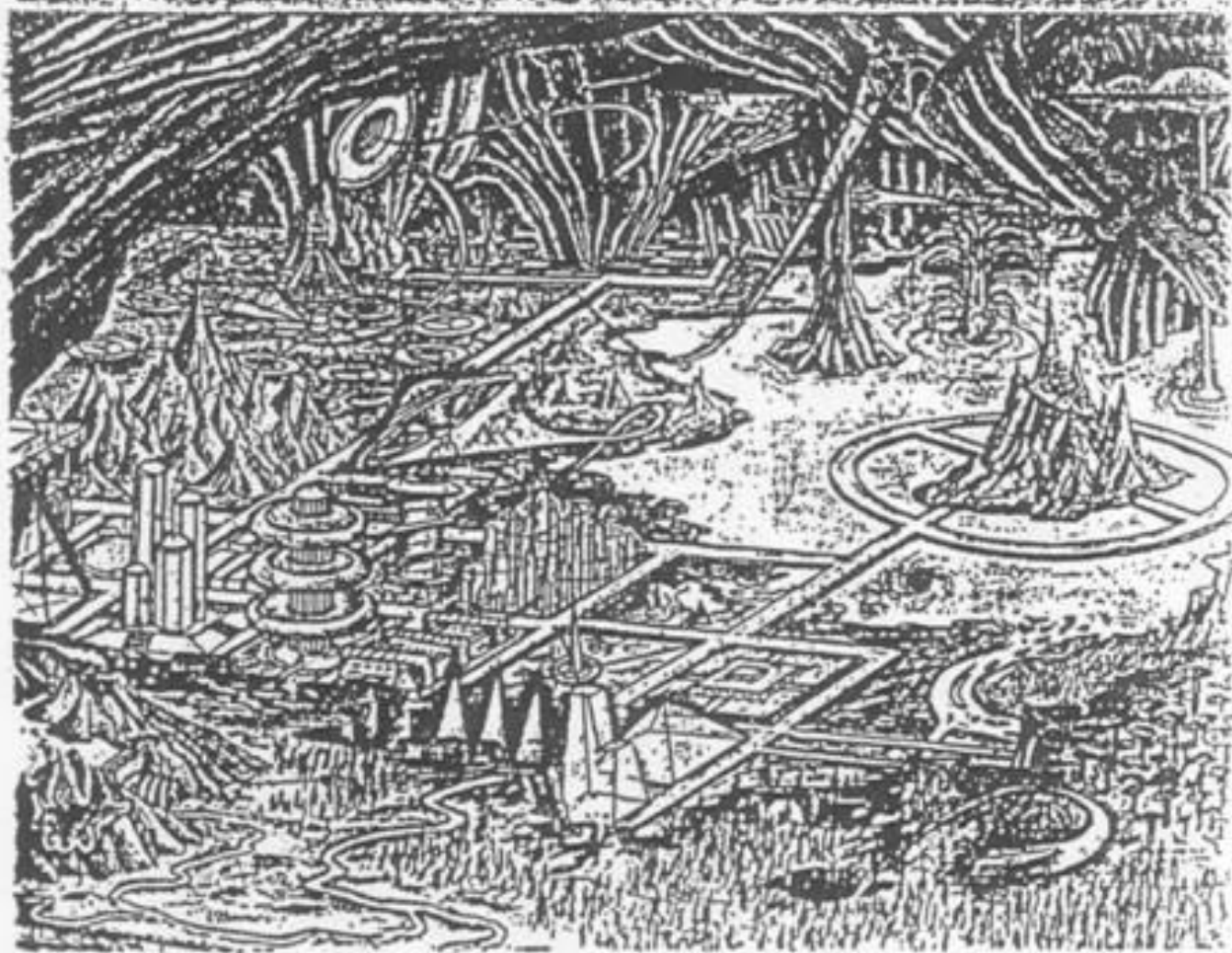


INNER-EARTH ENTRANCES VOLUME III

BY D. VAUGHAN — DKY. EDITH



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-Gammatidus, 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 norther 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 on 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 choked 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 overflowing 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 Rerun 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 good 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.

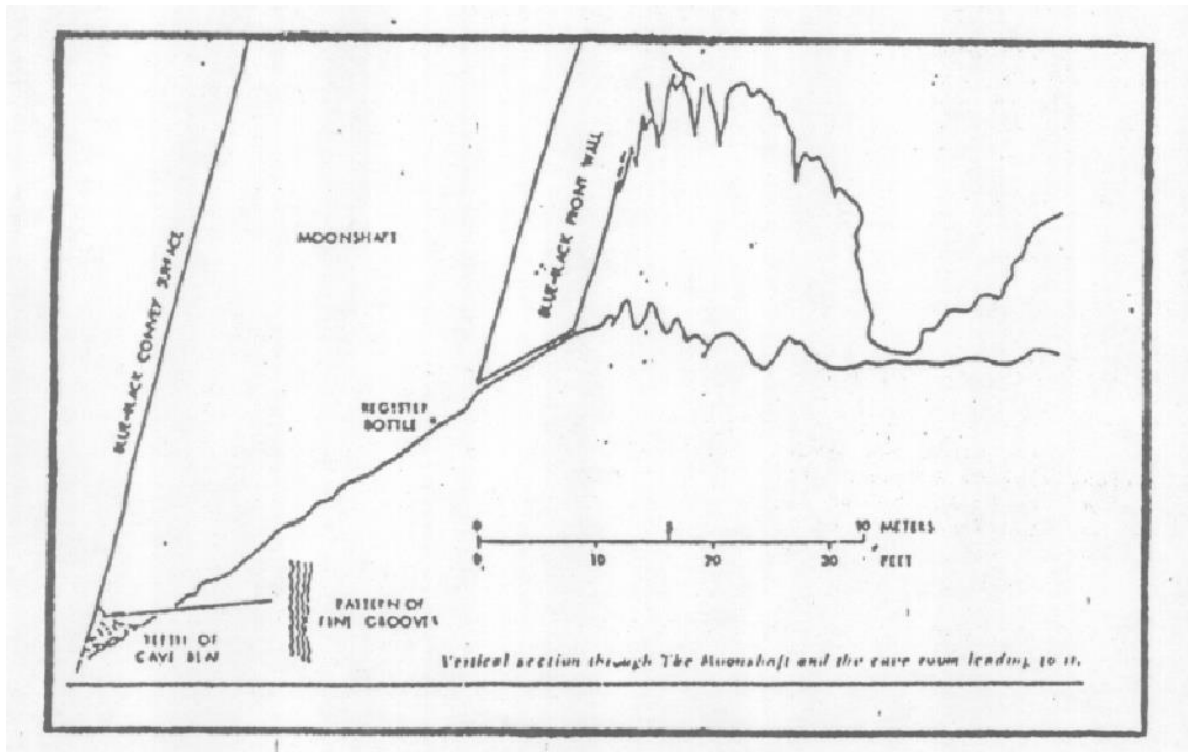
OCTOBER 27, 1944 --- Martin died, slept into death. Jurek knows his kin, took charge of his belongings, including his wallet with 643 crowns, watch with chain, and my certificate. Now we are free and ready to leave and rejoin our battalion which is somewhere east of Kosice. With his stick Jurek can march 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 chart. 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?"

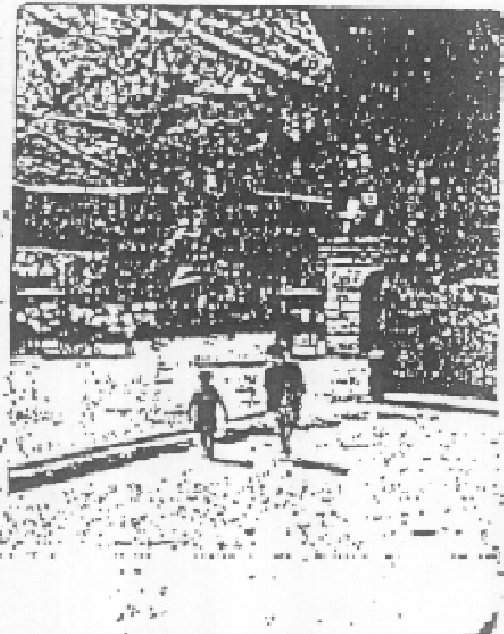
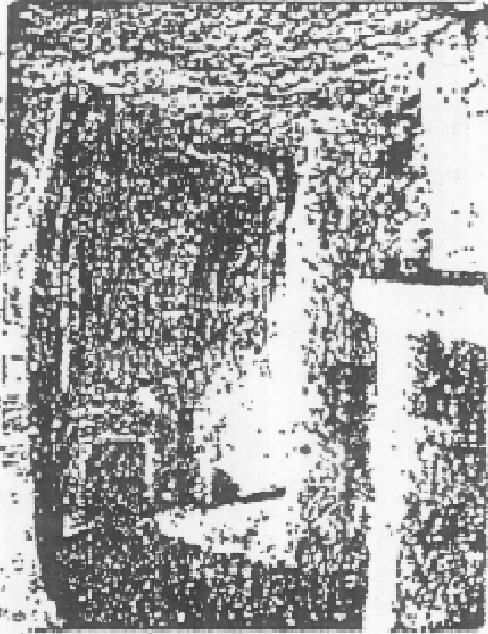
"Joe?" he asked, puzzled, "I don't know any Joe. I, alone, have been showing people around this catacomb for years."

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".

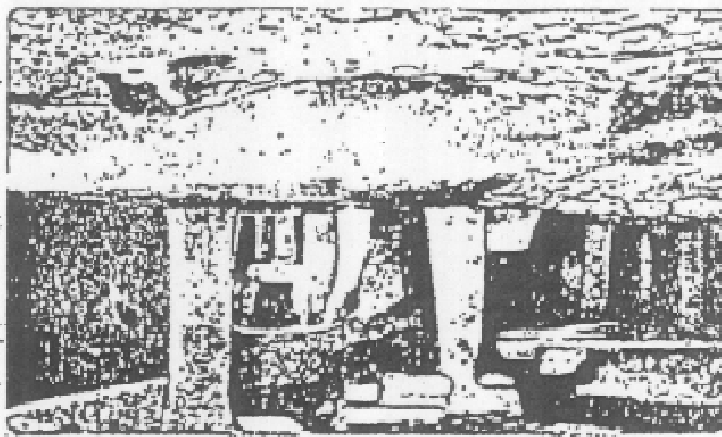
The Maltese are not a European race. Their peculiar language is closer to Arabic than it is to any European tongue. Outwardly, at least, they are 'Christians', in the iron grip of the Catholic Church!

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 Safilini; 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 open-carved from the soft limestone. At other cavern entrances across the way.

AT LEFT is another picture of the interior of Hal Safilini, 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.

^^^^^^ ^^^^^^^ ^^^^^^^



(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](http://web.genie.it/utenti/m/malta_mega_temples/hypo/hypo.html))

^^^^^^ ^^^^^^^ ^^^^^^^

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 Kapirimtiya), 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 landslide. 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 whoa 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 spits 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 cone 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 Sriparvata 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 fellow 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 Tibet 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-trimantal, 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: 'ever 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 "Benmuilt 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 Dispater 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), -- 'Dispater was a Celtic under-world god of fertility, and the statement (of Caesar) probably presupposes a myth, like that found among many primitive peoples,

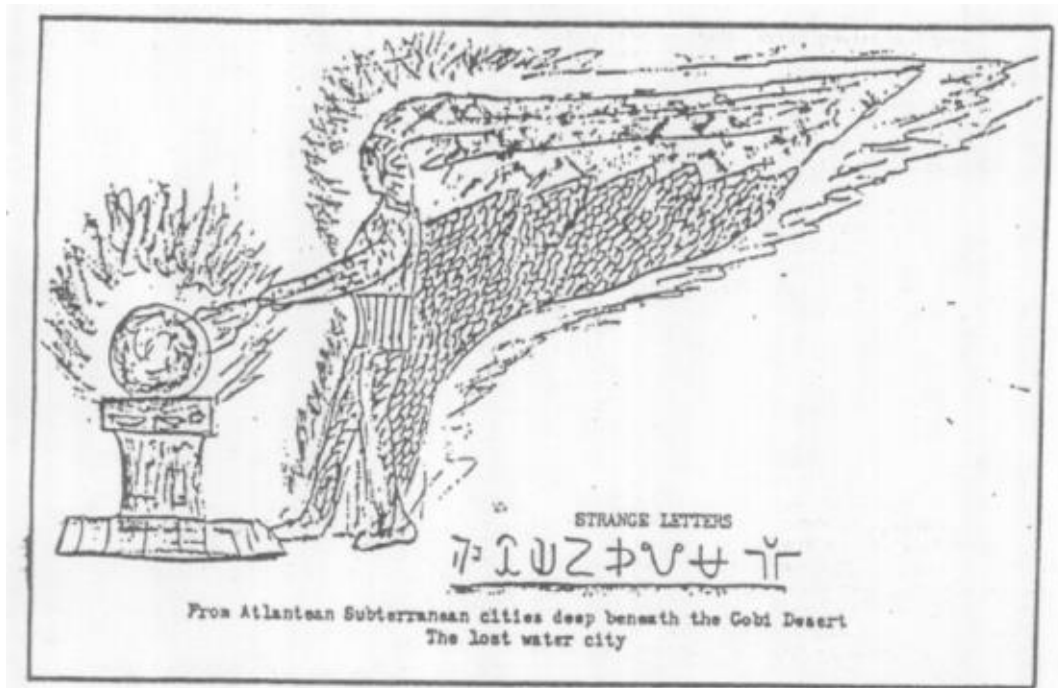
telling how man once lived under ground and thence came to the surface of the earth. But it also points to their descent from the god of the underworld. Thither the dead return to him who was ancestor of the living as well as god of the dead.'

"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 aureole 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 them 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 to 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-lores 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 caravaners 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.'

"Than 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..."