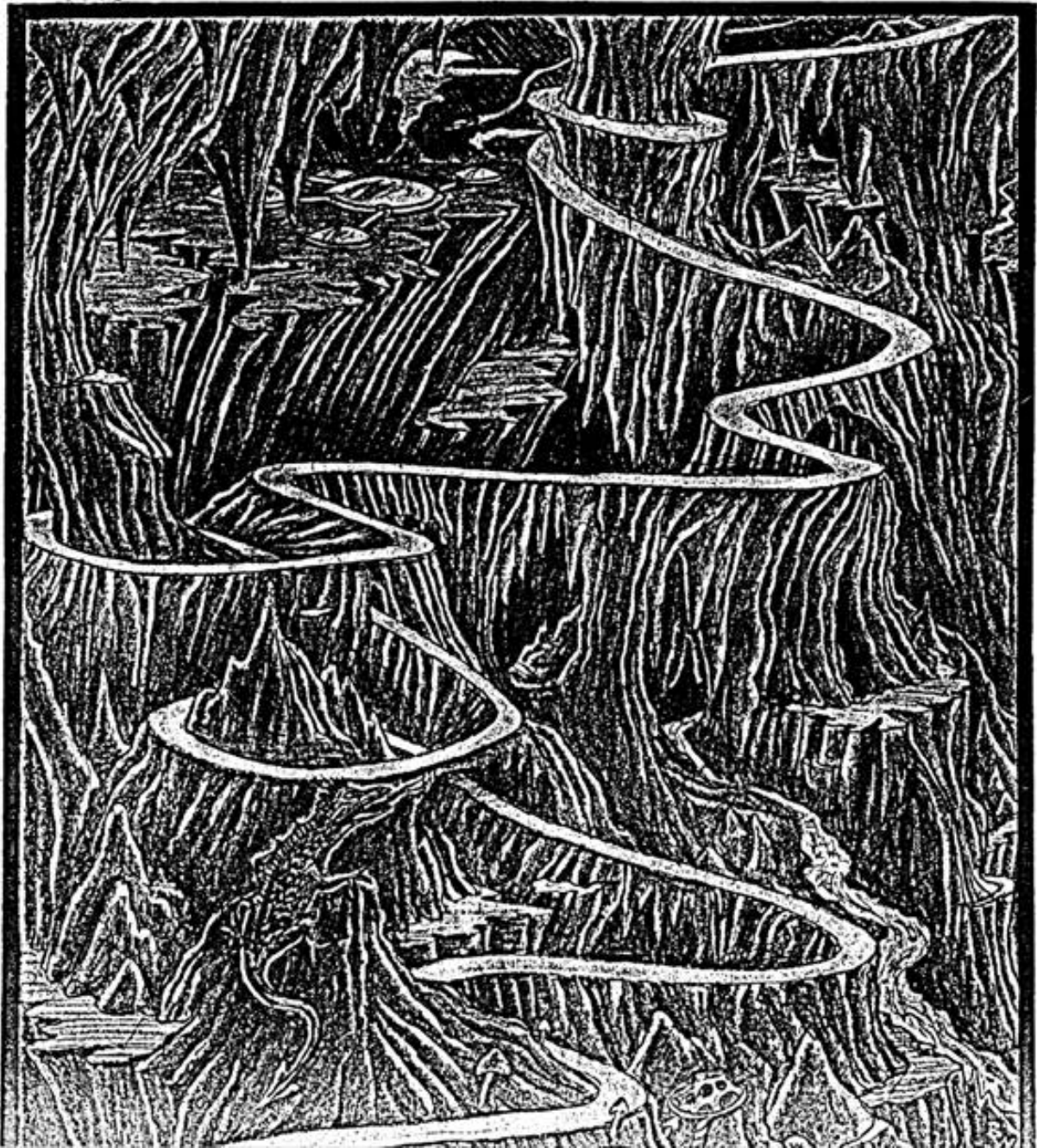


# WORLD ENTRANCES

VOLUME V IN THE INNER EARTH SERIES



In his book THE MAJIC PRESENCE, G.W. Ballard describes a strange experience which occurred to him and some companions while exploring a cave in Wyoming.

While visiting Colorado he met a Mr. Daniel Rayborn. From there they traveled to the 'Diamond K Ranch' in Wyoming, one of the Rayborn mining properties, where the experiences described in the book began. There, he met Rayborn's son Rex, and his daughter Nada.

Some days later, they planned to spend the day exploring Table Mountain, one of their favorite haunts in the Wyoming Rockies. They mounted their horses, one of them an Arabian stallion which had been a gift to them from an Arab Sheik. They waved good-bye to Rayborn, cantered off across the valley, and soon entered the mountain trail:

"...It wound steadily upward through the beautiful timber. Occasionally, we came into a clearing and stopped to enjoy the magnificent view. We followed the mountain stream for quite a distance. The song of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, and the exhilaration of the rarefied air made us feel radiantly strong, and glad to be alive.

We reached the top of the mountain near noon, and there before us lay a level space, covering at least twenty acres, a veritable plateau suspended in the midst of those towering giants. A cozy little cabin and a shelter for the horses had been built. It was made of stone with a built-in stove, very unique and serviceable. We enjoyed the beauty of the surrounding country for a while, and then sat down to a delightful lunch.

"'You know,' Rex commented, '...Let's go to the cave by the other trail as soon as we finish lunch,' he suggested, and we agreed.

"By crossing over to the opposite side of the mountain, we found a good trail leading down, where the scenery was more wild and rugged. In some places, the

rocks looked as if they had been stained green, blue, and black by some marvelous mineral coloring. The sunlight and shadow played upon them as we changed our position, producing the effect of a beautiful inspiring panorama. We continued down the trail about four thousand feet, turned sharply, and came to the eastern face of the mountain.

"Thousands of years ago, a portion of It had evidently split away, making the whole side a sheer cliff, at least a thousand feet above us. The trail we were on wound around the south side, turning toward the eastern wall and running along a shelf-like projection that brought us to the entrance of the cave. The trail was strewn with great boulders that made it rough and difficult of access. A wing of rock hid the entrance, as if nature jealously guarded its secrets from curious eyes. We left the horses tied safely nearby, and Rex took three powerful flashlights from his saddle-bag.

"'Prepare for a surprise,' he exclaimed, turning to me, and then led the way into the cave. About fifty feet from the opening, we entered a medium-sized cavern. As soon as my eyes became adjusted to the change of light, I saw the entire ceiling was covered with a pink and white crystalline substance. We crossed the first space, a distance of about thirty feet, and passed through an archway leading into an immense, vaulted chamber, at least two hundred feet across.

"The ceiling was covered with rainbow-colored stalactites in the most amazing forms I have ever seen. There were crosses, circles, crosses within circles, triangles and many, many occult symbols that have been in use on this earth, since its very beginning. It looked as if these symbols had been suspended from the ceiling ages ago, and nature had covered them with a carbonate of lime formation, highly colored and most artistically decorated by her pigments. The beauty of it made one speechless, fascinated with wonder and admiration. It gave one the feeling of eyes watching every moment.

"Rex called to us, to come to the far side of the

chamber where he stood. We crossed the intervening space, and stood before a wall upon which there were three arches, about twenty feet apart. Within each was a highly polished surface. The first one to my left was a Chinese red, the second a glittering white, and the third a cobalt blue. "Immediately, I felt they were significant of something concerning America. The feeling grew so great, I could hardly stand it.

"'This is the work of a Mighty Intelligence in ages past,' I said, 'and I feel that these arches close entrances to other chambers or passages beyond.'

"'...Let's tell him of our experience the last time we were here,' (Nada) suggested to Rex.

"'Just a year ago,' Rex explained, 'we came to this cave, and as I stood before the blue arch, I was so fascinated that I put out my hand, and was running it over the surface, when a voice right out of the atmosphere said: "Stop!"

"'The voice was not that of anger but rather that of supreme authority. We left the cave immediately, and have never returned until now.'

"'Before I have ended my visit with you, dear people, I feel certain some amazing explanation of it all will be given,' I replied.

"We returned to our horses, and found the beautiful Arabian Pegasus, in a state of great agitation, for he was highly sensitive to the spiritual power focused within this mountain, and it made him restless, because of the intensity of the energy. Only by very great gentleness could Nada quiet him, and prevent him from racing madly home. She said, there seemed to be no limit to his speed, when he became excited..."

They then returned to the ranch, where Ballard was then introduced to Daniel Rayborn's new superintendent, Bob Singleton, and Bob's sister Pearl. A few days afterwards they again entered the cave.

"...We drove by auto, as far as the road went, which left only a distance of about two miles for us to hike.

"The day was glorious, and the very air seemed charged with a magical fragrance, a powerful, highly attenuated, spiritual energy. The drive was delightful. We found a safe, secluded spot for the automobile, taking our flashlights with extra batteries, and reached the entrance to the cave at exactly ten minutes to eight.

"We entered the first chamber, and were immediately conscious of a powerful vibration, almost like that produced by the throbbing of great machinery..."

(Here, Ballard claims, they met a 'master' from the Inner Earth, by the name of 'Germain' - Branton)

"'If you will kindly follow me ('Germain' then asks them) we shall proceed.'

"He moved toward the archway of white, described in the first chapter (of Ballard's book - Branton), and stopped about three feet in front of it. He extended his right hand, and in a moment a dazzling white light, like a dense vapor, enveloped the entire place. The entrance to a tunnel, filled with a soft white light, opened.

"We entered, followed 'Germain' for a distance of several hundred feet, and at last came to another door on which in raised figures were the ancient symbols of Life. Presently, the door opened, and we were admitted into a chamber of extraordinary shape and remarkable beauty, having twelve sides of equal dimensions, a beautiful dome forming its ceiling.

"Each side was made of a different kind of substance. Four of the panels were dazzling white, each different yet giving off a soft, glowing, sparkling light, and making a square within the twelve-pointed figures. The others were of various colors of most delicate, beautiful shades. The room was at least sixty feet in diameter, and on the east side stood an instrument in a transparent case that looked like a radio as far as I could tell.

"On each side of this case, forming a circle around

the entire room about three feet from the wall, were twelve chairs made of the same transparent metal as the case, one in front of each panel... Germain seated us, and stepped to the instrument.

"'Beloved students," he began, "your surmise is correct. Within this case is the most remarkable radio yet produced on earth. The case, as you see, is perfectly transparent, yet the material of which it is made is as tough and strong or stronger than steel, so hard you cannot make an impression on it with a hammer. The inventor of this super-radio will be here to-night, when you shall meet her.

"'I wish you to be my guests here for three days. I will see that a written message is delivered to your home, by a visible messenger to-night, and that your automobile is guarded. Now, if you will come with me, we shall proceed, as we have much to do before evening.'

"He went to the opposite side of the room from which we had entered, and pressed his hand against the wall. A panel slid back, and revealed an opening into a large oblong room.

"'This is a chemist's laboratory,' he explained, 'in which the Great Master Chemists have been working for the past fifty years, perfecting formulas for the protection of America in the next and final crisis of her experience. After this crisis... (could this 'crisis' be the prophesied 'invasion' of the U.S.A. by China, Russia, Germany, Mexico, and other 'New World Order' controlled countries, as foreseen in the famous 'vision' of George Washington and many others? See: <http://www.angelfire.com/ut/branton/invasion.html> - Branton), her people will be taught the use of the Universal energy of light, heat and power. This will come forth in still greater perfection, than has ever been known in any previous age.'

"We went to the far end of the laboratory, and passed into another room fully three times as large, where electrical experiments were being carried on. This entire room was lined with the same transparent

material, as had been used in the case of the radio.

"'Many discoveries and inventions,' he continued, 'are being brought forth hereby awakening the past memory within those who are doing the experimental work... Those doing this work are preparing wonders and blessings untold for America, her people, and through her, for the world. During the next seventy years America and her people will scarcely recognize themselves, as they look back upon their limited activities of today.

"'...(They) are perfecting, an preparing for actual use many wonderful things, for the great benefit and enlightenment of humanity, as people ascend in conscious understanding to a point where such things can be accepted and used. Many of these formulas and inventions have been and are being taken from cities hermetically sealed, that lie at the bed of the Atlantic ocean, having sunk beneath its waters, when the last cataclysm destroyed Atlantis.

"'These Great Ones have drawn such formulas from within these sealed cities, and are testing and improving upon them. This is how the greater Perfection comes forth for the use and upliftment of the race, in the coming Golden Age.

"'...In these wonderful secret chambers of Nature, the work goes on quietly, unknown to the outer world, and whenever the individual seeks the Light, for the Light itself, then truly all things are added.'

"...Germain called our attention to one thing after another that had already been perfected, and others that were under construction. I can never put in words the feeling of joy and exhilaration this gave everyone of us.

"...Germain then led the way to the entrance of a shaft in which there was a metal cage or elevator. We entered, and began moving downward. We descended about a hundred feet, and the cage stopped in the center of a circular room. It was about twenty feet in diameter, and facing us was a stone door. He pulled a lever at the right of the entrance. The massive door swung open,

and disclosed an immense chamber that contained marvelous, complete equipment for making every kind of material, that was used in constructing the various devices, in both the chemical and electrical laboratories. In this great room there were large electrical furnaces, and huge rollers for changing the various metals into thin sheets. Everything was electrically operated.

"'This is the place,' (remarked Germain) 'from which you felt throbbing vibration within the mountain, as you entered the cave. The machinery is seldom operated during the day. To-day it is necessary to do so in order to be ready for the work that we are to accomplish to-night, and for which you have been invited here.

"'Every kind of material we wish to use is produced right here in this chamber. Of course, we do not need great quantities for the experimental work we are doing, but this work is to bring into practical use, for the future, the great genius and marvelous ideals of highly illumined individuals.'

"...Germain stepped to a door leading to the heart of the mountain. It opened at his touch, and we entered an oblong sort of reception hall, having a dome-like ceiling. The walls and ceilings were all of the most beautiful, delicate milk-white color, the floor being covered with a creamy, soft, wool-like material, at least an inch and a half thick. There were five chairs made of a semi-opaque substance in a similar cream color, and upholstered in the same soft blue plush as the chairs in the Tower-room of the Rayborn home.



"...Our preparation (for dinner) finished, we returned to the reception room. A few moments later the girls entered, dressed in robes like ours, and they were visions of loveliness. The robes of Pearl and Rex were alike and Nada's was like mine. Their room was evidently a duplicate of ours except that it was decorated in a soft pink shade.

"We were very much occupied comparing notes, when the most heavenly chimes sounded through the room, and instantly, the middle door opened. We entered, and were thrilled at the beauty we gazed upon.

"Here again, the room was in the same soft, milk-white and gold combination. The dome-like ceiling was colored sky-blue, and on it were clouds that gave one the impression of really looking at the sky. The walls were draped with the most marvelous cloth that looked like diamond dust, for something in the composition of the fabric gave it an indescribable radiance.

"This audience chamber was perhaps forty by eighty feet, and in its center stood a large golden table with a crystal top. At the far end of the room, there was a duplicate of this table about one third its size, and around it were placed chairs for six persons. In one corner was a beautiful organ and opposite, in another corner stood a piano, the case being made of the same metal-like substance as the other furniture. All were so absorbed in admiration and enjoyment of this beauty that we did not notice 'Germain' and Daniel Rayborn enter, until we felt them close behind us... (Germain) seated Rayborn at one end, and took the head himself. Pearl was placed at his right and then Rex & Nada at his left and then myself.

"...In just a moment, and without another spoken word, a crystal goblet filled with a golden sparkling liquid appeared at the right hand of each one.

"'To the enlightenment and happiness of each of you and of all humanity,' he said, raising his glass, and as we drank this marvelous nectar, everyone felt the

quickenning power of its life-giving essence rush through the body. Next there appeared what looked like a vegetable loaf, with a piece of honey cake that was only slightly sweet. These were most delicious and all agreed it was the most perfect thing we had ever eaten. A fruit salad followed, or at least that was what it most nearly resembled, and 'Germain' said it was most nourishing.

"For dessert, we ate something that resembled ice cream, refreshingly cool, not ice cold, and with it a kind of angel-food cake, but much more delicious than anything we know of in the outer world. Lastly, there appeared crystal goblets, filled with a creamy liquid, and as we drank it, a force rushed through our bodies like living light.

"...None of us had ever before partaken of anything half so delicious, nourishing, and satisfying as this marvelous dinner.

"...Germain then said: '...Now, let us go to the radio-chamber. Friends are awaiting us there.'

"When we reached it, we were presented to three ladies and three gentlemen, who had arrived ahead of us. They wore the same sort of robes as ours, only of different color. Among them, was an elderly gentleman with white hair and beard who seemed almost feeble. One of the three ladies, whom we shall call Leonora, stepped to the radio, and said:

"'This perfected radio is the result of my work... This radio possesses three fields of operation, that which I term high, medium, and low.

"'In high, it reaches other planets of our solar system. In medium, it reaches anywhere on our own planet, earth, including the etheric belts, and in low, it reaches THE INTERIOR OF OUR EARTH. Let us first connect with some of our cities.'

"In a few moments, we heard clearly and distinctly a lecture being broadcast by one of the most prominent stations in New York. Afterwards, we picked up an orchestra, broadcast from another New York station.

Then, she got connections with London, Paris, Vienna, Cairo, Calcutta, Hongkong, Melbourne and Tokyo. Distance seemed to make no difference in reception and at no time was there ever the slightest indication of static."

(Note from Branton: After adjusting the 'radio', they hear a voice which claimed to emanate from the planet Venus... indicating that this could also operate as a two-way 'radio'. Among other things, the woman speaking, said...)

"... 'Within the next ten years, or perhaps twenty -- depending entirely upon the harmony maintained among the inhabitants of earth, -- a number of our great inventions will be given to those of your people, who are attuned to receive them. These will be of very great benefit to your humanity, as is the wonderful Atomic Accelerator which is near you. That instrument will one day bless your people tremendously. Call us, whenever we can be of service to you. Our Love, Light and Wisdom enfold you and all the earth.'

"Leonora then changed from high to low, and in about three minutes a deep voice was heard, saying:

" 'I recognize your call, and I am answering in person. This is Pelleur. It is interesting and encouraging to know there are those on the earth's surface who have some idea of the possibility that (intelligent) beings can and do exist within the interior of the earth. We think we have less to contend with than you, for we do not have extremes in temperature, nor seasons of heat or cold. We have the 'Eternal White Light' which is soft and restful (Note from Branton: Apparently in reference to their existence within the 'interior' of the earth, he is referring to those humans living on the surface of the geo-concavitic - or 'hollow' -- interior of our 'geode-like' planet, some 800-1000 miles beneath the outer crust).

"Our climate is very delightful, like that of the semi-tropics on earth. Your America will one day have something quite similar, and yet, there will always be some slight change of seasons. They will be much less severe, than those you have at present. We have what might be called the 'Eternal Sun of Even Pressure.' This produces an atmosphere that is always of equal pressure and harmonious to all who live within it. (Note: "Pelleur's Kingdom" HAS also been identified by other sources as existing within the hollow-concave interior of the planet earth - Branton)

"...I am cognizant of many of earth's conditions outside of my own activity here, for when we, as you, reach into God's Mind, all knowledge can be obtained, because our motive is pure and unselfish.'

"We may not continue these observations further,' Leora exclaimed. 'At this time other things demand our attention and service.'

"...Germain saw and felt the unanswered questions in our minds, as to why there were inhabitants in the center of the earth, and what kind of individuals they were, for the idea shocked us, just the same as it does our readers. He studied us all for a moment or two, and then said:

"Yes, I will tell you the facts now, since the condition and demand to know the Truth is great, within each one of you. You, as students on the path, who are really trying to understand Life everywhere in the Universe, must remember to keep the intellect often reminded, that there is no place in the Universe where self-conscious individuals, and by that I mean individuals who know and are conscious of themselves (as created beings with free will), may not go to explore and understand all Cosmic activity. There is no place or condition, I say, that they may not go, explore, and understand what is going on at that point, -- if they so desire.

"The idea that the center of the earth is a mass of fire is entirely erroneous. Within the crust of the earth for a 'certain' depth, there are conditions of

the fire- element acting, but within the center of the earth itself, there are self-conscious individual beings... There are also beings who are striving for that same ideal, but working only within the conditions provided by Nature at the surface.

"'...This revelation is not unnatural or inconsistent with a Great infinite Divine Plan. The inconsistent, unnatural condition of humanity IS the ignorance, the narrowness the littleness, the darkness of a human concept that shuts the door upon the stupendous marvels of this Glorious Universe and says: -- "I don't believe it, that is impossible."

"'Only ignorance and darkness make mankind believe that anything is impossible. The students of Light, who know and really accept an All-powerful SOURCE of Creation -- and what reasoning mind can doubt it, when one studies the marvels of the atom, as well as the Cosmic Suns -- know that the wonders of creation which face us everywhere on our planet, are limitless, marvelous, and stupendous. These facts are True. There are many kinds of individuals expanding their Light on the planets of our system, and just because one type has not yet had conscious knowledge of others is no proof that they do not exist.

"'Humanity must some day learn a little more of what abides in the Universe besides themselves, and this instruction contains part of that new knowledge...'"

(Note: The mountain in Wyoming mentioned by Ballard -- 'Table Mountain' -- may indeed exist, since there IS an area in Wyoming named 'Table Mountain', which lies in the south-west corner of the state according to topographical maps, within the Wasatch National Forest -- which also extends into the neighboring state of Utah -- just west of Lonetree, Wyoming. So unless there is a duplicate 'Table Mountain' in Wyoming, I would assume that THIS is the one that Ballard refers to. - Branton)

\*\*\*\*\*

The 1981 issue of the 'GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS', by Norris McWhirter, carries the following interesting facts on pp. 280-282:

"...Man's deepest penetration into the earth's crust (as of 1981 - Branton) is under the Rig No.32 gas well at No.1 Bertha Rogers Field, Washita County, Oklahoma. After 503 days of drilling, the Loffland Brothers Drilling Co. reached 31,441 ft. (5.95 miles) on April 3, 1974. The hole temperature at the bottom was 475°F.

"A conception of the depth of this hole can be gained by the realization that it was sufficient in depth to lower the Sears Building of Chicago (the world's tallest building at the time) down it more than 21 times.

"In May 1976 drilling was begun at Saatly, Azerbaijan, USSR in an attempt to reach the Mohorovicic discontinuity, a target depth of 49,212 ft.

"A drilling 31,911 ft. deep on the Kola Peninsula, USSR, was announced in July, 1979. The intention is to persist to 34,450 ft.

"The deepest recorded drilling into the sea bed by the GLOMAR CHALLENGER of the U.S. Deep Sea Drilling Project is one of 5,709 ft, and the deepest site is one 20,483 ft. below sea level...

"The deepest water well is the 'Stensvad' water Well 11-W1'... 7,320 ft. deep... drilled by Great Northern Drilling Co. Inc., in Rosebud County, Mont. in Oct.-Nov. 1961.

"The Termal Power Co. geothermal steam well began in Sonoma County, Calif. in 1955, is now down to 9,029 ft.

"The highest recorded flow rate of any artesian well is 20,000 gallons/min. certified in 1973 for a well 20 miles northwest of Orlando, Fla., by the Wakiva River.

"The deepest mine is the Western Deep Levels Mine

at Carletonville, South Africa. The deepest penetration attained is 11,752 ft. in the No.2 Shaft. At such extreme depths where the rock temperatures reach 131°F, refrigerated ventilation is necessary. Rock bursts due to the pressures on the... rock are a continuous hazard."

\*\*\*\*\*

Pages 56-57 & 63-64 of Arthur Francis Eichorn, Sr's book, "THE MT. SHASTA STORY" carries the following revealing information concerning the 'Lemurian' Legends surrounding this strange and majestic mountain in northern California:

"...Before we present the Rosicrucian version of the Lemurian legend, we would like to offer a few related factors from an earlier source.

"In the 'Akashic Records' by Rudolph Steiner, Ph.D., of Vienna, may be found a few chapters which were later translated from the German by Max Gysi, appearing finally in booklet form under the title 'The Submerged Continents of Atlantis and Lemuria.'

"In this work will be found encouraging information for those who share the belief that within Mt. Shasta live the remnants of the Lemurian (or the Poseid, Murian or Naga-Mayan - Branton) race. In answer to the realist, who disparages the ability of a race of man to live within a mountain, especially one of volcanic origin, we offer the following from Dr. Steiner's book:

"'Until the end of their era the Lemurians had no dwellings in our sense of the word. They lived in natural shelters; for instance in caves which they modified according to their needs. At a later period they built such caves in the earth; and then they developed great skill in such building. But it must not be thought that they did, not also erect artificial buildings, although these did not serve as dwellings.'

"Dr. Steiner then goes on to explain the presence of volcanoes in the lost continent of Lemuria, and how

the Lemurians used this natural force to advantage:

"'The thin soil everywhere was undermined by volcanic forces bursting forth in smaller or greater streams. Mighty volcanoes were found nearly everywhere and continually exercised a devastating activity. In all their arrangements men were accustomed to take into consideration this fiery agency. They even turned the fire to advantage in respect of their works and enterprises. The state of things was such that this natural fire could be turned to account in human labor just as is the case today with artificial fire. It was the activity of volcanic fire that also brought about the ruin of the Lemurian continent.'



## THE LEMURIAN LEGEND

"It is believed by many occultists that somewhere within the vastness of Mt. Shasta live the descendants of the once great continent of Lemuria. It will be our purpose therefore to try to present this particular belief in a concise, documentary form.

"While reading the various historical records of this particular region, we become impressed with the repeated use of the term 'mysterious and sublime,' in describing the aspects of Mt. Shasta. Since this particular characteristic is mentioned in the beliefs of the Indians prior to the advent of the white man, it becomes apparent that this feeling is not of current invention.

"In the year 1931, The Rosicrucian Press at San Jose, California, published a book titled 'Lemuria: The Lost Continent Of The Pacific,' by Wishar S. Cerve. We are told in the preface of this book that the contents were compiled from rare manuscripts secured from the ancient archives of Tibet and China. The book itself is written in a form by Mr. Cerve which avoids the use of ponderous technical terms, resulting in a book that is readable, enjoyable, and fascinating.

"Since the Lemurian legend continues to be an integral characteristic of Mt. Shasta, we will give a brief synopsis from this manuscript, with the anticipation that it will help to dispel some of the local variations that have gained popularity during the past few years. In point of fact, it was only after I, as a newcomer to the area, had heard so many weird and unfounded versions of this particular legend, that I took it upon myself to secure a copy of this book by Cerve so that I could at least read the story as originally written.

"In the early chapters of the Lemurian story, we learn that (some) thousands of years ago a great continent existed in the area now covered by the mighty

Pacific Ocean.

"'Beneath the rolling, restless seas lie the mysteries of forgotten civilizations. Swept by the tides, half buried in the sands, worn away by terrific pressure, are the remnants of a culture little known to our age of today. Where the mighty Pacific now rolls in a majestic sweep of thousands of miles, there was once a vast continent. This land was known as Lemuria, and its people as Lemurians.

"'We pride ourselves upon the inventions, conveniences, and developments of today. We call them modern, but these ancients and long-forgotten excelled us. Things we speak of as future possibilities, they knew as everyday realities. Science has gradually pieced together the evidences of this lost race.'

"This once great continent of Lemuria is alleged to have been several thousand miles in length, and almost two thousand miles in width. Here existed the world's oldest civilization, the people of which were possessed of (remarkable) powers and learning. During the geological changes in the surface of the earth, this great continent slowly began to sink into the waters of the Pacific.

"It is an accepted supposition in the study of Lemurian occultism, that at one time the eastern shore of the continent of Lemuria was once part of the Cascade range of mountains (of North America), being separated from the north American continent by an inland sea...

"During the period spent in research into the legends of Mt. Shasta, we were fortunate in securing through the courtesy of Mr. Wayland D. Hand, editor of the 'California Folklore Quarterly,' a journal published by the University of California Press at Los Angeles, a rather unusual, and no doubt unheard of locally at least, bell legend of Mt. Shasta. This particular legend appeared in connection with a group of other bell legends in the afore-mentioned journal under the title 'California Bell Legends:

A Survey.' In volume IV, Number 1 of January, 1945, we find the following:

"'We append parts of a letter from our zealous Los Angeles correspondent, Frederick Morrison, who calls attention to some most unusual bell lore connected with the Secret Commonwealth of Mount Shasta.

"'According to the initiated the greatest bells in the world are the bells of the Secret Commonwealth and the great cities of Iletheleme and Yaktayvia that lie beneath the vast mass of Mt. Shasta. The Yaktayvians are reputed to be the greatest bell makers in the world, and for tone and musical sound their bells can't be surpassed. In fact, the whole Secret Commonwealth was built on bells.

"'It was by the sound of bells and mighty chimes that the Yaktayvians were able to move the vast masses of rock within Mt. Shasta and hollow out their city. It's the continuous sound of bells within the city of Yaktayvia that illumines the corridors and galleries and tunnels of the Secret Commonwealth. This is done by vibrating the atoms of ether in such a way as to produce light. There is one part of the slope of Mt. Shasta on the northwest side that is always covered with snow and on which no ordinary mans foot has trod.

"'On this portion of the mountain is a great bell made of transparent substance that reflects no light -- that is, it is invisible until you get within eighteen inches of it. The wind striking the lip of this bell causes a sound so high pitched and of such peculiar vibration that it repels any curious would-be trespassers on the 'holy' ground that surrounds the entrance of the Secret Commonwealth. The Yaktayvians are the makers of bells that far surpass any that the ordinary living on top of the earth's crust have ever made. "'All you have to do is to make a trip to Mt. Shasta, and on various stretches of the highway you can hear a great booming bell-like sound; sometimes its rumbling, clashing sound like many chimes. Weird light are also seen playing on the snow-covered slopes, and any person traveling by auto will find that for no

apparent reason at all his engine will stop dead and he will be unable to start it again while the bells are ringing and sometimes for as long as half an hour after they cease. People are sometimes lost on Mt. Shasta, but after a while they begin to hear the bells, and by following them, and in going in the direction from which they came, they finally arrive safely home.'"

\*\*\*\*\*

The Following letter appeared on pages 1358-1361 of the Winter, 1962 issue of "THE HIDDEN WORLD", by Raymond A. Palmer and Richard S. Shaver; (issue #8-A):

"Dear Ray;

"Saint Paul... few people have taken the trouble to understand what he was talking about... the term 'Epicurean' has been mistakenly accepted as a synonym for 'glutton.' The Epicureans were teleologists, not gluttons. Epicurus was the founder of the Greek school of teleology and one of the basic principles of Teleology is: The seven pillars of wisdom are the seven basic needs of life.

"Food only one of them. If a need is denied it is replaced with a desire, and a desire only be appeased while a need can be satisfied. The more you appease a desire, the greater it becomes, and it will eventually become your master. A glutton is one who allows one need to become a desire to replace a basic need which is being denied.

"The school of teleology was evolved from the Thothian school of mysteries and was the basis of all Egyptian knowledge. If the Greek teleologists had not destroyed the Eleusinian schools before Saint Paul arrived there, Greece could never have become the cradle of the Christian faith. Saint Paul would have been laughed out of Greece if it had not been for the Epicureans.

"Because of this misunderstanding, I dare not say

that I am an Epicurean and expect to be understood, so I must say instead, I am a teleologist.

"In Nineteen forty-eight, when Richard Shaver was the central figure in a raging controversy, I wrote to Robert Webster regarding this subject. My letter to Mr. Webster did not necessitate a reply anymore than this one to you does, but in the light of Mr. Webster's succeeding articles and editorials, I knew that he recognized the truth of what I wrote.

"There are three underground cities beneath the Earth. Each one of them is built beneath a desert with the only entrance to these cities in the mountains near these deserts. It should not be difficult for a thinking man to understand why these cities have been built beneath deserts. None of these cities are peopled by what Mr. Shaver calls deros, teros, or even zeros. More than likely you have met, and may even have talked to persons from at least one of these cities during your lifetime, but you wouldn't have known this except by the lack of color in their irises. The pigmentation of their complexion will darken about as quickly as it takes you to get a suntan.

"They are neither evil, or saintly but they do have keenly developed sensitivities than the average human on the surface of the Earth because they do not have to live under the destructive disintegrating energies of the Sun as you do. These short lived energies are contradicted and killed by the silica of the desert. They are the yellow rays which you can see being reflected by the desert sands. To these people you are just another species of animal on the surface of the Earth and they regard you in the same way that you regard the simian species in relation to your species. They do not bother you as long as you do not intrude into their lives, but they do not attempt to control your lives by telepathy, or para-psychology, or any other method.

"In my letter to Mr. Webster, I did not say that Mr. Shaver was a victim of delusions, and I did not say that he was a fraud. Neither was the case. Mr. Shaver

was not a liar, and he was not insane even though there are those on Earth who would like to have you believe that he was either, or both if they could make it seem that way for their own benefit.

"Undoubtedly you know what a syndrome is Ray, but do you know what a synedrium is? In the belief that you do not, a synedrium is a group of minds functioning in triadic concatenation and focusing on a single intention (If two or more gather together 'in My Name', their prayers will be heard). Unfortunately it can be used for either good or evil. Two triadal coils, functioning on the wave-lengths of human thought and set up in triangulation can give one evil mind the power of a synedrium composed of a million minds if it is so required.

"The power of these triadal coils can cause planes to crash without any apparent reason, or they can be used to ignite explosives which have been stored, or they can cause buildings to burst into flames without an explainable reason. The triadal coils can influence the minds of anyone happening to be thinking in a certain wave-length at one time, or in the vicinity of electronic or electrical apparatus which coincides with the wave-length of the transmitting triadal coils.

"Mr. Shaver's deros (a very flattering name for these swine) are on the surface of the earth and even pass themselves off as human beings.

"Of course I know who uses these coils for the purposes which I have mentioned, but how are you going to prove it? These triadal coils are being used in radar, sonar, television, and directional radio transmission, so who can determine when someone has them up on the wave-length of human thought, or used in pairs with reverse windings to cause a disturbance in the molecular structure of buildings and other structures?

"I know that all this seems fantastic, and unbelievable and I do not blame you if you choose not to believe it. The human mind has a habit of believing only what it chooses to believe and this is why you

have so many obvious criminals walking the streets until they have committed a crime, even though it should be obvious to any intelligent person that they are capable of the crime they eventually commit.

"Whether you believe what I have written or not, however, I would advise you to consider the evidence very carefully and do a little research on your own before you publish anything about it. If you should decide to publish this anyway, go ahead. I would not have risked writing if I were not thoroughly protected in several ways. - Eduard Delamer Duverus., 155 East Empire Street., San Jose, California.

The following letter appeared directly after the one above, on pages 1361-1363 of the same issue of THE HIDDEN WORLD:

"Mr. Richard. S. Shaver:

"Hoping this letter finds you in the best of health. My name is Frank J. Mezta, I live in the County of Imperial Valley, City of Calexico, California.

"Through accident I happened to stumble into your book the HIDDEN WORLD issue No. A-1 and just recently A-2. I sometimes wonder if it was luck or a deliberate action on the part of the Tero. All my life, I have been looking and asking for certain, unsolved and unanswered questions regarding civilization, our ancestors and the beginning of time. I believe your book gave me the best answers. Let me tell you a few of my expeditions.

"Two years ago, we went treasure hunting in the interior of Mexico, which turned out to be a flop. But in that excursion some strange things happened to us, which at the time we wrote them off as superstition. We went to this place where we were supposed to enter; but suddenly a fright with chills came over me, something I had never felt before. Something like a sixth sense, like if I knew something was going to happen to me. I didn't go in and neither did anybody else. Next day we approached the cave again, only this time I wasn't

afraid and I led the group inside.

"This cave was tremendous in size, and leading passages everywhere. Some of these passages or chambers, sometimes being 30 ft. high and 100 ft. long with connecting tunnels. We finally gave up, but in retreating we found two leading passages instead of the one we had entered. This startled us, and we set out to investigate this second tunnel. It just kept winding and going down so we finally gave up and got out of there.

"When we got back to the village we struck a conversation with two Mexican Indians, and they told us that whatever we did, not to go into the enchanted caves. We got curious and asked them where these so called enchanted caves were. They gave us directions and that was exactly where we had entered a few days ago.

"We asked them what happened in these caves. They told us that people who went in there, never came out, that while in there, the entrances and tunnels would change, which happened to us, and we didn't know about this until after we had been in there. Then they told us the strangest thing, which at the time we said these people are superstitious, they said they went with an expedition with 20 or 30 men hired by an American man to look into this cave. This happened about 10 or 15 years ago they said. Four or five of the men had revolvers, they were well equipt with lights and tools.

"While they were working there all of a sudden in the far end there appeared a half man and bull head like a bull upright. This description fits the one you have on your front cover on issue A-1. And next to him was a naked midget or little boy. They pulled out their revolvers but they wouldn't fire, and their lights went out. There was confusion, and several of them were killed in the scramble and nobody returned after that.

"Just recently another strange thing happened to me. I went out to explore a mountain, and after quitting I stopped im a little restaurant to drink a soda. There I noticed some beautiful colored agate. I



asked the lady where she got it. She started to tell me. Just then she pointed to a man approaching us, and she said he would be able to tell me more. Then I asked him, and he said he knew where there was a whole mountain of it, and offered to take me to it. We went and I picked up several pieces of agate, and mind you I am not a rock hound. The following week I walked into the usual store, and there was your issue no. A-2, so I bought it.

"The first thing I read (about) was your pictures inside of the agate, so I looked in the one I had and found some faces. I had no intentions of going agate hunting yet I went and got some. Just a few days later I read about it in your book. It sure doesn't look like coincidence to me. This is a desert area and this mountain of agate is surrounded by desert. If your theory of the old ancient cities is right, there should be a buried city somewhere near the mountain. I would like to have more information on this subject, especially the power plants and the old mech machines, and if you could send me some rock so that you could compare them with mine. I sure would appreciate the glass with 3D images. I am going to try to find an entrance and I won't stop till I do, not for myself, but for the good of mankind. I believe as you do. The place I'm talking about is 16 miles from here. - Frank J. Mezta, 939 Genge, Calexico, Calif."

\*\*\*\*\*

The following article, titled "SECRET OF THE OLD ONES: CONTACT ON MT. SHASTA" by UFOlogist and researcher Lucius Farish, appeared in the May, 1977 issue of ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS magazine:

"The mysterious Mt. Shasta in California is rumored to be the home of the 'Ascended Masters', beings who have transcended time and space.

"Mt. Shasta, California, is one of the most

majestic and mysterious mountains in the world and, for one man at least, became the entrance to worlds so alien and beautiful as to stagger the imagination.

"Several years ago, after noticing several very interesting science-fiction stories in various magazines (all by the same writer), I decided to contact the author. He often referred to research and writings of Charles Fort in his stories, so I thought perhaps he had been acquainted with Fort or a member of the now-defunct Fortean Society.

"He replied, stating that he had not been a Society member, nor had he known Fort but that he had 'always been fascinated by the man's works and (I) feel he's very near the truth in a great part of it.' As I had mentioned my own interest in UFOs and Forteanism when I originally wrote to this author, he proceeded to tell me the following story.

"I once knew a man, way back in the Thirties (and he was about eighty then, an old sailing boat skipper who had participated in the great grain races around the Horn) who called himself only 'Harmonious.' We used to sit around on the beach and listen while he told us, quietly and without affectation, of his meetings with his astral friends high atop Mt. Shasta (many years later the first UFOs were sighted right near that spot) and of his many trips throughout this system and others.

"He was bearded, never seemed to change from one year to the next; a vegetarian, and a gentle soul. His description of the vehicle used for flight very closely resembled certain other descriptions now in common usage -- all this long before the huge UFO scare. Harmonious was last seen in the late Fifties -- looking exactly as he had thirty years before. Ageless, apparently, and a man curiously untroubled by the opinions of his listeners, who unanimously labeled him as a harmless nut. He never attempted to capitalize on his experiences, unlike certain self-styled contactees with us today.'

"Being quite intrigued with the author's story, I wrote to him again, asking for more details on Harmonious. He replied, giving the requested information but asking that the material be kept in confidence. However, since I am omitting the author's name, I see no harm in sharing what I consider to be an extremely interesting story. His second letter contained the following.

"I'll try to recall more of what he (Harmonious) had to say in his own quiet way. The man never tried to force his ideas on anyone - quite the contrary. Unless asked a direct question, he never volunteered information. But he'd answer anything, quickly and frankly, as I recall.

"I do know that he had two manners of speaking. When he talked of beings on other planets, he was often facetious ('Martians' was the most often used expression). However, he was deeply serious whenever he spoke of the 'Old Ones.' Insofar as the Old Ones were concerned, his particular friend used a vehicle that, apparently, was a low-slung gondola, without wheels or any visible means of support -- or propulsion, for that matter. He'd often pick up a clam shell (or half-shell, that is) and say the vehicle looked almost like that.

"A low couch, nothing else. No top or sides or windshields. When it moved the atmosphere surrounding the vehicle darkened and became opaque -- nothing was visible. Also, no feeling of motion or gravity. Apparently, his friend (an Old One) utilized applied levitation as a propulsive force. This vehicle was used only to pick him up and take him to the domain of the Old Ones. This was far beneath the earth. Usually he entered via a cavern on Mt. Shasta.

"There are other entrances -- Antarctica, the Andes -- in fact, look at the so-called 'circle of fire' on a good geological map - the great faulted areas surrounding the Pacific -- and you'll approximate the many areas he mentioned as portals to the old people's world...

"Often, in his joking manner, Harmonious spoke of the many planets that are around our sun and are still undiscovered. He was quite casual about the surface features of the planets, probably because he never spent much time there -- he was always IN them, not on them. I get the impression that there may be others, not of the old people, utilizing these planets. Apparently, these others are of little interest to

Harmonious (and, by extension, to his friends, the Old Ones) and are something of a joke to him (and again, to the Old Ones).

"All the Old Ones are of one race, both here and on the other planets. They carry on (social and economic) intercourse with one another here on earth, the planets and the various natural satellites (all of which are inhabited, underground). They have a great many artificial satellites around the gravitational nodes of all these bodies, which are used, I assume, solely for docking facilities for their interplanetary craft.

"To extrapolate from Harmonious' stories of the old people: deep within the core of any planet the temperature would be controllable, given an inexhaustible source of power (and knowledge), and such power is inherent in the very force which created this planet.

"Incidentally, Harmonious anticipated Velikovsky by some years when he told us of a disaster of unparalleled magnitude which struck the earth... and which he saw reproduced by a recording device similar to a moving picture projector but unlike it in action. A planetoid approached Earth and caused the complete destruction of the existing atmosphere -- the only life to survive was in the depth of the seas or deep underground.

"If this sort of accident occurs in Nature as a matter of course, one could well understand why an ancient and immensely intelligent race would choose to modify their environment and live far underground on all the planets, manufacturing all their necessities.

"So, according to Harmonious, all the planets are inhabited by a long-lived scientifically advanced race, all living deep beneath the surface (at least well down in the crust... here it would be about 3-5 miles down), all humanoid in appearance and undoubtedly masters of the solar system. There may be others living on the surfaces; undoubtedly an inferior race (perhaps remnants of other earlier surface races) far younger

than the Old Ones. On this planet we are the surface dwellers; we have a long way to go yet and, when we get there, the Old Ones will have been there first -- and long since moved on.'

"In a postscript to his second letter, the author added: 'The Old Ones were naked and wore simple loin-cloths' (we found this amusing)

"When considering the foregoing material, one is forcibly reminded of other literature containing elements which are very similar to Harmonious' stories. The basic theme of highly advanced underground civilizations is very familiar, having been publicized for years by the late Richard Shaver and others. We also find material similar to the 'annotations' in the much-maligned 'Varo' edition of M. K Jessop's 'THE CASE FOR THE UFO.' And Jessop himself had quite a lot to say about the use of 'gravitational nodes' by spacecraft, echoing Harmonious' words.

"We are fairly certain that there is someone 'out there.' Is there also someone down there?

"(Note: If there are others among the readers who might know of Harmonious and have additional information originating with him, I would very much like to contact them. My address is: Route 1 - Box 220, Plumerville, Arkansas 72127.)" - (Note: Since this article was written in 1977, this address 'may' not be current - Branton)

\*\*\*\*\*

The following letter appeared on page 9 of the August 1, 1981 (VOL. 2 - #4) issue of THE HOLLOW HASSLE Newsletter:

"Dear Mary,

"While in Egypt, up the Nile, we went to some ruins at Trina Gambel, and in the underground chambers, we saw a large hole poked through a solid wall. It was elevated about 8 feet or so to the bottom of the opening from

the floor level where we stood. Upon inquiring, we were told by one of the chief guides that expeditionary forces followed this large tunnel for days and could not find the end. The explorers ran out of candles, torches and markers and were fearful that if they went any further they would become lost. "We hope to get up an expedition to explore this... and see where it goes, perhaps next year in 1982. We already have permission to do so. The Master Teachers of Wisdom claim one of the entrances to Hollow Earth civilizations will be found in the Nile region of Egypt." (Note: There is a place in Egypt called 'El Tuna Gabel'... could this be the site referred to!? - Branton)

-- Bill Cox., LIFE UNDERSTANDING FOUNDATION., 741 Rosarita Lane., Santa Barbara, California 93105

\*\*\*\*\*

B. Clayton Brough's book "THE LOST TRIBES", carries some interesting information on a rare book which describes a journey to the North Pole, where many have suspected an entrance exists into the 'hollow' (or 'geo-concavitic') interior of the earth, and of the discovery of the lost Tribes of Israel there. The idea that the 'Lost Tribes of Israel' now live in a hidden region in the vicinity of the North Pole can also be found in several other articles and books. For instance, there is a book by Madeline Argo titled "MY TRIP TO THE TEN LOST TRIBES INSIDE THE EARTH", as well as an obscure story which appeared in a 1919 issue of THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, titled "BEYOND ARZARETH", which tells of one American, Loner Nikolai Merton, who, according to the account, journeyed into the extreme north where he encountered the lost race/tribes of Israel. Pages 66-72 of Brough's book gives an edited account of yet another report of this type:

"...Speculation about the Lost Tribes possibly being

somewhere near the North Polar continued during the 1880's and 1890's, and apparently reached its peak during the first few years of the 1900's.

"In fact, so intense was the speculation... particularly in Utah, that by 1903, the inevitable happened -- the first book was published purporting to tell of 'THE DISCOVERY OF THE TEN TRIBES AS FOUND IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.!'

"The book was published by O.J.S. Lindelof of Salt Lake City, who claimed that he obtained the material for the book from a 'dying sailor' when he 'visited Northern Europe... to one of the villages of the sea coast... and found a dying man to whom (he) administered and assisted financially, in his dying moments.'

"Lindelof further claimed that the sailor who he administered to 'repaid' his 'kindness' for the 'administration' by giving him a 'musty manuscript,' which the sailor said he had found 'south of Baffin's Bay (located off the southwest coast of Greenland) and which he could not read because it was in 'another language.'

"Lindelof then states that to his surprise the unknown 'language' was his 'own language,' and he 'was so struck with' the 'manuscript' that he 'concluded to have it published as quickly as (he) returned to America, and could copy it.'

"He further added that upon reading the manuscript, which 'was written on poor paper; in fact it looked more like tissue paper than anything else, and it must also have been penetrated by salt water, for it was in a bad shape and quite hard to decipher,' that the manuscript told of a 'whaling ship' named the 'Mt. Walston, commanded by Captain E. F. Nye, which 'left San Francisco in 1879', and 'was never heard from again;' except that one of the crewmen on board the vessel, Joe B. Lothare, a 'boat steerer,' managed to survive long enough to write down (and later 'seal them up' in a bottle) the events which befell him and a few of his other shipmates before the Mt. Walston sank



somewhere in the region of the North Pole.

-----

(( Note: With a little research through net-searching, I came up with some interesting information in an internet archive. The following information appears on the website:

[http://www.yosemite.ca.us/john\\_muir\\_writings/the\\_cruise\\_of\\_the\\_corwin/introduction.html](http://www.yosemite.ca.us/john_muir_writings/the_cruise_of_the_corwin/introduction.html)

"...When the North Pacific whaling fleet returned from Arctic waters in the autumn of 1879, two ships, the Mount Wollaston and the Vigilant, were reported missing. They had been last seen in October in the same general region, near Herald Island, where the Jeannette had entered the polar ice. The Mount Wollaston was commanded by Captain Nye, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, one of the keenest and bravest men that ever sailed the frigid seas. He it was who at a conference of whaling captains, called by De Long in San Francisco before the departure of his expedition, hesitated to give an opinion on the practicability of De Long's plans. But when urged for an expression of his views, he said, 'Put her [the Jeannette] into the ice and let her drift, and you may get through, or you may go to the devil, and the chances are about equal.'"

So weather or not this story is true or fantasy-truth based on Apocryphal beliefs, there IS a Jewish tradition which DOES state that the lost ten, or rather 9 ½ tribes other than the tribes of Judah and Benjamin and half the tribe of Levi, are living 'near' or 'beyond' the Arctic regions from whence they shall return in the last days...

The Apocryphal Jewish Book of 2ND ESDRAS (13:39-47), reads:

"...They are the Ten Tribes which were off into exile

in the time of King Hosea, whom Shalmaneser king of Assyria took prisoner. He deported them beyond the River and they were taken away into a strange country. But then they resolved to leave the country populated by Gentiles and go to a distant land never yet inhabited by man, and there at last to be obedient to their laws, which in their own country they had failed to keep. As they passed through the narrow passages of the Euphrates, the Most High performed miracles for them, stopping up the channels of the river until they had crossed over. Their journey through that region, which is called ARZARETH, was long, and took a year and a half. They have lived there ever since, until this final age. Now they are on their way back, and once more the Most High will stop the channels of the river to let them cross." - Branton ))

-----

Continuing with the account of the Arctic voyage:

"...What follows are a few excerpts from Lindelof's book, which were supposedly 'originally written' by 'boat steerer' Joe B. Lothare, describing the events that befell the Mt. Walston and its crew, as well as the discovery by some of its crewmen of the 'Lost Ten Tribes,' who supposedly then inhabited the 'North Pole Continent.' Even if the following account may not be factual, it is at least entertaining:

"'...In the year 1879, a whaling ship left San Francisco which was named the Mt. Walston, commanded by Captain Nye.

"'Like a great many others that had left before him, he was never heard from again; and his ship, like others, was lost to the civilized world, but not to the writer, who had the satisfaction of drifting with the ship, by way of Bering strait east of Wrangle island north by northeast into the unexplored regions of the Arctic ocean.

"We were in a lead which we followed one hundred and twenty-five miles, when it opened like a half-moon on either side with the lead still open to the front of us.

"We had scarcely sailed within eight or ten lengths of the vessel when the lead closed up in front and looking back we perceive that the same thing had occurred in the rear. The reader can readily see that we were incased in a circle of ice, making an Arctic ocean in miniatures.

"As we drifted north-by-east, the ice closed in upon the vessel, so that we could leave the ship for the main floe, which we found to be a vast field of ice.

"The ship drifted along with the floe for many days, when we heard in front of us a thundering, crunching, popping sound, which continued for several days, and seemed to be getting nearer and nearer. During most of the time it had been snowing, with an occasional sleet of rain, which froze on the spars and ropes, and gave the ship the appearance of being studded with diamonds, as the beautiful Aurora Borealis shed its bleaching light over our surroundings.

"Many were the thoughts of home and friends as the boats were loaded and provided with the necessary paraphernalia for our journey. We had taken the precaution to procure dogs and sleds from the natives, for certain personal property, belonging to the vessel; in case that an accident should happen, which we momentarily were expecting from the noises in front. This noise, however, proved to be ice breaking up.

"By way of introduction, I will introduce the ship's crew, which will be found in full at the end of the record. As I stated, the Mt. Walston was commanded by Capt. Nye. "There were five mates and about thirty-four sailors, one cook, assisted by two Chinese cooks whom we had taken on board after leaving San Francisco to assist Huder, and (I,) a young adventurer by the name of J. B. Lothare, whose sole object was to study nature in its wildest aspects.

"'Captain Nye, Lothare and twenty seamen were well ensconced in two boats, while other seamen and Chinese cooks were in two other boats. The dogs were equally divided, with a sled in each boat. While the boat with the Chinese in it was the first prepared, and by its crew of sailors taken upon the hummock ice, ours were barely lowered by the side of the ship on the new ice, when the great shock came at last. The shock was caused by the west part of the lead, which extended further ahead than the east part, striking a promontory of an unknown island to the northwest of us, thus opening wide the lead in front, with an open sea to the north. This left our ship free and easy on a smooth and open sea.

"'We are not slow in availing ourselves of the opportunity of clambering into our vessel and putting up our boats. But what had become of the other boats? In the commotion they had been engulfed between two ice bergs, and seven brave men were lost from our party.

"'Having discovered two polar bears, two of the men had followed them, and one man with the two Chinese, dogs and sleds, had followed after to bring back the game. They were gracefully floating on a detached piece of ice, when we lowered the boat and relieved them from their perilous position.

"'We were all thankful for the safety of our Chinese cooks, as there was not one of us who could superintend the culinary department except Huder. We spent the remainder of the day in thanking God for the safety of our crew and ship, and also asking for His mercy for our departed friends. Our thoughts were again turned to our own future.

"'We could now see a solid bank of ice behind us and an open sea to the north of us, and it dawned on more than one man on board this vessel that we were nearing the North Pole, never to return from whence we came. At least these were my thoughts.

"'Wonders will never cease. We had been traveling through a temperature of one hundred and five to one hundred and ten below freezing point, when now, within

two hundred miles of the north pole, we found a climate comparatively mild, and the nearer we approached the Pole, the milder was our climate. The Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light, seemed to give out a light and warmth that we had not before experienced.

"I had long believed that the Pole was surrounded by a belt of ice, that, if it could be penetrated, would discover an open sea, but now my idea was virtually established. Should I ever be able to enlighten the scientific world in regard to the matter?

"We were now within one hundred miles of the North Pole, and began to discover coast fowl. Can any human conceive the thoughts that passed through our minds on the possibility of discovering a probably inhabited Polar region?

"We were now sailing at a good pace when the watch called out, "Land Ahead."

"All was bustle and excitement. We had discovered the North Pole.

"There was no questioning the fact. Ducks and geese were seen as we progressed toward the North.

"What!? Why there were actually boats manned by white people like ourselves!

"Had we arrived at some European port? No; for when our ship approached, the boats fled before us into a beautiful harbor surrounded by a magnificent city, built after the style of ancient cities six or eight hundred years B.C.

"We landed in this capacious harbor and were received by what seemed to be a delegation of officials. But, although we spoke several languages, we were not able to understand the men. They were dressed in loose costumes, something after the Persian style. They seemed very white, with a delicate transparency of feature.

"We were led to different buildings, through signs and gestures, and after leaving the ship in charge of some of the men, Capt. Nye, First Mate Linder (or Day), Second Mate Jost (or Omey), two seamen and myself (may I venture to introduce myself as the adventurous J. B.

Lothare?). We followed our guide, but took the precaution to take our rifles, pistols and other weapons along.

"After leaving our boat we landed on a well-made dock, paved with a sort of brown slate rock. We passed into a street paved with the same material and to my surprise the houses were all built of well-burned brick.

"But I must say that we found out afterwards there must be no more surprises, for we actually found the ten lost tribes of Israel, who were sent into the northwestern part of Asia, and from there sent into the orth country. We read in First Kings, XIV Chapter and XV Verse:

"For the Lord shall smite Israel as a reed is shaken in the water, and He shall root up Israel out of this good land which he gave to their fathers, and shall scatter them beyond the river," etc., etc.

"We also read in Second Kings, XVIII Chapter, that the King of Assyria, Shalmaneser, did remove the children of Israel out of the Lord's sight. There was none left but the tribes of Judah [and Benjamin], (XXIII Verse).

"I referred to my Bible, to investigate if perchance this might not be the Ten Tribes of Israel, and I shall at least call them so, from all these Bible readings and also on account of other information. I have gleaned this from their customs and habits, and from certain traditions which coincided with other descriptive customs of ancient Israel. They spoke the old Hebrew language, which I afterwards learned, as I was delegated to study their language.

"But to return to my narrative. We were lead into what appeared to be a spacious palace. After crossing the court, we were ushered into this palace by liveried servants, and at last were brought before a beautiful lady on a throne decorated with all the paraphernalia pertaining to so dignified a position. It seems that our approach had been heralded to the Queen, who this

actually was, and who had ascended her throne for the purpose of finding out our mission, and also hoping that we might be deliverers of her people. For they had an ancient tradition that some day they should be brought out from that land by some person and taken to a land from whence their forefathers had been driven.

"The Queen had barely passed her honeymoon with King Manasherous, when the King had lost his life in making a raid on the island stronghold of a vicious and daring robber band, who had been strengthened by refugees from justice and all manner of outlaws...

"(Then 181 pages later we read):

"I am now needed to steer... and therefore must close my record. If we go through you will see us, but if we fail, you will find the records, for we expected to land in Baffin's Bay and there throw out the records after sealing them up. If we fail to reach safety, good-bye! In God I trust!

"Now, I proceed to seal up the records. May God deliver it to someone who will give it to the civilized world, if I fail to reach it myself. Again, goodbye! I may not see you, but I will surely, through the grace of Christ Jesus, see my dear wife, Leta.'

"Although this author has not been able to determine if Lindelof's book played any significant part in increasing the speculation among (the) Saints that the Lost Ten Tribes might possibly be located somewhere near the North Pole, it does not matter; for the speculation that was so prevalent, soon began to subside when a few years later scientific exploration of the North Pole region began taking place.

"... (Charles W.) Penrose... wrote (a) statement, which... appeared in the IMPROVEMENT ERA (A Salt Lake City based Magazine) of October, 1910. In this article he explained that the exact whereabouts of the Lost Tribes of Israel had not been confirmed by revelation. He also added that the vast areas in the arctic region

had not yet been fully explored, thereby not excluding the possibility of the existence of the Lost Ten Tribes being "near" the North Pole, if such would later prove true:

" "...some people have imagined they were in the neighborhood of the north pole, and since the alleged 'discoveries' of that region by Commander Peary and, perhaps Dr. Cook, they have felt somewhat disappointed, feeling compelled to abandon the idea. Now in the first place, there has been no positive revelation or authoritative announcement that the Ten Tribes existed in a separate body at or near the north pole. In the next place, the exploration and developments concerning the polar region have been chiefly conductive from points on the American continent, while the vast regions northward from the eastern hemisphere have been comparatively unexplored. It is quite possible, therefore, that there may be lands and peoples, in the extreme north of the other half of the globe, which are yet undiscovered and unknown." "

\*\*\*\*\*



The following information of a related nature appeared in an article by O. B. Huntington, from the March, 1892 issue of the "YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL" (published in Salt Lake City, Utah), pp. 263-264:

"...One truth after another men are finding out by the wisdom and inspiration given of God to them

"The inspiration of God caused men to hunt for a new continent until Columbus discovered it. Men have lost millions of dollars, and hundreds of lives to find a country beyond the north pole; and they will yet find that country -- a warm, fruitful country, inhabited by the ten tribes of Israel, a country divided by a river, on one side of which lives the half tribe of Manasseh, which is more numerous than all the others..."

(Note: It is also interesting that some believe that the descendants of the Josephite tribes - namely the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh - became the Anglo-Saxons who occupy Great Britain and the United States and much of Canada. This would seem to indicate that God prospered and increased these Josephite tribes more than the others, since Joseph was unjustly sold into Egypt by his brothers... so we should not ignore the promise/warning of God that the "last shall be first"... - Branton ;o)

\*\*\*\*\*

The following information can be found on page 57 of the book, "THE COSMIC CONSPIRACY", by Stan Deyo. According to Mr. Deyo, he was an initiate of Air Force Intelligence and the FBI and had access to secrets of a very hidden nature.

"'...our fertile, young minds had been impregnated with post-hypnotic suggestions and crammed with subliminal data banks at speeds of up to 200 pages per second.'

"When he recognized the extent of the threat to individual rights and liberties that was posed by what he saw behind-the-scenes, he was 'born again' and escaped into the bush of Australia, coming out only for dramatic radio and television interviews which have apparently thrust Australia into the throes of revelation.

"That which Deyo reveals will be shocking to many, for instance, he confirms the existence of Russian 'electro-gravitic hovering weapons platforms' (referred to as 'Cosmospheres' by others), submergible aircraft as well as the existence of 96 (at the time that his book came out - mid-1980's ?) secret underground cities. Concerning these underground cities, he writes:

#### PROJECT "NOAH'S ARK"

"...Early in 1977, the President of the United States, Mr. Carter, announced a few details of a top-secret Pentagon project code-named: 'Noah's Ark'. It is, supposedly, a system of some 96 'bunkers' and 'bolt holes' which have been established at various places on or near the Earth to house approximately 6500 key officials in case of a nuclear war.

"Many of these 'bolt holes' are underground cities complete with streets, sidewalks, lakes, small electric cars, apartments and office buildings. One such 'city' is carved out of a mountain near Washington. It is called Mount Weather. One other such 'city' is most probably located at each of the super VLF broadcast stations around the planet.

"One wonders why the project was code-named 'Noah's Ark' ...Any Biblical student knows that 'Noah's Ark' has to do with a weather calamity - not a nuclear war. Carter would have been better advised calling it something like 'Project Gomorrah', 'Project Brimstone', or their ilk;... yet he chose a weather calamity.

"Could it be that he - like many other senior statesmen and key scientists - knows the Earth is heading for a severe weather catastrophe?

"If so, one can understand why the masses have not been informed... can't one?... It appears that a new solution is needed... one which requires a Copernican revolution in human philosophy... Pray that it comes soon..."

(Note: Mr. Stan Deyo passed away at a relatively young age. Could there have been foul play involved? - Branton)

\*\*\*\*\*

The following letter, which seems to back-up the information related above, appeared on pp. 163-164 of the January, 1948 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine:

Sirs:

"...This may be a bit late to write about 'So Shall Ye Reap' (a short novelette printed in A.S. Magazine - Branton) - but it is a shockingly logical thing that I've read it twice. Once for the story and once for the science-probability aspect of the theory. Then a couple of days ago I found an item in the local paper about a '\$10,000,000 super-secret project under construction on the mesa a dozen miles east of Albuquerque.' (New Mexico).

"'Military sources termed fantastic some portion of a copyrighted Story by the DENVER POST which said the armed forces are building huge caverns for the atomic war defenses.'

"Also, 'The base is closely restricted. That means no visitors. Townsfolk say the workmen are carefully screened and are employed on too small a portion of the construction to be able to give clues as to its final nature...'

"And now for the Shaver Mystery, which is proving itself to some extent every day. About two years ago I read a book, 'Anything Can Happen', by George and Helen Papashvily. In the story -- an autobiography -- Mr.

Papashvily tells of finding a cave (when he was a boy in Georgia -- not the state but the province [Russian]) which contained several skeletons of giants with heads as big as bushel baskets. Recently, I wrote to Mrs. Papashvily and asked if this were true. She sent me a very kind answer, saying that the story is true, that nearly 2,000 people have written to ask about it, and that they have received unsolicited corroboration from two men who have seen similar things in the Caucasus area of Russia.

"Also, she says, she recently saw an article in the New York Times about archaeological findings of 'an extremely large race' in the area.

"Since Mrs. Papashvily seemed puzzled at the widespread interest in giants and caves, I wrote to her again and introduced her to the Shaver Mystery..."

Mrs. Nancy Weston., R.F.D. No. 1., Peru, Illinois

(editor Ray Palmer's reply):

"...We seem on the verge of being able to prove Shaver's ancient giants from many sources lately. We are waiting for the California group to produce their cavern giants and their relics and machines and museum, recently announced as being discovered, but not yet exposed to public view. -- Ed."

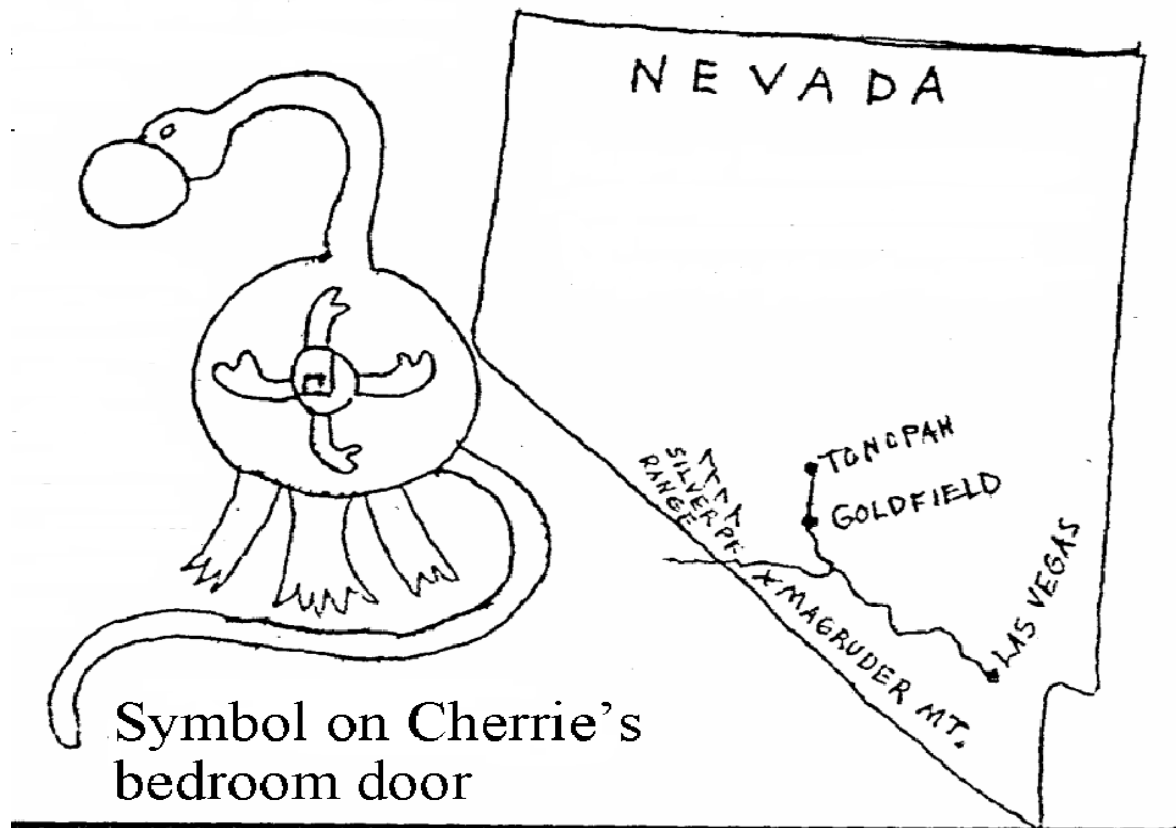
\*\*\*\*\*

The following letter appeared on page 7 of the May 1981 (Vol. 2 - No. 3) issue of the HOLLOW HASSLE Newsletter (published at the time by TAL LeVesque and Mary Davis):

"Dear Mary

"A man named Bones, who is now deceased, told me about a huge cave he had found, filled with gigantic stone furniture. The table was so high that it was nearly eye level with him. There were stones and metal tablets there with strange writing on them, but they

were too heavy for Bones to carry back. He also said that the cave was smooth and black. I am enclosing a map of the approximate location of this cave. Bones also had some very old maps and others were copies of ones he had seen. These maps were really something. They showed all of the southwest area and had all sorts of curious things on them. One of the symbols I have painted on my bedroom door. It is Indian, I know, and though I've found some similar things in my studies, this one is different. The closest I've found to it is in a book about MU by James Churchward. -- Cherrie Davidson



**(Cave of large furniture in the Silver Park Range due west of Goldfield, in sight of Magruder Mt.)**

\*\*\*\*\*

Emma Harding Britton's book 'GHOSTLAND: OR RESEARCHES INTO THE MYSTERIES OF OCCULTISM', describes the personal experiences of a man known only as Chevalier de B-----, who was a member of several Oriental and European societies, and connected with sources of information little known to western 'occultists' or so-called 'mystics'. His story originally appeared in a periodical edited by Mrs. Britton, titled 'The Western Star', beginning in the year 1872.

In spite of the warped perspective on reality that some occult organizations promote, Chapter XIX of this work nevertheless contain a description of his visit to a vast subterranean 'temple' near Ellore, India:

"...How the hours lagged! and how wearily I won my way through the duties of the day which must elapse ere I should again meet with Byga -- the man who seemed so singularly able to medicine my restless spirit of peace. In his presence and listening to his wonderfully soothing voice, I had experienced a calm and tranquility to which I had been for years a stranger.

"There was nothing remarkable in the words he uttered, still less could I regard the prospect of a visit to his 'home' as he was pleased to call the hole in the mountain where he claimed to dwell, as an inviting one; yet I felt a strange longing to be there, and when I speculated on the appearance of that 'dark line dividing the bushes,' which he had pointed out to me, I seemed to see white hands reaching from the mountain side and beckoning me up its savage and almost unattainable heights.

"I had intended to take some sleep before commencing my pilgrimage, but I was detained on business all day at Aurungabad, the capital city of the province, and could only partake of a late dinner with some brother officers, ere it was time to set off on my long ride in order to reach Ellore by midnight.

"I succeeded in gaining the ravine by a little

after eleven, and having there stabled my horse, proceeded on foot to the temples, which I reached a few minutes before the appointed hour.

"The moon was obscured by the driving clouds which predicated the approach of a storm. The table-land of the amphitheater around which towered the red granite rocks that formed 'the great religious city,' was destitute of all signs of life or movement as I approached it. Solitude the most profound, desolation the most complete, cast a spell upon the entire panorama.

"By an impulse I could not account for, unless it was the necessity of keeping pace in quick motion with the throbbing pulsations of my eager spirit, I moved on from point to point, scrutinizing every cleft in the rocks, every opening and sculpture, looking for I know not what, and striving to find out the meaning of my own feverish research.

"At length I paused before one of the most ancient of the cave temples, whose deep recesses were, as I well knew, to be reached only by passing through long rows of gigantic elephants, whose effigies I had often before gazed at by the gloomy light admitted through the vast portico or the fitful glare of torches. "I knew the interior of the cavernous hall thoroughly, and had traversed its colossal colonnades again and again, yet now something seemed to repel my advance, and make me hesitate ere I took the first step onward. In this moment of indecision I suddenly recollected that my appointment with the Byga was at a spot from which I had strayed away nearly a mile.

"Provoked by my own unaccountable restlessness, and fearing lest I might fail in my tryst, I turned hastily to retrace my steps, when I was violently seized from behind, my arms drawn back and tightly pinioned, a scarf tied across my eyes and another over my mouth; and all this was done with such an amount of force and incredible rapidity that before I had a moment's time to offer the least resistance I was gagged, pinioned, and blindfolded, and in this helpless position, with

hands of iron grasping me on either side, I felt myself dragged on in the direction of the temple and through its long colonnades until I reached a point where there was a slight pause, and the aroma of a damp, subterranean atmosphere became distinctly palatable.

"After this interruption my course was always descending, sometimes by rough steps, sometimes by very narrow, winding tracks. Occasionally the passages we traversed were so confined that my conductors were obliged to advance before and behind me, and again the chill air assured me we were traversing vaults or large halls. Strange to say, my usual clairvoyance, in this unexpected captivity, utterly forsook me.

"There seemed to be a will stronger than my own operating to crush down or subdue my spiritual perceptions, and for some time I was too stunned to attempt resistance.

"In all this long descent into the very bowels of the earth I heard no other sound than that of my own footsteps. No voice spoke, no footfall broke the portentous silence. The strong grip of my captors was the evidence that I had companions.

"Just as we reached a certain point and when I realized that I was being forced to descend an almost interminable stairway, the idea occurred to me that by planting myself firmly on my feet I might at least manifest my determination of going no farther. This poor show of resistance, however, was instantly met by a push so violent that had I not been held by hands of iron I should have been precipitated to whatever depths awaited me below; then, as if to convince me of my utter helplessness, I was lifted up from the ground, and despite the fact that my conductor carried a burden of six feet in height with a proportionate amount of diameter, I was borne along for some time in the grasp of this Titan as if I had been an infant.

"Happily, as I deemed it, the next passage was too low and narrow to admit such a mode of locomotion and I was again set on my feet, whilst the iron grasp of one giant before and another behind me, sufficiently



advised me of the uselessness of further demonstration on my part.

"At length I experienced a marked change both in the atmosphere around me and the ground on which I trod. The air became soft, balmy and perfumed with the odor of aromatic essences, and the floor was smooth and hard as if formed of polished stones.

"Presently I felt busy hands about me removing the gag, bandage, and thongs, and then it was that a sight burst upon my eyes such as no language of mine can do justice to. I stood in a subterranean temple of immense extent, fashioned in the shape of a horse-shoe, the large oval of which was arranged as an auditorium, with luxuriously cushioned seats in ascending circles, on the plan of an amphitheater.

"The lofty roof was surrounded with highly-wrought cornices, sculptured with emblems of Egyptian and Chaldaic worship, interspersed with sentences emblazoned in gold, in Arabic, Sanskrit, and other Oriental languages. In the midst of the roof which sloped upwards, was a magnificent golden planisphere, formed on an azure plane, and so skillfully designed that the interior of the temple was illuminated from the representations of the heavenly host that gleamed and sparkled above my head.

"The walls were hewn out of the same red granite which composed the mountains of the district, but they were thickly adorned with gigantic images of the Hindoo and Egyptian 'gods', surmounted by a border of gorgeous bas relieves, some of which represented ancient Chaldaic tablets; others were engraved with planispheres, astrological charts, and scenes in Babylonish, Assyrian, and Chaldaic history.

"At the small opening of the horse-shoe was a second cavern, hewn out of solid rock, and so designed as to form an immense raised platform or stage, on the floor of which was spread a carpet of grassy turf, or an imitation so finely executed that the difference could not be detected. A pair of gigantic sphinxes supported either side of this noble rostrum, and an

immense image of the winged bull of Nineveh was suspended, in all probability by magnetic force, in mid-air, between the high vaulted roof and the grassy carpet beneath.

"The walls and ceiling of this huge, cavernous stage, were otherwise destitute of adornment. A golden hand held a scroll suspended over the auditorium, inscribed with a word in Arabic which corresponds to Neophytes, whilst a similar hand and scroll appeared over the cornice which served as proscenium to the stage, with the Arabic inscription signifying Hierophants.

"Ranged in a semi-circle midway on the platform where seven tripods supporting braziers, from which ascended colored flames and wreaths of deliciously perfumed vapors, whose intoxicating odors filled the temple. Behind each tripod, seated on thrones fashioned of burnished silver, so as to represent a glittering star, were seven dark-robed figures, whose masked faces and shrouded forms left no opportunity of judging of their sex or semblance.

"Around me, some reclining, some sitting in Oriental fashion, but all seemingly engrossed in deep abstraction, were multitudes of men attired mostly in European, but with some Hindoo costumes. Their faces were concealed, however, for they all wore masks. I observed that those who had removed the bandage from my face had invested me also with a mask, leaving my eyes entirely free, and thus enabling me to make an uninterrupted survey of the remarkable scene around me.

"In all I gazed upon, there was no minutiae in detail; all was colossal, distinct, magnificent, whilst every design, however vast its size, was executed in a style of the most perfect workmanship. The light diffused from the gorgeous planisphere of the roof was soft yet brilliant, and by an arrangement since explained to me, large shafts were so constructed as to communicate with the upper air and thus introduce a perfect supply of fresh atmosphere even into the deep abysses of the subterranean chamber.

"For the first few moments of my liberation, astonishment, delight, and awe kept me motionless. It was whilst I was thus gazing around me that I beheld the entire assemblage directing their masked faces towards me, but from every quarter giving me the signs of brotherhood in one or more of the different fraternities to which I belonged.

I have since learned, and believe I then understood, that there was not a person present who had not been initiated into one or more of the occult societies with which I was myself connected. The recognition of this fact placed me at once upon the footing of understanding with my companions and indicated the line of conduct that was expected from me.

"There was, and still is, an unspoken cipher of signals existing amongst certain brotherhoods, far more terse and significant than speech, and this I found in practice with my new associates. By this method I learned the special ideas upon which I was expected to rely that night. The first was the sentiment of brotherhood extended from one particular order to as many as would represent humanity at large. The next was an understanding that the aim of our gathering was the discovery of occultism and our methods of research were to be occult likewise..."

"During the time that these ciphers were being enacted, the entire auditorium was becoming enveloped in gloom, so that when this part of the proceedings ended, I found the light greatly subdued and the radiance of the noble planisphere modified to a soft twilight, such as would be dispensed by the moon and stars. And now my most imperfect sketch of the fine temple and the opening scenes of the grand drama ended, let me essay to describe those which followed.

"A deep hush reigned on every side of me, a silence that could be felt pervaded the assembly, when I perceived that the entire of the vast cavern that formed the stage at the small opening of the horse-shoe, was melting away. Walls, ceiling, hierophants, silver thrones, and braziers, all vanished, and in their place I beheld illimitable wastes of what seemed at first to be impenetrable darkness.

"Presently I observed that there was motion, an ever-increasing, wave-like motion, and a gradually diminishing hue in this thick blackness, which became

refined into a gray, silvery vapor, and at last melted entirely away. Then I saw a boundless univervoelum, in which were represented myriads of hemispheres. Above, below, around, stretching away into endless horizons, and ascending from thence beyond every imaginable limitation, were piled up hemisphere upon hemisphere, densely massed yet all separated from one another, and all blazing with systems, every system sparkling with suns, planets, comets, meteors, moons, rings, belts, and nebulae.

"Millions and millions of these systems swarmed through the spaces of the universe, yet all differed the one from the other, whilst all moved in the same resplendent order, swinging around some mighty and inconceivable pivotal center. And in this stupendous scheme of harmony, every newly created cluster of fire-mist seemed as admirably adjusted to its relative point of space in the universe as the huge astral systems with their galaxies of suns, stars, and revolving satellites. I saw the spaces of the universe divided up into hemispheres -- hemispheres into sidereal heavens -- heavens studded with suns, forming systems of created worlds in every stage of progression, from imparticled fire-mist to the central sun of a perfect system..."

"...In the Apocalyptic vision now presented to my dazzled sight, every sun, star, planet, comet, moon, every fully-formed body in space, in short, was a living being, a body and soul -- a physical form destined to sustain a transitory material existence, composed of infinitesimal physical beings of its own grade and order -- an immortal spirit molded and grown through the formative element of matter, destined to survive its dissolution, and live eternally as a perfected soul, carrying with it all the freight of soul atoms which is sustained and unfolded, like the leaves and blossoms of its own parental germ seed.

"I know this thought will seem like the rhapsody of a delirious fancy to those who have not read the universe in its occult page of unfoldment as I have, but the time will come when the Cabala of existence

shall be read as an open page. This 'madness' will then be accepted as true philosophy; until then, the revealing angel bids me write -- and I obey.

"And next I pondered on the unknown, perhaps the unknowable, central source from which and to which, I perceived, every body in space tended, around which infinity itself becomes a revolution. I saw that millions and millions of hemispheres were swept on in paths strictly orbital as the smallest planet of a single system. The whole vast arcanum of the universe, then, must move around some definite pivotal point.

"As I reflected, the answer came. The universe of matter became translucent, and throughout its illimitable spaces I saw that creation was filled with piercing beams from the central sun of being. In a space less in magnitude than a degree marked on a child's school-map, I might have counted millions upon millions of such beams, yet the wondrous constituents of their nature were plainly revealed to me. The external or visible shaft of every ray was formed of physical light, or matter in its most sublimed condition...

(After witnessing many other strange revelations concerning space, as perceived by his hosts, the author continues...)

"At the close of the first grand drama enacted before my eyes, I suddenly felt the encompassing arms of strangers tying my hands and fastening thick bandages over my face. This time I had no desire to resist the movements of my captors; on the contrary, I rose at their touch and suffered them to reconnect me through another series of passages, for such I had instinctive reasons for knowing was my mode of exit, until we reached a very distant point of the amphitheater of mountains from that at which we had entered. The bandages were removed as rapidly and noiselessly as they had been adjusted; but my conductors were gone before I had fairly recovered my sense of liberty."

\*\*\*\*\*

On August 14, 1980 I (B. Alan Walton - editor of I.E.E. Entrances) received an order for one of my Inner Earth booklets (volume I-A of this series) which I had advertized in various publications, from a woman in Costa Mesa, California, by the name of Marianne Sharpe. We began corresponding through the mail (since the Internet and email was still in its infancy at this time) and through her letters I learned several interesting experiences which she herself had had over the years. The following information has been taken from some of her letters to me, with her permission:

Dear Fellow Seeker,

"Received your 'U.S.A. Inner Earth Entrances' (manuscript) and commend you on your research... I have been in touch telepathically with inner-earth for many years. (Note from Branton: Some believe that some Inner World inhabitants have a process through which they can communicate with surface people using electromagnetic beams which are able to link with the electro-encephalo-graphic waves of a human mind... sort of an electromagnetic 'mind radio'... HOWEVER it should be known that such electromagnetic-encephalographic communications may originate from either beings of integrity OR FROM detrimental beings intent on deceiving the recipient, so such forms of communication should be considered unreliable in general.)...

"They led me to find many books (principally those By Richard Shaver) concerning inner-earth. They have also helped me all my life, (and) warned of danger, guided to destinations, etc...

"...I got in touch with what is called 'The Golden Brotherhood' in the '60's and saw several U.F.O.s (discs and a carrier 'mother-ship'...

"...After about 3 months (of) very, very severe mental tests to see if I was sincere, loyal, brave, etc., they began to reveal that they were the 'High

Legions of Space Workers'. They had earth-bases, and I asked if I might be permitted to know where their headquarters were.

"'The song 'Over The Rainbow' will tell you', they said, and it was not long before they 'telepathically pulled' me to the window after a storm and I saw the silver disc-ship... (which) shot out of a rain cloud and hovered deliberately until I could clearly discern it was a 'flying saucer'.

"I asked... if they were the pilots and they said yes... They told me to go into Long Beach (she lived in Seal Beach at the time - Branton) and go to a particular old used book store; I did so, and walked along the aisles of books until impulse stopped me and my hand fell upon a strange book called 'The Hidden World' by Richard Shaver (Note from Branton: This was actually a series of 16 volumes by Richard Shaver and Ray Palmer explaining in full the so-called Shaver Mystery. However both Palmer and Shaver claimed that the 'Scientifiction' novelettes were a mixture of reality and fantasy, supposedly so that the truth of these underground beings... the evil DERO and benevolent TERO could be exposed in a format which would be read by many more people, namely, through 'AMAZING STORIES' SCIENCE FICTION magazine, with in later years continued to be one of the most popular Science Fiction magazines).

"You can probably guess the rest.

"I began to read all I could find about Shaver's experiences and any underground writings I could find, which is what led me to your writings.

"...A few days later (after her sighting of the disk) they let me see their enormous cigar-shaped ship and it was very high up. They de-materialized (or cloaked!?) the cigar-ship right before my eyes and explained to me they do this by 'acceleration of atomic-structure so that the vibratory rate is so high it is no longer discernable to the human eye' (quote!)

"They said that the ship I saw was 'The Great Ship of ZON or ZION'... And then they said they were 'The



Golden Brotherhood' and to keep helping, studying, and much would be revealed as time went by -- and, you know -- for several months after that -- every time I would turn on the radio the song Over The Rainbow would be playing! I was so, so uplifted and thrilled, not just for myself, but that there was really proof of God's love for us -- That higher Brothers do watch and encourage us!

"...And about when I saw them on T.V. -- well, than was only about a few days after I saw the two U.F.O.s (disc and cigar). It was nearly Easter, and I decided to stay up all night and clean my house while watching the Easter-Sunrise Service from Hollywood Bowl. Just as the sun came up, the choir began the triumphant part of Christ's Rising up and Earth's renewed hope, when suddenly I saw as clear as anything -- a whole fleet of disk-ships go slant-wise across in front of the Hollywood Bowl stage. I was so excited I remember I just cried, and was overwhelmed. (They) said that was 'a tribute to give you faith.'

"I was of course sure this big event would be in the news all over the world (the) next day -- But, much to my amazement, no one had seen them but I! Can you imagine how I felt? I almost thought I was NUTS! I cried and was sure the Devil was after me -- but all along, something seemed to re-assure me that it was Good... The Golden Brothers told me that what they did was simply to send me a view of them (private). They can easily do that through radio or T.V.

"So they either imposed it across the screen or actually did pass over Hollywood Bowl with their vibrations accelerated beyond human vision, but 'beamed in to me.'

"Wow! Was I thrilled, and still am.

"You see -- some of those tests they put me through were a little rough (to say the least!) I guess if they test someone they really have to be sure of them! So I suppose the Hollywood Bowl T.V. showing of their fleet of disc-ships was to tell me I was trusted!

"...I also was contacted by what I call the

'Serpent' or Satanic brotherhood who also have ships. I have been through both good and bad experiences...

"As I said, I believe I have encountered some 'Serpents' in the 1960's-70's when singing (I am a vocalist) in folk-music clubs in Southern California.

"It was shortly after I had been receiving a great deal of information... and had gone through some extreme tests of fortitude and faith that 'people' I couldn't quite feel 'easy' around began to come into a little club where I was singing regularly in Newport Beach. I had never seen them before, but they would come up and call me 'Mary'. Some of them never approached me but I could 'feel' they were definitely 'different' and as soon as I spotted them they showed definite alarm and surprise and a mixture of respect and amazed confusion since I was not afraid of them and tried to project Christ-love to even their species. Love-warmth seems to confuse and rather frighten them.

"The feelings I got from them was the rigidity and military, scientific, cruel, nature reflected in the Nazis (I believe the Serpents were behind and overshadowing the Nazis.)...

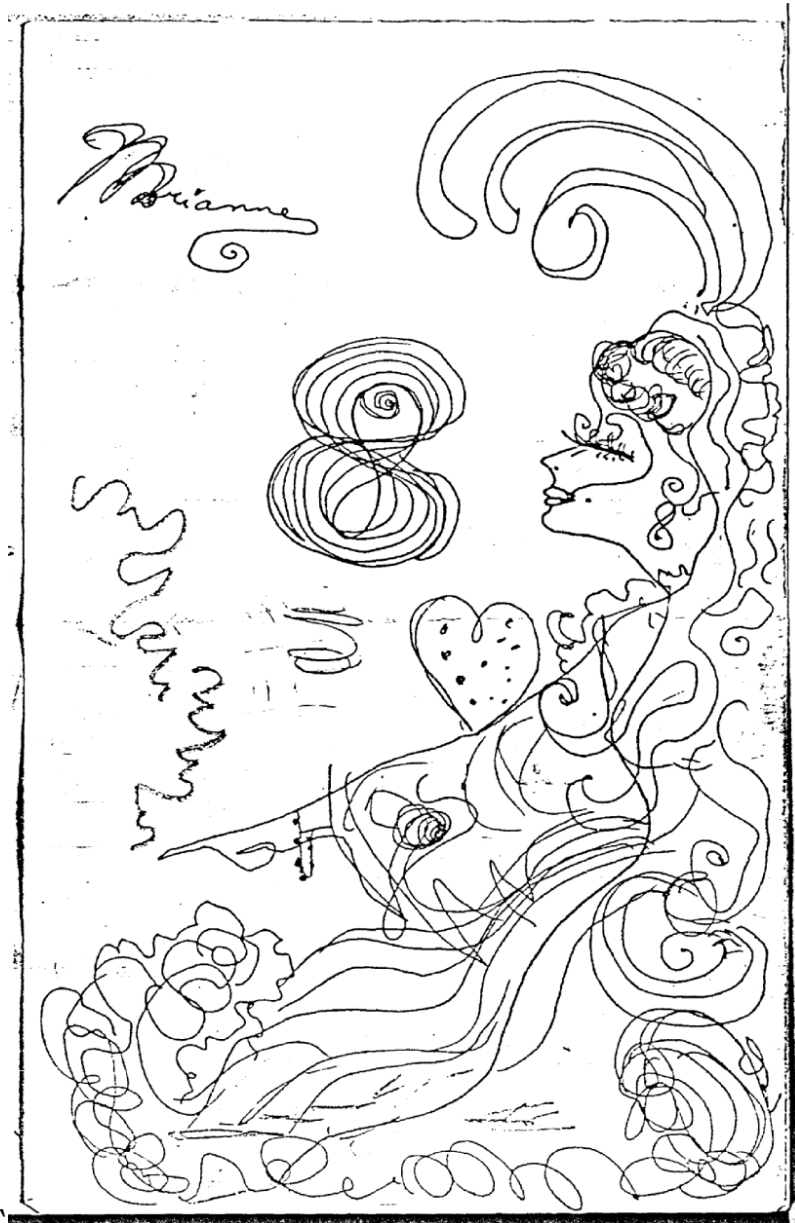
"...It's funny -- even when I was a child I used to believe 'someone' lived down in the caves. It was a 'sensing', a feeling, and my brother and I used to explore some small caves there in West Kentucky where I was born. I remember we used to feel like someone 'watched' us and that some places were good and some evil. Now today I know that is correct!

"...Here are some recent 'underworld' drawings. I have some others (many) somewhere too from various times I've contacted the good 'friendlies' - I'll try to find them too -- (the drawings.) (I'm dizzy!).

"...I'm a little dizzy as always happens when I 'go into contacts' -- the dizziness usually lasts about 30 minutes, and I always feel so happy that it's hard to explain. I have thought quite a lot on it, and remember when I was a child that I had a vivid dream of being underground in a beautiful colored-rock grotto and

seeing fairy-like girls going across hanging bridges suspended over deep crevices -- they were balancing urns on their shoulders and poured these into great vats on the other side of bridges.

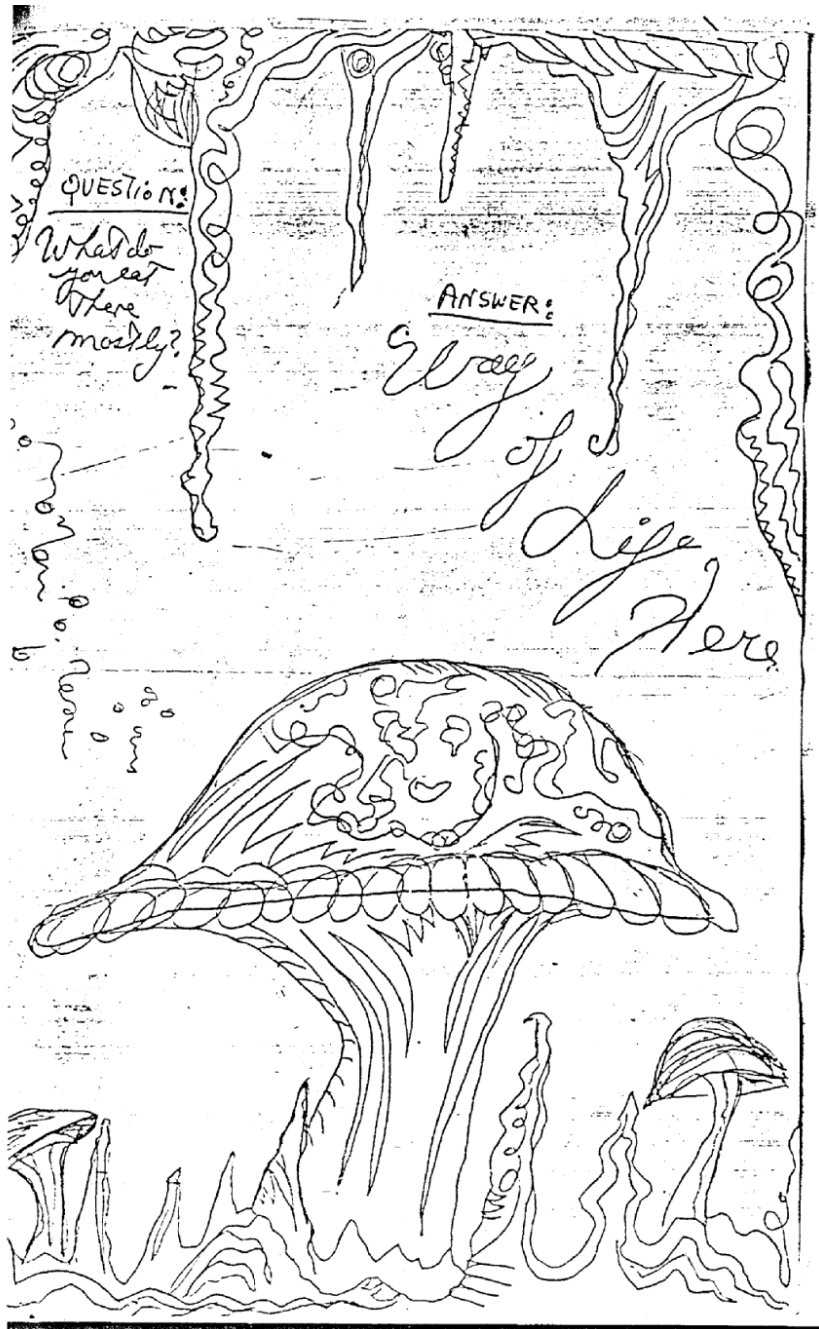
"I think it was great vats of perfumed oils they stored there. The ladies were all beautiful -- very fair skins and all colors of elaborately styled long hair, and I remember they were singing in haunting, wild, high voices that rang and echoed in those caverns -- Everything glowed there, it was fairyland like in the old stories, and their clothes were Grecian-style, only all pastel colors and of a floating gossamer, like cobweb.



I remember they loved me and put down their urns and kissed and caressed me, but I don't recall anything they said to me. I was so happy for months after that, and stayed up in the woods behind our horse barn where there was lots of beautiful green moss like velvet carpet, and I used to lie up there and felt it was a fairy enchanted place (ie. in western Kentucky where Marianne grew up - Branton).

"Some moonlight nights I'd go out the window too, and run up there and sit, and there was always a whipoorwill bird that would be calling nearby in the woods, and I knew it was a mystical area there! (probably "Teros" underground there.)

"Anyway, maybe they 'took me below,' and that was why that was one of the most vivid dreams I've ever had. Yes, there are many, many caves there in Kentucky where I was born. I came from McCracker County, but am not far at all from Livingston Co. where you say one of the major earth openings is (Note: Marianne at this point is referring to "Zoroaster's Cave", mentioned in John Uri Lloyd's book - 'ETIDORHPA', which is supposed to be one of the cave entrances which eventually -- by taking the right path -- reaches all the way to the Earth's concavitic sphere, or to it's 'hollow' center, or 'Inner Circle' - Branton)...



"...You asked if I believe the beings I am in contact with are connected with my childhood experiences, or rather the same ones? -- Well, I feel that I have contacted several of the higher (beings) and also had some dero contacts. I feel the higher beings have helped me many times, maybe

protecting me from serious harm. Some of them have led me to find many lovely and valuable rings and gold and silver jewelry, and sometimes some object that is exactly what I needed at the time. It still amazes me, although it's been going on many years now -- I feel many times that some of them love me, and that I am never alone..."

(Note from Branton: After I received these 'automatic drawings' from Marianne, including the one on this page that was drawn THROUGH her by one of her contacts, an elfin subterranean dweller by the name of "Rolo", I sent her some questions in the hopes that "Rolo" might answer them. Marianne was kind enough to contact Rolo and have some of these questions answered... including questions concerning the nature of the cavern world and the inhabitants thereof. The questions, and answers by Rolo - one of her primary subterranean contacts -- are as follows...)

QUESTIONS FOR ROLO:

Marianne: Please, what do your houses look like.

Rolo: They vary, as your houses do -- my house is wonderful, shining stones -- They shine!

Marianne: You mean they glow -- send off their own light?

Rolo: Yes, they have their own light -- their life -- They make light for me.

Marianne: Is your house large?

Rolo: My house is right for me. I am not as big as some kinds of people. I am from the Elfin Pace -- not too big or too heavy.

Marianne: Have your people ever lived on earth's surface in the past?

Rolo: We did, but we withdrew from the outer

people, only still keep touch with some -- we don't trust may outter people any more!



( Drawing of 'Mayana', an Elfin 'Fairy Princess' who allegedly - according to Marianne Sharpe - lived in a subterranean 'fairyland' which - she claims - is an actual place that exists within caverns beneath the earth... one which has inspired



many 'legends' of a subterranean world inhabited by  
'elves' and 'fairies' - Branton )

Marianne: Do you have machines of any kind?

Rolo: We have things that you've heard of -- some wands, lights that shine always, fast-travel for the tunnels, etc. We use all power through the Vril Force.

(Note: This "Vril" force was also referred to in E. Bulwer Lytton's book, 'THE COMING RACE', which described a human-like people who had escaped into huge caverns underground in prehistoric times. In fact Adolph Hitler read that book and created the Nazi 'Vrill' Society in an attempt to become equals with the subterranean people, whom Hitler feared. However some claim that Hitler was not interested in contacting the benevolent human subterranean's, but rather the reptilians... and some claim that the Nazi's established a super-secret underground base below the Neu Schwabenland region of Antarctica following World War II where they, in collaboration with reptilian 'aliens', developed an 'Adamski type' flying disc. Then there are rumors of a secret U.S. Naval battle with these Nazi's in Antarctica following WW-II, an operation that was code-named 'OPERATION HYJUMP'. However there is little information concerning the outcome of this battle... - Branton)

Marianne: What is the average life span of your people?"

Rolo: They live longer than people out there. We have good air here with special vitality -- We live some hundreds of years and when we die we go differently -- like go to sleep. If we are good we have an easy sleep, don't have a bad death...

Marianne: How many different types of humans live beneath the surface?

Rolo: Like Shaver saw in machines -- some crazy small ones, some nice ones too -- some giant people too I didn't see -- live in a different place, and some people of our type -- also we hear about some that are terrible -- live far below in the dark places -- like snakes more than man-types!

Marianne: Yes, I've read about those -- They are called 'The Serpent Race' -- very dangerous and man's ancient enemy. Please Rolo, thanks for answering all this so nicely -- I'd like to ask one more -- What is it like at earth's center?

Rolo: I've never gone there -- We hear about it (from) some that there is a great power there -- the center of everything -- like energy holding everything together.

Marianne: Yes, we hear that it's called "The Central Sun". -- Thank you for all your answers, and love to you and your people.

Rolo: We love Mari -- we respect you, and it is an honor to answer you because you have the high powers from some of the people from far away. You help us always and we help you too because we trust you! Goodbye -- keep strong -- keep with the good.

CLOSING COMMENTS FROM MARIANNE:

"Rolo and his people seem to be so child like, but wise. They are of the 'Elfin Race' he says, different from man and more in touch with nature. I believe they were the ones I 'sensed' when I was a child and would go to my 'secret place' up in the woods of Kentucky..."

\*\*\*\*\*

The following article, by Cosette Willoughby, entitled "THE WEE ONES", appeared on pages 56-57 of the Fall, 1997 (Vol.7 - No.3) issue of the

'NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL':

"The following is an account of strange experiences which led to rather unusual conclusions. Perhaps the readers can add to this mystery...

"I am a rock hound and this means I tramp the hills around where I live. For years I have sensed that I have been followed by something that would have to be a master of camouflage to keep so hidden. Even though I could not see what it was, my other senses were acute, so I began to pay more attention.

"Many times I heard a little echo-like warble sound and this, I deducted, was their (whatever they may be) spoken language. Many times I smelled the pungent odor of mushrooms, as this always happened when I felt particularly near them. They seemed (after awhile) to have gotten used to seeing me out in the hills, and one day I had wandered a little farther into the low hills than usual.

"As I climbed one of the hills I found at the top two holes about two feet across. Across the top of these were laid twigs. The odd thing about the twigs was that they were interwoven in a lattice-work resembling woven cloth. I didn't touch them as I had a strange feeling not to do so.

"When I next went out there I could not find the place again...

"All afternoon I could hear the little warble sounds following me around... With that I decided to bring whatever it was out in the open. I went to a tobacco shop and bought some real sweet smelling tobacco. I brought it home and divided it up into a lot of little plastic bags and when I next went out... I hung four of the little bags on the bushes and left them there.

"The next time that I went back the bags were gone... Then I decided that the tobacco smelled so good that they might think it was something to eat,

and on eating it, it might make them sick. So I sat down by the bush and said: 'You are not supposed to eat the tobacco, you should smoke it like the Indians did.'

"When I next went out to the bush the two bags of tobacco were gone. Also that day I wandered into a new area... In little canyon against a cliff I found a deep hole that slanted down. I had some candy with me and threw a handful into the hole. As I walked away from the hole I began to hear a sweet little warbley sound! They had found the candy and were pleased!

"...I began to take them all kinds of things such as candy, bread, honey, chili-brick, peanuts... After taking a big bag of goodies to the hole and leaving I remember hearing a joyful whooping, yelling and laughing.

"They were really happy. Each time I would carefully examine the area for the tracks of animals or humans. All I find are my own footprints and a perfect 5-toed bare footprint less than three inches long!

"When I went to the hole one day - it was closed up! But, before that day I had seen two little fellows watching me from the top of the cliff. What I saw of them would make them about 14 inches tall. One was bald and very white skinned with a pointed head. The other was also white skinned with tousled black hair...

"It was about two weeks before I had a chance to get back out there.... That day I had a big bag of peanuts in the shell with me and I took it to the tobacco-bag bush. I pinned the plastic bag to the bush and the next time I went there they had carefully torn a small hole in the side of the bag, and had worked each peanut through the hole leaving the bag intact. The bag had been high enough in the bush to be out of the reach of small animals and the weight of birds would have broken the whole bag loose... So, the little fellows left the bag there

for future goodies!

"One day I put 4 or 5 little bars of candy into the bag and then went back to the car. On impulse I decided to go back to within sight of the bag... I saw 6 of the little fellows!

"These were smaller than the two I had seen previously and they were about 6 or 8 inches tall. They stood and ran on their hind legs and they were bustling around trying to decide what to do before the fellows down below found out... I have given them apples and they eat the apple and put the cores where I can find them.

"I finally gave them oranges which they peel before eating and leave the peels in a neat pile... There are many things I have found out... At times they make a whirring bird-call, so I decided to try making it in the hopes of luring them to me, but when I made the call it got so quiet and with this I found that call was their danger signal...

"I took oranges one by one and threw them into the hole and after the first one I threw in I heard a little yelp. So I said 'Sorry, look out down below.'

"After I had thrown in all the things, I suddenly looked back and in a little alcove above the hole I saw something leap across and I saw a tawny colored long skinny arm. I got the impression of a monkey-like thing. Whatever it was, it was as big as I am. (Note: Some sort of Sasquatch-like being? Sasquatch's have often been encountered around caves... - Branton)

"My theory is that there are several sizes of them and I talk and sing to them all the time. I know they listen but I don't know if they understand. I have also written notes to them which they have taken. I even gave them an article that I clipped out of a Readers Digest telling about Gnomes. I have given them clothing and I have crocheted a little cap for the little bald-headed one. But, they don't seem to care about clothes as

the ones I saw didn't wear any I could see.

"Well, that is my story or at least as much of it that I can put together...."

The following has been taken from various letters to me, from Mrs. Willoughby, during our correspondence with each other through the mail:

Dear Bruce,

"...Did you ever hear about this? Years ago I heard that there was a tunnel that led from the library in Los Angeles to Mt. Shasta. The way to gain entrance to this tunnel was to ask to see a painting of Christ that's supposed to hang in the library..."

Dear Bruce,

"...Some years ago when Ken and I were living out in San Jose, California, I had a strange dream one night. In San Francisco there is a place they call the 'Palace of Fine Arts'. It was a remnant of the world's fair they had had there in 1902 or '06 somewhere along there. Before they repaired the place and fixed it up it was the weirdest place I think I've ever seen.

"There was an eerie fascination about the place and I made Ken take me over there one day so I could see it at close range. Well this dream I had took place somewhere near this old Palace of Fine Arts. I was taken down underground and I saw this strange sea which I put in poetry form.

#### MOMURIOUS SEA

Under San Francisco's olympian climb,  
Deep and hidden from all eyes that be,--  
There lies in muted silence old as time,--  
The wide expanse that is Momurious Sea.  
What ancient secrets do these waters hide  
When they are seen in all their sully gloom?  
What ancient pictures hidden by the tide

Are painted on the walls of this great tomb?  
For eons from this place no light has shined.  
No ray of comfort does the heart entwine.  
And in the total darkness of this space,  
Even the meager fish who swim in here, are  
blind.

(Note: There are also strange stories of top secret Naval submarines which have been exploring a vast underground 'ocean' consisting of huge water-filled caverns... And some of these caverns no doubt have air spaces above, making them in every sense 'underground seas'. - Branton)

"Now I must tell you about Mamelwouth. Six years ago I found on the desert a beautifully carved stone. It is made out of a stone called chert... It has hundreds of faces carved on it. Even the head of a little baby. It also has strange writing on it. I had 'him' for a few days and spent many hours studying him when I discovered whatever is inside him is alive!

"He is telepathic and can make 'his' wishes known without words. He drinks water and loves liquids that are sweet. Whenever he has a great need to contact me I will feel a scratching on my wrist. He only does this in dire emergencies. I sleep with him on a little shelf above the head of my bed.

"After I have turned out the lights at night sometimes I can see him psychically and he's huge. He doesn't have much shape. He fills the whole room. He has two big black kind eyes he brings down to look at me with, and we commune mentally.

"(The) next day I found I knew things I didn't know before. Such as, -- what Mamelwouth really is.

"Eons ago some of the old ones learned how to travel through time. But to keep their contact with the material world they had to leave a little intelligent part of their life here with the

material world. What better thing to hold that life than a durable stone? So Mamelwouth is a time traveler...

"There are others like him but I have never found one as active. Mamelwouth if he likes you will give you a tingly sensation down your arm. If he doesn't like you he can give you a headache. He puffs up when around strangers. At bed time he puffs up till I pick him up and love him and tell him it's time to sleep then he flattens right out. He understands me. Once in awhile when I've given him water he'll hiccup. It jars the whole stone. He also has one little golden eye that he can open and close. I set him where he can watch T.V. and if he's interested, and I pick him up, he'll give me a sharp tingle as if to say: 'Don't bother me, I'm watching T.V.'

"I love Mamelwouth very dearly and I know he loves and understands me..."

(Yet another letter from Cosette Willoughby follows...)



Dear Bruce,

"...About ten years ago Ken and I were living in San Jose, California. On two separate occasions when we had made a trip up to Mt. Shasta and were on our way home we stopped off to spend the night at a turnout about 20 miles from Quincy, Calif. It was a wooded place and just as we got settled in a spot, this strange man came walking down the road in the turnout.

"As he walked he turned his head from side to side like a lizard. He carried a very elaborate cane. It had a large ball carved on top with four cobras wound around the stick. On the second time we saw him I walked out into the little road and said 'My that's a beautiful cane you have.'

"He acted like he didn't hear me and just walked on past me. He was a white haired man and he was dressed in a white shirt and dark trousers. He was medium height. If I had of known all I know now I would have tried harder to get a response out of him.

"He seemed to have come out of the woods and he crossed the main road and went back into the woods. Both times he came and went in the same direction.

"I never will forget him. He swung his head from side to side like a lizard as he walked. He had a reptilian appearance.

"His cane (was) made of a yellowish wood. He held it by the ball on top..."

\*\*\*\*\*

The following article appeared on pages 14-15 of the Spring, 1981 (VOL.9 - #1) issue of THE NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL:

COSETTE'S CARVED CRYSTAL!

by Cosette Willoughby

(at the time...) Box 317, Fairacres, N.M. 88033

NOTE: I (Joan O'Connel - Editor) am presenting this as I received it - in letter form.

Dear Joan:

"Not long ago I found a carved crystal out on the desert near where I live. While examining it with a magnifying glass, I discovered a little carved stage (or screen). On that little screen, and in color, appears a never-ending series of pictures. I have watched it for hours and I have never seen the same picture twice or seen it repeat itself. I have also seen strange landscapes (which I don't feel ever originated on Earth), I've seen strange cities similar to Aztec structures, I have seen people who look similar to the ancient Egyptians.

"I believe this crystal is really a small machine that works on the order of a Hieronymous machine or maybe by the use of Psionics which function through the shape of the structure.

"Another thing, there are two built-in little things on the back side of the crystal that look like switches. I pressed one of them and the pictures on the screen became blurred. I pressed the other one and the pictures became clear. So, I guess they must be tuning switches. The entire crystal is about half the size of my little finger. All of these things that I see in the crystal are in dazzling color. Like the UFOS.

"Once I saw a beautiful woman with a headdress that looked like it was made out of pearls. I saw a huge black cat with white stripes and big yellow eyes. I've seen kings dressed in gold - sitting on thrones. There landscapes look strange. I don't think they ever were here on earth. There is also a big purple eye that seems to stand out from the crystal. I use it to focus the pictures because when it is focused clearly the pictures are too.

"I'm wondering if these things that I see in the crystal are happening now or am I tuned into some far past? It might be a piece of the old wonder mech that

Shaver talked about (Atlantis?) as some of the people I see in the crystal look so real you feel like talking to them.

"Somehow the crystal makes it seem as if you are looking at a wide screen movie -- panoramas instead of small things...

"Well, I thought you would like to hear about this. I'd like to know if any of your readers have seen such or heard of such a thing. It might help coax more ancient information out of the crystal. It seems the Atlanteans made extensive use of certain types of crystals to do powerful things. Us there any way I could be sure this is one of these crystals?

SECOND LETTER: Here are two photos of the stone (appearing in the 'New Atlantean Journal'). The film had an ASA rating of 400. We used a single lens reflex 35mm camera with an electric eye. We then set it for ASA 50 which would do better than a flashbulb indoors.

"We used the camera lens and a magnifier which you can see in the photo. This seems to be what you asked for in your letter. There seems to be a shaft of light coming out of the stone. On the back side of the crystal is a little blue light deep in the stone. I thought at first it was made by reflected light but one night we turned out all the lights and the little blue light still burned. This indicates there is some kind of mechanism deep inside the crystal. It's more advanced than any technology we have today if that little blue light burns forever...

"By accident we think we discovered why we can say it is a machine that runs it. Ken programmed a game into his new computer called KALEIDOSCOPE. This slowly changes the pictures by changing 10 to 20 parts of the presentation simultaneously. This is identically the same process that the stone used when the pictures change...

"I've tried asking it to see certain things and it responded. I asked to see the tree of life - which I saw. I asked to see the second Adam, and I did see him.

I asked to see the ancient wizards and I saw a lot of them. In fact, they crowded around 5 or 6 of them at a time. They were all trying (it seemed) to see me from their side of the stone.

"While you look and watch in this stone, it seems to open up and become more pliable, dense places become more clear. I am beginning to feel that I am tuned into a different dimension..."

"(Editor's NOTE: Our printer says the photos will not reproduce well, so we will not run them. Please contact Cosette with your comments! Perhaps some of our readers who live around her area will go over and see for themselves ---- and give us another first-hand view of what marvel she has found.....)

The following information also appeared in one of Cosette's letter's to me (Branton):

"...I just finished looking into the crystal. There are so many faces and it's done in a way that there's really two different ways of viewing. First you look at it as a big picture then you find it can also be broken down into little things. A face can turn into a group of people posed so perfect by that they form a face. Did you ever see that add about the picture called 'All is Vanity'? It's a picture of a skull when you look at it in one way and when you look at it in another way it's a lady sitting in front of a dressing table. Well that is the way the crystal works, only on a much more elaborate scale.

"One evening I was viewing it and all the pictures were in beautiful colors then suddenly it all took on a dark hue and I saw what looked like a monk in a dark robe with a cord around his waist, and across from him was a man all beaten and bruised standing in chains. Both had their heads bowed.

"During Christmas time I saw the nativity scene with Mary and Joseph and the babe in the manger. It was very beautiful. It was like looking

at old masterpieces in painting.  
I once saw a picture of the Virgin of Guadeloupe. It was beautiful too. These are things I am familiar with and that may have been why they let me see them. I have also seen great Buddha-like heads. They all seem to have a serpent-like quality..."

Cosette forwarded a copy of the following letter to me, dated December 9, 1959, from a woman in New York. Incidentally, Cosette soon afterwards lost contact with her:

Dear Cosette,

"It was kind of you to write me and offer to answer my questions. Living in the vicinity of the Carlsbad Caverns where there is an entrance to Pelleur's Kingdom, you must hear many an interesting story?..."

"I should be glad to hear from you if you have any information along these lines.

"I recently vacationed in Hawaii where I witnessed the volcano erupt. It was a thrilling experience. Looked like liquid gold.

"Love and Blessings to you..." -- Martha G. Stark., 16 St. Lukes Place., New York, N.Y.

\*\*\*\*\*

The following story, titled "The Godly Lemurian Ghosts of Mt. Shasta", appeared on pages 11-19 of Abraham Mansfield's book, "THE GOLDEN GODDESS OF THE LEMURIANS":

"It has been said that there are ghosts that look godly in or about Mt. Shasta, in Siskiyou County, California. In 1931 a friend of mine told me he had gotten lost on the northeast side of Mt. Shasta while following a wounded deer, and after he found his dead buck, he also found that he was helplessly lost.

"He wandered around until he became exhausted, from

being lost and from fright. He said it was a terrible thing. About 3:30 a.m. he heard someone saying. 'Why don't you come with me?'

"He awoke and looked up and to his there stood a being 7 feet tall who said, 'I am a Lemurian -- what are you doing here?'

"My friend said he actually looked like a 'god'. He went on, 'Regardless of what you are doing, you must be taken care of or you will be listed amongst the living-dead that live in caves hereabouts.'

"My friend said (to the 'Lemurian'), 'Where do you live?'

"'In a gold-lined cave, but I am not of the living-dead people, and you wouldn't believe me if I told you the truth -- ...I have come to seal the caves left by the Lemurian living-dead people, as they have been straying all around and don't seal their caves, and most anyone might fail in one of those caves and never get out. Some of the caves run down into the bowels of the earth below this volcano and go clear down three or four miles -- and go into the tunnels dug hereabouts, under this volcanic mountain that arose here and started below the old mine workings of the Lemurian and Etruscan mines, before the last Ice Age, when this country hereabouts was more or less flat.

"'If you care, I will take you to the old Lemurian and Etruscan mines - there are several hundred miles of them. But we shouldn't go till tomorrow, or till you get rested. It will take a day or two down, then about three to climb back out... to my palace and gardens, which require lots of care as they are cared for by radiation from plutonium ore oxides and pitch blend ores.

"'The way they are arranged -- they have a constant heat so I grow carrots two feet long and two feet through, and all other vegetables and fruit the same. Everything under radiation grows large and fast, and some people that I take down there, like it so well they stay down there. It is only about a mile down to the palace gardens and palace, and there I will show

you the crown jewels of the Lemurian and Etruscan civilizations... that have been moved farther up since this mountain has risen right out through the tunnels and shafts of the Lemurian, Etruscan mines.

"The Lemurian-Etruscan treasure vaults are there today, the way they were left, after the Ice Age. It was quite a feat to force the water out and reseal the tunnels and caves, which has been done for several thousand years now. They were rehabilitated after the ice left... as then it was awfully cold and the people found these flues in this dead volcano. The underground was fairly warm, and they brought their reactors from their homeland on the Islands that sank in the oceans from high tides and earthquakes in the receding of the last Ice Age.

"They followed the ice pack in their large boats and took refuge, whenever they could, on the high lands sticking up out of the water.

"Before the Ice Age the ocean was within 5 miles from what now is the base of Mt. Shasta. The Lemurian, Etruscan people were enlightened and had a highly civilized type of sciences... They brought along a lot of their inventions which, as time went on and their inventions wore out and they didn't have anything to build more with and the people became lax and started wandering about out of the caves of their homes of thousands of years, about the only thing were the reactors that last for centuries.'

"He said he would take me to his private cave, lined with gold, and there I could relax for awhile if I liked. In fact this being, whatever or whoever it was, was of wonderment to me, and I don't know whether he was telling me the truth or was trying to ruse me into a cave. But I didn't see any cave -- only a wall of lava 100 feet high, and he explained the entrance was just over the rim and on the other side.

"From the cave entrance in the lava cut, the mountain rose up several hundred feet and was unscalable. The cave couldn't be seen from any direction. I asked him if he had animals down there and

he said yes, but they don't stay down there constantly, just come in (during) the winter to sleep and then leave in the spring. But they weren't bothersome.

"I got to wondering if they ate meat and if I should tell him I killed a deer. Then I thought maybe I had better not say anything as it sounded like he didn't kill any of those animals that must have been some bears hibernating down there. From the looks of him he may not eat at all, as spirits of that sort didn't eat. But maybe he was raising the vegetables for suckers like me if I went down in the cave with him. Maybe I would be a slave in a volcano and nobody could find me or get me out.

"This decision needed a lot of thinking about as he said those that went down there with him stayed down there -- maybe not of their own choice -- it may be like Russia in the 1940's and 50's when they took 600,000 people into the Ural Mountains of Siberia and worked them to death, digging tunnels under the mountains to blow them up for iron ore and gold and silver and plutonium as needed. 800 miles of tunneling to put atomic bombs in to detonate which they blew up -- people and all -- according to what a Russian refugee told me. He said it happened in 1957 under the noses of all the countries of the world.

"So anything could happen under Mt. Shasta. I kept asking him questions as I figured someone else might come out of the cave and tell me the truth about things, as maybe this was a Lemurian, of the living-dead people, as I heard they dressed like ghosts and this sure was a dead-ringer of a ghost if I ever saw one.

"I asked why I couldn't just go to sleep where I was and I would wake up in the morning and find my whereabouts and go home. He said it would get too cold before morning and I would freeze.

"Up to now I hadn't noticed the cold and I was excited, so I agreed to go in the entrance of the cave and sleep there as there was some snow on the ground. He led the way and I followed him. He was like a magnet



-- all I could do was follow him without any resistance. I forgot all my troubles, even the buck I had killed.

"We kept going down, down, down and finally he said, 'We are here in the shaft of gold and it is only a little farther to my cave lined with gold. You can sleep on my slab of gold -- you don't need covers as the slab was heated chemically thousands of years ago and never loses its constant heat. It is similar to the sun.'

"He shoved a gold pillow under my head and said, 'Think of what time you would prefer to awake and you will, as the pillow is a mental thought one...'

"I thought, 'Good grief, I must be dead and a ghoul discovered me. What did he do with my buck?'

"He was surprised and said, 'You didn't kill him, as you had no gun. When I came up to you, you were lying there and the deer was standing looking down at you as much as to say, "Come on, let's go home."'

"Come to think of it, when I awoke and saw him I never saw my buck or my gun. I must have run myself to death by getting a heart attack which is common. I asked him how long I had been dead, as there was no use beating around the bush about it. Under the circumstances somebody should be told I was dead, but he assured me that I wasn't dead but was confused just like all people that get lost are confused or they would not have gotten lost.

"He said I was badly confused and would come out of it in a day or so if I just slept on the slab of gold and the treated pillow. He added that this was a rescue mission for lost people of the living-dead people and should work for a person that was lost.

"It sure was confusing and I didn't quite believe him, but here I was, down in a volcano a mile under the ground with a man that said he was a Lemurian... I only what another man said that saw him under circumstances similar to mine in 1928. He also said, 'When you saw him, time stood still and you would follow him to a cave lined with gold.' "This sure must be the same

cave and the same Lemurian... but what was it all about? I was in his cave and the gold was real. I asked him which was the way out and he said, 'Straight up a mile.'

"I said, 'I thought you said we could climb out.'

"'You can, after you sleep on that slab and pillow tonight and a couple of nights more. You might as well make yourself acquainted with the situation, for if I were to let you go now before you improve, I would have to let you sleep forever. A body is not good without a mind and soul and yours are separated somewhat at the present time. If I hadn't found you when I did -- you were already in the sacred grounds of all dead mortals. I have so far revived you in body and soul and your mind will be taken care of by the pillow and slab.'

"At that I went to sleep like a blown-out lamp. I awoke just as he said, the only thing being I didn't know whether it was night or day, as there is no difference between them underground. I rang a bell he had left beside my bed and he was by my side instantly.

"'Are you hungry?'

"To my surprise I wasn't hungry. He said I wouldn't get hungry until I went out into the open again and he would take me around to see the sights.

"I was shown the vegetable gardens and looked down the shaft of gold. He told me there was a series of flues in all directions, but he would take me down to see the old mine workings and I could pick up some nuggets out of the subterranean gravels that were put there during a glacial age before the last one. They were fabulously rich.

"But I wanted to see the Lemurian Treasure Vaults and the different things of the long-gone Etruscan and Lemurian civilizations and he said the crown jewels and gold were there but there was nothing about their way of life, as they never kept scientific records here at me mines.

"As this was just the mines, the gold was taken out for all the nations of the world and they built temples with gold on the islands of Etrucia and Lemuria. But

the Islands of Oceantis and Atlantis were Mongol-infested, as well as part of Etrucia, and the Mongols and Negroid peoples were slaves but had a good life with no worries as they were treated with powders (drugs? - Branton) that made them happy and full of forgetfulness.

"The powders also made them grow bigger and capable of lifting several tons of rock -- fourteen or fifteen feet in height -- as if they were a bucket full. He said the series of tunnels and shafts or flues left by the volcanoes were connected together under the earth like highways and you could go several hundred miles in any direction. It was a world within a world.

"As for sunshine, the walls were painted with liquid sunshine and were as bright in all the caves as if the sun were really shining all the time. Then there weren't any nights but now after several thousand years the shine was wearing out and there wasn't any way to replace it as the people that made it -- the scientists -- were dead, and, their sciences that were on the scrolls or Plates of Time weren't anywhere in the caves in the immediate vicinity, and as the lights were failing, they were buried on the outside.

"Word was received that there was a flue that led to the ocean and was near the wilds of Del Norte County, 90 miles to the west, near a monastery that was built to train religious Lemurians. This was a shaft lined with gold which was accessible from the outside. Religious meetings were held there at the foot of the bluffs at the Little Monastery, but now the people were all over and one didn't know a Lemurian from any other person as they were good mixers and brilliant people, but not numerous enough to revive the sciences of the ancients as yet.

"When they did, they would relight a world within a world as they needed a place to escape to if there was another Ice Age and also if the sciences of God and the Universe were revived as they were on the Islands that sank beneath the waters...

"They were the most enlightened people the Universe

had ever known and the population had risen to an alarming high number and were multiplying to the billions.

"Some had to be gotten rid of in a forceful way by Nature's own hand...

"God and Nature had to realign the abuse the World was put to, by the set rules of God in the beginning in the time of learning of the sciences of God in the (sign) of the Cross.

"I didn't understand what he was talking about. I saw plates and gold-lined shafts, and tables and chairs unbelievably monstrous in size. But where were the people he was talking about? And the large slaves and all this underground civilization? True, the evidence was there of a lost people, but surely some must be left. He said there were, but they went near the center of the earth -- to a far better world than existed near the surface, in the volcanic caves. (referring to the 'Geo-concavitic' or the 'Hollow' Earth theory? - Branton).

"He said he would take me there if I wished, but once there -- in the land of big Mushrooms -- there was no return...

"So I told him, if he didn't mind, I would like to return to the surface and see if I was actually alive, and find my car and my friend that was with me, as he must be badly worried by now as I had my car keys in my pocket and it was a long walk home for him, so I had better go.

"He quizzed me for a while and felt my head and said, 'You are much better and I will take you to the surface as soon as I de-congest you of the atmosphere that exists down here. If I didn't, you would die upon entering the surface and the outside world.'

"So he put me in a tank, and I immediately felt better and a little more clear headed, but not completely right.

"On the outside he left me on my own again and completely disappeared into the depths of the mountain. I wandered around looking for the road and my car and the man that was with me. Finally I said to myself, 'You fool, get off this mountain and start over. Go up the old Emigrant road that you were on, and your car, on the road where you left it sometime yesterday -- or whatever day it was.'

"I was as hungry as a bear when he comes out of his den in the spring after hibernating all winter. I was about a mile away from the scene of the Lemurian... when I heard my partner hollering, 'Where on earth have you been? I near froze to death last night and shot, hollered and yelled -- but nothing from you. I heard you shoot and say "I got him" and that was the last of you till now. So what happened and where's your gun and buck? Let's go find them.'

"I said, 'I've had enough, let's go home as soon as we find the car.'

"He said, 'You lost or were lost, or what's the matter with you?'

"I said, 'Nothing that getting something to eat and home wouldn't cure.'

"The gun and deer must still be there as I went

back later and there was nothing doing, so God must have taken care of that, too, as far as I was concerned.

"When we got to the town of Mt. Shasta and were sitting at a bar, an Italian was telling another person how big his vegetables were -- he had cabbages that weighed 50 pounds and carrots 2 and 3 pounds, and tomatoes up to 3 pounds. I spoke up and said, 'That's small potatoes compared to what I saw. Man, I saw carrots 3 feet through and cabbages that weighed a ton and tomatoes 10 feet across and 7 feet long, grown by the Lemurians in their gardens under Mt. Shasta.'

"My partner said, 'Come on, pal, let's get out of here before they think we're both crazy. I don't know what they gave you to drink -- mine never affected me that way. The trip yesterday must have surely gotten to you.'

"'I'm tired and delirious, but not that bad.'

"The Italians were amused and wanted to hear more, but enough is enough, so we left for home.

"He said, 'Where in the blue blazes did you see those big vegetables, and why didn't you bring some along to eat, or didn't you think I get hungry?'

"I clammed up and never said a word to anyone about this escapade with Death till I saw your book was in print and in the paper. That happened a long time ago and to this day I've never gone hunting since."

I asked him what happened, and he said...

"As far as I can find out I died and was in Lemurian heaven and saw the shafts lined with gold and things that are unbelievable, I saw the kings' and queens' jewelry you are talking about. Why don't you take pictures of it to show the world that it is real and things really (exist) as you say in your stories (referring to Abraham Mansfield's three books, 'The GOLDEN GODDESS OF The LEMURIANS'; 'The KING OF The LEMURIANS'; and 'The YOUNG CHIEF And The OLD CHIEF OF The SECRET INDIAN MINE' -- all available from: 'The

Lemurian Foundation - Mt Shasta'. , 3025 West Street., Redding, California 96001). I'd like to see the jewelry to see if it is the same as I saw in my illusion or death or whatever it was."

I showed him the jewelry and he said, "That is the same as I saw, only there was much more (Note: Mr. Mansfield claims he was shown by a certain group of California Indians of Lemurian descent, an ancient Etruscan gold mine, and an ancient set of records called the 'Plates of Time', carrying the ancient knowledge, science, etc. of the Lemurians. He was also shown the jewelry of the golden 'goddess' of the Lemurians, Queen Etruscana; photographs of which appear in his book 'Golden Goddess').

"But if you get that much of it maybe you will get the rest, as since that time I have been between Lemurian and our civilization in thought and deed. It's as though he still has a magnet on me and is guiding my life and must have had something to do with the chiefs of the gods of the Lemurians of which you speak and are so knowledgeable about.

"The garb you have is the same garb he had on and I am confused more than ever, I must be like James Hilton who saw the vision of the Monastery under the cliffs at the head of Bluff and Blue Creeks under the cliffs in the small valley that 'God' told me about. You speak of the shaft lined with gold and the Plates of Time, and the Eucheon of God's sciences that 'God' spoke to me of and which He said were buried somewhere outside the cave lined with gold.

"I saw the Eucheon on the walls of the cave I slept in, but at the time it was just another hieroglyphic as far as I was concerned. Now I know the true meaning of the Eucheon, or Sign of the Cross as you speak of it, and the way the world is wrapped up in God's Sciences of the Eucheon.

"If I were you I would put pictures of all you have in your book, as I think the world is ready to know what you and I are talking about. If the world isn't

enlightened enough at this time they never will be as we are out of the Dark Ages and into the time of enlightenment in God's Sciences in the last 68 years. As the Plates state, it is time for you to tell the world, as you were the one chosen for the mission which has been prepared for by radio and television, to cushion-off what you write about.

"Today people are used to such stories and some of it will sink in somewhere and be proven fact in the near future, as the world and people are like that."

With that the man left me and I haven't seen or heard from him since. I would like to question him further as he is the first one I have questioned that had been in the bowels of the earth under Mt. Shasta..."

\*\*\*\*\*

The following article is the third in a series which appeared in the 'NEW ATLANTA JOURNAL' (Vol.9 - #1, Spring, 1981 issue, pp.20-22 - edited by Patrick and Joan O'Connel), the article was written by Bill Hamilton, concerning 'Bonnie' (aka 'Sharula'), a 'Telosian-Lemurian' of Nagamayan descent, from a city beneath Mt. Shasta in northern California (refer to Hamilton's other articles: Part 1 - p.87 in Vol.1-B of 'INNER EARTH ENTRANCES'; also Part 2 - p.19 in Vol.IV of this series):

"Many(have) been predicting a new age that is to be born after an emotional and physical catharsis of the planet. Out of the death of the old world, Phoenix-like, is born the new. The actual birth itself proceeds from a time after the polar shift.

"Many... on the West Coast are forecasting dire consequences for the state of California..."

"Bonnie says it is her mission to make preparations for the coming cataclysms that will rock our physical and social world in the days to come. She speaks with little doubt of these coming events. I have taken a



wait-and-see attitude toward her predictions, but I do not consider them impossible.

"The California San Andreas fault is moving and one of our satellites discovered that its rate of motion is twice what it was formerly thought to be. There have also been numerous tremors in the vicinity of Mt. Shasta and also in the lower Imperial Valley.

"The government has released a report that there have been more significant earthquakes in 1980 than usual. The quake in Italy hit 6.8 and the one in Algeria hit 7.3. According to its report, after 20 years of quiet, California is getting more active again with about one earthquake a month with a Richter magnitude of 5.0 or greater.

"One earthquake struck Eureka, Ca. with a magnitude of 7, and one analyst said that if it had been 50 miles further south, it would have been very destructive to San Francisco.

"We all know about the eruptions of Mt. St. Helens, but geologists have also been monitoring Mt. Hood in Oregon as well as Mt. Shasta. These volcanoes are all part of a chain called the Pacific Ring of Fire. Are the sun and the planets causing these weird conditions? That may be only part of the story. After all, certain planets repeat their patterns frequently. But - listen to this...

"Associated Press reported that the sun is in one of its most active periods in the past 400 years, experiencing a surge of energy that has raised sunspot activity to peak level. These sunspots are at a peak unmatched since they were first recorded in 1609. Something is certainly going on here...

"Bonnie says... some of the first signs of this (impending cataclysm) will be water rising on the EAST COAST and earthquakes all over the planet. There will be volcanic activity at Mt. Vesuvius. She says it will probably devastate Italy. On the EAST COAST, caverns will open up beneath Atlanta, Georgia, and in one day the city will sink!

"Shortly after this, California will start shaking

and sinking, NOT rapidly, but gradually. In the middle eastern section of the country, atomic power plants will be shaken apart. She thinks it was 'silly to build them'. The safest places where the Lemurians are setting up (subterranean) refugee camps right now are Phoenix, Flagstaff, Prescott (Arizona) and Albuquerque. She says they are building (a vast) underground complex at (near) Groom Creek, near Prescott, AZ.

"She says that spacecraft will only lift off a few people and carry them to underground cities or orbiting space-stations. She says that in (the undetermined future) the poles will shift. The best place then is to be underground or off the planet. There will be strong rumbling and winds of 500-600 mph. This will take a week and the path of the sun will be different and bring to Earth a much more even (geographically) climate. "Then, she says, the people of Agharta and the surface will join as one people in one enlightened world and live happily ever after (I hope).

"So-- that's it folks, whether you believe it or not... Recently I received a letter in reply from Babaji, the great Indian Mahaavatar, and he says essentially the same thing.

"As a matter of fact, I am far from insensitive, and do feel the truth of these words. Lemurians or no Lemurians, our world is changing at a very rapid pace and a new phenomena is becoming evident everywhere around us.

"In the future, we will synthesize elements, grow homes and spaceships and cars out of seed crystals programmed to the universal grid values, and derive endless energy from light and pyramid crystals that are tuned to the grid. The technology of tomorrow for us is the technology of our visitors...

"Bonnie's people merely tune in to the universal frequency codes and live the art of life. So, if there are then changes, don't worry about them. Just hang in there and ride out the storm...

\*\*\*\*\* SPECIAL NOTICE \*\*\*\*\*

by William Hamilton

[[[ Dear Researcher, Thanks to a fellow researcher (G.L.) I have made a wonderful discovery contained at the root of mathematics that I call JACOB'S LADDER. This led to the quantum and the discovery of The GRID! Not just the Grid, but the REALITY GRID! I claim the GRID was first discovered by Capt. Bruce I. Cathie and it is a grid of all structure in the Universe. I claim to have found mathematical proof that the grid, the UNIFIED FIELD Theory, The PHYSICAL CONSTANTS (LIGHT, PLANKS, FIRE STRUCTURES, ETC.) reveals the atomic and Planetary orbitals - And ALSO: The UNIFIED INFORMATION Theory, LANGUAGE, MUSIC... ETC. And IS BASED ON ONE IDEA And The SPEED OF LIGHT AT 2400 GRID DEGREES PER GRID SECOND. The UNIVERSE appears to be a reality spun out of light as the gravitational constant and all mass factors are rooted in the above value for light and the grid is tending to reveal that bodies may be hollow with a .10 shell thickness! Engineer Ralph Nunnelley deciphered much of the grid working on the metric system only, and not the true grid values. Kudos to him. I claim the GRID was known to the ancients and used by the Pyramid builders. The Grid is far simpler than quantum physics (ugh). If you accept my challenge, then lets do something with this. Let us form The GRID RESEARCH SOCIETY. Many of you contributed to this major discovery -- It is beyond price... Please contact me for information or suggestions. --- 6221 W. Marlette Ave., Glendale, AZ 85301... PH-(602) 934-5037. ]]]

( IMPORTANT NOTICE: This article - above - was written in 1981, so much of the contact information may no longer be active or valid - Branton )

\*\*\*\*\*

The following article by Vincent H. Gaddis, titled 'SHAVERIAN SIDELIGHTS', appeared on pages 130-133 of the January, 1949 issue of 'AMAZING STORIES' magazine:

"Hundreds of world-wide traditions agree that man, long ago, emerged from great caves below the surface of the earth after a colossal catastrophe had laid waste the earlier world he had known. Faintly, across the hoary millenniums, we catch a glimpse of these legends of a strange and astonishing yesterday that has vanished forever in remote antiquity.

"'The cavern,' writes Brinton, in his MYTHS OF THE NEW WORLD, 'dimly lingered in the memories of nations.'..."

### CAVE LEGENDS

"Ignatius Donnelly was a strange man who wrote strange books. In his work entitled 'RAGNARK: The AGE OF FIRE And GRAVEL', written in 1882 and devoted to the conception that the so-called glacial deposits of the earth were actually left by a comet that struck and ravaged our planet, he has collected from earlier writers numerous legends of prehistoric cave life that are as widespread as they are suggestive. It seems certain that after a period of fiery devastation man came up out of the earth to remake a world. (Note: Literally dozens of Native American tribes in North America, and even more in other countries, reflect this theme in their origin or 'emergence' legends, of in ancient times going underground into vast cavern systems to escape some prehistoric cataclysm, only to 'emerge' when they were led to do so, into the outer world. These vast caverns were often illuminated by a diffused atmospheric phenomena in the vast cavities similar to the polar 'aurora' phenomena. By this phenomena the subterranean atmosphere is illuminated... that is, by an 'electromagnetic' phenomena which is the result of a process involving the interaction between air molecules that are stimulated by the subterranean electromagnetic waves or currents in a fashion which results in the subterranean atmosphere 'glowing'... as said before... just like the polar 'aurora' phenomena,

also known as the northern or southern lights. -  
Branton)

"Of special interest in light of the great tunnels beneath their land, is the legend of the ancient Peruvians that their ancestors emerged from the primeval cave known as Pacarin-Tampu, or Lodgings of the Dawn, the entrance to which, in days long ago, was located five leagues distant from Cuzco, and was surrounded by a sacred grove containing temples of great antiquity. And the Toltecs and Aztecs traced their origin back to 'the seven sacred caves.'

"In reference to the Peruvian cave, Balboa, in his 'HISTOIRE DU PEROU', writes: 'From its hallowed recesses the mythical civilizers of Peru, the first of men, emerged, and in it, returning during the time of (a) flood, the remnants of the race escaped the fury of the great waves.' Thus, again, we have a striking conformation of the Apache legend uncovered by L. Taylor Hansen.

"Also of interest is the report given by Bancroft in his 'NATIVE RACES' (3-90) regarding the legend of Mt. Shasta possessed by the Indians of Northern California. The story states that the Great Spirit made Mt. Shasta first, and the Creator, after making trees, birds and animals, 'hollowed out the mountain as a wigwam for himself where he might reside while on earth in the most perfect security and comfort. So the smoke was soon to be seen curling up from the mountain where the Great Spirit and his family lived, and still live, though their hearth-fire is alive no longer, now that the white man is in the land.'

"Donnelly's comment at this point is interesting. He writes: 'Here the superior race seeks shelter in a cave (in) Mt. Shasta, and their camp-fire is associated with the smoke which once went forth out of the volcano, while an inferior race dwells in the plains at the foot of the mountain.'

"Bancroft's account continues: All this happened thousands of snows ago, then later came a great storm from the sea which shook the huge lodge (Mt. Shasta) to

its base. The Great Spirit sent his daughter to still the wind, but she was blown down the mountainside by the wind where she was found by a family of grizzly bears who walked upright, talked, and carried clubs. Angered, the Great Spirit punished the bears by making them true animals. Obviously, Donnelly observes, the child of the Great Spirit (the superior race) intermarried with the bears (the inferior race), and from this union came the race of men (the Indians).

"Bancroft, in his exhaustive collection of Indian lore, gives us other remarkable legends. The story of the Navajos was that once all nations, including white people, lived together underground in the heart of a mountain near the river San Juan. Their food was meat since all kinds of animals were closed up with them in their cave. After A great flood all the people came up, requiring several days, and then they separated. The whites went toward the rising sun and disappeared. The Navajos also make references to the 'Old Men' -- a god-like civilized race that named the stars and add that when all races lived underground they had but one language, but when separation came on the surface of the earth many languages came into existence.

"The tribes of the Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Natchez, once united in a confederacy according to their common traditions, all placed their point of origin and earliest ancestry near an artificial eminence or mound in the Valley of the Big Black River in the Natchez country. This curious mound is still in existence and is located near Jonesville, Louisiana.

"It consists of an elevation of earth about half a mile square and from fifteen to twenty feet high; from its northeast corner a wall of the same height extends for half a mile to high land. The legend states that in the mound's center was a cave, the home of the Master of Breath, and at this spot they were formed of the earth and given the breath of life at a time when waters covered most of the world. (Note: There are actually more than one 'version' of this legend, as

often occurs with native traditions. Another version states that these tribes emerged from an 'underground world', which is actually a VERY quite common theme among native tribes throughout the world. - Branton)

"It is significant that the Choctaws, in their far-western home, remembered this mound, and that the Six Nations of the Northeast had a similar legend which gave their common point of cave origin beside a mountain near the falls of Oswego River in the state of New York.

"There is a legend of the Oraibi that they came up a ladder from a lower (world). And in 'FROST And FIRE' (2-190) we read. 'The inhabitants of central Europe and the Teutonic races who came late to England place their mythical heros underground in caves, in vaults beneath enchanted castles, or in mounds which rise up and open, and show their buried inhabitants alive and busy about the avocations of earthly men... In Morayshire the buried race are supposed to be under the sandhills, as they are in some parts of Brittany.'

"The most ancient of hill tribes in India state that their ancestors came out of a cave in the earth under the leadership of a chief named Tlandrophah, and Donnelly suggests that the cave-temples of India, the oldest temples existing today, are a reminiscence of this long-gone but dimly-remembered cave life..."

\*\*\*\*\*

The following information comes from an article in the November, 1948 issue of 'AMAZING STORIES' magazine, titled 'The SEARCH FOR The CITY OF SEVEN CAVES', by L. Taylor Hansen. (pp. 143-145). For another reference to this lost city, allegedly the TRUE city of Tiahuanaco (that is, a subterranean counterpart of the above-ground Tiahuanaco), see: Vol.II, p.47, 1st paragraph; and Vol.II, p.46, 2nd section; and also p.13 (#10), in Vol.II in this 'INNER-EARTH ENTRANCES' series:

"...Thus behind the Incas and their supposed 'first

sun' the mighty Manko-Capak, is still the mystery of the Great Megalith, who always built with watch-like precision but who seemed to do his master workmanship of all time in South America. Then we consider the similarity of this work (referring to the amazing fine-joint stone work of the Incas) to that of the very earliest work in Egypt and the Mediterranean, and then note the superiority of the American masonry, one begins to seek for more data concerning the city which was theirs -- Ancient Tiahuanaco, and the not too distant Cuzco.

"It is then that we again begin to meet the legend of vast caves. Cuzco and Tiahuanaco are said to be joined by an underground boulevard, while Tiahuanaco, according to an Indian named Catari, living at Cochapampa, toward the close of the sixteenth century... was anciently built largely underground.

"This has more than the significance of rumor, for our informer in this case, who dictated his information to Bartolome Cervantes, a conon of Chuquisaca, had been the direct heir of a quippu-camayoc (a quippu-reading historian to the Incas) and himself a reader of the old records. He further elucidated his statement by saying, that no idea of the size of the pre-Incan Capital could be gained from the extent of its surface ruins, since it extended through vast caverns which net-worked the Andes (In the ancient tongue of the country, the Andes are pronounced 'Antees' and are said to mean 'toward the east').

"Legend around the Sacred Lake whispers that the caverns extend clear through the Andes and come out upon the eastern side, where they connect through great ancient quays to what had been an old Amazonian lake.

"'Are there seven of them?' But the native guides shake their heads, in the usual bewilderment.

"Only Poznansky, who carries his immense knowledge of the city into many volumes, all of which have too much Latin enthusiasm for the staid and sober northern scientist, dares to lift his voice. Perhaps Tiahuanaco (when) the city was in its prime... when Plato's



Atlantis was supposed to be pressing for the conquest of Europe, and the Athenians were holding them back from the Mediterranean... then ruled the seas, for he argues, the great canals, etc., shows that it was an ocean-going port.

"This would make necessary a much lower elevation of the Andes, which seems most doubtful. However, if the city ruled from a great Amazonian Lake the entrance to which was gained from vast caverns, its position would be almost impregnable for other sea powers. It is a wild possibility, impossible to prove, until this old capital of a lost empire is explored.

"Yet its legendary name of 'Taycala' is interesting if for no other reason than for its similarity to 'Paxil Cayala' the inexpressibly ancient 'Land of Maize.' Was it from here, that the Arikara, for example, of the Mississippi, say they obtained corn from the woman who lived on a lake which was on the other side of the caves? (See: 'Traditions of the Arikana' by Dorsey, as related by Man-Bears Tail.)

"Nor is this all. Under the city of Cuzco are the entrances to three great caverns. Legend has credited the city with four. One of them is under the Sun-Temple. In the past centuries numerous treasure-seekers have traversed the great stone steps leading into this cavern but none have ever returned. Finally one man came back. In his hands were two heavy golden bars but his eyes stared vacantly as if he had been blinded, and his mind was entirely gone. It was then that the Peruvian Government ordered the entrances walled up.

"Is it possible that this city and Ancient Tiahuanaco, either one, or the other, or both, were once known as 'The City of The Seven Caves'? Was It here that the northern tribes, or enough amalgamated blood to carry on the tradition, fled through great underground caverns from the wrath of a victorious enemy?

"Was it from this 'sacred lake' where the 'sun was first seen' (Where the princes came after receiving the Sign of Royalty from Emperor Nacxit of the Eastern Sea Kingdom? See: 'Totem of the Tiger.' Local tradition says the sun was first seen on lake Titicaca) that they brought corn?

"And would it be too much to hope, that when these vast caverns are in a future century revealed, perhaps to a more civilized world and a more cultured world than we have today, we may find not just gold-bars, but the infinitely more precious libraries, which could have untangled what are today such a mass of snarled and conflicting legend?

(Note: One man actually claimed to have met the hi-tech descendants of the 'Atlantean-Incas' in a deep tunnel under Peru, a people who lived comfortably in still deeper caverns systems below... or in the legendary subterranean counterpart of Tiahuanaco!? You can read this story in section #19A in volume II of this 'INNER-EARTH ENTRANCES' series. - Branton)

"Yet in the meantime every lover of Ancient

America, with its allegorical history, will stare toward this lost kingdom of the Andes where so many millenniums have gone by since THAT Something Happened, and in his mind, the word of the oldest book will repeat themselves over with a new meaning -- 'and the feet of the Southerners were heard throughout the new land...'"

\*\*\*\*\*

The following is part of a letter which appeared on page 172, of the August, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine; concerning the 'Devil's Tower' or 'Bear Lodge' in Wyoming:

Sirs:

"...The following is from the Wyoming State Tribune: 'MATEO TEPEE (Bear Lodge). Little is known of the Indian life of the immediate vicinity, though the Sioux and Crows hunted and camped near the tower at times. Traces of old camps or villages have been found along the Belle Fourche (near Sundance, in NE Wyoming) river and its tributaries, and even today, old relics are picked up. To the Indian it was a place of deep mystery and big medicine. Rumors still persist of hidden caves beneath the tower where ancient councils met,"

-- E. M. F., Box 395, Upton, Wyoming

\*\*\*\*\*

The letter which appears below was printed in the July, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine, on pages 170-171:

Sirs:

"More of the Shaver Mystery, maybe? To begin with, I had better explain myself. I have been interested in the human mind for almost all of my life... read my first book at the age of 13 (The Mind At Mischief) and

have been a science fiction fan from about the same time.

"Last summer I made the accidental discovery that I'm able to produce a complete trance on a subject under hypnosis, including auditory hallucinations, visual, and etc. And can cause an instant trance on a pre-conditioned subject.

"If this letter is published, I must ask you to strike out my name and town as I don't want any questions and if you deem it worthwhile will put on another experiment with one of your associates sitting in. This is not a seance or any sensationalism like that.

"To begin with, one subject I have is more susceptible than others, so about a month ago I decided to check the theory that a person has a mental part of him that can travel free from the body. I put the subject under an ordinary sleeping trance and then commanded her to go deeper and it happened. She did.

"So, with additional safety instructions that she was to remain under my control at all times and that no outside influence was to be allowed to take over, we proceeded to check on the story you published a few months ago, titled 'I Have Been In The Caves' (by Margaret Rogers)... (Note: Refer to listing #23 in 'Inner-Earth Entrances', Volume 2 - Branton)

"To insure you a more accurate account of it, I will write it word for word.

"'You now have the power to leave your body for a time.'

"'I have.'

"'Are you free?'

"'Yes, I'm floating above my body.'

"'Can you travel anywhere I command YOU?'

"'Yes.'

"'Good. You will now go to Mexico City.' (silence)

"'Are you there?'

"'Yes.'

"'You will now go to a mountain outside the town.'

(These were the only directions I could give as the story gave no detail.)

(NOTE FROM BRANTON: This may be the reason for the strange contradictions between this retort and the account of Margaret Rogers herself.)

"'Is there a cave in that mountain? Can you find it?'

"'Yes. I'm there.'

"'Is it covered with vegetation?'

"'Partly.'

"'Go inside.'

"'I'm inside. Oh! Its walls glow.'

"'What else do you see?'

"'There's a shaft going down.'

"'Is it a natural formation?'

"'No, its walls are smooth like the inside of a piston shaft of a car.'

"'Go to the bottom.'

"'I'm there.,. (Unknown words.)'

"'What kind of transportation is there?'

(She gave a half scream and then said:)

"'There's evil down here!'

"I tried to bring her back as fast as I could, and incidentally, I've never had any trouble with a subject before or after this one time. I couldn't bring her back in one jump. First to the top, and then to Mexico City, and finally back here. But she wouldn't enter her body. I was really scared, but finally I brought her awake.

"She said: 'I'm awake' and rolled over and started shaking and crying. I asked her if she was all right and she said: 'Yes... I've been somewhere I shouldn't.'

"Then she started breathing violently and she said she felt as if she had been running. I tried to give her a stimulant, but she knocked it out of my hand and kept repeating 'No,' over and over.

"I finally got her to drink a glass of water and then she said that there was a fight going on inside her head and refused to speak for about ten minutes. After that she got up and was apparently normal and

said she had won.

"My questions

"Was that her subconscious mind raving, or was she really transported somewhere?

"Was she in the cave of the dero?

"Why was she terrified?

"And the most important, why was it that THAT was the only time in my experience I almost lost control of a subject?"

(name deleted)

\*\*\*\*\*

The following article, titled 'TUNNELS OF THE TITANS', by Vincent H. Gaddis, appeared on pages 162-167 of the August, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine. Since much of the material in Mr. Gaddis's article has already been presented in these (I.E.E.) volumes, I have edited the article considerably:

"Below the surface of the earth, stretching for countless miles, lie the archaic tunnels of the Old Ones. Cut in the primal rock by methods unknown, they turn and twist in a complex labyrinth, shrouded in the darkness of the ages, their walls blackened by an incredible antiquity. It is true! Long, long ago, their very existence forgotten in the rise and fall of empires and the surging migrations and passing's of peoples during the long centuries, there lived a mighty race of subterranean builders who wrought wonders in stone.

"Here and there we can catch a glimpse of the mysterious realm hidden below our feet that they left behind them. There are the artificial caves of Malta, built 'at a period when history is all mystery,' which lie below the puzzling so-called 'cart-ruts' that criss-cross the island in every direction, and terminate on the brink of cliffs or lead directly into the sea.

"There is the elusive North African-Gibraltar

tunnel, and the half-legendary connecting links between the islands of Hawaii that were known to the native kings and 'kahunas' of old. Martinique, too, has its lost prehistoric shafts, and Tecpan in Guatemala, and Agra in India.

"In the heart of Central Asia, Dr. (Ferdinand) Ossendowski tells of Agharti, and Prof. (Nicholas) Roerich awaits the coming... from concealed (subterranean) Shambhala...

"Who were these Titans, the Old Ones, of earth's youth -- who inspired traditions of great airships -- giants who transported colossal stones weighing tons hundreds of miles to erect structures 'half as old as time'? With what strange tools did they cut the endless roads deep in the heart of our planet's rocky foundation? Who can say?

"There are the legends of Atlantis, Mu, Lemuria, and the even more mysterious continent of the southern seas -- Gondwanaland. The ancient lore of Asia tells us that old Atlantis had a network of cyclopean underground passages running in all directions that were used for black magical purposes, and that colonies were established by the Atlanteans in many parts of the world.

"And in the America to our south a great civilization once flourished, a culture of bearded white men, believed to have come from the east. They built great cities among the inland rivers that now lie in silent ruins deep in the green hell of the jungles. But from the north came the Colloas, a pre-Inca race, and in a battle on an island in Lake Titicaca they killed the last survivors of America's prehistoric white race.

"Even earlier there was another culture, baffling, remote, incredibly aged, and linked with strange traditions of antediluvian giants. Arriving, apparently, from the west, these artisans of a dawn era built old Tiahuanaco. Perhaps, too, they built the tunnels. Then, later, came the titanic cataclysms that rocked the earth in agony and left its mark in the

memories of all earth's races. The mountains were raised, and the continents, to the east and west, were swallowed beneath the seas...

"In 1830 the Peruvian authorities picked up rumors of the existence of the tunnels, and sent out investigators, posing as scientists, among the natives, but this official attempt to obtain additional information or locate the concealed opening (containing the vast amounts of Incan gold which had been hidden after their country was invaded by the Spaniards) failed and was finally abandoned.

"About fifteen years later an old native priest was called to hear the final confession of a dying Quichua Indian, one of the descendants of the Incas who possessed the long kept secret. Under the seal of the confessional, the dying man told the priest of the astonishing tunnels, used by the Incas, but built by a far older race. Later this priest, carelessly, let fall a hint regarding his knowledge, and was forced, by trickery on the part of an Italian traveler, to state what information he possessed.

"Then, about the year 1850, Mme. Helena Blavatsky, the Russo-American founder of the Theosophical Society (a branch of the wicca or witchcraft cult network... a secret society which actually inspired Adolph Hitler in much of his twisted genocidal philosophies - Branton), came to Peru with her world-wide reputation as a mystic and student of ancient lore, she was able to pick up various bits of information on the old Inca mystery, and in Lima she met the Italian traveler who had forced the priest to reveal what he knew. The Italian said that he thought he had found one of the tunnel openings but, lacking time and funds for an investigation, he had no immediate plans for forcing an entrance.

"...Likewise, according to Mme. Blavatsky, the secret of the tunnels and entrances into them were given in symbolized form in the old Sun Temple at Cuzco, and some of this knowledge still exists. As Mr. Wilkins remarks, the old priestly corps of the Incas may have possessed 'much curious and secret knowledge



about the origin, history and purpose of the amazing, labyrinthine tunnels of ancient Peru, and of other arcana of a very ancient race.

"Two charts of the tunnels are known to be in existence. One was obtained by Mme. Blavatsky from an old Peruvian at the time of her visit, and it is now in the archives of the Theosophical Society headquartered at Adyar, India; the second, based upon his independent sources of Peruvian information and checked by his own inquiries and research, is in the possession of Mr. Wilkins. (Harold T. Wilkins, author of "Mysteries of Ancient South America")

"This later chart, a copy of which lies before me, reveals that two subterranean avenues start from Lima. The first leads to Cuzco, to the southeast, a distance of 380 miles. The second, running southward along the coast to the Atacama Desert, covering the astonishing distance of at least 900 miles -- greater than the distance from New York City to Chicago...

"L. Taylor Hansen has recently told us of the amazing Apache tradition that links them with Tiahuanaco, and the great tunnels in that area. He tells us that the Indians of Peru have legends that 'caves' in the region held most of the real city ('very little of it [Tiahuanaco] was built above ground'), and that the Apache story states that after their ancestors were driven out by enemies... that they left by way of the caverns, and wandered 'through them in darkness for years.'

"It is an amazing possibility that the very tunnels used by the ancient ancestors of the Apaches were again used for the very same purpose by Tupac Amaru and his Incas in the sixteenth century -- only four hundred years ago! (from the mid-1940's - Branton)

"We return, also, to the previously published report in this magazine, from Peru, that after every earthquake there, puzzling sounds are heard -- 'sounds that are startlingly like the sound of huge boulders falling far under the surface of the earth... distinctly classified as falling objects, as stones

falling from the roof of a cave to the floor...

"It is said that the falling rocks are heard as much as twenty minutes after the quake itself, and that a hollow booming noise is a very dominant characteristic.'...

"A book could be filled with accounts of the strange appearance of animals far from their usual habitats (as in the case of the Barbary apes on the Rock of Gibraltar) that clearly indicate unknown transportational means that might include tunnels. This is particularly true of sea animals and their appearance in inland lakes.

"An outstanding example of such occurrences is the unexplained appearance of thousands of branded reindeer on the far-northern island of Spitsbergen for over a century, a problem that has caused much speculation in Norway and England.

"...Turning now from the hot, sandy wastes of the desert to far, green Hawaii, again we find the stories of tunnels. Old native legends tell of lost, prehistoric tunnels, known to the kings and 'kahunas' long ago, which connected the islands by under-sea passages. These shafts play quite a part in native folklore and may date back to Lemuria or Mu.

"Material relating to these tunnels is embodied in a novel entitled 'Healing Under Tropical Skies,' written by Evelyn Whitell in 1938. She suggests that these tunnels are still in existence, and that even today, the secret of a favored few, the old lore has not perished.

"...It is a matter of record that beneath the fortress and adjoining structures built by the great Moguls at Agra, India, lie vast subterranean vaults and passages, of great unknown extent. For reasons that are not clear, these parts of the buildings were closed, and they have been sealed now for long centuries.

"We grope toward an understanding of the great mysteries by seeking clues, however slender, however vague, and by linking together reports and events, and seeking a correlation. We have told of the amazing

tunnels of Peru, used by the Incas but built by a far earlier race, and now the story of Agharti has been told. And the miles are long between the Andes and the Highlands of Tibet...

"Nevertheless, a few years ago, a strange rumor began to circulate throughout the occult world. Briefly, it was that the 13th Dalai Lama was not lying in a crypt in Tibet after his supposed death in 1933, but that he had retreated to a sanctuary in the Andes. In Lhasa he had left a pretender to succeed him, the six-year-old Tibetan peasant lad crowned in 1940.

"Supporting this report was an American yogi who had spent five years with the Lamas of Tibet, and asserted that the Dalai Lama, foreseeing coming trouble in Asia, had preferred to disappear rather than become involved in the turmoil (namely, the impending invasion of Tibet by communist China).

"Also, there was the late Brown Landone, who, in his book 'The Prophecies of Melchi-Zedek', expressed the belief that Lamaism had its origin in the Andes, and that Teleo's Circle prophecies in Egypt foretold the return of the Dalai Lama from Tibet to the order's original home in a far land. (Note: This would have made him about 66 years old in the year 2000 - Branton)

"Then, in February, 1944, J.M. Sheppard, the AMERICAN WEEKLY correspondent in Ecuador (relayed) a story that added weight to the rumor. He told of meeting an American hermit who lived in the Ecuadorian highlands, and who, while climbing a mountain near the Columbian border to investigate strange lights he had been observing at night, was startled by the fall of a heavy boulder.

"Then a man appeared, garbed as a Quichua Indian, but with Mongolian facial features, and a prayer wheel in his hand. The hermit was politely, but firmly, told, in English, that he must go no further, and he was requested to respect the privacy of a holy man. Sheppard decided to confirm the story, and following a map given him by the hermit, he located the mountain, and started climbing. Near the top he noticed a jagged

hole, almost circular, that looked like the eye of a needle piercing the mountain's peak. Then, again, came the crash of a boulder, and the arrival of the mysterious man.

"This time the stranger spoke in Spanish, but he refused to answer any questions, and again insisted on privacy.

"On this slender clue hinges the possibility that there may be a connection between Tibet and the Andes, and, perhaps, between Agharti and the archaic tunnels of South America. That great builders of tunnels once existed on this planet, we may be certain, but is it possible that these vast avenues are in use today -- that there is a flow of unsuspected life far below our feet?

"Who can say?"

\*\*\*\*\*

The following account, titled 'QUEST OF THE LOST CITY', by Sanford N. Cleveland, appeared on pages 165-166 of the July, 1947 issue of 'AMAZING STORES' magazine:

"Does a lost Indian city of catacombs, filled with records of a race of people more highly advanced than those of the present day, and treasures to delight both the gold-hunter and the archaeologist, lie under the metropolis of Los Angeles?

"In the summer and fall of 1933, G. Warren Shufelt, a geophysical mining engineer, was surveying the Los Angeles area for buried deposits of oil, gold, or other valuable materials, using a new apparatus of his own invention.

"His investigations led him back and forth between the Public Library, in the heart of the city, to the vicinity of the Southwest Museum, at the top of Mt. Washington, many miles away.

"He was deeply puzzled when his instrument showed what seemed to be a pattern of tunnels, with large rooms... scattered at various points along them, and deposits of gold, apparently man-made, in the chambers and Passages... He drew up a map of his discovery, and had it copyrighted.

"Then Shufelt came in contact with Little Chief Green Leaf, whose English name is L. Macklin. A member of the medicine lodge of the Hopi Indians in Arizona, Macklin told Shufelt of a legend, long held by his tribe and by some Indians on Mt. Shasta, which apparently cleared up the mystery.

"According to Macklin, the American Indians knew that a lost city was located within a chain of hills formed like the frog of a horse's hoof. This is exactly the formation of the mountains surrounding the city of Los Angeles.

"The story of the buried city, told by the Chief as pieced together by him, goes something like this:

"The Lizard People were the first inhabitants of the American continent, and had colonies all along the Pacific coast (Note: By 'Lizard People', this does not mean that these people were reptilian in any way, but rather revered 'lizards'). Inclined to peace and agriculture, they were much further advanced culturally and intellectually than modern human beings, and a 9-year-old child of their race was the equivalent of a present-day college graduate.

"They revered the lizard, and called themselves the Lizard People, because they recognized reptiles as a symbol of longevity. They claimed that the lizard conserves its energy by inhaling for a whole day, exhaling for three months, and thus prolongs its life.

"Expeditions were sent out in many directions, and, while some returned, certain groups settled and populated much of the North American area. The race known as the Mayas was one such colony that ventured south. Others settled east of the Mississippi river.

"Between 4,000 and 5,000 years ago, a gigantic meteor shower fell on the western coast of the continent, devastating an area several hundred miles wide. The famous crater near Winslow, Arizona, was dug by a portion of this rain of fire. Thousands of 'Indians' were killed, their crops wiped out, their dwellings destroyed, the forests set on fire.

"The surviving members of the medicine lodge, which had remained on the west coast, met to make plans for constructing refuges in the case of another such disaster. They chose thirteen sites, three of them on the Pacific coast -- one in the state of Washington, another near Mt. Shasta, and a third where Los Angeles now stands.

"Instead of excavating with tools, they used a chemical solution, perfected by them, which dissolved the earth and rock that it touched. And they lined the walls of the tunnels and rooms with a cement far better and stronger than any known today.

"The city in the Southern California area was

located under a hill in the middle of a curving ring of surrounding mountains. More than a dozen shafts were sunk, aimed to come together in several places instead of at a single spot. Where they converged, rooms were hollowed out, and joined with winding passages.

"Tunnels were constructed which reached to the ocean, nearly twenty miles away. The tides, rising and falling in the lower tunnels, cleaned and sanitized them, and in addition ventilated the living areas by forcing air into the upper chambers.

"The subterranean city was large enough to house 5,000 people. Food supplies, composed of imperishable herbs, were stored to enable them to live for an indefinite period of time. Personal property and utensils were conveyed into the crypts, along with records and treasures of gold.

"When, after some years, sentinels gave warning of another rain of fire from the sky, the Lizard (worshiping) People entered the underground city and sealed the shafts behind them. They saved themselves from the falling meteors. But natural gas seeped into the passages and killed the refugees. NO ONE escaped from the 'Lizard' City.

"So convinced were both Shufelt and Macklin of the truth of the legend and the infallibility of the detecting machine, that they determined to sink a shaft down to the subterranea vaults.

"They located a vacant lot which was a part of the old Banning estate at 518 North Hill Street, atop Fort Moore Hill in the heart of Los Angeles, and which was directly above one of the largest rooms.

"On an offer of a share in the returns, twelve men were found to help handle the drilling equipment, and by the end of November, 1933, the shaft was down 200 feet. Shufelt was determined to drill to a depth of 1,000 feet, if necessary, to reach the catacombs.

"The city, according to both the legend and the radio-surveyed maps, was laid out in the forms of a lizard, with its tail under the Library at Fifth and Hope streets, and the body extending northeast, the

head being at Lookout and Marda streets, near North Broadway.

"The key room to the city is located under Second and South Broadway. The legend states that the key room is the directory to all the rest of the city, and to the record tablets located at many points. The record tablets were slabs of gold, four feet long and fourteen inches wide, gold having been the symbol of life to the Lizard People. Shufelt said that he had taken x-ray pictures, which showed thirty-seven such tablets, three of which had one corner cut off.

"On the tablets, the legend said, would be found records of the origin of the human race, and the history of man in the Americas, including the recorded history of the Mayas of Central America and Yucatan.

"Shufelt's apparatus depicted the rooms and tunnels as sub-surface voids, with the gold slabs as dark areas, showing perfect sides, ends, and corners.

"The rooms, seven of which occur within a surface area of six square city blocks, vary in size from 23 x 23 feet to 34 x 54 feet. The room above which the investigators were sinking their shaft was 31 x 42 feet. The key room was one of the smallest of all.

"Water had apparently seeped into the tunnels to a much higher level than planned by the Indian builders, and several of the rooms, including the largest, were completely filled. Shufelt had possibly planned to use diving equipment to explore the submerged area when he and his men broke into the subterranean city.

"Macklin said the Lizard People had been able to predict earthquakes and that he himself had predicted the destructive temblor at Long Beach on March 10, 1933, a month in advance. He claimed it was easy for anyone to tell 96 hours in advance when an earthquake was coming, BECAUSE compass needles became demagnetized and refuse to point north.

"Shufelt's radio device consisted, so far as could be seen, of a large pendulum suspended in a cylindrical glass case, a mysterious black box and some compasses. The plummet, attached to a copper wire, swayed



constantly, pointing towards minerals or tunnels in the ground, and then revolving when directly over the ore deposit, or swinging parallel to the excavation when over the shaft or tunnel.

"Shufelt said that the apparatus worked on a newly discovered radio principle involving electrical similarities of matter which had the same source. The pendulum would trace a line directly from a piece of ore broken from a vein to the vein itself. Some hair, placed in the device, would lead investigators to the person to whom the hair belonged. The apparatus would operate over a distance of many miles.

"By tuning in to the identification frequency of any matter of which the operator possessed a sample, the vibration of that matter was projected so as to form a profile picture of the object being searched for, the engineer continued. He refused to tell what was in the mysterious box, because he had not secured complete patents at that time. But he said that the emanational and gravitational factors of matter motivated the pendulum, and that the important principle was that no absolutely separate things were just alike.

"A retired United States Army colonel, who sponsored some of Shufelt's experiments, but asked that his name be withheld, testified that he had been located by the device at a distance of twenty-nine miles, after he had given Shufelt a sample of his hair and blood. The engineer also surveyed the area in which the colonel owned a mine, with the result that he was able to draw a map of the mine... which was absolutely accurate.

"Shufelt said that the machine might be used for locating kidnaped persons, but that he would use it for that purpose only if absolute secrecy was guaranteed. He added that his life would not be worth very much if criminals knew what the device could do.

"By the beginning of February, 1934, the Shufelt-Macklin shaft had reached downward 250 feet, and was still being sunk, despite difficulty caused by water

encountered in is path.

"Several newspapers featured articles about the project. But then, shortly afterwards, the project was mysteriously halted, and then abandoned. The two investigators dropped from the news, and they and their efforts to reach the lost city of the Lizard People slipped into oblivion and were forgotten..."

The following letters appeared nearly a year after the above account was published, on pages 172-173 of the June, 1948 issue of AMAZING STORIES magazine:

Sirs:

Referring to your article entitled "Quest of the Lost City," by Stanford M. Cleveland, in the July 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES Magazine, I am enclosing copies of letters from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce which might be of interest to you, as they satisfactorily corroborate this article.

Mrs. Florence E. Stoppel,  
2933 Irving Park Road,  
Chicago 18, Illinois.

LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
December 11, 1947

Mrs. Florence E. Stoppel  
2933 Irving Park Road  
Chicago 18, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Stoppel:

The enclosed letter just received from Lloyd Aldrich, City Engineer of Los Angeles, will answer your inquiry of October 14 regarding the excavations made 1933-34 on the old Willis property, later included in the Banning estate.

Mr. Rex I. McCreary, one of the three men who

participated in the project, told me that the county permitted them to dig holes only fifty feet deep, fearing that excavations to a greater depth might cause cave-ins. Finally, the county ordered them to stomp digging altogether, so the holes were filled up and the project abandoned.

I was unable to locate either Mr. Martin, or the third man engaged in the project, Mr. Warren G. Shufelt, who had the apparatus used to establish the presence of metals, both having dropped out of sight, apparently.

Mr. Shufelt was the one who developed the theory or supposed information regarding the extensive underground chambers but nothing was ever discovered to bear out his beliefs.

It is quite possible, of course, that the supposed labyrinth really exists. But in view of the fact that the overlying area is in the immediate Civic Center area where an important building program is to be carried out including federal, state, county and city buildings, there is little probability of any further excavations.

We regret the delay in replying to your query.

(Signed) Arche M. Dunning,  
Publicity Dept.

(Forwarded Document received Arche M. Dunning of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, relating to the excavations):

Lloyd Aldrich, City Engineer, Dept. of Public Works  
City of Los Angeles, California. Bureau of Engineering  
Date: December 8, 1947 - File No.: 70

Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce  
1151 Broadway  
Los Angeles 15, California  
Subject: Excavation at 518 Hill Street

Attention: Mr. Archie M. Dunning, Publicity Dept.  
Gentlemen:

Referring to the letter of Florence E. Stoppel regarding the article concerning caves within the Fort Moore Hill Area, a search of back files of the "Times" reveals the following facts:

February 21, 1933, the County Board of Supervisors approved a contract with Rex I. McCreary, Warren G. Shufelt and Ray Martin to search for buried treasure on the old Willis property on Fort Moore Hill.

Hr. Shufelt had a radio directed apparatus which was purported to be able to locate gold or other precious metals at great depths. The permittees were to bear all expense, leave the property in its original condition, and share 50-50 with the county all treasure discovered.

Excavation started February 28, 1933.

March 27, 1933, permittees requested extension of time on the permit on the belief that there existed a labyrinth of tunnels embracing 1,900 feet in length with rooms containing 9,000 square feet of floor space with gold vaults in at least 16 places.

April 10, 1933, contract renewed.

January 29, 1934, was the first mention of a lizard people with high intelligence who had built and inhabited the tunnels of 5,000 years ago. One of the 5 shafts was 250 feet deep at this time.

March 5, 1934, the shafts had been filled in, the contract was cancelled.

Neither gold nor other treasure, if discovered, was ever turned over to the County.

(signed) LLOYD ALDRICH  
City Engineer

( Final Note by Branton: I heard a 'rumor' years ago that there is a secret entrance beneath the L.A. Public Library to an underground complex that eventually leads to the underground 'city' beneath Mt. Shasta in northern California. Only a very few were said to know about this extremely-well-concealed entrance... Just

how true this 'rumor' might be is anyone's guess, however it DOES raise the possibility that the underground 'Telosian' network of Mt. Shasta may have sub-bases farther south in California, and may have drained the catacombs mentioned in the article above, having turned them into more modernized bases. It must be remembered however that these are merely speculations. These catacomb-rooms may still be flooded for all we know. - Branton )

\*\*\*\*\*

(( ( END OF THE 'INNER-EARTH ENTRANCE' SERIES )))

\*\*\*\*\*