyable winter playground, to others an opportunity for commercial gain.

"But the mountain is perhaps most widely known for its mystic quality. Religious groups around the globe have incorporated it into their beliefs as sort of a great white God.

"Amid all the clamor, Mt. Shasta stands alone, with Shastina, her second peak, nestled on her western slope...

"Peter Skene Ogden, according to history, 'discovered' the mountain in 1827, although legends speak of it many thousands of years into the past... Geologists call it a dormant volcano with a boiling hot sulphur spring near the base of the main summit pinnacle.

"The awesome beauty and enormity of the mountain captures the attention of authors, artists, nature lovers, photographers, hikers, skiers and religious groups. But most people agree that there is something mysterious about Mt. Shasta. Even people with no interest in the occult aspect of the mountain say that it has a kind of magnetism about it.

"One of the principal legends about Mt. Shasta is that it became the refuge of escapees from the sinking continent of Lemuria, or Mu as it is often called, now lying beneath the Pacific Ocean.

INHABITANTS MIGRATE EASTWARD

According to this legend, some inhabitants of Lemuria migrated eastward when the continent began to sink, and made their way to Mt. Shasta, which loomed before then

to the east, seeming to be a natural haven.

"There are said to be descendants of these Lemurians living on or inside the mountain today. Some say they inhabit a self-contained underground city eight miles below the peak. Others say they live on the mountain slopes someplace. There is supposed to be a hidden entrance to the underground city somewhere on the mountain.

"Persons who believe in the existence of the underground city say that the Lemurians occasionally come out. Some present-day residents of the city of Mt. Shasta say they can recognize a Lemurian when he shops in town.

"An article by Edward Lanser which appeared in the 'Los Angeles Times' of May 22, 1932, had this to say about the Lemurians:

SEEN ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

"...The Lemurians have been seen on various occasions, they have been encountered in the Shasta forest, but only for a brief glimpse, for they possess the uncanny secret knowledge (similar to) the Tibetan masters and, if they desire, can blend themselves into their surroundings and vanish.

"At times they came into the neighboring towns... tall, barefoot, noble-looking men with close-cropped hair, dressed in spotless white robes that resemble in style the enveloping garments worn by the high-caste East Indian women today... to patronize certain stores.

"Indeed, the records reveal that at one time an official visit was made to the city of San Francisco by a white-robed patriarch from the mystic village. He came on foot with an escort of younger men to bring greetings and assurance of goodwill upon the anniversary of the founding of their sacred retreat in California."

The article goes on to say that these same white-robed men frequently came into stores in the city of Mt.

Shasta, making purchases with gold nuggets, usually overpaying. They were said to have bought large quantities of sulphur, lard, and salt and to have shown little interest in the gay materials and novelties of our modern civilization. Lanser's article also claimed that the 'Lemurians' donated some of their gold nuggets to the American Red Cross during World War I.

STATEMENT OF EXISTENCE

This same 1932 'Los Angeles Times' article also makes the rather startling statement that the existence of the Lemurians on or in Mt. Shasta was vouched for some years before by Edgar Lucien Larkin, for many years director of the Mt. Lowe observatory in southern California.

"Prof. Larkin, with determined sagacity," the Times article says, "penetrated the Shasta wilderness as far as he could -- or dared -- and then cleverly continued his investigations from a promontory with a powerful long distance telescope.

"What the scientist saw, he reported, was a great temple in the heart of the mystic village, a marvelous work of carved marble and onyx, rivaling in beauty and architectural splendor the magnificence of the temples of Yucatan. He saw a village housing from 600 to 100 people. They appeared to be industriously engaged in the manufacture of articles necessary for their consumption. They were engaged in farming in the sunny slopes and glens surrounding the village, with marvelous results, judging from the astounding vegetation revealed to Prof. Larkin's spy-glass."

Evidently this was not an underground city but one somewhere on the surface of Mt. Shasta's slopes.

According to the book, "The Mt. Shasta Story," by A. F. Eichorn, Sr., published in 1957., some observers doubted that Prof. Larkin ever made the statements attributed to him. Others, however, are reported to have said that the professor did "accidentally" discover the Lemurians.

The Lemurian legend has been the subject of numerous books and newspaper articles. Perhaps one of the earliest books on the subject was "A Dweller on Two Planets," written in 1886 by Frederick Spencer Oliver, who is said to have discovered evidence of a strange race in the Mt. Shasta area, following which he said he felt a strange feeling come over him that prompted him to write down a manuscript (dictated) by a being named Phyllos the Thibetan.

One of the more recent articles to come out of the Lemurian legend, according to Eichhorn's "The Mt. Shasta Story," was an article in the Oct. 30, 1955 'San Francisco Chronicle' (originating from the 'Siskiyou Daily News' at Yreka) reporting the discovery at the 10,000 foot level of a gigantic footprint with three toes.

Another legend mentioned in Eichhorn's book deals with bells. The book quotes a journal entitled: "California Bell Legends: A Survey," reporting that the inhabitants of a city called "Yaktayvia" underneath the mountain created bells with a sound so mighty that it was able to move vast masses of rock within the mountain and hollow out room for the city.

Still another Mt. Shasta legend concerns the "Little People." An article by Eugene H. Drake of Los Angeles, for instance, reports that the writer encountered during 1951 and 1952 large numbers of tiny beings who had the ability to appear and disappear at will...

APPEAR AS EARTH PEOPLE:

According to one source, 'Lemurians' appear as earth people. To another source they are seven feet tall with extra large heads and long arms, with a marble like skin-covered bump in the middle of their foreheads, a 'third eye' which enables them to sense the presence of (surface) earth people long before the (surface) earth people know they are around, and do disappear at will.

In every book written about tribes of Indians

living in the area around Mt. Shasta, mentioned always is the mystic, strange atmosphere of the mountain.

In all the religious organizations that have sprung up in the region of the great white mountain, mysterious powers are attributed to it. Lights are seen on its towering sides, bells ring, strange occurrences which can't be explained take place. Some persons make yearly pilgrimages and many others have moved to the area to make their homes in its shadows.

The following article appeared in the MOSCOW NEWS weekly No. 15 (issue #2899), April 23-27, 1980:

CHAMPIONS OF THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM

The deepest cave (known at the time - 1980) might no longer be in France but in the USSR. Meanwhile a Speleological party, recently returned to Moscow, has broken the national record for the depth of descent and duration of stay underground. Their scientific findings are being analyzed.

Far below, the Black Sea sparkled in the rays of the sun, jetting into the sea lay the Pitsurida cape with thousands of holiday makers basking on its famous beaches warmed by the sun. Above them, at an altitude of 2,000 m., a group of people stood facing a black hole. They were about to part with sunlight and, for three months, go down to a depth greater than any person in our country had ever ventured.

This cave was discovered in 1971 by a group of speleologists from Moscow University led by Mikhail Zverev, and has since been a steady attraction for explorers. The cave has so many snow obstructions hindering the descent that it was named Snezhnaya. The year it was discovered a group from Moscow University went down to a depth of 690 m.

Since 1973, the group led by Alexander Morozov and Daniel Usikov has explored the caves several times and has reached a greater depth. This winter they made the most successful descent so far, establishing a national record of 86 days underground, and a depth record too.

The preliminary data indicates that the cave is 1,280 m deep and more than 9 km long, which makes it third in the world (at the time - Branton) in depth and size. The existence of unexplored galleries allows us to suppose an even greater depth.

REACHING DOWN TO THE RECORD

There were seven in the group. For a number of reasons Ravil Khubbikhozhin and Bulat Mavlyudov returned to the surface from the 1,000 m mark; Arkady Ivanov and Andrei Paisky had returned even earlier. All of them had done much in the initial stage for the success of the group. Alexander Morozov (leader), Vsevolod Yeshchenko (doctor) and Georg Lyudkovsky continued the exploration.

The descent was made difficult by frequent stone obstructions and the unstable grey limestone, ready to fall at the push of a hand. The temperature was steady at +6°C; humidity was 100 per cent due to an underground river and several waterfalls, the largest of which was named the Olympian.

Dropping from an altitude of 32 m, water turned into fine spray which was blown by the wind created by the water current. In places they had to use watertight suits.

STALACTITE XMAS TREE

Georg Lyudkovsky: We found the most beautiful hail in the cave at the greatest depth and named it Penelope in tribute to speleologists' wives who have a hard time waiting for their husbands. What attracts me to speleology? The unknown I suppose.

Vsevolod Yeshchenko (81 days underground): The air in the cave is wonderfully clean. No microbes and none of the substances that are largely responsible for man's fatigue on the surface. Therefore, the speleologist's day underground last almost 60 hours -- 30 hours of work with a break for a meal and approximately the same for sleep, also with a break for a meal. This is the best schedule when underground. The purity of the air has a negative factor, too: man's immunity drops so much after a long stay underground that after surfacing, one has to pass a very unpleasant spell.

Alexander Morozov (86 days underground without surfacing -- USSR record): To me the important thing in speleology is the sharpness of sensations underground. You find joy in the most ordinary things, like your socks being dry, like the meal coming soon and that you will have

porridge and meat.

The scientific aspects of the exploration that are now being studied include a new species of pseudo-scorpion (presently being investigated at Moscow University); the results of a range of biological and psychological tests. In our exploration of life in the depths of the cave, among other things we found mushrooms, small aquatic organisms like the freshwater shrimp and numerous spiders. --
Konstantin LUKYANENKO

The following interesting bits of information appeared in the "Miscellany" section of "Special Report #6 - THE SHAVER MYSTERY", Released by "The CRYSTAL BALL" Newsletter (circa 1980's - [at the time] P.O. BOX 4080., Torrance, CA 90510):

"In southern Canada, a strange and horror-filled tale was related by one cave explorer. He and several other spelunks were exploring a cave when they came upon a polished shaft that dropped straight down from the floor of the tunnel (Note: These 'polished cylindrical shafts' are very common in para-speleological accounts, and are very similar to modern shafts that have been excavated with nuclear-powered cone-shaped 'drill' machines which heat the surrounding rock to an incandescent molten state and pushes its way through the earth, leaving a 'polished cylindrical shaft' behind it. - Branton).

"Below, they could hear a strange humming sound. Suddenly, searing heat rays flashed about them, burning many (most?) with ravaging, sizzling heat. One of the men --- only partially burned --- fell backward in terror and struck his head upon a rock, falling unconscious. But, right before this occurred, he had seen a number of strange looking beings/creatures/humanoids swarm into the area of the cave where he and his friends had been attacked by the heat beams.

"When he regained consciousness, there was no sight of anyone --- neither his friends nor the 'creatures'. He fled in terror, in agony from the dreadful burns on his arm/arms. He finally reached the village where a doctor treated his

'odd' burns. The man told of his experience. Whether or not they believed him, the villagers soon dynamited the entrance to the cave. [The following note appeared in the CRYSTAL BALL newsletter] ... (Note Shaver's reference to L. Taylor Hansen, author of 'THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC' and 'HE WALKED THE AMERICAS', who found 'a polished shaft' in a cavern in Arizona. These are more common than the reader might realize. The explanation is that these are air vents drilled through solid rock, connecting a cavern city with the surface air, via a cave tunnel; and that they were drilled many thousands of years ago)."

"There is a horrifying tale of a man who was let down into a deep hole by rope. His screams were heard; he was quickly pulled up; but he was crazed with a fear that brought him instant insanity. He remained in a mental institution for the rest of his years. What had he seen? (I believe the hole was dynamited shut!?)."

The following story, titled 'RAINBOW CITY', comes from Timothy Green Beckley's book "THE SHAVER MYSTERY AND THE INNER EARTH", pages 65-76:

"Over the centuries many legends have sprung up telling us of the existence of polar entrances which lead into a vast subsurface world. According to the November 2, 1959 issue of 'LIFE MAGAZINE', '...The Pueblo-dwelling Hopies of the southwestern desert believed that men once lived in an underworld paradise,' In this world, 'people were prosperous and happy until they grew licentious. In punishment the waters rose in the underworld.' As a means of escape the people climbed up a giant reed onto the surface of the planet.

"There are countless tribes on the North American continent which claim that this subsurface world existed at the North Pole. Tunnels from this underground world are said to reach into Canada, as well as parts of Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri.

"Near this entrance is said to exist an ancient center of culture called 'Rainbow City,'... There also exist six

other cities (all connected by vast underground tunnels), completely dormant, while 'Rainbow City' is protected on all sides by warm hot springs. However to prevent its being discovered, and exploited by outsiders, ice walls some ten thousand feet high have been built around the city so that it can be reached only by those who know its exact location.

"Rainbow city was first discovered in 1942 by Emery (his last name has been kept secret for good reasons), a professional musician... in certain theater circles with the help and assistance of the Ancient Three.

"In a privately circulated text (until now restricted to a very few) Mr. and Mrs. William Hefferlin, formerly of San Francisco (now believed to be living in Rainbow City with 2,000 other people) describes Emery's first visit as follows:

"'...Emery guided the ship down into the park belonging to the temple at Rainbow City. There was sufficient room between huge trees for him to maneuver the ship safely. He was amazed to see the high structures, before him, towering into the air, and capped by a pyramidal structure, whose base was the same size as the temple. Lights were shining on the outside of the Temple and in every street from the Temple Plaza.'

"As Emery and the small group with him moved to the Temple, they were not sure that their eyes were clear. For everything was a conglomerate mass of colors set in the oddest ways. All the colors of the rainbow were used in the plastics, which made up the streets, the buildings, and the Temple. There were bright reds, screaming oranges, and violent purples too -- but sparingly. The predominant colors are the softer, more subdued tones. All in all, the effect is not at all harsh, but is very pleasing.

"The group entered a door set at ground level in the Temple wall, which opened onto a short flight of steps, that led down into an anteroom, which was below the first floor level of the Temple. This in turn led to a large room which had carved upright pillars, tables with what appeared to be lamps upon them. Books were lying on the tables and other books were stacked in racks. There were chairs placed about at various tables. Everything was of larger than normal

size, indicating that the people who built these things were around eight feet tall at least.

"Over at one side of the room was a huge chair-like thing with great arms, with what appeared to be keyboards covered with queer characters set into the arms. Hanging from a hook, on the back of the chair, was what appeared to be some sort of book.

"The back of this chair towered high into the air, and there was a strange bucket-like cap, that was set in upright slots, so that it could be raised and lowered over the seat. From this sliding piece and from the foot-rest, many strands of wire were gathered into cables, which went into a wall behind what seemed to be a control board. For it was covered with knobs and levers and pointers, on what seemed to be graduated dial faces. Soft, artificial light glowed in the room, casting no shadows. There was nothing in the dark in that room -- everything was fully illuminated.

"Emery and those with him had touched nothing as yet, for it was all too unknown at the moment. Yet curiosity drew them on. Emery examined one of the lamp-like affairs, but he found no indication of a switch or button. The base was set firmly into the table so that it could not be moved, or it was exceptionally heavy.

"Emery put his hand on the shade of the lamp and it turned very slightly under his hand. He pushed harder and a stream of clear brilliant light fell in a circle upon the table top right over the book that was lying there. He opened the book at random and a voice issued from the book, speaking in an unknown language. "The pages were covered with strange characters and as the voice continued speaking, little lights illuminated groups of the characters, then passed onto the next group. With the rhythmic voice speaking and groups of characters being successively lit up, Emery surmised that the voice was speaking the words of the text. Later, he learned that his surmise was correct.

"When the lights had illuminated the last group of characters on that page the voice ceased, not to be resumed until the page was turned. Closing the covers of the book also caused the voice to cease. These volumes became known as 'The Talking Books.'

"After this, Emery began to examine the pillars. Upon the first was carved a representation of the Solar System, with the third and fourth planets in colors - the third green and the fourth red. Leading from the red planet was a group of elongated dots, and other marks, that looked like pointers headed toward the base of the green planet.

"On the same pillar was a series of markings (straight lines) in arithmetical order... after each group appeared a character evidently depicting the numeral system. There were circles divided into different ways and characters in relation to them. There were squares and triangles and cubes with different sets of characters following.

"Also on the same pillar were a group of characters, the same kind which appeared in the Talking Book. That was evidently the alphabet.

"Close by the pillar was a table with many piles of books upon it. Each pile carried a little piece of plastic with a carved character upon it. Comparing the characters on the plastic with the characters of the counting system, Emery discovered that each pile of books was numbered in arithmetical order, beginning with Number One. Inasmuch as it was vitally necessary to learn the language, so they would be able to understand the many things there in Rainbow City, Emery, as leader of the expedition, set everyone to work studying the books in the first pile. The group soon progressed through Number 14, known as 'The Book of Zo.'

"The first books were silent, but they were definitely primers in the way they were compiled. There were the separate characters that were used in forming the words. There was a picture of the solar system, and it had its name. The various planets were pointed out, each with its name. Then a single house with its name, and another term below it. There were other structures with a name attached to each, and the same under each. "Emery judged that the specific name for the structure was the first one; then the general term under which the structure of various kinds were grouped. There were many other nouns pictured, and names. Then they turned to the verbs. Pictures of action and its equivalent term under each picture. There were also simple arithmetic problems, such as addition tables each with the

simple marks showing the addition, and what they counted; then the symbol that represented that group number.

"When they had finished with the first set of books, they went over to the second set. These were duplicates of the first books, but with the one addition of voice. The alphabet was repeated - each letter repeated several times by voice and illuminated at the same time. Then the simple numbers were sounded, and the simple addition tables, simple subtraction tables. Is it any wonder that we have said elsewhere that the city had been left in preparation for a return of Mankind someday?

"Fortunately for Emery he had a knowledge of a number of European languages, as well as a knowledge of Oriental. He discovered that the root words of certain sacred Asiatic languages were basically the root words of this ancient language of Rainbow City, and this made it easier to help the others learn. The talking books gave them pronunciation and inflection, and led into other books that were more technical, and much deeper in many subjects, including math.

"There are many subjects that no one has touched yet, because there are not enough people to cover all subjects, and their time in Rainbow City has been so very short -- only six years at this writing. After the group had studied quite a way in the books, they read the instruction book on the chair-like machine, then followed them.

"They each sat in the chair, with hands fastened down on the arms. The huge cap was lowered over the head, and the power turned on. This machine sent a gentle vibration throughout the brain and nerves. They found that later they could continue the learning of the language with greater ease and flexibility in speech. Also that their comprehension of the contents of the book was greater.

"Growing in the center of the city are giant shade trees and flowering plants, luxurious beyond belief, whose individual blooms measured at times as much as three feet in diameter. Plastics are used for the walls, floors and roofs of all the buildings composing 'Rainbow City.'

(quoting from the book...)

"...'The homes and all buildings are heated or cooled

by heat or cold radiations from the walls and floors. The very color of the dwellings can be adjusted through a change in the color vibration control and the walls either become opaque or transparent as desired, by adjusting a switch in the wall.'

"The main structure, towering far above all others, is RAINBOW TEMPLE where all the knowledge of the ancient races is stored in great libraries and museums. (quoting...) '...The libraries are so arranged that they are accessible to the laboratories above them...'

"In the top of the Temple there are fully equipped laboratories and every possible facility for research in electricity, chemistry, and all other known sciences.

"Other rooms have been constructed for worship and hospital facilities. One of the noted physicians to make the journey in 1942 was supposed to have been at one time the Court Physician at the palace in Budapest.

"Most of the walls in the Temple are '...elaborately decorated, whether carved or molded we do not know. But the plastic is extremely hard and tough. All heat is radiated from the walls, floors and ceiling. There are no light fixtures, as light, too, is radiated from the walls, ceilings, and floors. A simple push on a button chooses the kind of light that is desired. In here there is no difference between night and day, because one has the choice of choosing that particular light. This same light source seems to revitalize the air and act as an air conditioner as well. Draftless, shadowless, peace and quiet is here for rest and relaxation, study or contemplation, thought and concentration.'

"The outside of the Temple can be reached from all avenues of the city. All buildings in the vicinity are two and one-half stories high. Then '...two stories high, and as one goes farther from the temple, one story high. Close in near the Temple there are buildings stocked full of all things, similar to our present day retail stores. Here in this city there are no apartment houses or tenements, no crowding; each house has a spacious lot for flower gardens and trees.'

"We are also told that all of the heavy industry was

carried out in the underground city of some five levels surrounding the Temple's basement. Also underground there are stores, workshops and houses. Sunlight does not exist - since the city is not exposed to the sky - but is simulated by special light equipment. We are told by the Hefferlin's that '...The saying, often referred to in history, that "there were giants IN the earth in those days," (Genesis 6:4) could well have applied here, for everything is of larger than to us normal size.'

"Some of the electrical equipment found in the Temple was utterly fantastic. In fact one room was in itself a television viewer which could be set to tune in on the past. And also by setting the viewer in a certain fashion and entering a door in the 'viewer room' it was possible to teleport oneself to any location on earth. The name for this door was 'Portal' and we are told that 'Mythology, folk-lore and religion seem to give some hints to substantiate these Portals, and we must consider that mythology and folk-lore as well as religion are but a resume of the past.' "One example which the Hefferlin's quote in their text is that:

"'Vulcan made for the Gods the golden shoes with which they trod the air, or the water, and moved from place to place with the speed of the wind, or even thought.'

"The Portals can also be used to transport supplies and men from various locations to other places. 'These same Portals will reach out through local space to the Moon., but not much farther at present.'

"There are many cases in Shaver Lore telling of teleportations. According to Shaver these portals (called by him teleport mech) were left by the Elder race and sometimes now get into the hands of degenerate deros or other subsurface dwellers lacking intelligence.

"One case in our files comes from T. Arthur Ainslee, of Temple City, California... whose father-in-law was one of California's most prolific composers and, in respect to his memory and to members of the family, still living, as well as to those characters in this story, must remain unnamed. However according to Mr. Ainslee the story is nevertheless essentially true.

"We quote here Mr. Ainslee's personal letter to Mrs.

Shaver:

"A few years ago my father-in-law was regaling the members of the family with experiences of his youth in southern California while making a living as a pianist in a small orchestra which played for private dances, fancy balls, etc.

"One evening while playing at the mansion of one of the local citrus barons, the members of the band, who were, in reality, members of good social standing, and as such were treated more as guests than as hired musicians, became high on champagne as the morning hours arrived.

"At the close of the festivities, the members of the orchestra, carrying instruments and cases to the waiting carriage, buggies, and horseless carriages, became aware that the drummer was not accompanying them. A hurried search revealed that he had walked through a pair of French doors and carrying a bass drum only, had wandered off through the surrounding orange orchard. Being rather stubborn after a few drinks, he refused to return to the carriages with the others and it was decided to allow him to walk off his binge, and knowing that he would obtain transportation, the others drove on to their respective homes.

"That was the last that anyone, so far as is known, has ever seen of the man! He left a wife and family, friends, social position, a good living, and just vanished. The law and private investigators could uncover no clues as to his whereabouts; nor as to his means of disappearance.'

"He had apparently entered the citrus baron's orchard, fully dressed in evening clothes, still carrying a bass drum thrown over his back, and never was seen leaving the orchard.

"But the hitch is yet to come, for according to Ainslee, years passed and a friend had loaned him a copy of Charles Fort's books and he had read them, considering them 'a bit boring in its fantasy, having (what I considered) a scientific sort of mind, though too far-fetched for serious thinkers.'

"Suddenly he found himself reading one of Fort's various accounts of mysterious teleportations. The case concerned a man who had shown up dressed in evening clothes

and carrying a drum on his back right smack in the middle of an Australian party encamped in the vast desert in the interior of that continent:

"'Into the light of their campfire about which the party was gathered, strode a white man, immaculately clad in evening clothes, and carrying a bass drum on his back. He seemed not to be dusty nor tired. He showed no evidence of having walked more than a few yards through the wilderness. He could not tell how he happened to be there, how he arrived, nor did he know his own identity. He returned to civilization with the party, and as I recall Fort states that his identity was never established.'

"Is it possible that this character mentioned in Charles Fort's book is the musician who disappeared in southern California?

"In the unpublished Hefferlin manuscript (Some 160 typewritten pages have circulated among students of the "Shaver Mystery" for the past 22 years [circa the mid-1940's - Branton]...) we are told that 'It was by use of these Portals, that part of the exploration of the great tunnel system - that network the entire globe - was accomplished.'

"Vast yards full of subsurface trains exist here with the train terminal station directly below Rainbow City. Each train is about 100 feet in diameter, and each coach length is three and one half times its diameter; each engine two times its diameter. 'When in operation the trains float free of all walls; when at rest they fit into grooved channels in the side walls. The top speed of these trains is unknown but our group of scientists tested them well above two thousand miles per hour.' -- These trains are constructed of the toughest metal imaginable and is yet unknown to surface mortals.

"At the time that Emery visited Rainbow City only a few mainlines and terminals and trunk lines were in operation. However, according to existing map routes, these tunnels run deep underground and spread throughout the entire world going beneath 'the seas and land surfaces in all directions.'

"'Of the tunnels explored, one branch line ends in what is now a swamp in the heart of South America. Here, from

the evidence of old ruins in the vicinity, was once a great sea port and thriving city, of ancient times on an ancient sea shore. According to maps of today, this is in the upper reaches of the present Amazon River, in the mysterious district in which a number of explorers, from the United States and other countries, have gone into and from which they have not returned.

"'Another ends in a now closed cave in the southwestern part of the United States, in an Indian territory or Reservation.'

Another tunnel ends in the North-western part of Wyoming, just west of Sheridan. The end is some two hundred feet or more up the sides of a mountain. At the end of this particular tunnel, and at the end of (many) others, there are great doors, that seal each tunnel 'section by section, and all, tunnels are empty.' Only the terminal depots have any machinery in them 'and these are for handling freight and other equipment. Emery, along with a number of members of his 1942 expedition party, claim that the Inca's fabled hoard of wealth was concealed in a tunnel mouth end in the Andes Mountain Range. It still remains there untouched...'

They were able to examine this area by use of tv portals in Rainbow City.

Has anyone else visited Rainbow City to verify its existence? Yes, according to Pippa Braybrook, our correspondent in England, who has known for some time a Mr. W. South who lives in Crescent, Brighton, Sussex England. His story is as follows:

"When I lived in Cornwall, I used to visit a sheep farmer's house in the middle of the Moor. Over a cup of tea, he revealed, to me, by showing me a paybook of the German Navy, that he himself had been, before the war, an explorer in the ice regions of Alaska and North Canada. When he talked with the fur trappers in the Hudson Bay Co., he was shown rare maps of a certain field and heard of a hidden world. Leaving Canada with this information, the time being 1939, he returned to Germany and was given a Secret Mission with a 1,200 ton long range submarine (U-Boat), a new survey boat.

"During my period in Cornwall, I often visited him and

have recently written to him about our mission to find the ice city (known as Rainbow City). He wrote me a very guarded letter saying that he dared not write about it in a letter and that I must contact him in person.

"Commander X was for years a secret agent with a cover story. He says: 'There is in the region of the Ice City of the North one portal or door in Northern Canada, or in Alaska in the mountain regions under a frozen waterfall. Here are huge caves of electronic apparatus and huge storage rooms controlled by robot machines, worked by a computer, a super-brain machine. Here also is a solar orb, used as sunlight. Huge lakes of warm waters of thermal springs abound.

"Other legends have it that an ancient Serpent Race built similar cities (millennia) ago and that they have hibernated in special capsules with the plan in mind of eventually conquering the earth.

"In the book 'The Door to the Future', Jean Dixon and several other psychics have predicted that the United States will be attacked from the North Pole and that slant eyed people will be victorious as they make their surprise launch between Greenland and the Davis Straits (no doubt the attack of several million Chinese soldiers, as has been predicted by many, many people - Branton). Although Mrs. Dixon took this to mean Red China, there have been many stories in which the 'underground' people are said also to have slanted eyes. (Of course, the Communist 'Red' Chinese just might be allied with, or even infiltrated by, underground - shape-shifting reptilian? - beings... - Branton)

"Perhaps we should thus take extra note of a little known poem written by a 17th century poet William Habington.

"'From the farthest North
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway
Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne

Till they shall equal him in vice.'"

(From: 'The Oxford Book of Christian Verse')

The following strange story appeared on pages 64-65 of Cecil Michael's book 'ROUND TRIP TO HELL IN A FLYING SAUCER':

"...Another incident which occurred during January 16th, 1968... the man concerned received a strange phone call urging him to be at Heaven's Gate, on the Longleat Estate owned by a Lord Bath, at 9 p.m., exactly in three days. On that Thursday a few minutes past the appointed hour the female companion of the man spied a U.F.O. overhead, it was tilting from side to side apparently attempting to draw their attention which undoubtedly it did, then flew straight in their direction towards Heavens Gate, where it dropped with a suddenness of a stricken bird.

"Our two companions raced from the neighboring parking lot opposite, over the fence and tore to where the saucer had landed to find a craft which was literally no bigger than a soup plate. Then a golden ladder, thread thin, appeared from the base of the miniature spaceship, down which climbed tiny figures no more than four inches in height... roughly there was about two dozen in all.

"Stepping away from the landed craft, which was now quite blackened out, each in turn zoomed up to the height of the man and woman standing there, dumbstruck, aghast and refusing to credit the testimony of their eyes.

"They shook hands with our two companions, all was perfectly normal and friendly as though they had known them from before (previous encounters presumably - however removed from their memories IF they did occur). After much small talk, our male friend was invited to take a journey with them in their machine to see what unsuspected wonders lay awaiting to be yet uncovered, to this he agreed.

"The woman was left behind, lumbered with his personal effects. To her further amazement, all were again dwarfed in size including her companion, this time. They ascended

the ladder, cobweb fine, a whistling noise accompanied the lift-off, rising and spinning in a slightly agitated manner until gradually it settled into free flight, all the time as this was occurring the ship was growing larger stage by stage then finally it soared upward and vanished.

"The woman was so taken back, frankly she said. 'I could have stooped down, and plucked the saucer up from the ground and actually held it all in one hand, that's how small it was. When I saw my companion reduced in size, the same as the others, before he went up the ladder into that machine, my heart simply broke in two, almost so that I couldn't help shedding a tear or two.'

"During the journey he allegedly was supposed to have seen buried cities, communities an mountain chains lying deep under large oceans, and something about seeing the inner core... A.S..."