

INNER-EARTH ENTRANCES VOLUME 1

BY D. WALTON - ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. COFFIN



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Perhaps a description of the inside will make my

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

I have been trying to get someone who would help me clear this obstruction enough to get through and several have agreed but when we get there and start to work they soon give up and want to get out. Another funny thing is

that every time I go back the work done before does not show, yet there is no evidence of fresh falls of rock from the ceiling. At this point the feeling that your in mortal danger becomes almost overpowering, after battling this feeling for an hour I feel as weak as if I had been sick for weeks and I have made this attempt many times.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sirs: If you file your correspondence, you will find a letter there from this writer which was written in the early part of this year, advising you of reading my first

AMAZING STORIES magazine and of my interest in the mystery of the caves, especially the articles by Mr. Shaver. I haven't missed a copy of A. S. since then and interest in the mystery of the caves has grown until you may class me as an unofficial member of the CHMBS ("Cave Hunters Mutual Benefit Society" - Branton). In fact, the purpose of this letter is to inform you of a recent expedition to one of the caves for an investigation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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squeeze through and we followed Mr. Haycock to the floor of the cavern. Then, crawling, kneeling and sometimes

walking, we were led back through the cave for approximately one-quarter of a mile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to the entrance to look in.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Struggling against the heat, vapor, water, and gas, the geologists recorded, measured, and made charts of what they found. They marveled at the steep descents and

at the cathedral-like grottoes which had been melted out of the ice. At one point, when the ice above them was four hundred feet thick, they made two amazing discoveries. On the ground before them lay the remains of a bird which as a rule inhabits the coast sixty miles away, and above them in the icy ceiling of the corridor they found a red woolen glove!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And no man knows....

"And no man saw it e'er."

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

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

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

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

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

INSIDE MOUNT LASSEN - By RALPH B. FIELDS

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

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

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

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

But having read the article and as we were at the time living near a small town called Manten in Tehama County, California, we thought that that would be a good country to explore for a possible find of this kind. After

talking it over for some time and as we had plenty of time just then, we decided to take a little trip up the country just back of us. As we were almost at the foot of Mount Lassen, that seemed the best place to conduct our little prospecting tour. So collecting a light camping outfit, together with a couple of pup tents to sleep in, we started out on what we expected to be a three-or-four-day jaunt up the mountain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

At this point we became a little afraid as we were some way into the mountain. The idea of being inside so far seemed to make us a little afraid. But we reasoned

that inasmuch that there were no branches or connecting caves we could not get lost and therefore had nothing to be afraid of. So we went on. We found no sign of anything that we could imagine to be our much sought guano nor signs of any animals being inside the cave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

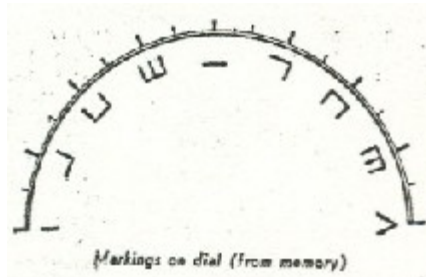
"Well, it' looks like we are behind the well known eight-ball." I sure didn't feel as jovial as I spoke either. One of the strangers told us, "I

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think maybe you had both better come with us."

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

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



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

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and to continue to glow as long as it was in operation.

The only sound it gave off was a hum or buzz that sounded like a battery charger in operation.

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

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

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

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

Our machine had no sooner stopped than our

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

"Are you surface people?"

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

"Where did the hairlike find you?"

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

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

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

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

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Neither I nor anyone in any of the caverns know why these things work, but we do know how to operate some of them. However, there are a great many evil people here who create many unpleasant things for both us and the surface people. They are safe because no one on the surface believes us or them.

That is why I am telling you this. No one would believe that we exist. We would not care, but there are many things here that the outer world must not have until they are ready to receive them, as they would completely destroy themselves, so we must be sure that they do not find them. As for the machine, I don't know how it works. But I know some of the principles of it.

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

That is why there is no friction and has such a smooth operation. This object suspended from this chain is pure carbon. It is the key to the entire operation. As I told you before, I cannot explain why it runs, but it does. We

want you two to return to where you came and forget about us. We will show you how to operate the sled and we want you never again to enter the cave. If you do and you do not encounter the horloks, we will have to do something about you ourselves, so it would not be advisable to try to return at all events. One thing I can tell you. We never could permit you to leave another time."

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

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

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started up the cave afoot...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Death Valley?"

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

"You know about the lake," Thomason pointed his blue chin at Jack. "Your geology would tell you about the lake. It was a long time ago... The ancient people who built the city in the caverns under the mountain lived on

in their treasure houses long after the lake in the valley dried up. How long, we don't know. But the people we found in the caverns have been dead for thousands of years. Why! those mummies alone are worth a million dollars!"

"I had nothing more to do with them."

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

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

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

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

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

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

All that gold, and jewelry! Billions!" White's voice was ascending to a shriek when Thomason put a hand on his arm and White fell silent, his eyes darting about to the faces of those who sat around the table.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A sextant," said Bill, frowning heavily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stone wheelbarrows," marveled Jack. "Those dead men must have been very powerful men. Only very strong men

could push around a stone wheelbarrow loaded with gold bars. The wheelbarrows must have weighed a ton without

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a load in them."

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

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

"They're scientific wheelbarrows."

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

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

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

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

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

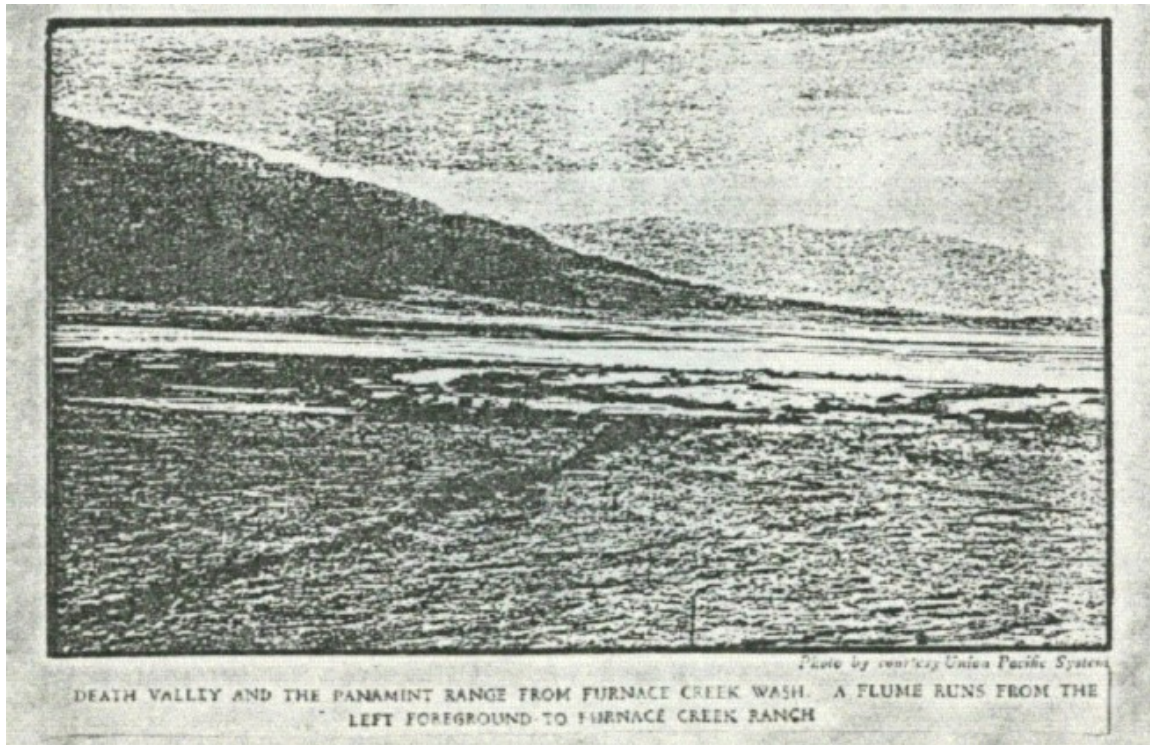
Mrs. White stroked her blond hair and said. "I thought my husband was romancing when he came home and told me what he found in the mountains. He always was a romancer. One of the reasons I married him was because he was such a romancer. I was sure he was just romancing about this city he said he found.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

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

"Twice," said Fred Thomason. Both times we went in we filled our pockets with gems, and carried out a gold bar apiece. The first time we left the stuff with a friend of ours and went to try and interest someone in what we'd found. We thought, the scientists would be interested or

the government. One government man said he'd like to see the stuff and we went back to our friend to get the gold and jewels and he told us he'd never seen them; and dared us to try to get them back. You see, he double crossed us. We were in a little trouble at the time and the loss of that stuff just put us in deeper. We couldn't get a stake because we were having hard work making anyone believe us. So we made another trip out here for more proof.



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

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

Thomason and White smiled. "We can get in all right," said Thomason in a genial voice his cold eyes did not support. Mrs. White smiled confidently and her husband bobbed his head. Thomason went on "You've forgotten about

the old boat landings on the Death Valley side of the Panamint Mountains. All we have to do is climb the mountain to the openings where the galleries come out of the city on to the old lake shore. Do you know the mountains along the west side of Death Valley?"

"I been down there" said Bill.

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

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

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

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"You goin down there now?" asked Bill.

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

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

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

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

mountain. They failed to find any sign of either.

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

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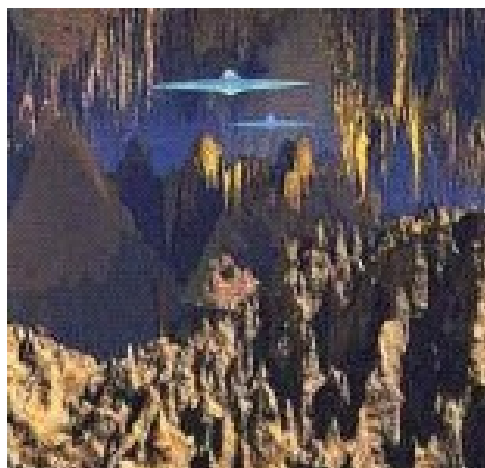
support the story of Thomason and White, to a remarkable degree.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We the Paiute Nation, have known of these ships

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

"Who are the Hav-musuvv?"

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

He smiled a little at my confusion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No.. but we have many stories of them. There are

reasons why one does not become too curious."

"Reasons?"

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

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

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

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

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splashed like the waves of the ghost lake.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I could not help but ask the inevitable.

"Do you believe this story of the chief?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I sure as hell would like to know why Esquire paid good money for a story and never used it and WHAT WAS BEHIND IT? The story was read and critiqued by Arnold Gingrich himself. This I know, because it came back in its first draft with suggestions for changes by Gingrich

and was purchased in its second draft and Harmer was paid. I think the price of the article was \$175.00, but I could be wrong -- if it's important.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

repeated underground.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sirs:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Sipapuni (place of emergence) has long been forgotten.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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ancestors are alleged to have emerged from the subterranean world. Pages 26, 57, and 163-164 of Morris E. Opler's book "MYTHS AND TALES OF THE JICARILLA APACHE INDIANS" gives the information that some of the Apache's

believe their place of emergence to be somewhere west of Flint Mountain, which is west of Abiquiu, New Mexico. Others place it north of Durango Colorado; near Alamosa; or in the San Juan Mts. of Colorado.

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

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

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

chambers are smooth and flesh-colored. From these two caves, the Keres people are said to have come forth when they first emerged into this world."

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

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

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

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

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

"After they had traveled some distance this way, they arrived at the mouth of a cave which is on the other side of this big bluff that you can see above here (north side of the bluff about a mile or two above the farming site mentioned earlier). The man rode the porcupine right into the cave and when inside he dismounted. Then the porcupine pushed him on into the passage leading inward.

He went into the cave and followed a sort of tunnel for almost a mile, which finally took him out on top of a mountain. There on this mountain ga'n people were living and the man stayed with them."

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

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

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

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

"It was in one of the most desolate areas that Finley and his companions found themselves. They had driven about ninety miles southwest of Marathon, Texas, a little town of about 700 people, at the foot of the Del Norte Mountains, 4000 feet high, and had then gone on afoot.

The dirt road just petered out and they couldn't get their car further. They were hunting deer but had had no luck. Just as they were about to call it a day, Finley spotted a mountain lion. He snapped a

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

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

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

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

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

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

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down further and further and disappeared into the gloom. They never did see or hear of the lion again. At first they thought they had stumbled onto some old Spanish mine

workings. But there was no sign anywhere of a dump that always goes with a mine. By all rights there should have been some sign of the earth and rock that had come out of that hole--but there wasn't.

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

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

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

Finley told me this story about a year before even you heard of Shaver so you can be sure he wasn't influenced by the "Shaver 'Mystery" ...In fact, I don't believe he has ever heard of the "Shaver Mystery," even to this day.

--- E. Stanton

Brown., 4931 Bryce Ave., Fort Worth 7, Texas

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

"...Then there was the story Stone Calf told me of the great caves somewhere on the Staked Plains of southwest Texas or southeastern New Mexico where the buffalo annually come out of the underworld in countless numbers to take up their trek to the north. Stone Calf never visited the great opening in the earth but had talked with Indians who had, and was confident he could go directly to the spot from the directions given him. He was sure the buffalo bred in great numbers in a land

called Shipapu deep under the earth, and came out by the wish of the Great Spirit, solely for the use of his Indian children. Later, he thought they might return to this land of Shipapu by some northern route under the earth and return again the following spring through the mouth of the great cave. Of course, no white man ever found this cave, but that it exists somewhere down there in that wild country, or did exist while the Indian had need of the Buffalo, who can gainsay? Just because a thing doesn't measure up scientific-like seems to me is no reason for doubting it or classifying it a myth."
(Cheyenne)

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

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

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

was all we located to indicate recent occupation. Of course in a country where desperados such as Black Jack, Billy the Kid, etc., hid out where they could and the more solitary the better, such a find was not too surprising.

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

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

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

We were at an elevation of approximately 7000 feet and going was tough, especially with a pack, and we had stopped to rest when one of the party remarked that it "sounded hollow" when any of us talked. Of course, we all yapped away at the same time trying to see if this was

so, and sure enough it was. Further investigation located the hole some six feet to the left of where we had stopped. It was roughly oval in shape, some 30 by 18 feet; and bridged in the center the short way by a natural rock arch heavy enough to support an elephant. In

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"They (Spelunkers - or cave explorers) know that

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

made:

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

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

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

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phenomena, holds the visitor spellbound with wonder.

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

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

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

drift down from the northland.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cincinnati is my old home town. I never met Lloyd, but knew about him. I have a friend, a Cincinnati book dealer, who knew him well.

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

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

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

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

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impressions from inanimate objects just by touching them). There are a few people around the world who 'claim' to have this ability, one of the most famous

being Peter Hurkos. Although it is not known how much faith can be put into such experiments, some 'sensitive's' however have 'psychometrized' objects they new nothing about only to learn later that what they had sensed was in fact a reality:

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

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

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

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

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

"There is a cave below this that is more magnificent than the other, much more so. It has not been visited, I think. It is surpassingly beautiful. It looks like a palace built to embody the idea of beauty. There is something that shines like a sun, raying out light all around; I cannot tell what it is. I cannot think of this as a cave; it is a gorgeous palace. I see a beautiful curtain-like partition between two rooms, with ridges and deep fluting's. I notice one long hall with two walls,

about three feet high, running the whole length of it; they look very singular here, for they have quite an artificial appearance. What a splendid place this would be to live in; only there is a cool, damp feeling about it. I know not how to get out of this labyrinth...

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

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

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

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

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

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

solid, but there is some coral-looking stuff on the walls.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#25 --- (I continue quoting from the above reference - i.e. No.24): "One of the more interesting "Tom Sawyer" type stories involves Crabtree Cave, in Smyth County. During the Depression, a man vanished into the cave and was never found again. This disappearance was doubly

distressing, as he had eight hundred dollars in his pocket (his relatives even had the F.B.I. looking for him.)

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

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

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

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

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A few miles from the tiny town of Bell's Cove, deep in the rugged mountains of Virginia, is an unexplored underground wonderland in the little-known Buck Hill

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"On numerous trips, observers have checked Faust's report. The cycle lasted some eight minutes, sometimes

more -- but "breath" the cave did and still does. Nobody can explain why..."

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

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

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

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

and found that in 1915, or about that year, six survivors took gear and equipment, and spent a month in exploration of the cave, going 18 miles from the entrance, and down almost five miles below sea level.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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construction of a thermal drill that is powered by a mini atomic reactor and eats into the earth like a mole, in

the form of an armored vehicle. This drill is intended to pierce the earth's crust, which is about 25 miles thick, and take samples of the molten magma that lies underneath it...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I peered into the hole and saw that by removing

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

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

THEY STUMBLED across another body a few feet away.

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

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

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

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

"I was afraid the slightest vibration would bring the

walls down around us."

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

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

There was no trace of the remaining miners.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#31 --- Clay Perry, in his book "UNDERGROUND EMPIRE"

(pages 199-201), relates the following:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

alert boosters of the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce,

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

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

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

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

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

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

#32 --- In William R. Halliday's book "DEPTHS OF THE

EARTH", there can be found the following statements on pages 367-370:

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

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

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

"Miles to the south, enormous sinks and

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

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

"Yet it is the often-scorned limestone of the plateaus

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

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

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descent was through supposedly non-cavernous sandstone.

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

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

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

"Even without such a triumph, even without knowledge of the hundreds of undiscovered caves which must exist hidden in limestone recesses of the mighty terraced depths, the Grand Canyon must be recognized as one of America's great cave areas. To some, that recognition alone would be achievement. Yet sunbaked Canyon caver's have much in common with their Appalachian fellows. Until every crack is penetrated, every hole plumbed, spelunkers

and speleologists alike will remain unsatisfied. Fragile indeed are the spelean threads which weave together Sipapu Cavern and Butler Cave, yet of such are caver's secret dreams."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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the shaft took a tangent course which looked easily

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and Lakeport, California:

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

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

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

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

"The cars were very large and black (Note: Such cars have often been seen by UFO witnesses being driven by the so-called "Men In Black" who often intimidate such witnesses and tell them to remain silent... suggesting

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

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

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

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

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

"It is located 110 miles north of San Francisco in Mendocino county and is directly on the old Pieta toll road that ran between Hopland and Lakeport in Lake county, of which Clear Lake is quite a summer resort. If you care to look it up on a map, get a good auto road map

and look due south off the road midway between towns and you will note an area with no roads bounded by Sonoma Lake and the lower Mendocino counties and there it is. If you wish to go there, be sure that enough people

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

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

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

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

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

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if you know of someone capable in the vicinity, have them

get in touch with me and I will give more details."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There were three persons in the party which penetrated the entrance. They had only one small

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

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

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

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

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

by tunnels which appear to be centrally located in Arizona.

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

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civilization..."

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

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

"...This story takes place on the outskirts of the town of Binger, Oklahoma. It was back in the 30's, when I was a vacationing newspaper reporter. In fact I was between jobs. I had come out west from Chicago. Having some close friends in Binger, Oklahoma, I decided to visit them on my way to California where I would start on another assignment. Pat and Louis lived on the NORTH end of Binger in a very comfortable home built on very flat prairie land. I arrived late in the afternoon. We had an

early dinner and retreated to the large front porch, where it was cool and restful. In the course of conversation, I had noticed out in the distance, about half a mile from the house, what seemed to be a huge mound. I questioned my friends about it, but learned it was a subject nobody wanted to talk about. I was doggedly persistent, however, and Pat finally told this story:

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

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

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

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

"There was nothing to do but to walk on -- and on, -- and on, hoping they would at least find drinking water.

After a while, which seemed like an eternity to them, they began to sense the passage beginning to

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

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

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

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

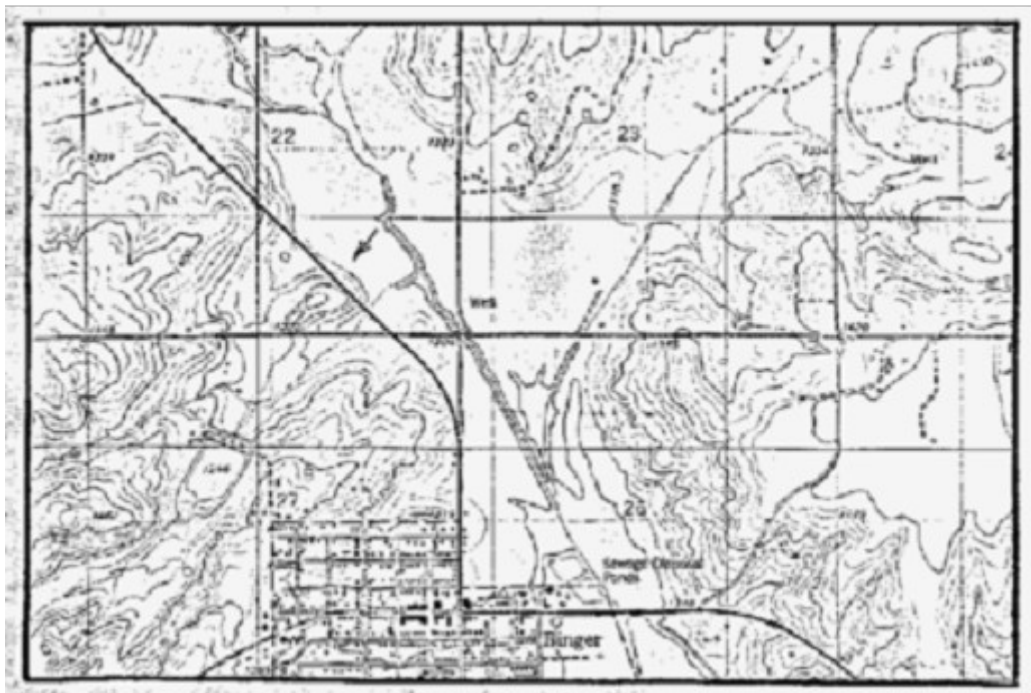
"'We were allotted comfortable houses to live in and women for our wives. My wife was named Teen. She was a pleasant and loving mate, and for a time I was contented and happy in my life deep underground. But gradually I began to yearn for the outside world. I longed to see the sun again, and feel the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

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outside world, until she became as anxious as I to escape. One time while listening to one of my many stories, she said, 'There is a way out of this land, but it will not be easy. We will have to leave while all are gathered for evening vespers (Or rather, this was the

closest word that the Spaniard could think of to describe this event. This was a brief ritual that was held at the close of every day).

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



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

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

"'Hurriedly we gathered together our belongings and

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the inclement season in these grottoes, which they had reached about Christmas time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Your first view of the cave will perhaps disappoint you. It seems merely a pit in the desert, some 50 yards

across, with nothing in sight for miles around except sand, sage-brush and a few stunted juniper trees.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#41 --- The following news article appeared in the March

25, 1979 issue of the Toronto SUNDAY SUN. The story, titled TUNNEL MONSTER OF CABBAGETOWN? - was reported by staff writer Lorrie Goldstein:

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

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

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

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

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

"Ernest speaks reluctantly of what happened next...

"He is convinced the thing spoke to him.

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

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

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

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

"'I believe Ernie saw exactly what he says he did,' said Barbara. 'He was terrified when he came back to the apartment and he doesn't scare easily. Look, he's been

known to have a drink in the past - like most people, and to occasionally tie one on, but he's not a drunk and he wasn't drinking at all that day.'

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

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

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

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

"The concrete slab has collapsed on one side during

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Beneath the upper reaches of the Guadalupe peaks, is located the largest natural cavern and cave complex in North America. Near this area is the city of Carlsbad, New Mexico, famed for its caverns and pot ash mines. Thousands of tourists flock here to see the great natural beauty of the Carlsbad Caverns (Note: In more recent

years the vast "Lecheguilla" caverns have been discovered not far from Carlsbad, and they have been explored to a remarkable extent, making the Lecheguilla system one of the longest and deepest (known) cavern

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networks in North America).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Shaken by the experience, the traders made a hasty

departure, not only from the cavern, but from the entire, forlorn area. They stopped only briefly at the post for some provisions for their journey to unknown places, and to babble out the bizarre story.

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

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

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

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to the Happy Hunting Grounds of Chieftains.'

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

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

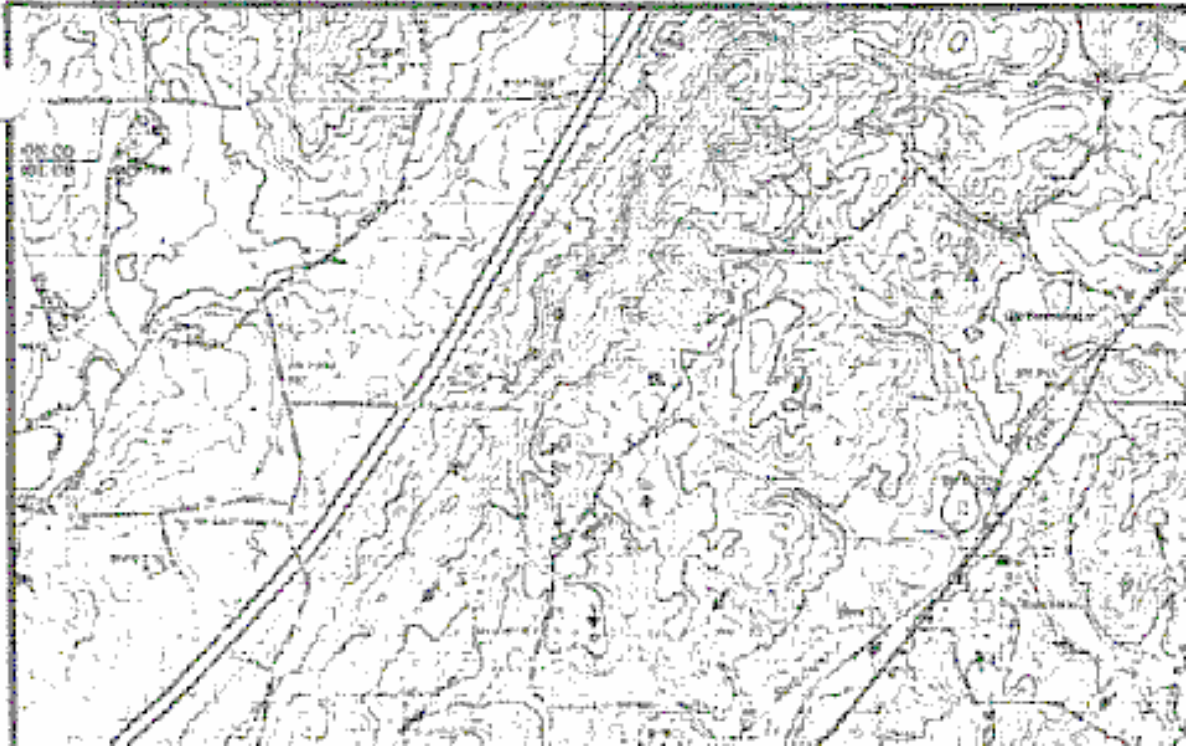
"Aside from the known openings there could very well be many times this amount, formed in the past 100

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

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there and the kill was there for the taking."

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



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

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

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

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

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

of its bad air.

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

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

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

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

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CAVE AND TUNNEL ENTRANCES OF THE UNITED STATES
Vol. I - Part 2
compiled by B. Alan Walton

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

Dear Ray;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

little man led her to his chief; and she removed the thorn. She stayed on among them, always thinking she would return to her people. One of the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"...And Dick Shaver should be interested in Salamahowich, one time chief of the Shoshones who is alleged to have entered a huge cave in the Goose Creek Mts., where he was

confronted by a giant who claimed to be the guardian of the Shoshones and would continue in that capacity only so long as they obey his codes, among which terms no human should ever again enter the cave, and Salamahowich's people should dance in his (the giant's) honor (the Neg-ga-kin "fandango" still being danced by present day Shoshones) whenever they heard him strike the "silver boulder" at the caves entrance."

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

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

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

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

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

#51 --- Page 66 of the July, 1965 issue of "SEARCH" magazine gave the following legend concerning Lehman Caves National

Monument in Nevada (on the east shoulder of Wheeler Peak.):

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to go east and west. To the Pueblo Indians he gave seeds and corn and pumpkins and other plants and fruits and told them to go to the south. He also gave them bows and arrows and deer skins. They had to live by hunting and from the products of the earth.

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

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

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

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

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

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emerged from the cavern and traveled over the ice of Stuart

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

green pigmentation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"For several days Nis-We-Bask had been following the banks of a large creek; his friend Kae-lth had decided to return to his canoe at tidewater, thence to his summer camp. But Nis-We-bask was determined to explore this river as far as possible - now during the low water season - just to see

how many beaver colonies and other fur-bearing animals could be located. Kae-lth had suggested, rather apprehensively, that it wasn't safe for one man to venture into unknown territory; in fact even hinted that other creatures other than just wild animals might be found, with unpleasant results. Nis-We-Bask had laughed at his friend's fears; moreover he was young and strong and a good hunter as well as the fact that many other hunters of their tribe had at different times gone out hunting alone, and with one or two exceptions had always returned. Aside from such wild animals as were usually found in these parts, what was there to be afraid of? Surely not the stories old

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Already the heat from the fire was unbearable.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With that the giant left Nis-We-Bask and entered the cave again. Just then Nis-We-Bask felt a sickening falling

feeling as if he were falling from a great height, then the feeling was gone, and he looked about to find himself on the sand near his canoe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He then tells of a story which he heard, of some caves in a sacred Apache canyon, 3 MILES across the Mexican border, south of CAZZARILLO Springs, from which a man had recovered a 40-pound bar of silver bullion. Determined to see this cave (which was called Boca Grande Cave) for himself, he sets out

for the sacred canyon from HERMANAS, New Mexico; unaware at the time that he will not get a chance to visit the Boca Grande Cave, but instead will find something more startling:

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

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

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

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

"`People who live in an Indian country became very sensitive to sight, sound, and smell. I had been resting but a few minutes when my ears warned me that some one besides myself was in the canyon. Crossing to the opposite side, I took note of fresh moccasin tracks, the prints having been made, I thought, by squaws, or young bucks. The burros dung I judged to be not over a day old. The tracks led up the main canyon. As I stood there listening, I heard a crackling sound. The hills were covered with 'sotol', and I came to the conclusion the Indians were gathering it to make the drink of the same name, a liquor something like mescal. "`I

became wary, keeping on the lookout for burros and squaws. I had gone about two miles up the canyon when I got a whiff of smoke. As I did not want to be discovered by a sentinel, or lookout, I kept in the shade of the canyon. Besides, I was afraid the burros would get my scent and warn their owners. A short

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

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

like cabbage when roasted or steamed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

``On the way back I came upon some mule bones; I also found a part of a Mexican "aparejo", or packsaddle. Had the

mule been killed by Indians, or had he wandered away from his packers with the piece of rope tied to his halter and got caught in the brush to die of starvation? I took note of a pile of waste that looked like ore sacks, but being in a hurry, I did not stop to examine anything.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"While I stood near the opening trying to get used to the darkness, a low, mournful sigh came to me from the deeper section of the cave, getting louder and louder until it ended all of a sudden in a wild shriek. In a twinkling I was outside the cave. I gave the big stone a slight push and it swung easily about, closing the cave. The socket in which this egg-shaped tufa, or pumice stone turned, had been

hollowed out of obsidian, or volcanic glass, the work of either wind or water erosion or of the Indians. It was so easy to turn pumice stone in this socket, that a child could have opened the cave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Cousin Jack had breakfast ready shortly after daybreak. While eating, I told him about the flashes. We had been thinking of driving first to the old battle field he had discovered, but we now decided to go at once to the hidden well, as I knew the Indians would not enter a sacred canyon even when on the warpath.

"About a mile from the well we unloaded the wagon, packing as much as possible on the mules, including plenty of rope and five lanterns which the surveyors had loaned us. Cousin Jack led the mules, while I went ahead, scouting as far as the alder trees where the Indian skeletons swayed in the wind in their cottonwood wrappings. I told Cousin Jack to wait for me at the sotol thicket where I had seen the Indian girls making sotol.

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

outlaws.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There must be a volcanic vent near-by," said I. "It all puts me in mind of geysers I've seen in Yellowstone Park."

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

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the tin mines of Cornwall, England, on the ghost shift, knocking warnings to the miners to let them alone. When they make the rat-tat-tat, it's time for the Cousins to

pick up their tools and pull for the top. Come along, come along, old son! Let's get out of this bloody cave."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"`Cousin Jack now wanted me to look for a bullet in

his body that had never been found by the doctors. He said he sometimes got a pain in his shoulder, and he suspected the bullet was there, though it had entered his body near his heart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

existed (or does still) beneath the area.

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

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

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

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

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

"...I have not as yet given Cusick's 'Origin of the Kingdom of the Five Nations, which was called a Long House.' It is odd and interesting, but facts are against it. 'By some inducement a body of people was concealed in the mountain at the falls named Kuskehsawkich, (now Oswego). When the people were released from the mountain they were visited by

Tarenyawagon (i.e. the Holder of the Heavens), who had power to change himself into various shapes; he ordered the people to proceed towards the sunrise as he guided them, and came to a river named Yenonanatche (i.e. 'going round a mountain' - now 'Mohawk'), and went down the bank of the river and came to where it discharges into a great river running towards the midday sun; and Shaw-nay-taw-ty (i.e. 'beyond the Pinerias' - now 'Hudson'), and went down the bank of the river and touched bank of a great water..." (The Five Iroquois Nations included the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca tribes. After the Tuscaroras tribe was admitted in 1722, it became known as the 'Six Nations').

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

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

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

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

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

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

Choctaw emerged, scattering to the four points of the compass."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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#62 --- More stairs leading down into the inner earth can be examined in North Salem, Massachusetts. Neatly buried on top of a small hill near the village are twenty stone structures, strange evidence of an alien civilization. The ruins have been the subject of some extremely controversial debates since their discovery. Bewildered scientists have inspected the unusual structures and walked away confusedly mumbling to themselves. There is an enormous, four-ton stone slab that

resembles the ancient stone altars used for pagan sacrifices. It even has a groove for drainage of blood and carved on one side are a gazelle's head, a bull's head and a stone axe, mute faded testimonies to some ancient sculpture. Too, there is an intriguing cylinder, made of stone and nearly buried in the earth. Many early investigators believed the structure was a water well, as it then was almost filled with water. But, when the well was drained by engineers, a group of astonished scientists discovered a flight of stone stairs leading down into the earth.

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

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

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

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

"...The Culture-Rama, newly constructed beneath the Grand Canyon by the Cultures of Subterreanea, began its service officially on January 1, 1980, although a special festival ceremony was held on the night of December 24, 1979. The basic purpose of the Culture-Rama is the NOAH PROJECTION, a

long-range massive project to refurbish, revitalize and regenerate the surface territory of this planet. It is an attempt to offset the portending cosmic changes which will wreck havoc on the unprepared surface dweller, and to subdue the increasing self-destruction of the outer domain intelligence's as they play out their 'karmic' tragedies..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<http://www.Shavertron.com>

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

here:

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

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

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

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

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

"I think there may be peculiar forces in the ground, because I saw a dog act very strangely. I was walking at sundown, and passed a cottage with a little red dog in front of it. I've been raised in the country with dogs, and I think I know their habits fairly well. Many times they roll over, and over on the earth, seeming to enjoy the fragrance, etc., but this dog had all the appearance of a dead animal. His legs were straight up in the air, paws hanging rigidly and

even his mouth was fixed in a stiff position. I watched him for some time, then started for the cottage door to tell the occupants they had a dead dog. Just to be sure, I spoke to the dog first. This seemed to rouse him from his trance. He slithered through the half open gate and came over to where I stood. I patted his head and started on my way, but he put a paw on my arm. He didn't seem to want me to go, and he didn't look like an ordinary dog at all. He watched me all the way down the road, with the strangest expression in his eyes. I only mention this incident to bring out the fact that I think there may be certain currents in the earth.

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

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

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

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

evening star - or whatever that first big planet is - going towards the moon which was nearer

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

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

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

"...We are delighted it had been our privilege to make this contact with them and in such numbers and in- such happy, peaceful and beautiful surroundings. We were further

pleased to find them so friendly towards us, to know that they approved of us, and wished to visit with us.

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

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

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

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

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

The Following letter, which appeared on page 173 of the

December, 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, tells of a strange experience concerning 'Agharti' (the legendary underworld 'paradise' beneath central Asia (China and Mongolia) which occurred to a couple from Seattle:

"Sirs... The most singular thing has happened and we are at a loss to offer an explanation. It might be a prank, but unless someone is willing to spend a good deal of money on a prank, it must be the truth!

"On July 29, a tall man wearing a long blue or black overcoat and a dark hat drawn down to conceal his face, went to a former residence of ours in San Francisco asking for us. He was told we had moved and the landlord tried to find a card bearing our forwarding address. Try as he might, he couldn't, nor

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could he remember even the city, but he said he thought it was Portland. When told, the man answered, 'I quite understand. If you find the address, kindly write them and say, "the man from Agharti" seeks them.'

"On August 5 he reappeared in Portland at an apartment house where we had once lived. Again our address was missing and again he left the same message, adding, 'I bear a message for them from the King.'

"In both cases, after we had gone, our forwarding addresses were found and both landlords wrote to us immediately, apologizing for their oversight. They said he impressed them so much they couldn't forget him. Both of them misspelled 'Agharti' in their letters.

"Who is the King? Can he be referring to the fabulous (so-called) 'King of the World' (the 'king' of Agharti)? The only solution we can suggest is to publish this letter with our address and hope that this time the man from Agharti, if he be such, will find us." --- John & Dorothy deCourcy., 665 S. W. 113th Place., Seattle 66., Washington

(Note: The deCourcy's were fairly well-known by the readers of AMAZING STORIES, for their 'science fiction' stories about the underworld, etc., including one based on the legend of Agharta - or Agharti - which MAY have attracted the 'King's' attention. - Branton)

The following story appeared on pages 23-24 of Louis Pound's book "NEBRASKA FOLK LORE":

"The so-called Ponca Cave...has been given considerable space in the Nebraska press. There were a few columns about it in the Lincoln Sunday STAR of July 5, 1925, under the heading 'Ponca Residents Recall Discovery of Cave of

Prehistoric Beasts and Plants.' The authors were Harry I. Peterson and William Huse, the latter the historian of Dixon County of which Ponca is the county seat. Their tall tale was repeated in the

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Lincoln Sunday Journal and Star, March 28, 1948., twenty-three years later.

"Ponca is in northeast Nebraska, near where the Missouri River rounds the corner bordering South Dakota and Iowa. About 1915 fossil remains such as shark teeth and turtle shells were uncovered there, and a large fossil fish, now in a Chicago museum, was blasted from the bluffs along the river. Local legends and tales seem to have started up after this event; Messrs Huse and Peterson's tale is the tallest. They associated their story with no specific site at Ponca but claimed that it had been lost. Their yarn tells of vast caverns, prehistoric skeletons, and gigantic fossilized animals beneath the northern part of Dixon County. It narrates the marvelous subterranean travels of '...Professor Jeremiah Perrigoue, who liked geology and liked to dig along the bluffs for fossils, minerals, and petrifications.' In 1876, Perrigoue found a great hole or an abandoned mine shaft 85 feet deep. He went through a fissure in the rock about 150 yards, then turned sharply to the left. Below him he saw to his amazement a gigantic cavern, a room supported by enormous trees reaching to 300 feet, their leaves turned into a canopy of stone. In this ancient forest he found petrified worms, a gigantic bird, terrible reptiles, a pterodactyl, dinotherium, megatherium, plesiosaur, ichthyosaurus, and paleotherium. Some of these creatures seemed to have been engaged in a death struggle before their demise. Other features of the great cavern were a subterranean river and waterfall.

"Perrigoue penetrated more than two miles from the entrance and spent more than two days before retracing his steps. Finally, 'Near the entrance where he had enlarged the fissure he encountered the dread fire-damp, and to his utter horror he saw the gauze of his miner's lamp had taken fire and was shooting up flames. In desperation he tried to extinguish them and finding it impossible he hurled the lamp far from him and

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scrambled up the shaft. He had barely reached the upper world before a terrible explosion heaved the ground, the shaft disappeared and this extraordinary sarcophagus was eternally sealed.' "

(Take this one for what it is worth - Branton... ;o)

Page 6 of the "HOLLOW HASSLE" newsletter, which was published by Mary Martin and TAL LeVesque during the 1980's, carried the following information in issue #9:

"HOPI INDIAN LEGEND; A Journey from the Interior.

"A long time ago the HOPI'S lived in the Underworld or in a land beneath the Surface of our Planet. Life in that region was like life on the surface of the earth and the HOPI People were very happy there. But a time came when crops failed due to lack of rain and the people became unhappy.

"When they looked up to the sky they could see a Great 'HOLE' there, and this was a sign to them that there may be another land on the 'OTHER SIDE' of the SKY'; HOPI Leaders led the People through the 'HOLE' to the land on the other side. (Similar Legends are told by several other American Indian Tribes)

"HOPI'S have a concept of 'SKY GODS'; Rituals and Ceremonials (for them) take place in the Underground ...Kivas (The ancient and Sacred Temple of the HOPI People)... Which Symbolizes the INTERIOR world which was the land of the HOPI'S before coming to the SURFACE. The Underworld/Sky-Spirits play a (secret) important Unseen role in the life of the HOPI.

"'We will continue to keep PEACE with all Men while patiently waiting for our 'TRUE WHITE BROTHER' whose duty is to Purify this Land.'" --- Dan Katchongva (SUN CLAN)

Oct. 8, 1950

"THE HOPI'S ANCESTORS; A Journey from MALDEK.

"A long time passed and there were Other Worlds and

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Other Peoples. We are now living today as descendants of People who were saved from the Other World, because there the 'Living Stream' changed from Good to Corruption.

"There were good People and they asked 'MASSAU' (the Creator, or "Messiah"!?) for permission to come live with him. These Peaceful People from that Earlier World were permitted to go Live with MASSAU in the interior of the Earth. They became the First HOPIS. ('HOPI' means 'PEACEFUL' people)

"Ancestors of the present HOPIS originally came from the Destroyed Planet MALDEK (and its Moon, MALONA) ...This Planet and its single satellite were known as LUCIFER and LILITH in the Old Testament... They were destroyed by Thermal Catastrophe...

"(Hydrogen Destruction) LUCIFER-MALDEK are today known as the ASTEROID BELT... between MARS and JUPITER. (Note: They 'apparently' took refuge in the subteranean / cavern world AFTER coming down from 'Maldek', according to the legend -

Branton)

"HOPI PROPHECY --- We were warned long ago not to take part in the 3 Great Wars (Apparently, according to Hopi prophecy, there WILL be a third world war - Branton)... there would be TWO forerunners of the 'TRUE WHITE BROTHER' who will witness for him... (Does this relate to the following scriptural reference!? - "And I will give power unto my TWO Witnesses, and they shall prophecy." - Revelation 11:3)

"In the last days 'STRANGE LIGHTS' will be seen in the sky and they will be WATCHING the HOPI People to see if they are following the LIFE PLAN... and these 'Strange Lights' will report to the 'TRUE WHITE BROTHER' and they will tell Him when it is time for him to come again."

The following letter appeared on page 6 of issue #11 of

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the HOLLOW HASSLE newsletter. The letter was dated April 9, 1973:

"A friend of mine has discovered an 8 ft. dia. hole inside a cave near here. (Tenn. is full of caves.) He said the hole is perfectly round with smooth sides and descends straight down for well over 100 feet. He is going to explore it further in the near future..." --- J. C. Parsons (address not given)

The following account was recorded on page 1 of the #11 issue of the HOLLOW HASSLE newsletter (Note: Due to the nature of such 'revelations', which one may find very difficult to 'document', we must retain a deal of scepticism, not only due to the lack of evidence but also the fact that what one might call 'astral propoganda' is quite common in the 'astral' realm. So there may or may not be some legitimacy to the following account. - Branton):

"...We have some recent news that may take away from our monthly features, but it is too exciting to pass up. Recently Tom and I were invited to a group meeting to ask some questions of an entity who claims he was never in a human body. He comes through a twenty-one year old youth under self-hypnosis and represents himself as the memory bank or the librarian of our universe. The answers are quite profound and we are satisfied there is a great mind at work. The following are some of the questions we asked and the answers we recieved. By the way, our entity goes by the name of Tony, so we will refer to him by this name in future issues..."

Q, Do beings exist in these caverns under the earth?

A. Yes, around 7,500,000 beings exist in the cavern world.

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Q. The Shaver Mystery states that there are good people known as Tero, and detrimental people known as Dero in these caverns. Is this true?

A, There is positive and negative qualities in these people, like yourself, as they are your ancestors.

Q. Is our government aware of this subterranean world?

A. Yes.

Q. Do the people from the Subterranean World have contact with our government?

A. No.

Q. Do they have contact with any earth people?

A. Yes, due to the odds...

Q. Do they have sunlight or any other form of light?

A. They do not get direct sunlight. They have a natural form of light given off by the rocks. Their air comes from above through various tunnels and cracks.

Q. Are their entrances in the western part of the United States?

A. Yes.

Q. Is one of these caverns at Carlsbad, New Mexico?

A. You could say that. There is also one that is not known.

Q. Is Mount Shasta an entrance?

A. Am I reading your mind or are you reading mine?

Q. Is there an opening in the Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky?

A. Yes...

Q. Dr. Raymond Bernard, also known as Dr. Walter Seigmeister (and author of 'The Hollow Earth'),

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disappeared in South America in 1965. Can you tell me what happened to him?

A. This entity found what he was looking for, though other entities concerned do not wish this information brought out. This entity is alive, but cannot come back once you go down their...J

Q. Do people live longer in the caverns?

A. There is a 30% to 60% increase in the life span. Their diet and atmosphere are one of the many factors that contribute to this increase. (Also, according to some, the fact that they are not exposed to the solar radiations plays an important role in their longevity - Branton)

Q. Could you explain the cause of light in caves?

A. Natural rock formations, bacteria giving off light. It is possible for the latter to be produced if so desired... By use of special surfaces, light can be controled or amplified for light or energy...

UNDERGROUND CITIES

The following is from "The Fate Book Of The Occult - BEYOND THE STRANGE" (Chapter: "Woman Who 'Sees' Tomorrow" ...by George Butler):

"Mrs. Jane Savage of Lakeland, Fla., has the power of 'Spiritual Prophecy', a few years ago she stated that:

"...If we look a mile and one-half under the surface of our own South-west (Arizona and New Mexico) we will find the remains of the greatest as well as the oldest civilization known to man... (Note: This is where the Hopi, Navajo, and other Pueblo 'Native

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Americans claim' to have emerged from the subterranean or cavern world. - Branton)

"She went on to forecast: 'The power of the tides and taking power from the air and ethers that surround our planet will revolutionize transportation.'

"Mrs. Savage had taken notes on seven 'Psychic Journeys' she says she has taken in a spiritual sense. She said she explored UNDERGROUND CITIES, and was led to believe that 'Life was never ending and that as we cooperate with the LIFE SOURCE all knowledge is given us to be given out to others.'"

The following legend, concerning a subterranean city north of Montreal (Canada), is recorded on pages 310-311 of "HURON AND WYANDOT MYTHOLOGY", by C.M. Barbeau:

"...The war had desolated the great Island. This destruction was caused by the use of fire by Tseh-stah and of

the use of the North Wind by Tah-weh-skah-reh. No means of substance were left. To preserve his people until he could re-create the destroyed works of the Great Island, Tseh-stah built the Yooh-wah-tah-yoh, or great underground City or subterranean Dwelling, far to the north of Montreal's present site. Into this he led his people, and then went forth to his work of reconstruction... Here the people were in a torpid state, like turtles and toads and snakes in winter. They were lying about the City in all positions, and they retained only a partial consciousness. The Woman who fell down from heaven ruled over them with her fiery torch given her by Heh-noh, the Thunder God.

"In making these things anew, Tseh-stah could only reproduce them as they were before their destruction in the war, and as they had been left by the modifications of himself and Tah-weh-skah-reh. This work required an immense length of time.

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"After ages had elapsed, Tseh-stah came back to Yooh-wah-tah-yoh. He said the work was done, and that it was yet too new for use. They could not go out until the Earth was ripened by the Sun.

"From the point of the Yooh-wah-tah-yoh where the Wyandots were, a glimmering of light could be seen, and Tseh-stah went forth from the Yooh-wah-tah-yoh by the small opening. He looked about the whole of the Great Island. He saw it was indeed ready to receive the people for whom it had been created, and for whom all the work of Nature cried out both day and night. He returned to the Yooh-wah-tah-yoh where sat the Woman who fell down from heaven with her torch of fire given by Heh-noh, the Thunder God. He announced to his Mother that the world cried aloud for her children. She said to him: 'My son, lead them forth in the Order of Precedence and Encampment. They shall come to me on their journey to the land of the Little People.'

"Then Tseh-stah caused the Earth to quake and to rock to its foundation. Heh-noh shook the heavens and rolled over the Great Waters with his Thunder. All the sky flamed with his fiery darts. The great Yooh-wah-tah-yoh was rent asunder. A nation stood marshaled to go forth. They marched to the waiting world. The hills, the waters, the beasts, the trees, the birds, and the fishes cried out with welcome to the nation born of the earth in a day. They found the earth decked with flowers, and songs of joy poured out from the forests filled with happy birds.

"They found some of the people of Tah-weh-skah-reh still living on the Great Island. Their preservation is not accounted for.

"Here ends the Song of the Creation, as sung by Captain Bull-Head and William Big-Town."

The following information can be found on pages 14-19 & 107-112 of William R. Palmer's book "WHY THE NORTH STAR

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STANDS STILL AND OTHER INDIAN LEGENDS":

"...Narro-Gwe-uap - Paiute storyteller speaking in I-oo-goone (Zion Canyon, in southwestern Utah). Long ago their ancestors came to this land from the land of the setting sun:

"'The first home of the Paiute's was in the land of the setting sun. It was in the high mountains of the far west where the Indians could look out over waters wider than their eyes could reach. They lived with Tobats and Shinob, the Indian gods, in a great cave that was warm in the winter and cool in the summer, and it was always dry when everything else was wet with the rains. The cave was a good home and they loved to be there.'

"Not many years ago the Paiute's sent out a party of men to find their legendary place of emergence, traveling many days across the desert, and upon finding the mountain from which they were expelled in ancient times, they met one of their Gods, Shinob, who, according to the legend, said to them:

"'Well, you boys look like my boys. Where have you been? I thought all you people died in the desert or were killed a long time ago. Where are you going? How did you find this place anyhow?'

"He then told his Paiute children that it was not yet time for them to return. The top of the mountain where the ancestral cousins of the Paiute's live looks similar to the head of an Indian. Atop this formation is an outcropping of rock resembling what seemed to be a hand, bent forward as if saying 'go back'. According to the legend, it is near this formation, high among the steep rocks, where the entrance is supposed to be located.

"In this story, Shinob continues to say that they may not enter the mountain since the rocks leading to the Cave entrance are too steep: '\...Then Shinob called the Indians close to him. As they came, he put an eagle

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feather in the back of every man's head and told him to wear it home. It would be good luck. It would be like the hand of Tobats over them. "Tell your people that you talked with Shinob and that you saw Tobats' hand. Tell them to wear one eagle feather bent forward, like the hand of Tobats, in the

back of their hair."'"

The following legend comes from page 291 of Bertha Palmer's book "STORIES FROM THE CLASSIC LITERATURE OF MANY NATIONS":

"...At a certain time the Earth opened up in the west, where its mouth is. The Earth opened, and the Cussitaws came out of its mouth, and settled nearby..." (Kasi'hta tribe legend, a branch of the Creek Indian Nation)

Page 71 of Jeremiah Curtin's book, "CREATION MYTHS OF PRIMITIVE AMERICA", contains the following story (Note: The Wintus are a nation or stock of 'Indians' who, before the coming of the white men, owned and occupied all that part of California situated on the right bank of the Sacramento river, from its source near the foot of Mount Shasta to its mouth at the northern shore of San Francisco Bay):

"...At a place east of Pas Puisono, a woman came up out of the earth. Her name was Hluyuk Tikimit. She had another name, Pom Norwanen Pitchen. We call her also Norwan.

"She appeared before the present Wintu people came out of the ground, at Tsarau Heril.

"'I am in the world now," said Norwan to herself. I will look around everywhere to see from what places people are coming.'

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"She lived alone in her sweat-house, which was called Norwan Buli Hlut, remained in the house and danced during daylight.

"Olelbis looked down at this woman and said,--

"'This is my sister, who has come up before the new people on earth. I don't know what she will do yet.'

"When Olelbis was building his sweat-house in Olelpanti, he cut a piece from a white-oak tree, and this piece rolled down outside the sky to the lower world, where it became a people in Nor Puiken, in the southeast, and that people were those before the present Wintus came out of the ground at Tsarau-Heril."

The following appears on pages 151-152 of Hartley Burr Alexander's book, "THE WORLD'S RIM":

"The origin of the Sun Dance, in Cheyenne mythology, is ascribed to a certain medicine man, known from his buffalo headdress as 'Erect Horns', who in a time of famine finds his way into the interior of a mountain, the Medicine Lodge of the Manitos, where from the gods themselves he learns the rites which will restore the buffalo and other game so that the people may have food. This release of the animals from a great cavern in order that the food supply may be replenished is a repeated theme of Indian myth, and it is obvious that it is seasonal in intent, the cavern being the hollow hill of Winter whence the Sun hero releases the spring-renewed animal life as (for example, in the Pueblo legends of Montezuma) he returns from the South and mounts to his zenith, leaving his blessings with mankind..."

The following comes from page 58 of "NAVAJO CREATION MYTH", by Hasteen Klah:

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"...Then they planned some rivers, Toh-bakahni, the male (San Juan) river, and Toh-ba-ad, the female (Rio Grande) water; then a lake, Hahjeenah, where the people came out of the 'bamboo' (from the underworld - near Silverton, Colorado)."

The next accounts can be found on pages 201-209 of "TRADITIONS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS" (Vol. I) by James Athearn Jones:

"...The Minnatarees, and all the other Indians who are of the stock of the grandfather of nations, were once not of this upper air, but dwelt in the bowels of the earth. The Good Spirit, when he made them, no doubt meant - at a proper time - to put them in the enjoyment of all the good things which he had prepared for them upon the earth. But he ordered that their first stage of existence should be within it, as the infant is formed, and takes its first growth in the womb of its natural mother. They all dwelt underground, like moles, in one great cavern, which covered the whole island. When they emerged, it was in different places, but generally near where they now inhabit..."

"...On first emerging from the caverns, they came, they said, into a world where all was light and beauty. It was directly over that part of the cavern where our tribe dwelt. They saw a great round ball of fire, which gave light and

heat to the earth, and whose beams it was which had shot down through fissures of the rock, partially illuminating the cavern..."

"...When the Indians had determined to leave their habitation under ground, they agreed to do it at different points, that they might sooner be on the surface. The Minnatarees began - men, woman, and children - to clamber up the vine. One half of them had already reached the surface of the earth, when a dire mishap involved the remainder in a still more desolate

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captivity within its bowels. There was among the Minnatarees a very big and fat old woman, who was heavier than any six of her nation. Nothing would do but she must go up before certain of her neighbors. Away she clambered, but her weight was so great, that the vine broke with it; and the opening; to which it afforded the sole means of ascending, closed upon her and the rest of the nation.

"Other tribes fared better: in particular the beasts. The tortoise -- who always took the lead, because he was descended from the Great Tortoise who bears the world on his back, and can live both on land and in the-water -- very easily crept out, but the Monseys or Wolves, who dwelt under Lake Onondaga, did not emerge so easily. After trying to reach the upper air for a long time in vain, one of their number, a cunning old wolf, discovered a hole through which he crept out.

"He soon caught a deer, which he carried down to the tribe, who found it so sweet that they redoubled their exertions to reach the spot where such good things were to be had, and fortunately soon reached it in the company of the Turkeys, whom they overtook on the way. The Mengwe crept out of the same hole, but it was a long while afterwards..."

"...When the Minnatarees arrived in the upper air, they established themselves on the spot where they now reside..."

(Note: The book also states that the Paukunnawkuts, the Delawares, the Tuscaroras, and the Sioux also resided within the caverns before emerging from the cavern world into the surface world.)

On page 60 of Sheila Moon's book "A MAGIC DWELLS", we find the following Acoma tradition:

"...In one version of the Acoma Indian myth, it is

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written: They came out of the earth, from Iatik, the mother. They came out through a hole in the north called Shipap. They crawled out like grasshoppers; their bodies were naked and soft. It was all dark; the sun had not yet risen. All of the little people had their eyes closed: they hadn't opened them yet..."

The following letter appeared on page 193 of the June, 1945 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine:

"Sirs: You asked for stories that might relate to Lemuria or the caves. My mother was told this story by an old man who said it was as true as truth itself:

"This man and a friend were hunting, agreeing this time to go to a portion of the woods to which they did not normally go. They saw a deer and gave chase. It jumped through a clump of bushes and they followed -- to find themselves unaccountably in the strangest surroundings. They were in a huge (illuminated?) cavern that had numerous passageways leading from it. Before them was a monster-like man they thought sure was the Devil himself. The monster stared, and the two men stared back. One of them fainted from fear, and the man who told my mother the story dragged the other away in panic, and as he did so, found himself just as mysteriously in the forest again. The old man's friend died a week later as a result of the shock he had suffered.

"The old man tried later to find the cave again, but failed. I know this story is true because my mother does not tell fairy tales and because she believes it. --- Jerry LaPriore., 2024 Pleasant St. Fall River, Mass.

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The following letter appeared on pages 165-166 of the Feb. 1948 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine:

"...Sirs: I have contemplated writing to you for some time but have put it off until now. I have just finished reading the first issue of the Shaver Mystery Magazine and I believe I know what I want to say now...

"...I know that on three different occasions about a year apart, I was shown the entrance to a cave. I thought it was just a dream but since reading your Shaver Mystery Magazine, three identical dreams of the same cave entrance take on a new meaning. I know exactly where this entrance is and can draw a map of it.

"It is in Nevada..."

"Please believe me, I mean what I have written. I am not trying to pull a fast one, and I will cooperate with you 100 per cent. - Frank D. Matchett., 2702 Melbourne St., Houston, Texas.

The following strange letter appeared in the Marth, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on pages 174-175:

"Sirs: I am very sorry that at present I am unable to give you a map showing the location of the cave which I described to you in my last letter. I have visited the cave once since I have been home so I shouldn't have any difficulty finding it again.

"I am attending the speed Scientific School at the University of Louisville with the hope that I may be able to better carry on my investigations and get to the bottom of this mystery. My English professor is very interested in the 'Shaver Mystery' and has been very helpful in giving suggestions and aid. The cave was exactly as we left it some three years ago. I again saw the glowing walls and the arrow showing the way to

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the strange metal which I have previously described. The machine which we had seen before was again in its place and I examined it without learning anything new. However I did manage to contact one of the 'people' which you say inhabit these caves.

"I had just returned to 'Lunchroom' after looking over the metal and machine when I decided to explore some of the other passages branching off from 'Lunchroom'. I chose the passage to the left of the one marked for me and traveled several yards before seeing anything of interest. About one hundred yards from 'Lunchroom' I came upon several pieces of silvery metal and noticed that the walls of the cave seemed to have been covered or plated at one time with the same metal and that some of it had cracked and fallen away. Some fifty yards farther the cave seemed to be in better repair and the walls, ceiling, and floor were completely covered with the metal which acted as a mirror and reflected the beam of my flashlight until the whole place was flooded with brilliant white light. I turned out the light and soon after saw what appeared to be luminous dust swirling around close to one of the walls. As I watched, this dust materialized and took the form of a man about five feet high.

"He appeared to be about twenty years old and spoke with a low, mellow voice.

"I had been expecting something of this sort after reading your letter and was not too surprised to prevent myself from getting out of their fast.

"He spoke English very well but seemed to have quite some difficulty in talking slow enough for me to understand him.

"He spoke for several minutes and as far as I can tell, his conversation went something like this:

"'The angle is zero. I am safe at zero, but the machine is broken and soon we'll be ninety and I'll have to go. Infinity... ninety and I won't come back because they will... but in a year... if their research

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goes well we'll have ninety and zero whenever they want it, but now we follow the earth. Be sure to wait and give the... four to forty-five, but then all is too... when I will try to contact you... zero. Be sure to... wait... and then we will talk again and I will tell you all about the machine and that which puzzles you. You have the secret, but I am learning about the... infinity from zero and two-seventy and three eighty. I am their prisoner and must return before they discover I am gone.' He disappeared without giving me a chance to question him and I made no more discoveries.

"I hope to be able to visit the cave (in Kentucky, near his home in Louisville! - Branton) again in the near future and will try to get some pictures.

"I would appreciate it if you could throw any light on this subject and also let me know immediately if you want to keep in contact with me.

"Very few people believe any of this that I have told you and I'm beginning to think that maybe I should drop the whole thing and seal up the cave. What do you think I should do?
--- James E. Wright., 3209 Robin Road., Louisville, Kentucky"

(Mr. Shaver forwarded this letter to us. Apparently the author has been in a cave where things exist which would prove the Shaver Mystery. Thus, we ask that any volunteers of the Cave Hunters Mutual Benefit Society [C.H.M.B.S.], or any of our readers in Louisville, call on Mr. Wright, get exact location on this cave, and visit it. We also ask the Speleological Society for information, and we refer Mr. Wright to them for possible exploration of a new cave. Your editor is naturally suspicious of this letter, but we do not overlook any possibility. This is one for the CHMBS.

"Go to it, boys. If Mr. Wright has something, don't let it get away from us. If he hasn't, let's find out whether his statements are true, and if not, correct them in these pages.
-- Ed.)

The following paragraph appeared on page 168 of the Dec. 1945 issue of AMAZING STORIES (science fiction/science fact) magazine:

"...Mr. Hansen related, too, the discovery in the Panamints (Death Valley), of a mysterious smooth, un-shored shaft that was filled with mine damp and therefore poisonous to explorers, in a region where no mine can exist without shoring every foot of the way because of the nature of the rocks in that locality. He insisted that after the war, when equipment to do so is available, he intends to go down into that shaft."

Pages 96-99 of the book "AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY" by Carol K. Rachlin, contains the following tradition of the Zuni Indians, who live within the border country of northern New Mexico and Arizona:

"...The first people who came into this world were the Ashiwi... After the Ashiwi came into this world, other people followed them. First came the Hopi's, who had been neighbors and friends of the Ashiwi in the underworld. Then came the Mexicans ('native' Mexican tribes such as the Aztecs!? - Branton), and then the Coconino and the Pima, and finally the Navajos and the other Apaches.

"Now the world was populated indeed. The Ashiwi found the middle place of the whole world, and there they established Zuni, where it is today... This went on for a long time. It would be hard to say how long it took in years, but four magic cycles were completed before the last of the people emerged from the underworld. The last to leave was a man and woman witch who held all power for good and evil..."

Pages 14-15 of 'BEYOND REALITY' magazine for Dec. 1978,

contains the following information:

"...The Paiute Indians claim there is a city beneath the Panamint Mountains in Death Valley..."

"In the White Mountains of Arizona the Apaches tell of a race called G'an who live in a vast tunnel system..."

"The Indians of New York say the tunnels are inhabited by a pygmy race they call the Djogaos..."

The following information is taken from an article which appeared on pages 148-151 of the June, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine. The article, titled 'NOTES ON SUBTERRANEAN SHAFTS', was written by Vincent H. Gaddis:

"The Ozark Legend:

"Since the Ozark region has already been referred to as the sight of an underground shaft, it is of interest to note that there exists an old legend in various parts of Missouri and Arkansas of a great hole in the ground, surrounded by great cliffs, from which strange sounds, lights and odors emerge. Known as the 'devil pit', its location is not known, although men of previous generations claimed to have visited the place years ago. According to Vance Randolph ('Ozark Ghost Stories'), these old accounts state that 'strange people live on the escarpments, throw odd things into the bottomless pit at night, particularly when the moon is full... (and) there are tales of dark-visaged foreigners traveling at night, who make regular pilgrimages to the place from distant parts of the country.'"

The following bit of information comes from page 49 of Grenville Goodwin's book "MYTHS AND TALES OF THE WHITE

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MOUNTAIN APACHE":

"...This myth is the basis of the Ant songs and ceremony. The name of the place of emergence, ha'tc'ono'ndai (coming up out of), is identical with that used for this tale. The place of emergence is vaguely somewhere north of the historic Western Apache territory..."

Page 10 & 18 of Martha Warren Beckwith's book, 'MANDAN-HIDATSA MYTHS AND CEREMONIES', carried the following Mandan 'Indian' legend:

"The Mandan people originated at the mouth of this river (Missouri?) way down at the ocean. On the north side of the river was a high bank. At its foot on the shore of the ocean was a cavern -- that is where the Mandan people came out.

"...The people were once living inside the earth. There the game was scarce, so they wanted to come up on the earth.

And they found a hole into which a root hung, so four men climbed up to the surface of the earth. They killed lots of Buffalo, made jerked meat, took the paunch and dried it and carried it all down to where they came from. The rest were glad to see the dried meat and they all decided to come up. They caught hold of the root and climbed up hand over hand. After the four men and their sister and many others had already reached the surface, a woman heavy with child tried to climb up and broke the root, so no more could get up..."

(Note: According to differing legends, there are several reasons why the 'Indians' came up from the Subterranean World. Some tribes claim they were forced to the surface when the Underworld became flooded, still others made the emergence to escape a portion of their race who had turned to evil, others came up in search of food, which became scarce in their

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underground country. Or, they emerged due to any other reason which would lure them to seek a new land on the surface of the earth. The means by which they made these journeys are also varied. For instance, some say their ancestors came up through a hollow reed or bamboo, a vine reaching down into the depths, ladders, winding tunnels, trails, etc. The appearances of the entrances also differ, for instance... lakes, hills or mounds, caves, tunnels, etc. - Branton)

The following tradition is recorded on pages 10, 26, 57, 58, & 109 of Morris E. Opler's book, "MYTHS AND TALES OF THE JICARILLA APACHE INDIANS":

"...Down in the underworld there were many brooks and streams. The people had all kinds of water.

"...The earth is our mother. We came from her. When we came up on this earth, it was just like a child being born from its mother. The place of emergence is the womb of the earth.

"...Now the people were dissatisfied with life on this earth. They wanted to go BACK to the place below.

"...The people now wanted to go back into the place from which they had emerged because the monsters (saurians!? - Branton) were beginning to come around. They said, 'This is a dangerous place. We had better go back. "...If the people had been as they are now they would have been frightened and would have run back into the hole of emergence. But when all of the monsters were killed ...all was at peace."

The following two stories, about two separate visits made to underground cities with advanced technology, appears on pages 37-42 of Timothy Green Beckley's book,

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"THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD":

"Editor's Note: Many of the reports which we receive about the inner earth are fantastic and almost unbelievable. In this chapter we print two such accounts. The first one was recently sent to us by an individual who claims no former knowledge of the Shaver Mystery. Several years ago this person, who requests that we identify him only as 'V. J. Royal', began receiving strange messages at night which told him to leave his home and walk -- with no destination given. "At first Royal feared he was losing his mind. Soon, however, the words, and the force with which they were spoken, began to overpower him, and his will was no longer his own. Here is his story:

"I still shake to think of it... the shocking beauty fit only for gods to gaze upon. Yes, I have seen a heaven, a fantastic Utopia beyond your wildest dreams. I have seen the unbelievable and ask myself, "Why?" For what reason have I been chosen as the one to behold this enigma beneath the earth's surface?

"I find it difficult to write about. Each time I go back and picture what I saw, the awful beauty wrenches my mind away from reality. I have to mentally tear myself away from that indescribable scene. Is there a purpose to it all? Surely there must be. I cannot believe that "they" have no purpose or aim in permitting me this frightening "privilege".

"It began about a year ago. I am a fairly stable individual, not impulsive or nervous. So, when I began receiving strange, unearthly calls, and urges to "go" someplace, any place, I was filled with panic and fear. The strange calls were faint at first, but day by day, month by month, they grew progressively stronger. I began to have nightmarish dreams of constantly running, traveling, moving, never stopping. Would the dreams never leave me? Night after night I would wake up dripping wet and trembling and quivering with terror. Finally, one night, my will completely collapsed. I

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gave myself up to the urges!

"I ran outside and fled wildly into the darkness. I live by myself on a small farm in the country; when I left, my

direction of travel led into a dense wood near my house. This forest covers more than ten thousand acres, and is totally deserted and isolated. I fled recklessly without caution, crashing through thick brush and woods as fast as my legs could carry me. "After more than fifteen minutes of this crazed flight, I slowed. I had to, for my lungs felt as if they were on fire. My clothes, a thin pair of pajamas, were nearly torn from my body and I was a mass of bruises and scratches and ached all over; but I kept moving. I noticed my direction of travel was toward a large, rough, hilly area, about three or four miles from my farm. The urge prodded me on until I reached the area, and there I finally stopped.

"The panic left me. Suddenly I was calm and at peace with myself. I knew that I was near my unknown destination.

"I started walking again... slowly, up a long, dry creek bed. After about ten minutes I stopped again. I was in a ravine, about thirty feet deep. It was there that I heard the word for the first time -- "DERO"! The word began to echo over and over in my mind, tormenting me.

"The word echoed so loud and distinct that I could hardly think! Then one of the sides of the ravine began to glow strangely - first a faint shimmering of multicolored radiance and then whiter and brighter until I could see into the very earth! The glowing then diminished into a brilliant seething ring of incandescence, forming an almost circular "door", which led into a brightly-lit cylindrical chamber. The call came again and I quickly entered.

"The chamber walls were seamless, perfectly slick and highly polished, and glowed with a dull iridescence pleasing to the eyes. The opening dimmed and vanished,

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leaving me in a featureless, tomb-like cylinder, trapped. I fought a momentary twinge of claustrophobia and waited. Abruptly, without warning or reason, I was weightless! I shoved against the floor and immediately rebounded toward the ceiling. There was no feeling of motion, but yet I got the eerie impression that I was plunging at great velocity into the depths of the earth. Where was I going? What or who was doing this? Just as abruptly as my weight had left me it returned and I fell to the floor of the cylinder with a thump. Now what?

"The wall glowed again, a burning circle of contained fire formed, and there again was the "door", opening to a corridor about 20 yards long.

"I cautiously stepped out and instantly the door behind me vanished, leaving no trace of its former presence. I was trapped again, far below the surface of the earth in an empty corridor of gleaming metal - or at least it appeared to be

metallic in nature. Then the call came to me again.

"WELCOME!" it said this time, and then, "COME!"

"I rushed to the end of the mysterious hall and as I did so the wall again glowed and opened.

"I was greeted by the most stunningly beautiful sight I have ever witnessed. I was on a giant glassed-in balcony, looking out over a vast chamber or cavern dozens of miles in length and thousands of feet high, filled with a huge utterly incomprehensible "city". I saw scintillating, translucent towers, monolithic slab-like buildings glowing with intricate patterns and colors, strange ribbon-like structures of glistening materials winding and twisting through the city. I knew at once that this city was never meant for human eyes, for the intense glare from the gigantic ceiling of this world within a world was twice as bright as the noon-day sun on the surface!

"I slowly became accustomed to the brightness and overcame my initial fright at seeing the city. I then

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gradually inched toward the far edge of the balcony to get a better look at what lay before me. The city extended, in all directions, as far as I could see. Then I noticed thousands of small, shining, insect-like aircraft floating, flying and darting everywhere. Sometimes they would slow and enter through glowing portals or spots on the sides of the buildings and structures.

"I must have stood there, rigid and completely absorbed by the sight, for many, many minutes. Then suddenly I felt very tired, and despite the hypnotic, entrancing view, I wanted to leave. I turned around and as if "they" had read my thoughts, the wall glowed at the end of the metallic corridor and again the cylinder was waiting for me. I slowly walked back down the corridor, trying desperately to collect my thoughts. I was afraid to turn around, afraid I would be tempted to rush back and gaze again at the tantalizing city.

"I left the same way I came - the long trip in the enclosed cylinder, the weightlessness, out the side of the ravine and the long walk through the still dark woods. My head was spinning, and I was confused and bewildered about what I had seen. I have gone back many times now and each time my amazement and interest grow. I have gazed upon the city for many hours, yet each time my fascination increases. I have tried to break through the transparent walls of the balcony with all manner of drills and torches, but nothing avails: they seem to be indestructible! But still I try. Each day my life centers more and more upon the city. I have told no one but a few of my friends.

"Yes, I am a man obsessed, the vision of the city has

captivated my whole life. I must find an answer and I must find it soon. Or I know I shall die gazing out over the balcony into that incredibly dazzling hypnotic city, unmourned and unmissed by my friends of the surface world!"

"...Even more recently Victor Pence, editor of

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COMSEP Magazine, received a most unusual letter from Arnold White, which tends to confirm the above account. Arnold White wrote:

"I relate my story to you now because I do not know how long I may have to live. Rick has since passed on (he was only 29) due to 'unknown' illness which I later found out had all the characteristics of radiation sickness. Don, as far as I know, is still alive, but I have been unable to locate him for more than a year now, and none of his friends know where he is. He has stopped writing to me for apparently no reason. I have told our story to many reputable scientists, but they all think I'm crazy. They just won't believe me. But I know my story is true... it did happen, without a doubt.'

"...Arnold White's story is so interesting that we must present it here word for word:

"It is with great reluctance and hesitation that I relate my story to you. It may be denied, questioned, and vilified, but it is nevertheless true. To protect the families and relatives of those involved, their names have been changed, but the rest is solid fact. Names of the places referred to are the real ones.

"On the 21st of March, 1961, I and a fellow spelunker friend of mine found ourselves in Canada at the invitation of another amateur underground explorer. Point of interest: the iron mines of Newfoundland Province.

"Although not generally known, one of these mines - one of the deepest by the way - had caused much concern and controversy among the local populace.

"Shortly after it had been dug to its maximum depth, strange things began to happen. Miners working late at night in small groups of six to tens began hearing noises, not rumbling or other natural mine noises but what some described as "strange music." It seemed to come from all around them, sometimes faint

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and sometimes distinct. Later, some said they heard "mumbling" and voices. This went on for several months, but only the miners who had heard the noises were disturbed or concerned. Then more serious things began to happen. One of the men entered the mine late at night to check on some

equipment, and when he finished and started to leave some "small men" grabbed him from behind, knocked his lamp from his hands and "shot" him with something that forced him violently against the mine wall, knocking him unconscious. In the morning, workers found him apparently none the worse for his experience physically, but quite shaken mentally. He said he would never again enter a mine and promptly dropped out of the occupation.

"A few days later a miner on night watch disappeared. Investigators found his lamp and hat deep within the mine, but no trace of the miner. Soon lights and machinery began to fail or work erratically for no apparent reason. Men became hesitant to work the mine. Finally it was "condemned" and shut down.

"This was the mine in which our Canadian friend was interested and wanted us to help investigate. Although spelunking is usually confined to exploration of naturally formed caves, our curiosity was great enough to spur us on to such an unusual form of research.

"We arrived in the mining town, which was near the Newfoundland-Quebec border, at 11:30 a.m. on March 22 and lodged at the local hotel.

"The next day we got our equipment together, loaded up our jeep and headed for the mine. At the entrance we were stopped by two policemen who warned us not to go inside. When we persisted, they threatened to arrest us. So we left, resolving to return on foot after dark. At 1:30 a.m. we again set out for the mine.

"This time we bypassed the police and approached the mine from a different direction. We met no interference along the way and shortly arrived at the

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entrance.

"While Rick Grayton (my American friend) stayed at the entrance as lookout, Don Lawrence (our Canadian friend) and I descended into the mine. It was in excellent shape and showed no signs of any deterioration whatsoever - hardly the type of mine the government would condemn on its physical state alone.

"We had just completed our preliminary investigation when we heard someone, apparently deep within the mine, shout in a high-pitched voice, "COME!" We stopped dead in our tracks, and walked in the general direction from where the voice seemed to originate. Then we heard somebody or something running. We lighted a flare but saw nothing. We continued and again heard the running. By this time we were getting far back in the mine, and also very curious and excited. The running sounds ceased abruptly and we saw a faint blue light radiate from a far recess: Then we heard

what we thought was the clank of a metal door closing.

``We quickly found the area from which we saw the light radiating, but no door or opening could be found. However, upon tapping the walls with my pick-hammer, we heard hollow metallic reports at several places.

``After we had localized the hollow sounding area we marked it off by chiseling off pieces of rock and found that it was generally rectangular in shape, almost 5 feet in height and about two feet wide. Since we could investigate no further with the equipment at hand, we decided to come back the following night and continue our investigation.

``Returning the following night, all three of us entered the mine. Very much to our surprise, the chisel marks were gone! It took us several minutes to find the hollow area again, but we finally did; and this time we had come prepared. Using a battery-powered rock drill, we penetrated about three inches into the rock when we

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struck metal. We withdrew it and substituted a bit designed to drill into metal. Eventually we breached the metal and, withdrawing the drill, we again saw the soft blue light shining as before. Suddenly we heard a low humming noise and were startled to see the section of the wall we were working on abruptly lift out of sight. It would be an understatement to say we were frightened.

``What lay before us was incomprehensible: a blue-lighted corridor which appeared to be made of some sort of translucent, seamless, self-illuminating; blue-colored metal or plastic. At first we were very apprehensive about investigating the enigmatic hallway. Our curiosity soon overcame our fear, however, and we entered the corridor. We had to stoop, for the hallway was only five feet in height. After walking about 50 yards we came to another corridor leading off to our left and decided to explore it. We reached the end of the corridor after walking about 100 yards.

``There we encountered a steep, spiraling stairway. We descended it for at least twenty minutes, all the while noting that the lighting was becoming more brilliant. Finally we reached the bottom and were confronted with yet another corridor, this one light green in color.

``After a brief rest we set off down that corridor. It was only about 100 feet long, and we traversed it quickly. To the right and left were oval entrances. Making a quick decision, we decided to enter the one on the right, and noticed immediately that it was cylindrical-shaped and much larger than the previous passageways. It contained a floor on the same level as the previous ones. We also noted that this passage was evidently made of some crystalline substance, and

that a bright, but soft white light emanated from it. It curved downward at a slight angle.

``We next came to a huge chamber which appeared to be some type of scientific laboratory and hydroponic

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garden. In one section were rows of giant exotic plants and in another some type of chemistry equipment. Lining the walls of this laboratory were arrays of multi-sized TV screens, dials, gauges, and other electronic equipment. Some of the screens were at least 10 feet square. In the center section was a great mass of scintillating vara-colored crystal; it (they) had a rough, natural exterior and apparently performed some unknown function. The rest of the chamber contained many other strange devices and apparatus that none of us could identify. The entire ceiling was one great light. At its far end stood something that looked like a car lift, with a disc-shaped metal object resting on it. We decided to take a closer look at it.

``Fortunately the lift was only about two feet off the floor and we got a good look at the object. It was circular in shape, about 35 feet in diameter and four feet in thickness. Suddenly Don exclaimed, "It's a Flying Saucer!" We both agreed we had indeed found a "UFO". Rick stepped up on the lift to take a more detailed look at the saucer. He tapped on it lightly with his hammer and parts of it sounded hollow.

``Immediately after he tapped on one certain spot, an entire section of its shell dematerialized. This took Rick totally by surprise and he almost fell off the lift platform. About one half of the inner mechanism was revealed to us, and again we could not find a single piece of equipment with which we were familiar. The only thing we could surmise was that the object was a remotely controlled device since there was no space provided for passengers that we could see.

``Rick jumped down from the lift and we continued our investigation of the laboratory. Abruptly the lift was activated and began to drop to the floor, and at the same time the lighting in the chamber changed from a soft white to a deep red. In short order the screen directly above and to the right of us flashed on. Due to the unnatural lighting we could not make out the

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image on the screen. Then we heard a voice from the screen.

``It said (in a high-pitched voice): "You have been expected. You have been observed since first you entered our domain. You gaze upon the upper regions of our world. You are the first of your kind to be permitted this privilege. Let it

be known this truth - we harbor you no ill will; we depend not upon your superficial world for our sustenance or pleasure. Those of your kind who make themselves the interpreters of our intentions are nought but the picayunesh deceivers of your civilization. Let it again be said that we desire man no harm and wish only to pursue our independent existence on this, our mutual planet. We shall not influence nor bring to you discord in any medium. We are not doers of evil. Our world spans the inner gulf of your globe; we have existed since before your time. Had we wished harm upon you we also would have been its receivers. We beg you a friendly farewell and hope our message will be heeded and find wide acceptance among those of your kind who find it necessary to concern themselves with our domain."

"The screen then faded, without our having seen a clearly defined image of the person who had spoken. Luckily, Don had quickly written in his notebook what the voice had said to us.

"The red lighting in the chamber suddenly became even deeper in tint and all of us felt light-headed. Rick shouted he was going to faint and started to fall, but we caught him. Then we too had the same feeling and blacked out. When we regained consciousness we found ourselves lying outside the mine entrance. We still retained our personal effects: notebooks, pencils, wallets, etc.; but all our equipment, such as safety hats, pick-hammers and chisels, and our Geiger counter, had disappeared.

"After returning to the States, Don found all the

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pages of his notebook "burned" or charred, as though it had been thrown into a roaring fire. The notebook cover, however, which was made of plastic, was surprisingly undamaged. All of us had worn wrist watches with radium dials. Some weeks later the radium became inactive and the dials no longer glowed in the dark.'

"Further investigation by Arnold White filled in a few more details. The police reported they found the three young men outside the mine, wandering in a dazed condition. They took them to the local police station and questioned them at some length. They related essentially the same story that has appeared above.

"The police would not comment as to whether they believed the story or not; however the earlier incidents which had led to the closing of the mine probably returned to their minds as they heard the account.

"A person who lived near the mine told White that immediately after the incident related above, police put a round the clock guard at the entrance, and that a few days

later the entrance was dynamited and closed. - Editor"

I received the following information in a letter, dated Aug. 18, 1980... from a friend and correspondent of mine, Lee R. Elliott, of Naranja, Florida:

"...Far down in the earth under Salt Lake itself, is a giant cavern (system) that is over a thousand miles in diameter, and this is not the Hollow Earth, but a normal hole in the ground... it is an amazing arrangement that holds the roof of the thing up.

"...A few dozen of these caves not on your map (see reference map in this volume _ B.W.), go completely through the earth... there is no molten core. There is

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no excess heat..."

The following information was sent to me from another of my correspondents... Al Fry, of Pomona, California. The letter was dated Sept. 23, 1980:

"...More rumored entrances in S. Calif, etc: Indian woman spoke to me (A. Fry) of former tunnel entrance that led to distant points -- in Mocking Bird Canyon area near Riverside California.

"...(a) Reader of Ray Palmer's Shaver Mystery Stories wrote of Inner Earth Entrance some miles distant & North of Yuma, AZ. (Secret World?)

"Underground River entrances are infrequently found and one notable example is the River running from B.C. Canada under Calif. Mother-lode Country downward under Kokoweef Peak (Mtn Pass area S. of L.Vegas) & eventually coming out in Gulf of Mex. (FAR below sea level!? - Ed.) Several persons have entered in areas S. of L.Vegas & found extremely rich alluvial sands - other Dimensional guardians have occasionally bothered searchers in inner caves of area - (8/24/69 - the Nevadan) Argosy article (? Date)..."

In an article titled "Prying Into The Unknown", by Will Carson and Jeannie Joy (in the April, 1963 issue of SEARCH magazine) there appeared the two following stories:

"...Leland Lovelace, in his book LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURES (The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas) tells of the discovery by two prospectors several years ago of a series of

caves in the mountains of southwestern Nevada in which they found 'furniture of an immense size, as if built by giants' and dishes made of gold and some other metal, apparently of an

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imperishable alloy, all having evidence of being undisturbed for count less centuries.

"And in 1904 a man known as J.C. Brown discovered in the slopes of the Cascade Mountains an ancient tunnel cut into solid rock, 'lined with tempered copper and hung with shields and wall_pieces made of gold.' Other rooms deeper in the tunnel contained similar objects, some carved with drawings and hieroglyphics comparable to Churchward's Lemurian art. The floor of these caves were strewn with the bones of giant humans. "We should stress that these are not wild_haired tales but facts corroborated from various sources. It is a matter of record that in 1934, when J.C. Brown tried to recover the ancient treasure which circumstance had forced him to abandon 30 years earlier, he disappeared without a trace."

Following is a story which appeared on page 13 of the November, 1954 issue of FATE magazine:

"...They were drilling for oil in Alberta, Canada, recently, and an oil exploration crew put down a 500_foot shot hole near Bentley, 80 miles south of Edmonton. Suddenly a stream of water gushed to the surface. The water was filled with thousands of small fish, which Dr. R.B. Miller of the University of Alberta identified as five_spined stickleback. Apparently the drill had tapped an underground stream."

This story which follows was told by the Sioux Indians to Marie L. McLaughlin, and is recorded in her book, "MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE SIOUX", on pages 104-105, under the title of "The Mysterious Butte":

"A young man was once hunting and came to a steep hill. The east side of the hill suddenly dropped off to

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a very steep bank. He stood on this bank, and at the base he noticed a small opening. On going down to examine it more closely, he found it was large enough to admit a horse or

buffalo. On either side of the door were figures of different animals engraved into the wall.

"He entered the opening and there, scattered about on the floor, lay many bracelets, pipes and many other things of ornament, as though they had been offerings to some great spirit. He passed through this first room and on entering the second it was so dark that he could not see his hand before his face, so becoming scared, he hurriedly left the place, and returning home told what he had seen.

"Upon hearing this the chief selected four of his most daring warriors to go with this young man and investigate and ascertain whether the young man was telling the truth or not. The five proceeded to the butte, and at the entrance the young man refused to go inside, as the figures on either side of the entrance had been changed.

"The (other) four entered and seeing that all in the first chamber was as the young man had told, they went on to the next chamber and found it so dark that they could not see anything. They continued on, however, feeling their way along the walls. They finally found an entrance that was so narrow that they had to squeeze into it sideways. They felt their way along the walls and found another entrance, so low down that they had to crawl on their hands and knees to go through into the next chamber.

"On entering the last chamber they found a very sweet odor coming from the opposite direction. Feeling around and crawling on their hands and knees, they discovered a hole in the floor leading downward. From this hole came up the sweet odor. They hurriedly held a council, and decided to go no further, but return to the camp and report what they had found. On getting to

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the first chamber one of the young men said: 'I am going to take these bracelets to show that we are telling the truth.'

"'No,' said the other three, 'this being the abode of some Great Spirit, you may have some accident befall you for taking what is not yours.'

"'Ah! You fellows are like old women,' said he, taking a fine bracelet and encircling his left wrist with it.

"When they reached the village they reported what they had seen. The young man exhibited the bracelet to prove that it was the truth they had told. Shortly after this, these four young men were out fixing up traps for wolves. They would raise one end of a heavy log and place a stick under, bracing up the log. A large piece of meat was placed about five feet away from the log and this space covered with poles and willows. At the place where the upright stick was put, a

hole was left open, large enough to admit the body of a wolf. The wolf, scenting the meat and unable to get at it through the poles and willows, would crowd into the hole and working his body forward, in order to get the meat, would push down the brace and the log thus released would hold the wolf fast under its weight.

"The young man with the bracelet was placing his bait under the log when he released the log by knocking down the brace, and the log caught his wrist on which he wore the bracelet. He could not release himself and called loud and long for assistance. His friends, hearing his call, came to his assistance, and on lifting the log found the young man's wrist broken.

"'Now,' said they, 'you have been punished for taking the wristlet out of the chamber of the mysterious butte.'

"Some time after this a young man went to the butte and saw engraved on the wall a woman holding in her hand a pole, with which she was holding up a large amount of beef which had been laid across another pole,

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which had broken in two from the weight of so much meat.

"He returned to the camp and reported what he had seen. All around the figure he saw marks of buffalo hoofs, also marked upon the wall.

"The next day an enormous herd of buffalo came near to the village, and a great many were killed. The women were busy cutting up and drying the meat. At one camp was more meat than at any other. The woman was hanging meat upon a long tent pole, when the pole broke in two and she was obliged to hold the meat up with another pole, just AS the young man saw on the mysterious butte.

"Ever after that the Indians paid weekly visits to this butte, and thereon would read the signs that were to govern their plans. This butte was always considered the prophet of the tribe."

#64 --- The following legend, from an article by E.W. Gifford, title "Coast Yuki Myths", appeared on page 117 of "THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE" - Vol.50. This small group of native Californians lived upon a section of rock-bound coast of Mendocino county:

"...In the ocean near Rockport is a rock called 'hepinhehen' (assembly house underneath). Passages in this rock run in the four cardinal directions, meeting in the middle. Therein man originated. A deity passing by heard

singing issuing from the rock. He bade the singers come forth and go to their future respective abodes. From the north passage issued those who were to dwell in the north, from the south passage came the southerners, from the east passage the easterners, and from the west passage the Coast Yuki."

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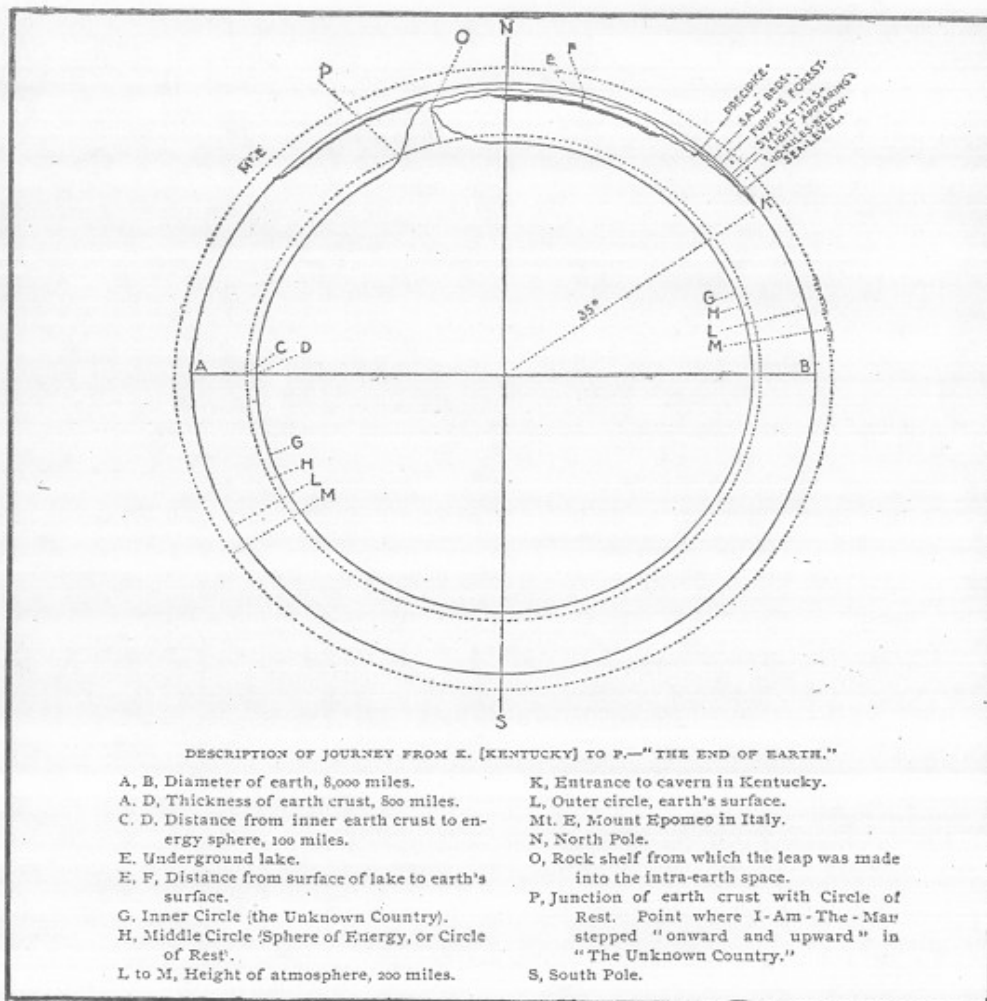


Diagram of Earth's Interior
from - ETIDORHPA, by John Uri Lloyd

DESCRIPTION OF JOURNEY FROM K. [KENTUCKY] TO P.—"THE END OF EARTH."

A, B, Diameter of earth, 8,000 miles.	K, Entrance to cavern in Kentucky.
A, D, Thickness of earth crust, 800 miles.	L, Outer circle, earth's surface.
C, D, Distance from inner earth crust to energy sphere, 100 miles.	Mt. E, Mount Epomeo in Italy.
E, Underground lake.	N, North Pole.
E, F, Distance from surface of lake to earth's surface.	O, Rock shelf from which the leap was made into the intra-earth space.
G, Inner Circle (the Unknown Country).	P, Junction of earth crust with Circle of Rest. Point where I-Am-The-Man stepped "onward and upward" in "The Unknown Country."
H, Middle Circle (Sphere of Energy, or Circle of Rest).	S, South Pole.
L to M, Height of atmosphere, 200 miles.	

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Page 24 of Justin Hartley Moore's book, "THE WORLD BEYOND", refers to a tribe of California Indians, the MEWAN, who tell of an entrance into the Subterranean World which leads to a cavern where exist "other people". This entrance was said to be in some caves near a place they called Koo-loo-te, near where they lived until they were moved to government reservations in California.

#65 --- Page 5 of the 6th edition of 'UNKNOWN', a newsletter formerly published by Paul Doerr of Fairfield, California., carried the following story (originally from Diablo Grotto News - N.S.S. - 'National Speleological Society'):

"...3 Oakland miners open spectacular new cavern. Underground caverns so extensive a man would have to 'take grub for a week' and plan to explore for a month, have been opened here in the Tuolumne county subsoil by a gold miner's blast. The new caverns were burst open to gold-seeking men last week by three Oakland men headed by Ernie Byers, of this city, where he lives with his brother Clarence when he isn't torturing mother earth.

"Byers, looking for the main vein of the fabulous Mother Lode, set off six delayed dynamite charges on the evening of May 31. He and his partners had a shaft sunk 60 feet down. They heard a blast and echos and went to sleep for the night in their cabin.

"The next morning Zake Goodman, the only experienced mining man in the group, groped his way down the ladder to the catacomb. 'Hey, he shouted, something's wrong! There's a hell of a hole down here. I just rolled a rock down it and it takes half an hour to hear where it goes!'

"Byers and William E. Miles scuttled down the mineshaft

the, and found their partner looking into a gigantic cavern..."

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#66 --- The following letter appeared on page 10, of THE HOLLOW HASSLE newsletter (VOL.241). The H.H. was a quarterly newsletter published by TAL Levesque and Mary Martin, formerly of Santa Fe, New Mexico:

"Dear Mary... In June 1978, a local rancher named Earlin Busch had a cow mutilated. I went out to his ranch one mile east of Rattlesnake Buttes, 27 (?) miles east of Walsenburg on Colorado #10. In the course of the interview, I asked Earlin about the water on the land, minerals and other features. They had drilled 15-20 wells and all of them were different. The one that the cow had been drinking from was slightly radioactive. The cow was muted just after it had been moved to a field with only 'clean' run-off water to drink. One of the wells was very peculiar. They were drilling a couple of miles west of the house - they reached 117 feet and the well started to fill with water slowly. Thinking they'd get more water if they went deeper, they pushed on to 128 feet, where suddenly the bit broke through into a hollow space. They pulled up the bit and felt a powerful blast of air coming out of the hole.

"Meanwhile, they noted that the hole would suck air for 12 hours and blow out air for 12 hours. For some reason they got some people from the Colorado School of mines in Golden, Co. to come look. They said that the 'miners' were delighted to find the continuation of a tunnel that they had last tracked to Oklahoma from the Gulf of Mexico. They explained that the tides pushed the air and pulled it back. Earlin put a cement plug at 117 feet to take out what water he could. -- David Perkins, Farisita, Colo."

#67 --- The following news article, titled "A HOLE IS EATING SAN JOSE" - written by reporter Rick Carroll

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- appeared on January 12, 1979 (exact newspaper source is uncertain):

"...Yvonne Crosby stood on the brink of a big, gaping hole in her front yard yesterday and shook her head.

"'I wish it would go away,' the San Jose housewife said.

"The Hole, 20 feet in diameter, appeared mysteriously

last week not ten feet from the front door of her Willow Glen home on Pine avenue.

"Her life hasn't been quite the same since.

"Each day the hole grows in size, and is now threatening to undermine the curving sidewalk that leads to her door. New cracks opened up around the edges after yesterday's rainstorm.

"What used to be surface level turf has sunk up to ten feet, and nobody knows the depth of the cavern beneath it.

"Beyond roping off the hole and posting a danger sign, Crosby isn't sure what to do.

"Meanwhile, the strange hole is becoming a major attraction. At first only worried neighbors came; but they were followed by concerned city engineers, a puzzled geologist, and curious sightseers by the hundreds. 'I never thought so many people would be interested in a damned old hole in my front yard,' she said. 'But they are'.

"'The other day,' she said, 'the city bus even stopped so everybody could get a look at the hole...'

"'Everybody walks up to it, looks down in it, and then walks away, shaking their head,' she said.

"Even as she talked, a small crowd gathered to peer into the yawning crater. 'Don't get too close,' she admonished a mother with a small child who stood dangerously near the crumbling edge.

"What caused the hole to suddenly appear remains open to speculation. She said it could be an old septic tank, or a well, or maybe a bomb shelter -- who knows?

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"Some thought it might be an old irrigation well that connects an underground river but, according to city records, there's no evidence of such a water system or even a storm drain.

"The city sent out engineers and a geologist:

"'They were very nice,, Crosby said, 'but they don't know why this is happening. They said they were looking into it.'

"From the original owners of the house, which was built 42 years ago, Crosby learned that the hole made four equally strange appearances during the late 1930's and early 1940's.

"'They put old bedsprings in it and dumped truckloads of concrete chunks and all kinds of things down it, but the hole swallowed it up,' she said she was told.

"'Then they put steel beams across the top and topped it with twelve yards of cement, but even that's gone now.'

"She disconsolately pointed out a chunk of concrete -- the last remains of the 1940's fill -- slowly disappearing down, the hole.

"'I sometimes wonder why this is happening to me,' she

said, as another carload of sightseers jumped out and looked down the hole.

"They just stood there speechless and shook their heads. "'It's strange,' one young man finally said..."

#68 --- The following story, similar to the one above, appeared in the March 17, 1980 issue of a newspaper in Everett, Washington:

"WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN BLACK HOLE? - IT'S A DEEP DEEP MYSTERY INDEED:

"TACOMA (AP) -- For sale: One house in Tacoma with a 'Black Hole.'

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"Jim Johnson, and his wife, Harriet, have known about the mysterious hole in their back yard since March 1973. Johnson says he finally has had enough mystery in his life, and plans to unload the house -- without advertising the hole.

"'I'm selling the house,' he said flatly, 'I haven't told the people looking at the house about the hole and I'm not planning to.

"'You know, there were three previous owners to me... Hey, I'm an honest man. But none of them told me about that hole when they sold that house.' Seven years ago this month, Johnson, a mechanic, discovered the hole when his Saint Bernard sniffed around the yard and started to bark at a one-inch hole.

"His wife stuck a broom handle into it and couldn't reach bottom. Johnson stuck some longer sticks in and also couldn't reach bottom.

"By this time, the hole was a foot wide.

"The city sent out an engineer, who dropped a measuring line into the hole. The line stopped at 31 feet.

"In July of 1973, the Johnson's widened the top of the hole to four feet and threw in 162 tires weighing a total of 21 tons. They covered the tires with dirt and covered it with some wooden planks donated by the city of Tacoma.

"In May, 1974, Johnson's curiosity got the better of him. He took off the planks and found out, to his shock, that the tires had sunk down 17 feet.

"Afterward, some cave explorers came to look at the hole. Johnson and the explorers took the tires out and two of the visitors went down.

"'The only thing they saw in there was three little cone-shaped things.' Johnson said. 'They were either cement or rock, they couldn't explain it.'

"Today, he says, nothing has changed with the hole. But

he built a 25-foot deck over it and, just to be safe, put the foundation five feet away.

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"He says previous owners have come forward to tell him about their experiences with the pit.

"'One woman... said her family filled the hole with marble and all kinds of stuff,' he related. 'I don't- know if I believe this, but she told me that the hole 'erupted'... Spewed stuff all over. They got out of there shortly after that.

"'The original owner of the house and his dad came to see me, too. He tells me that his dad lowered him into the hole on a 20-foot rope. That was in the 1920's. He said he carried this coal oil lamp into the hole. And that then -- this is kind of impossible to believe -- something just sucked that lamp right out of his hand.

"'He started screaming and his dad pulled him up. After that, all the kids in the neighborhood stayed away from the hole.'

The following unusual letter appeared on page 44 of the Fall, 1978 issue of SEARCH magazine:

"Dear Editor:

"I thought the last several issues containing the articles on the Hollow Earth were great. More in depth articles are needed to continue on the research into this lost world.

"It is imperative that more research be done on the Hollow and Inner Earth, and direct contact with them. "Our group is deeply involved in such matters along with other flying saucer contact from our own Earth and other worlds. Many of us who are Rh-negative blood types, of which research with the Venus Venous Research Corporation of California -- a non-profit group -- has proven that this blood type is descended from the space people, and those who call themselves the 'Arianni' (Aryans), from the Hollow Earth.

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"A massive project of an expedition to the Hollow Earth is in the undertaking by our group and other united Hollow Earth groups.

"Already, massive breakthroughs have been achieved into the Hollow Earth research by myself and others. One person, a Jeff Mitchel, has made contact with them while up in the Arctic and related many pieces of data concerning their

climate control bases in Northern Canada. The secret to the area and center is the overlay of the Great Pyramid over Canada which fits to scale. I myself have been down in the Hollow Earth and Rainbow City several times to meet the people there of which many now are defectors from our own civilization. "After the Second World War, the Allies discovered that over 2009 top scientists from Germany and Italy had vanished along with almost a million people to the Land Beyond the South Pole. This is what Admiral Byrd's expedition was really about. To hunt them down along with Adolf Hitler who, by the way, (was) quite alive and well there. --- Ivan Boyes - 2 T Kingsmount Park Rd, - Toronto, Ontario, Can."

(Note: Ivan Boyes made no secret of the fact that he was a neo-Nazi of German descent. However, others have spoken of the huge underground Nazi 'Wolfenstein-like' base beneath the icecap of Neu-Schwabenland, Antarctica. --- BTW, I think that Neu Schwabenland would be an excellent place to conduct underground cobalt bomb tests... ;o) --- Anyway, these Nazi's - who have developed 'flugelrad' or anti-gravity disc technology - are reportedly in collaboration with the 'reptilian' alien species, and many are said at this point to be human-alien 'hybrids' via genetic splicing. A race or 'vir-men' you might say!? However one would hope that the newer and younger generations in the mega-base are able to see the error of the 'Nazi' philosophy, and have or are defecting from this Nazi-Jesuit agenda. YES, there WERE several dozen Jesuits within the Nazi leadership. This has been documented by <http://www.chick.com> and others. - Branton)

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The following story of an actual continuous contact with a subterranean dweller, appeared on pages 32-34, of the Fall, 1980 issue of 'THE NEW ATLANTIC JOURNAL'. Bill Hamilton has been doing research into areas of the unknown ever since he was a young, inquisitive teenager. He first visited Mt. Shasta at the age of 15, after reading the book "A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS":

"THE GIRL FROM THE LEMURIAN COLONY BENEATH MT. SHASTA! - by William F. Hamilton:

"James Churchward authored a controversial book in the 1930's entitled 'THE LOST CONTINENT OF MU', which tells of the destruction of a huge continent that once occupied the Southern Pacific Ocean (thousands of) years ago. The collapse of Archean-gas chambers below the Earth, exterminated Mu's'

64 million inhabitants in a fiery holocaust that sent most of this massive piece of land to the bottom of the ocean. The Hawaiian Islands, Easter Island, and various South Pacific islands are cited as above-water remnants of the ancient land of MU, also known in occult circles as Lemuria.

"Did a continent exist? Did any of its peoples survive? Where did the survivors go? Did the 'Lemurians' build anything that survives today as mute testimony to their ancient presence in the world? Were the Mayans the descendants of the Lemurian Empire of the Sun? (Note: The woman whom Mr. Hamilton refers to in this article claims to be descended from a Lemurian branch called the 'NagaMayas' - Branto)

"How does Lemuria relate to Atlantis? Questions... questions followed by evidence, counter-evidence, arguments, heated debates, wholesale belief, and wholesale disbelief. It is not possible to treat all of the facets of these questions in these few pages. I have no proof or evidence to substantiate claims in favor of the Atlantis and Lemurian legend, but

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sometimes I investigate, analyze, and research the UFO phenomena, psychic phenomena, and astro-archaeology,' in an attempt to uncover new clues to our hidden past.

"I run across some fascinating people in the course of my investigations who tell me many unusual stories. "About three years ago, while on the trail of reports of UFO base locations, I met a young, very pretty blonde girl with almond-shaped eyes and small perfect teeth - whose name is Bonnie. Bonnie has told me an incredible story and has related a volume of interesting information on Atlantis and Lemuria. Bonnie is sincere, cheerful, and rational, and says she is a Lemurian born under the sign of Leo in 1951 in a city called TELOS that was built inside an artificial dome-shaped cavern in the Earth a mile or so beneath Mt. Shasta, California.

"Many people have reported seeing mysterious fires and lights on the slopes of this 12,000 ft. volcanic mountain. Mt. Shasta is perennially shrouded in snow and is sometimes engirdled with lenticular cloud formations that cap the snowy peak. UFO reports have been prolific in this section of Northern California. One report involves a close encounter between a Mt. Shasta's sheriff's car and a glowing disk. Bonnie, her mother, her father RAMU, her sister Judy, her cousins Lorae and Matox live and move in our society, returning frequently to TELOS for rest and recuperation.

"Ronnie relates that her people use boring machines to bore tunnels in the Earth. These boring-machines heat the

rock to incandescence, then vitrify it thus eliminating the need for beams and supports. A tube transit train system is used to connect the few Atlantean-Lemurian cities that exist in various subterranean regions of our hemisphere.

"The tube trains are propelled by electromagnetic impulses up to speeds of 2500 mph. One tube connects with one of their cities in the Matto Grosso jungle of Brazil. The Lemurians have developed space travel and

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some flying saucers come from their subterranean bases. Bonnie says her people are members of a federation of planets. They grow food hydroponically under full-spectrum lights, with their gardens attended by automatons. The food and resources of TELOS are distributed in plenty to the million-and-a-half population that thrives on a no-money economy.

"Bonnie talks about history... of the Uighers, Naga-Mayas, and Quetzals -- of which she is a descendent. She recounts the destruction of Atlantis, and Lemuria and of a war between the two superpowers fought with advanced weaponry. She says the Atlanteans built a huge crystal-powered beam weapon that was used to control a small moon of Earth as a missile to be aimed at China, but their plans went awry and the moon split in two - coming down into the Atlantic, north of Burmuda, deluging the remaining isle of Atlantis. She claims her people are now part of a much greater underground kingdom called Agharta - ruled by a super race she calls 'HYPER BEINGS'.

"I met Bonnie's cousin, Matox, who - like her - is a strict vegetarian and holds the same attitudes concerning the motives of our government. They constantly guard against discovery or intrusion. Their advanced awareness and technology helps them to remain vigilant. Will we openly meet these long lost relatives of ours? Bonnie says yes, but this is part of her incredible mission. Her mission -- to warn those who will listen of coming cataclysms that will culminate... in a shift of the Earth's axis. After this catastrophe, she says the world will be one, and the survivors will build a new world free of war, poverty, disease and exploitation. The world will exist on a higher plane of vibrations and man will come to know his true history. and heritage.

"Science-fiction? Bonnie is a real person. Many have met her. Is she perpetrating a hoax? For what motive? She does not seek publicity and I have a devil

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of a time getting her to meetings to talk with others, but she has done so. There has been little variation in her story

or her answers in the past three years. She has given me excellent technical insight on the construction of a crystal-powered generator that extracts ambient energy. She has given me new insights on UFOs and their purposes in coming here. Bonnie's father, the RAMU, is 300 years old and a member of the ruling council of TELOS.

"Though I have never met him, she reports that his psychic (and intuitive) powers are well-developed and that hers are immature by comparison...

"Many tunnels are unsafe and closed off. All tube transit tunnels are protected and are designed to eject uninvited guests.

"Does Bonnie have the answers we are all looking for? I don't know. 'I' am not making the claims nor can I provide proof. Bonnie says she would like to satisfy our need for proof and will work with me on a satisfactory answer to that problem, but she is unconcerned with whether people accept her or not.

"Bonnie is humorous and easy-going and well-poised, yet sometimes she becomes brooding and mysterious. Accept this as a tale told for amusement if you will. But, what if she is right? Do we face coming cataclysms? She says her people are busy planning survival centers for refugees. One of these is to be near Prescott, Arizona. If Bonnie is correct, then her predictions will come true and it will give us all much to think about. Skeptics don't need to bother themselves with this story as they have other more solid events to run around and dispute.

"Those of you who have knowledge of these things presented by Bonnie are invited to get in touch with me and share their information. Perhaps we can all learn about this strange planet Earth. As Bonnie has said to me several times --- 'You can go within and sense the truth of what I say and that will tell you better than anything else I could' say to you.' "

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The following report, titled - 'A MILE OF LIGHTS', appeared on page 7 of the Fall, 1980 issue of SEARCH magazine (a magazine created by Ray Palmer of 'AMAZING STORIES' fame, and therefore contained many articles on subterranean mysteries, as an outgrowth of the 'Shaver Mystery', which became popular during Palmer's former editorship with 'Amazing Stories'):

"Four teenagers, quite 'shook up', drove up to Deputy Sheriff Trotta in Putnam County, New York State, about 1:30 a.m. one morning, and said they had seen an 'eerie sight' at

an abandoned iron ore mine in nearby Brewster.

"Trotta thought their explanation did, indeed, sound rather 'eerie', so he got another police officer to accompany him.

"They went to the mine shaft which was on a dirt road, off from another road, known as 'Lover's lane'.

"Going into the mine, they found two 'long rows of lighted candles as far as the eye could see'. The two officers followed then for about a mile. Then the trail of light suddenly came to an end, and that was that. There was nothing more, and no noticeable reason for them to be there."

The next article, titled 'TREASURE CAVERN OF KOKOWEEF MOUNTAIN', by Howard D. Clark, appeared in the Spring, 1973 issue of the magazine "TREASURE TRAILS OF THE OLD NEST", pages 47-54. The cavern in question is same one described by Charles H. Gesner and Sparks Stringer in Part 1 of this volume (#7):

"Is there a wide, deep river, its banks rich with incredible placer values, flowing through a cave under the Mojave?

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"...The big man hunched his heavy frame and bent his broad shoulders to scan the wet sand under his feet.. The bright light from the miner's carbide lamp on his cap caught the yellow gleam of gold flakes, 'coarse' gold and small nuggets worn smooth by the erosion of the stream that trickled in the bottom of the cavern. Here was the blackest of utter darkness not known on top of earths, for he was many hundreds of feet beneath the hot sands of the Mojave desert.

"The miner filled a bag with tie heavy 'black sand' dotted with yellow sparkles.

"Then he helped his ailing partner up through the labyrinths, the many tight passes, the devious crawlways, up the long torturous climb to sunshine again.

"The miner was Earl P. Dorr whose troubles began almost as soon as the two men reached daylight. Other prospectors were there and reports are conflicting as to what happened. There was misunderstanding. Later, Dorr apparently wished to avoid the subject. But his secret was out. He had a sample of fantastically rich placer gold from the depths of the cavern, the only sample that has been seen.

"It was not that someone else could not have found the way down through the darkness, lowering by rope ladders from chamber to hanging rim to pit so vast that his light would not reach its curving walls. How it came about that Dorr lost

his cavern and its contents is a story of confusion told further on. He closed the route he had followed. Other ore was found on the surface bringing on a rash of staking claims.

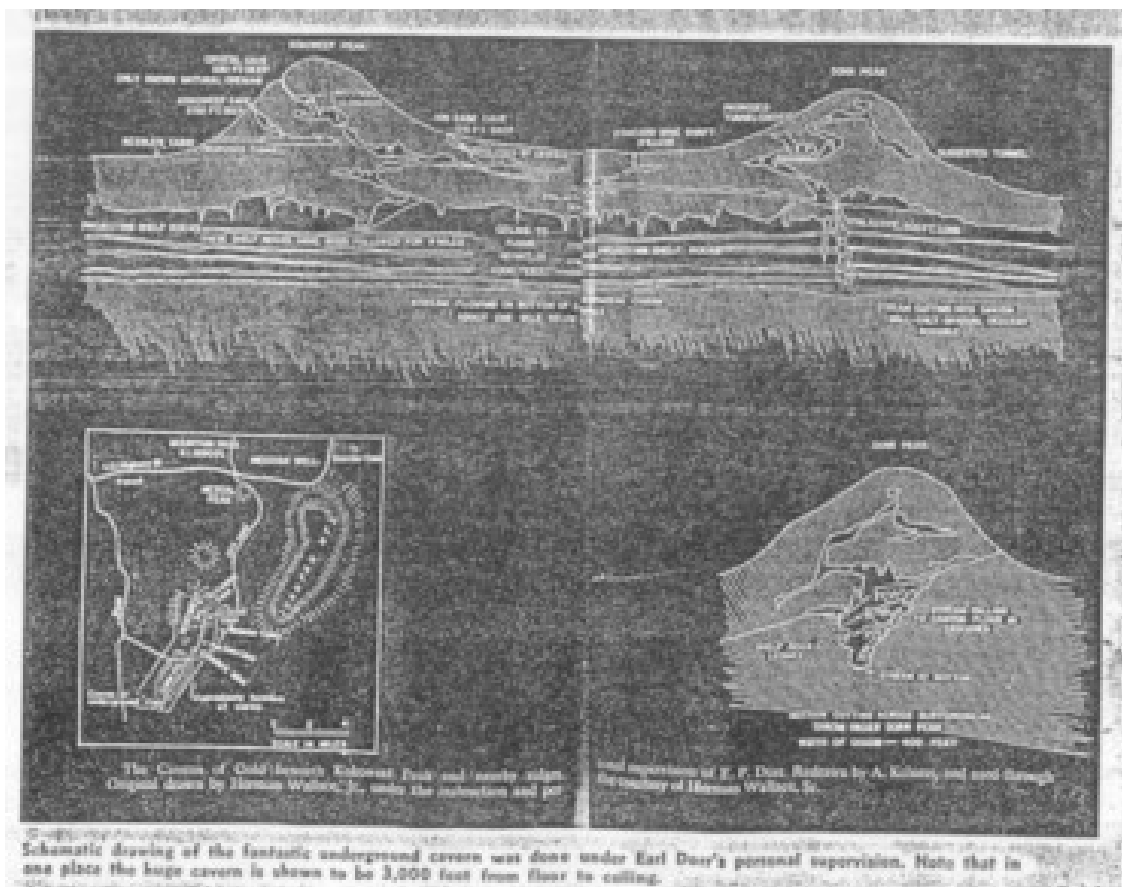
"Dora believed another access to the cavern existed, but so many difficulties assailed him that he never found it.

"It was in 1944 in Los Angeles that I first learned of Earl Dorr's story in the course of research for my book, 'Lost Mines of the Old West.'

"The CALIFORNIA MINING JOURNAL of November, 1940

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had published Dorr's report of his discovery in the form of an affidavit sworn by him before a Notary on November 16 1934. I obtained reprint rights from my friend, the late publisher J. P. Hall, and started looking for Dorr. Here are the principal portions of Dorr's sworn statements:



[Picture caption: "Schematic drawing of the fantastic underground cavern was done under Earl Dorr's personal supervision. Note that in one place the huge cavern is shown to be 3,000 feet from floor to ceiling."]

EARL DORR'S AFFIDAVIT

"This is to certify, that there are located in San Bernardino County, California, certain caverns. These caverns are about 250 miles from Los Angeles, California.

"'Accompanied by a mining engineer, I visited the caverns in the month of May, 1927. We entered them and

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spent four days exploring them for a distance of between eight and nine miles. We carried with us altimeters and pedometers, to measure the distance we traveled and had an instrument to take measurements of distance by triangulation, together with such instruments... to make examinations, observations and estimations.

"'Our examination revealed' the following facts:

"'1. From the mouth of the cavern we descended about 2,000 ft. There we found a canyon which, on our altimeter, measured about 3,000 to 3,500 ft. deep. We found the caverns to be divided into many chambers, filled... with the usual stalactites (cone-shaped rocks hanging from the ceilings of caverns - Branton) and stalagmites (rocks reaching up from the cavern floor created over a long period of time by the highly mineralized water dripping down from the stalactites directly above them - Branton) besides many grotesque and fantastic wonders.

"'2. On the floor of the canyon there is a flowing river which... we estimated to be about 300 ft. wide and with considerable depth...

"'3. ...there is exposed on both sides of the river from 100 to 150 ft. of black beach sand which is very rich in gold values. The sands are from 4 to 11 ft. deep. This means there are about 300 to 350 ft. of rich bearing placer sands which average 8 ft. in depth. We explored the canyon sands a distance of more than 8 miles finding little variation of the depth and width of the sands.

"'4. I am a practical miner of many years of experience and I own valuable mining properties nearby which I am willing to pledge and put up as security to guarantee that the statements herein are true.

"'5. My purpose of exploring the caverns was to study the mineralogy in order to ascertain the mineral

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possibilities of the caves... in person with my engineer by expert examination...

"'6. I carried out about 10 lbs. of the black sand and panned it receiving more than \$7 in gold. I sold it to a gold buyer who allowed me at the rate of \$18 per (troy) ounce. Two and one-half lbs. of this black sand I sent to John Herman, assayer, whose assay certificates (published) show a value of \$2,145.47 per (cubic) yard with gold at \$20.67 per ounce.

(Note: That was the mint price of gold before it was raised to the present [at the time - Branton] price of \$35 per troy ounce in 1934. His value would be correspondingly greater now.)

"'7. From engineering measurements and observations we made, I estimated that it would require a tunnel of about 350 ft. long to penetrate to the caverns, 1,000 ft. or more below the present entrance which is some three miles distant from my property.

"'8. I make no estimate of even the approximate tonnage of the black sand, but some estimate of the cubical contents may be made for more than 8 miles and minimum depth is never less than 3 ft... maximum depth... we do not know."

"Is Dorr's story so out-of-the-world? The first man to go back to civilization with word of the geysers in what is now Yellowstone Park was 'crazy as a hoot owl' -- or so he was told. Can there be a stream of cool, life-giving water flowing over golden sands in a vast, deep cave beneath the Mojave desert? It's enough to whet the imagination.

"Many a thirst-crazed gold seeker has left his bones on this blistering surface. About 60 miles north is the panorama of Death Valley (ad the Panamint range - Branton): Fremont had made a path a few miles from here a century before. Earlier, the wilderness man, Jedediah Smith, had trod the trackless hummocks in 1827 with his crew. Still earlier, Fr. Garces in 1776 led

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his party a few miles to the south while the muskets of the Revolution boomed far in the east. The first thought of every one of these from dawn to dusk was of water -- scanning the valleys for green brush, the desert willow, any sign where men and animals might camp and live another day.

"How Dorr learned of the caverns reads like a fiction writer's pipe dream. As a boy on his father's ranch in Colorado he was a friend of Indians nearby, a playmate of the Indian children. In appreciation, TWO of the elders told Dorr the tale of a tragedy.

"These two and a third brother had known through tribal history of a great cave in a desert. The three had climbed into it to a great depth by the light of their torches. Far down was running water and in its sands was much gold. Bags were filled and carried out, but once with their torches failing, one brother had fallen from a great cliff and perished. Reports have it that they had profited from previous operations but respecting tribal tradition, they would not return to the tomb of the lost brother. They drew maps for the boy (their Caucasian friend in Colorado) as

Indians have done for ages, whether in symbols on rocks or skins. The white boy would grow up and then he might go and find the riches.

"It sounded like a fable of legendary lore, but the boy did grow up. He kept the maps. He became an experienced mining man and eventually found himself on the scene. Right here comes a coincidence so far-fetched that it still makes me scratch my head.

Skeptics have rated the Indian story as pure romance, casting doubt on the whole Dorr episode. I have news for them.

"On an exploration trip in another Western state, I was with a small crew of mining men led by one of our advanced scientists, scouting for a certain strategic mineral. The scientist had covered ground known to me

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so I told him the Dorr story in the course of bull sessions in camp. He had not heard it, but many years back on a mineral survey in that region he had completed his project and gone to the whistle-stop railway station nearest Kokoweef mountain for departure. It happened that two frustrated Indians were there with a leaking bag of black sand and gold. He helped them pack it securely and gave directions for taking it to Salt Lake City for assay and sale. The Indians were anxious only to get away from there and never came back.

"That's what the scientist told me in 1948. Checking the time factor with the elderly scientist, it could well have been the two Indians of the Dorr story - or how many other coincidences can we admit? I hate to stretch the coincidence business further, but the mineral search by our party was being made for the mining company which employed Earl Dorr and through it I became acquainted with him.

"My first contact with Earl Dorr was by mail to his spot on the desert. He replied in a letter in a bold hand and good penmanship that he would like to meet me. Next he wrote with the office typewriter, rather laboriously but with no doubt at all of his opinions of 'drug store' miners, always signing "E.P.Dorr." At the moment I was much involved with mysteries of the Lost Padre Mine, in another direction, so in a temporary exchange of letters he wrote information as specific and consistent as I have known. It was as consistent when I heard it in person.

"'I worked and tried to get help to open up the old entrance," he said, "so we could get back down on the fault where the placer sands lay 3,000 feet below the lime formation and three and a quarter miles from the cave entrance. There is no fault on the side of Kokoweef that I know of, but three and a quarter miles underground from the cave entrance, traveling through caves until we got below the

lime formation, we came

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out on a shelf rock on the side of the fault which is 3,000 feet' deep. We came across a fracture in the side of the fault. Water ran down through it into the canyon.

"'We let ourselves down from one shelf to the next until we got to the bottom of the fault with plenty of placer sands. Even on the shelf rock were one or two feet of rich sands. Yes, there is a fault 900 feet lower than the opening I went down in (but) full of dirt washed into it for ages.'

"Again he repeated with a slight addition: 'I found a way to get down through 1800 feet of lime caverns... on down into a fault in granite and quartz underlying the lime formation. The lime is 1800 feet deep (with) caves down to a fault which is 300 to 500 feet wide... 3,000 feet deep... don't let them kid youl, there's gold in the caves. It all lays below the lime formation and on the shelf rock on the fault walls and on the bottom.'

"I found Earl Dorr working as one of the half-dozen employees of a mining company operating a small pilot mill on the desert out of Victorville, California. This miniature of the giant mills used at working mines to crush and grind ore was operated for test runs on sample batches from various places to determine their values. Dorr had cut his teeth on mining: 'I was running hoist at the age of 18,' he said, 'for Winfield Scott Stratton on the Independence mine in Cripple Creek, one of the richest.' Enough said. Any miner who could boast initiation in fabulous Cripple Creek, Colorado, was presumed to know his rocks. During the period of my association with this company where Earl was a respected worker, I talked at length with him and ate with the entire personnel at one table.

"Earl has passed 'over the divide' (preceded by the mining engineer, W. P. Morton) since those days of 1949-50. The validity of his personal story depends upon two factors: Earl Dorr's knowledge of mining, of

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earth formations and characteristics, and upon his general reliability.

"The first can be dismissed at once. For the second, one seldom sees a man more emphatically forthright. A native outdoorsman, he clung to an era, sadly gone, when a handshake between two unlettered prospectors binding an agreement made far out in the boondocks, was fully legal in court of law. He was revengeful at sharp practices which we pass lightly as 'good business.' He probably took occasion to implement this attitude in return for attacks. A story he told me is

reminiscent of his independent do-it-yourself spirit. Once when young he was jobless, broke, without prospects. Taking rifle, bedroll, a bag of salt and his horse, he trekked to the tall timber where he shot deer, dressed the meat and hung it to dry for 'Jerky.' A ready market for dried venison took care of him until things got better.

"Of course Earl Dorr was embittered at the dizzying turn of events which followed his discovery. He sought financial backing to develop the placer gold. Investigators found zinc ore on the mountain and at length a mining company went to work on values in sight rather than any unseen. At this juncture Dorr snorted: 'They never heard of that country 'til I took them out there. Besides, I got the wrong class of men, all talk -- the class we old desert prospectors call drug store miners. It was too big for them -- too big a thing.'

"It's small wonder that Dorr fumed at fooling with an ore worth only about ten cents a pounds (in which he had no share), while those very operations damaged access to the incalculable bonanza beneath their feet. 'Every time they put in a round of shots on the zinc,' he complained, 'it shook the whole mountain. Caves caved in and blocked the way down. The way I know this, I was down and rocks fell all around me.'

"He had previously put in a shot of his own to block passage which could have been reopened, but he

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claimed that general destruction was too extensive.

"'I stuck as long as I could,' he said, 'until I was eating cooked water cress, chipmunk soup and sagebrush tea. I starved out and had a light stroke which put me on my back for a whole year. Parties are using my story to promote their deal, only made richer every time -- even (adding) blind fish and real live spooks.'

"The cavern story attracted those hardy adventurers known as 'speleologists,' or 'spelunkers,' who dote on jawbreaker terms and go underground because it's there. Call them 'cavers,' for short. They will climb into a cave at the drop of a rack. If they can't hear it bounce or splash, they're in business. To offer a challenge a cave should be at least on the scale of Tour Sawyer's or perhaps Grand Canyon with a roof. A group of these fans for inner space came to Kokoweef mountain. Their story is told by Dr. William R. Halliday, prominent in the National Speleological Society.

"With permission, a horde of cavers and company swarmed in during the autumn of 1948. Various cave structures and cracks had long been known. The Kin Sabe, partly opened by oldtimer Pete Ressler, was blocked with debris as Dorr had

said. The party settled on Crystal Cave by way of entrance through a door kept locked by the mining company. A descent led to a chamber with the expected flowstone -- and Dorr's name, which had been smoked on the wall with his carbide lamp.

"Descending again they came to another room, also with Dorr's name in soot. This was the trail's end so they didn't have much fun. But in an alcove was a line of what looked suspiciously like the residue left by the burning of a fuse. The flowstone there was shattered. The caver's were given to wonderment as to why Dorr would set a charge there unless to protect something important below. I'm bound to say that I join in that thought.

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"A geologist warned the cavern that such a cave as Dorr described is geologically impossible, that such don't exist! But regardless of expert opinion, the caver's will always be intrigued with the thought of what might -- just possibly might -- be beyond that point. Could Dorr have been right? After all, he wasn't just theorizing.

"I have ample respect for the science of geology and for those who practice it, generally speaking. But there are geologists and 'geologists,' on the firm authority of members of that fraternity themselves. They do not agree on broad principles or even on specific cases. One does not have to be in the wide open long before seeing certain solemn pronouncements put to flight by uncooperative facts. Nowhere is this more evident than in determining the occurrence of water on the desert, to cite a single example. It has been amusing on many an occasion. Not for underrate expert knowledge, we just may not have all the answers yet. And some stories are too big, as Dorr said.

"Cowboy Jim White found Carlsbad Caverns, a wide open hole that anyone could look into and watch the bats swarm out. He had to make a career of convincing the world of its existence. It took him an incredible twenty years, while the people in the town 30 miles away said: 'The hole is in your head -- the bats too.'

"Reality or pipe dream? Mention the Dorr cavern in the area and people turn faces away to laugh. Some told me that Dorr's name is mud to them. What of Dorr's affidavit? In an argument it's only natural to ignore a point difficult to answer and seize upon the seemingly ridiculous. It's unlike anyone in his right mind to swear falsely and demand that he be caught doing so. It's most unlike Dorr, whatever his other failings. "Also, it's unlike a practical miner to spend years in exhausting body and finances on an imaginary adventure. And the fact of the black sand placer -- where else did it come from when he was seen carrying

it out of the cave? Again, you don't fool a prominent assayer by 'salting' a sample, meaning to load it with a mineral that doesn't belong.

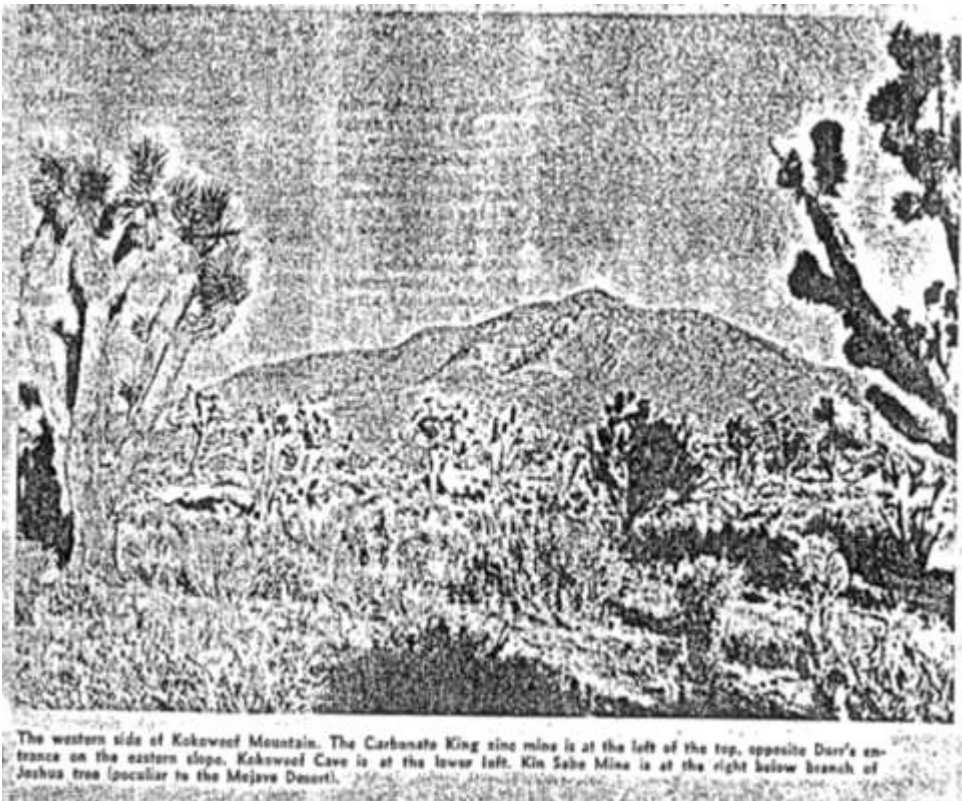
"However, some are not skeptics and that brings us to Kokoweef mountain, one of the Ivanpah range, as of today. In sight from it is the throbbing freeway connecting Los Angeles with neon-lit Las Vegas about 60 miles eastward. Gone are the pathfinders and lonely men of pick and pan, their world goods atop a burro. Gleaming vehicles cover in hours the miles that required weeks and give no thought to the misty bands which passed this way and vanished into the sunset. Neither the ancients with dry tongues or those without a care have had a thought of abundant water in the darkness below, not to mention an El Dorado that would make Midas a penny pincher.

"As this is written, I have returned from Kokoweef mountain and found new life there, with the situation under control. A serious group holds claims covering the critical area and is engaged in development toward eventually attaining those depths. They expect to reach the river which Earl Dorr said is flowing through sands laden with fragments and nuggets of native yellow placer gold. Obviously, members of this group are firm believers in the Dorr story. They have learned much about the local geology which lends encouragement and, they hope, some confirmation of their belief.

"As their guest I was escorted to the mountain. With a crew member we climbed a dizzying zigzag trail no wider than my feet to a lofty perch where an entrance had been used by Dorr long ago. Pausing on the way to gasp for breath, I could see the works of the world's of the world's only major rare earth mine on Clark mountain, across the freeway to Las Vegas and the snow-cap of Mt. Charleston in Nevada. On reaching the hole, I saw it covered by a huge iron door frame that Dorr had packed up those rocky steeps on his powerful shoulders. That must have called for superhuman effort.

Even to lift it off the dangerous opening is a man's job.

"Then with the assistance of my comrades I climbed down a series of ladders in the tight, vertical passage to the darkness of what they called the 'first room.' A narrow hole in the bottom and the head of another ladder told of more dark regions below, but this one was convincing enough. Not being a speleologist I was satisfied with taking photographs and my exit.



The western side of Kokoweef Mountain. The Carbonate King zinc mine is at the left of the top, opposite Darr's entrance on the eastern slope. Kakweef Cave is at the lower left. Kin Sabe Mine is at the right below branch of Joshua tree (peculiar to the Mojave Desert).

"Sizeable stalactites found in big rooms testify to the vast age of the caverns. Given an undisturbed stream gushing through uncounted miles of gold-bearing strata during ages of time, you have practically perfect conditions for accumulation of black sand and placer gold on a scale difficult for the mind to

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comprehend. All of the stream placer known to mining has gathered where it was found through erosion and concentration by the action of water. However, in the usual occurrence on the surface of the earth it has suffered interference on the part of constantly changing nature and has had only comparative moments of geological time to gather in great quantities, spectacularly rich as some have been.

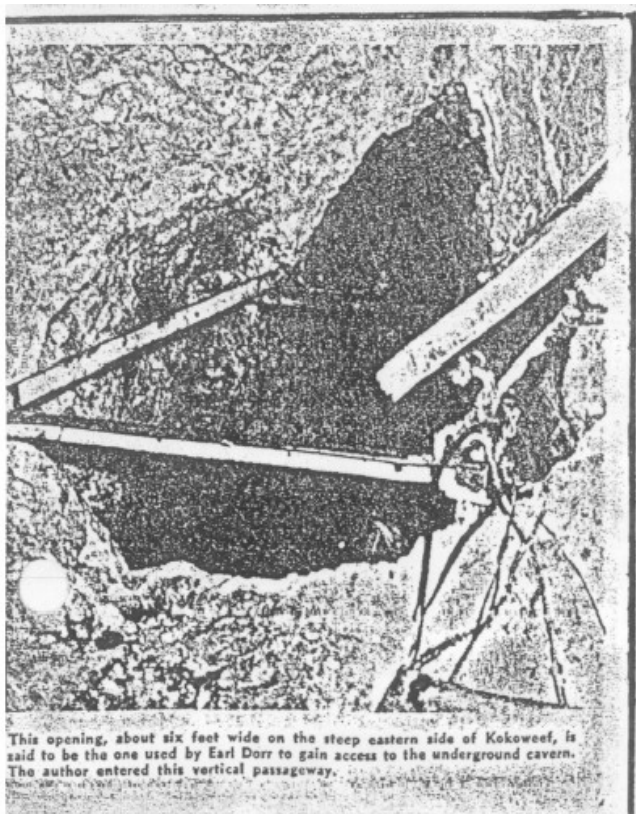
"In the face of certain opinions, the possibility of caves of huge size in this region cannot be dismissed lightly. The limestone formation is factual. Caves of interest to explorers exist far across Nevada adjoining on the east. Only about 30 miles south is Mitchell's Cavern, now a California state park. Impressive as it is, its full extent is not known. For water on the desert we have military bases further southwest using water enough for small cities. Rumor has it that with no surface water at all, and a trace of annual rainfall, the sources (of water for these military bases) are subsurface rivers coming from far to the north. (see: Al Fry's letter - p. 179 of this volume - B.W.)

"About 12 miles south of Kokoweef, near the outpost of Cima, and only a hoot and a holler in distance, is a ranch well that breaths! Water rises and falls in it audibly. Just why the well gargles is not explained, but Dorr spoke of a tidal effect in the cavern river. I took that one with salt but now I wonder (Note: The rising and falling of the underground river in response to the tides 'might' indicate that the source of the river comes from a very large subterranean 'lake' further upstream - Branton).

"Meanwhile, scientists are interested in such caverns as this one in limestone of the Permian age, 'estimated' at 150 million years old. A university geologist utilizes a new time clock, thermo-luminescence. The unvarying temperature of 600 at Kokoweef enables him to test deep cave formations never

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affected by solar heat. It has to do with the escape of trapped electrons - when rock never before warm is heated. Another, a cave biologist, investigated a nearby cave with floor-to-ceiling height of nearly 200 feet, declaring, that air movements infer an extensive interconnected cave system.



This opening, about six feet wide on the steep eastern side of Kokoweef, is said to be the one used by Earl Dorr to gain access to the underground cavern. The author entered this vertical passageway.

[Caption: This opening, about six feet wide on the steep eastern side of Kokoweef, is said to be the one used by Earl Dorr to gain access to the underground cavern. The author entered this vertical passageway.]

"Specimen collectors, curiosity seekers with hearts full of larceny, and born vandals steal and wreck equipment including facilities left for their convenience. Two of them went down the shaft I entered and set off a large order of dynamite. In their haste or greed they failed to delay going back until the

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toxic fumes had dispersed. They were found much later. "These pests follow the national pattern, the despair of all highway engineers and park maintenance men as well as owners of private property. Stories grow and become alluring as Dorr had said. In one published account unconcerned with facts, the story had it that a syndicate operates the cavern mine and Dorr just leans back and watches the gold roll in. Earl would have liked that.

"Kokoweef remains a continued story with chapters yet to be written, but not too soon. Preliminary development work is naturally inconclusive. But if and when the denouement of the drama comes by way of time and toil and vindicates Earl Dorr, the succeeding chapters will fill a volume -- and several banks. --HOWARD D. CLARK"

The following information, related to Kokoweef caverns, appears on pages 155-157 of William R. Halliday's book, 'DEPTHS OF THE EARTH':

"...Our organizational meeting late in 1948 had been as full of the Kokoweef story as of the 'Cave of the Winding' Stair.

"A lengthy cave 3,000 feet deep, a 500-foot stalactite, and a tidal river with rich placer gold could hardly be ignored. Someone had even looked up the original affidavit in which a wind-tanned prospector named E. P. Dorr swore to all these things and much more.

"This was in the Grandest California manner. Was there more than legend to the report? Everyone was exceedingly skeptical. Yet we were curious. Strange things have occurred in the Mojave Desert.

"'Let's go talk to Dr. Foster Hewitt,' suggested a student at nearby California Institute of Technology. 'He's spent all his life out there. I bet he knows about it?'

"Three of us were given a prompt appointment with

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the eminent geologist. Needlessly we told him of the tales which had reached us.

"'You caver's should know better,' he twitted us. 'Dort might have found more cave than is known today, but certainly nothing like what he claimed. Why don't you go over and see

Herman Wallace in Highland Park? He's an officer on the company and can tell you all about the caves!'

"Mr. Wallace proved a particular friend. He himself had descended to the bottom of the three caves of Kokoweef Peak without finding the gold. Even more important, he had obtained the incredible story firsthand from Dorr. Wallace's son had prepared a sketch map of the lost river of gold under Dorr's direct supervision.

"As Herman Wallace talked, the tale began to make a twisted kind of sense. Clearly, some of these fantastic tales were merely confused with those of the Cave of the Winding Stair. What remained was incredible beyond belief. Yet the story was so coherent and so filled with plausible details that Dorr had never contradicted himself.

"For untold years, it seemed, prowling prospectors of the Mojave Desert had known of a wide, deep cavern on the rocky flank of juniper-clad Kokoweef Peak. In the 1920's weeks often elapsed in this Joshua-tree wilderness without the passing of more than a single prospector and his companionable burro. During those dimming years, hopeful prospectors and other 'desert rats' wandered in and out of shack towns at isolated wells along the nearby Los Angeles-Las Vegas road. Even they were few.

"At one of these tiny communities, someone announced one evening that he had found another vertical cave on Kokoweef Peak. Maybe it was Dorr. Some said that Dorr had a 'treasure map of Spanish or Indian origin,' but this seems to have been wishful thinking. In any event, Dorr was fascinated by the new cavern.

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Soon he was telling of lowering himself on a rope from level to level, exploring uncounted tunnels of great beauty. Beyond one tight hole he encountered an enormous 3,000-foot chasm. Ledges led onward for 8 miles without a way to the bottom.

"Dorr's friends were not particularly impressed. Every desert rat is a practiced spinner of just such yarns.



"'Think there might be a river of gold at the bottom, Earl?' someone asked him helpfully.

"'Dunno what's down there. But I'm goin' back till I find out,' the keen-eyed prospector asserted stoutly.

"After his next exploration, it seemed that Dorr had found a way down the formidable underground cliffs. On the banks of the river below were miles of deposits of rich gold-bearing sand.

"Dorr's cronies were delighted. His family, however, was more cautious. For years, they had

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laughed at his yarns. He had bragged of hitching up a team of Colorado elk and driving from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs. No one believed a word of it, of course. Only long afterward did they learn of a Cripple Creek rancher who had trained pet elk to pull a buggy. Other grains of fact had a disconcerting way of turning up in his wildest tales. On the other hand, Dorr told his family of blind fish in the river of gold.

(Note by Branton: Regardless of some people's skepticism, blind fish ARE very real. The following is from the COMPTON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA CD = "...Blindfish, any of several species of small freshwater fish, family Amblyopsidae, in the dark waters of caves in central and s. U.S.; are sightless or nearly so; northern cave fish (*Amblyopsis spelea*) of Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, is 5 in. (13 cm) long, whitish, and

completely blind, feeling its way along with the help of touch-sensitive projections in rows on the head and body; many other sightless fishes also are called blindfish; they live in caves and ocean depths throughout the world.")

"Joshingly his brother asked if they were (blind) flying fish...

"Dora prepared an affidavit subsequently published in the CALIFORNIA MINING JOURNAL. No ordinary grubstaker for Dorr -- he sought the support of wealthy investors to share his great discovery. A mere 330-foot tunnel might suffice. He was willing to share fifty-fifty with anyone willing to finance his incredible find!

"Why was a tunnel necessary? Well... for one thing, the river of gold ran beneath his claim, but Crystal Cave wasn't on his land. Besides, he had dynamited shut the secret passage so no one else could get at his gold.

"Herman Wallace was one of several Los Angeles investors willing to gamble a little on Dorr's

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proposition. Most of their investment soon vanished into claim options, tunneling, timbering, and a grubstake for Dorr. Shortly before World War II, however, they struck a rich zinc vein. Dorr begged for more tunnels in new areas, but the Crystal Cave Mining Company enthusiastically entered the zinc business. Its geologists were as discouraged as Foster Hewitt. As far as the corporation was concerned, the lost river of gold could stay lost. They'd settle for zinc.

"'Would you like to have a look and see if you have any ideas?' Mr. Wallace asked in cordial conclusion.

"Would we? Ten carloads of caver's and their families swarmed through the Joshua trees the crisp morning of November 13, 1948. I shifts we scurried along the rocky flanks of the barren peak and into the deep little caves.

"Seventy feet down ter Crystal Cave we found Dorr's nave snaked in bold capital letters on the wall of the first chamber. We found it again or the next level, near an area of shattered rock and flowstone. Was this the legendary entrance to the lost river of gold? If so, no one was going through that mess any time soon. In a small alcove nearby we spotted a long, thin trail of ash. It might have been the residual of a dynamite fuse.

"We poked into every conceivable orifice, peered into every fissure, and found nothing else. Excavating the shattered area would be a huge undertaking of little prospect, we told Mr. Wallace. He agreed, reluctantly, plagued by the same nagging doubt. We all know there is no gold beyond. And yet -- could we be wrong?..."

"...Today California cavern happily admit that their

cavern treasures are only of this sort. The Lost River of Gold will stay lost, for it cannot exist unless our accumulating knowledge is all wrong.

"Yet a nagging thought remains. Before their

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fateful last exploration, Marrian and Furlong thought of Samwel Cave much as we think of Kokoweef and the Cave of the Winding Stairs.

"Can we be wrong? Will this chapter someday be rewritten in blazing headlines: 'SPELUNKERS VERIFY REDISCOVERY OF CAVE OF GOLD!'"

"Every romantic California caver hopes so..."

The following letter, which appeared on page 128 of the June, 1953 issue of FATE magazine:

"'The Devil's Tramping Ground' in the February, 1953, issue of FATE is similar in some respects to the story in the November-December, 1951, issue, 'The Mysterious Circles of Shasta,' better known as the Siskiyou Stone Circles. They were made for a specific purpose and are still in use.

"I believe I know what the circles are used for. They were made by the little people who live either beneath the surface of the surrounding terrain or within the mountain itself. There is no law, written or unwritten, that says people have to live upon a planet's surface. It is safer to dwell within a planet.

"These people are not the only inhabitants of this region. There are others too, and I don't mean U.S. citizens, either. And they possess great knowledge which they use well." --- Umberto Y. Orsi., New York, N.Y.

The following account appeared on page 75 of the November, 1953 issue of FATE Magazine, and was titled, 'MYSTERY OF THE SINKING ROAD':

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"In April, 1954, six miles south from New Castle, Pa., a section of Route 18 caved in, carrying with it telephone poles, road signs and grass on both sides of the road. The sinking left a 450-yard gap in the road with a huge pit 50 feet deep.

"The State Highway Department sent engineers from Harrisburg to determine the cause of the sinking and to

repair it. The experts decided that a shifting clay stratum had caused the roadbed to sink and recommended that the hole be filled in.

"For a week 1600 cubic feet of filler material was poured into the hole -- 24,000 pounds altogether. The engineers were confident that they could fill the hole to the former road level -- but suddenly the sinking began again. The now road sank 50 feet.

"The State Highway Department gave up. It now appears that it will be necessary to build a bypass around this bottomless pit. The Pennsylvania Railroad already has closed its tracks nearby and rerouted traffic to another line."

The following story, titled 'SUBTERRANEAN TRAIN', appeared on page 74 of the March, 1956 issue of FATE magazine:

"In 1875 at Pueblo, Colo., a locomotive and several cars were derailed into quicksand. They sank out of sight almost at once. Workme later probed down to a depth of 50 feet -- but they never found the vanished train."

The following information appeared on pages 8-9 of the September, 1956 issue of FATE magazine:

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"...It seems impossible to believe that these persistent reports, these frequent sightings, are hallucinations. But consider several other matters recently reported in the newspapers. What about these?

"Alfred Scadding of Kingswood Road, Toronto, Ont., (Canada) is the sole survivor of three men trapped in the famous 1936 Moose River Mine disaster. Recently Scadding made a confession to George Bryant of the 'Toronto Daily Star'.

"Minutes before the mine caved in, he said, he was on his way to join the others. 'I came to a cross-out, a tunnel running across the one I was in, and as I passed (I) looked left. I saw a small light, like a flashlight, about two feet from the ground and swinging as if in someone's hand, moving away from me.

"'Yet, as we later learned, there wasn't another human being down there at that time.'

"Bryant recalls the belief of older miners in the reality of gnomes. If they are seen it portends a big strike or a major disaster.

"'And two minutes after I saw that light the mine came in

on us.'

"After they were trapped Scadding and Dr. Eddie Robinson, both conscious and apparently clear-headed, heard a sound like children playing off in the distance.

"'There was shouting and laughter, as of little people having fun,' he says. 'We both heard it so clearly we thought there was a vent to the surface. But there wasn't. It went on for 24 hours...'" (... following which they were rescued.)

In an article in UFO REVIEW., issue #91 (titled: 'The Bristol Hum' ., Jon Douglas Singer, M.A., writes:

"...The idea of underground cities is not as far-

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fetched as it might seem at first glance, because archaeologists have actually entered some and excavated a few of the tunnels!

"These are in Turkey, according to Dr. Ron, Anjard, who is an expert on subterranean cities for PURSUIT magazine - the journal of the 'Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained' ., issue of Summer, 1978.

"One is at Derinkuyu, Turkey, and nearby are no less than 30 of the vast tunnel complexes. They had bedrooms... storage chambers, wine cellars, toilets, and kitchens. There were ventilation ducts and some cities even had tunnels connecting them to other nearby underground cities in a sort of precursor of the Manhattan subway system! One of the cities had as many as 100,000 people. Artifacts found in the city at Derinkuyu village dated the site to 2000 B.C.

"The floor plan of the cities couldn't be mapped in their entirety because a cataclysm caused cave-ins and flooding in the lowest levels. The name of the people who built the underground cities is unknown, and the names of the individual cities are lost. It appears that the unknown civilization was destroyed by the invading Hittite's, an Indo-European people whose horse-drawn war chariots and bronze battle-axes were superior to the weapons of the subterranean people. Later, the caves were briefly re-inhabited by Christian Byzantine Greeks who were fleeing from Arab and Turkish invaders.

"Anjard added that there were buried cities in France, his source being Erich Von Daniken. No details were given. He also stated that there were 44 ancient underground cities in North America, six being on the West Coast. No details were given, and Anjard's sources were anonymous American Indians..."

(Also, from the same article...)

"...Jets are probably not the cause of peculiar booming or rumbling noises that are heard in my own

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state of Connecticut. The sounds are heard near the towns of East Haddam and Moodus, which is why local residents refer to them as 'Moodus Noises.' The very name 'Moodus' means, 'Land of Strange Noises' in the old Indian language. I first heard of the Moodus Noises while reading the books of Charles Fort, such as 'THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED', 'LO!', and 'NEW LANDS'. These accounts of odd phenomena were written in the 1920's, so I didn't think that the Moodus Noises were still known about or heard today.

"...There are caves on 'Cave Hill' outside Moodus where Indians once lived and where the witches once congregated, according to legend.

"Hobamake, the Indians' version of Satan, resided on Mt. Tom near Moodus and the Indians made pilgrimages there. The god Mackimoodus is reputed to live under the earth, where he sits on a great sapphire throne in a huge cavern..."

The News-story which follows appeared in the January 4, 1903 issue of the New York HERALD, Page 8. The full title and subtitle of the article was: "FAIL TO EXPLORE 'HAUNTED MINE' (Another Futile Effort to Enter Famous Shaft in Texas. HURLED FROM OPENING - Man Who Made Vain Trial Describes Astonishing Experience. - ALPINE, Texas, Saturday.):

"Another futile effort has just been made to explore the shaft and underground workings of the so-called haunted Refugee mine, in the Chispa Mountains, sixty miles southwest of here.

"The mine was worked by the Spaniards more than a century ago. It was abandoned and forgotten until about twenty years ago, when an American mining engineer, Henry Boyd, while looking up the title to a Mexican mining property, came across a mention of it in

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the archives of the State of Coahuila, at Saltillo, Mexico.

"The records gave a careful description of the property and its location. They showed that it was worked for forty years prior to 1791, and that it produced during that time more than \$7,000,000 of silver ore.

"Accompanied by a Mexican guide, he left Saltillo for the Chispa Mountains. It was a long and fatiguing trip, and the two men experienced great hardships until they reached the

little Mexican settlements along the Rio Grand south of here, where they made their headquarters while they made expeditions into the rough country north of there in search of the mine.

"The records showed in a general way where the mine was situated, but the exact spot could not be found until a Mexican sheepherder one day informed Boyd that he could show him the ruins of an ancient smelter. These ruins were situated in a deep canyon, and after a patient search Mr. Boyd came upon the mouth of the shaft.

Ladder Made of Hides

"A crude ladder, made of the hides of wild animals, still hung in the shaft, and other evidences of a sudden abandonment of the mine were seen. What occurred when Mr. Boyd attempted to explore the mine is told in a letter which he wrote to James E. Meade, who resided in San Antonio at that time, but has engaged in business here for several years. The letter said:

"A horrible and most astonishing thing has happened to me when I attempted to explore the mine. My moze (servant), Pedro, let me down to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of about one hundred feet, by means of a rope.

"The candle gave poor light, but I could see that a great deal of net ore still remained in the workings. I had started to explore one of the drifts, when a noise like the bursting of a thousand cannons sounded

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in my ears and was followed by a terrific rush of air which came from the drift that I was about to enter.

"I was lifted off of my feet and thrown against the rock walls of the shaft with such force that I was badly bruised and almost knocked senseless. The rush of air gradually subsided, and as it did so there came echoing out of the murky drift one of the most piercing and plaintive cries I have ever heard.

"It was a wail that produced indescribable and uncontrollable terror in me. I fled for the rope, and -quickly tying it around my body, I yelled to the Mexican to draw me up.

"There was no response from above. I yelled and yelled, but Pedro did not come to the rope. I then realized that he had heard the mysterious demonstration and had fled in his superstitious terror.

"It was lucky that the rope was fastened to a mesquite trunk on the surface, as I was able to draw myself out of the shaft hand over hand, bracing my feet against the walls. Just as I reached the surface the underground phenomenon was repeated.

Mexican Five Miles Away

"My Mexican was found at the home of a sheepherder five miles away. The story that the mine is haunted has spread throughout the Mexican settlements here, and as I can get no one to help me, I have abandoned all hope of further exploring the wonderful mine at this time.'

"Mr. Boyd went to San Antonio to organize an expedition to undertake the work of exploring the mine. Before he had got his men together he died.

"Mr. Meade then took charge of the expedition. They spent three months at the mine, but only one attempt was made to explore the underground workings, and that experience was so terrifying that the men, including the Americans and Mexicans, threatened to leave if forced to make another effort.

"They sunk a shaft near the old one to a depth of

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fifty feet, but the noises became so pronounced that the workmen refused to go on with it, and the whole project was abandoned.

"Since then many attempts have been made to explore the mine, but the experience has proved more than any man is willing to stand a second time.

"Captain Louis Sefton was at the head of the latest expedition to the haunted site. He is one of the most prominent stockmen in Texas and has a reputation for great courage. In a spirit of adventure, he left his ranch in Sutton county a few days ago for the mine, taking with him a half dozen of his cowboys.

"They let the rope ladder down into the old shaft, and Captain Sefton and two of his cowboys went down to the bottom. All was quiet, and they had just started to enter the drift when the phenomenon suddenly broke forth in all its fury.

"The three men were hurled with great force several feet and thrown repeatedly against the jagged rocks of the shaft. It was only with the greatest effort that they could climb to the surface. Their bodies were covered with bruises and their clothing was torn.

"I am not superstitious,' Captain Sefton said, in describing his experiences, 'but if the interior of that mine is not an inferno occupied by hellish spirits I won't believe what I see with my own eyes hereafter.'

JOURNAL', there appeared an article written by Albert Roger, titled 'IS THERE A SHANGRI-LA IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS?':

"A report came out in the early 1940's of a small winding path that led up one of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado, I believe it was, and as the path neared the top of the hill, it turned to

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continue on a level course onward. But - just where the path turned there was an outcropping of rock and shrubbery, and behind the rocks (and bushes) there was a small cave entrance. It was barely wide enough to squeeze oneself into, and the tunnel that started at the back of the cave ran straight into the mountain for a distance of about a quarter mile.

"This tunnel had several side exits and one of them led to an open valley that was entirely surrounded by the mountain, and was thus inaccessible from the outside, except by going through the tunnel. This open valley was described as a garden paradise, a veritable 'Shangri-La', as in it there grew trees, grass, all in abundance, and there was evidence of former habitants here, built in the fashion of the cliff-dwellers. Rooms and apartments hollowed out along the sides of the mountain, faced the hidden valley.

"The report also stated that some treasure in the form of jewels, gold bars and ancient coins were to be found there, but all this was then guarded by the Spirit of the Mountain. Those who discovered this place were sworn to secrecy, but it was predicted that, in coming decades ahead, all this would once more be revealed to man, revealed perhaps by some seismic disturbance such as an earthquake or landslide. The ancient Records say that such things are hidden at present because man is too materialistic, and too blind to the true values of the Spiritual Life.

"These tunnels are not natural formations, but were made by ancient man - using rock-dissolving rays... This network of tunnels can be found mostly inside and beneath the mountain chains that extend the length of the Americas, namely the Rocky Mountains AND the Andes, and there are also tunnels extending beneath the ocean beds and connecting several continents. The tunnels that connect South America to Antarctica may go through Rainbow City, which is located under the Antarctic Ice Cap (Note: Has this ancient outpost been accessed by

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the secret Nazi colony who, it has been alleged, created a huge underground base-city under the Neu Schwabenland region

of Antarctica, inhabited by several hundred-thousand Nazi's who fled the Allied defeat of Germany following World War II, a sub-city that was code-named the 'New Berlin'!? - Branton).

"Certain tunnels have been obliterated or blocked by natural disasters, in time past... There are predictions of Buddhist origin, stating that when the end of our present civilization comes, the people from inside the Earth will come to the surface... patterned, no doubt, after the underground civilization where they have lived for many millennia..."

