

EO



FLYING SAUCERS

MYSTERIES OF THE SPACE AGE



FIRST PHOTOS OF THE HOLE AT THE POLE!
Satellites ESSA - 3 and ESSA - 7 Penetrate Cloud Cover!
Mariners Also Photograph Martian Polar Opening!

PLATE 39. The late Ray Palmer, one of the "founding fathers" of UFOlogy, in later years promoted the notion that the earth is hollow and that there is a giant, gaping hole where the North Pole ought to be and that flying saucers originate from a civilization inside the polar hole (chapter 20). This photo supposedly "proving" the existence of the hole is a composite of several ESSA satellite photos taken on the same day; the "hole" represents the region where the sun never rises during the winter months.

PLATE 40. A photograph from the U.S. Defense Meteorological Satellite Program (DMSP), showing the Japanese squid fishing fleet (arrow) in its summer fishing area in the Sea of Japan (chapter 21). Each boat carries up to a third of a million watts of incandescent light to lure squid from the ocean depths. As can be seen from the photograph, the total light output from the fleet exceeds that of the city of Tokyo.



by Charles Berlitz

A curious legend has arisen, based on the overflight of the South Pole accomplished by Admiral Richard E. Byrd in 1929. It concerns a radio report allegedly broadcast by Admiral Byrd while in flight ---a report so incredible that it was officially silenced--the substance of the report concerning a sighting allegedly made by the Admiral in the vicinity of the pole. During his flight, which was being simultaneously broadcast, he suddenly emerged from a fog and found himself flying over a land free of ice and was able to distinguish vegetation, lakes, and what seemed to be animals resembling mammoths or huge buffaloes and also men in the vicinity of the animals. According to certain interested sources in the fields of zoology and exploration who attempted to follow up this report, the transmission was interrupted and the parts of the radio broadcast containing the unusual references were later excised. Popular credence in this unusual report, however, was later reinforced by Admiral Byrd's peculiarly phrased references to "that land beyond the Pole...the center of the great unknown..."

The fact that many persons seem to remember, or think they remember, the excised broadcast has provided a mystery within a mystery, including not only the question of what Admiral Byrd saw or was alleged to have seen, but what happened to the original report as well as a reported pamphlet written by Admiral Byrd, comprising less than a hundred pages describing his experience and which has disappeared from libraries and collections although, as in the case of the broadcast, there are still people who claim personal knowledge of this printed pamphlet.

The search for aural witnesses for this controversial and almost legendary broadcast is understandably difficult, since many people recall it but few are precise in their recollections. In this investigation a fortunate development has been the opportunity to record the testimony of Emily Ingram, of Miami, a court reporter whose occupation has trained her memory to considerable precision in recalling past events. Emily Ingram is a vivacious woman of a lively nature and a sense of humor, who still functions as an efficient court reporter after a long career. Her memory of the Byrd broadcast from the polar flight goes back to 1929. Emily Ingram recalls the incident in considerable detail:

We were living in Boston then and my father had recently purchased a new radio which had a loudspeaker as well as earphones. It plugged into the wall and had a large aerial. I remember the aerial because my dad fell off the roof while he was putting it up, but he finally got it working.

My mother was especially interested in listening to this broadcast from Admiral Byrd. It had been announced that he was going to follow the 70th parallel over the pole and that the flight would be broadcast as he did it. We got the radio station--it was a Boston station--and started listening to the broadcast over the loudspeaker. There was a lot of static and then we heard Admiral Byrd's voice. At first it was more or less routine, describing the flight over the snow and ice. Then the static increased again and suddenly the static stopped. Everything became quieter and then Byrd's voice came through quite clearly. Suddenly he was saying:

"Look! Do you see it? There is grass down there...the grass is lush...how green it is...there are flowers all over...they are beautiful...and look at the animals...they look like elk...the grass is growing up to their bellies...and look!...there are people too. They seem surprised to see a plane."

Then there was a lot of noise and static and that was the last we heard of the program. We could not get it again and then music came on the same station without any announcement.

We never heard an explanation about what happened. Some of our neighbors heard it too but they didn't know anything either. Admiral Byrd seemed to have been cut off in the middle of what he was saying. I was very interested to learn what had happened so I wrote to the Byrd family in Virginia--you know, the Senator--but I never received a reply from them.

The report of Admiral Byrd is often associated with this unusual but persistent legend, which has later also included somewhat similar sightings in both the arctic and the antarctic. According to alleged accounts by Byrd to fellow explorers, sightings were made of great beasts, mammoths, and the Pleistocene bison, enormous deer, and human beings."

Other qualified observers shared Byrd's observations in 1947, these include the fact that the atmosphere above the pole has only half the density of the rest of the earth's atmosphere and that it, as tested in ballons, grows warmer as it rises in the vicinity of the South Pole.

Lenæ Ellen Rudder

**A FLIGHT TO
THE LAND BEYOND
THE NORTH POLE**

The Missing Secret Diary of
Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd?

Forward by
Dr. Wm. Bernard, D.D., Ph.D.

FORWARD

The reader of the following documentation should find a striking example of devotion, especially when he considers that this combination Log-Diary was written in the year 1947 in the months of February and March under circumstances that evidently defied the imagination or credibility for those times or any others. Here is dealt with the evident answers and origin of the so-called UFO's, as well as the Hollow Earth, or as the Admiral so rightly described it, "That land beyond the Poles."

The reader will relive that period as he reads this document. To say that it is "fascinating" is to put it mildly. But read it now for yourself and I think you will conclude as did the Admiral. In his own words, "Just as the long night of the arctic ends the brilliant sunshine of truth shall come again, and those who are of darkness shall fail in its light."

Wm. Bernard, D.D., Ph.D

INTRODUCTION

I must write this diary in secrecy and obscurity. It concerns my arctic flight of the Nineteenth day of February in the year Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Seven.

There comes a time when the rationality of men must fade into insignificance, and one must accept the inevitability of truth.

I am not at liberty to disclose the following documentation at this writing. Perhaps it shall never see the light of public scrutiny. But I must do my duty and record here for all to read one day in a world in which, hopefully, the greed and exploitation of certain of mankind can no longer suppress that which is truth.



Admiral Richard E. Byrd, U.S.N. (Ret.)

PART 1

19 FEBRUARY 1947: BASE CAMP ARCTIC

FLIGHT LOG

----Hours: All preparations are complete for our flight northward, and we are airborne with full fuel load at ----hours.

----Hours: Fuel mixture on starboard engine seems too rich. Adjustment made and the Pratt Whitneys are running smoothly now.

----Hours: Position check with bubble sextant, recheck with sun compass our heading, execute slight heading change, and on course as planned.

----Hours: Radio check with base camp. All is well and radio reception is normal.

----Hours: Note slight oil leak in starboard engine. Oil pressure indicator seems normal, however.

----Hours: Slight turbulence noted from easterly direction at altitude of 2321 feet. Correction to 1700 feet. No further turbulence, but tail wind increases. Slight adjustment in throttle controls. Aircraft performing very well now.

----Hours: Radio check with base camp. Situation normal.

----Hours: Turbulence encountered again.

Increase altitude to 2900 feet. Smooth flight conditons again.

----Hours: Vast ice and snow below. Note coloration of yellowish nature, dispersed in a linear pattern. Altering course for a better examination of this color pattern below. Note reddish or purple color also. Circle this area two full turns and return to assigned compass heading. Positon check made again to base camp. Relay information concerning colorations in the ice and snow below.

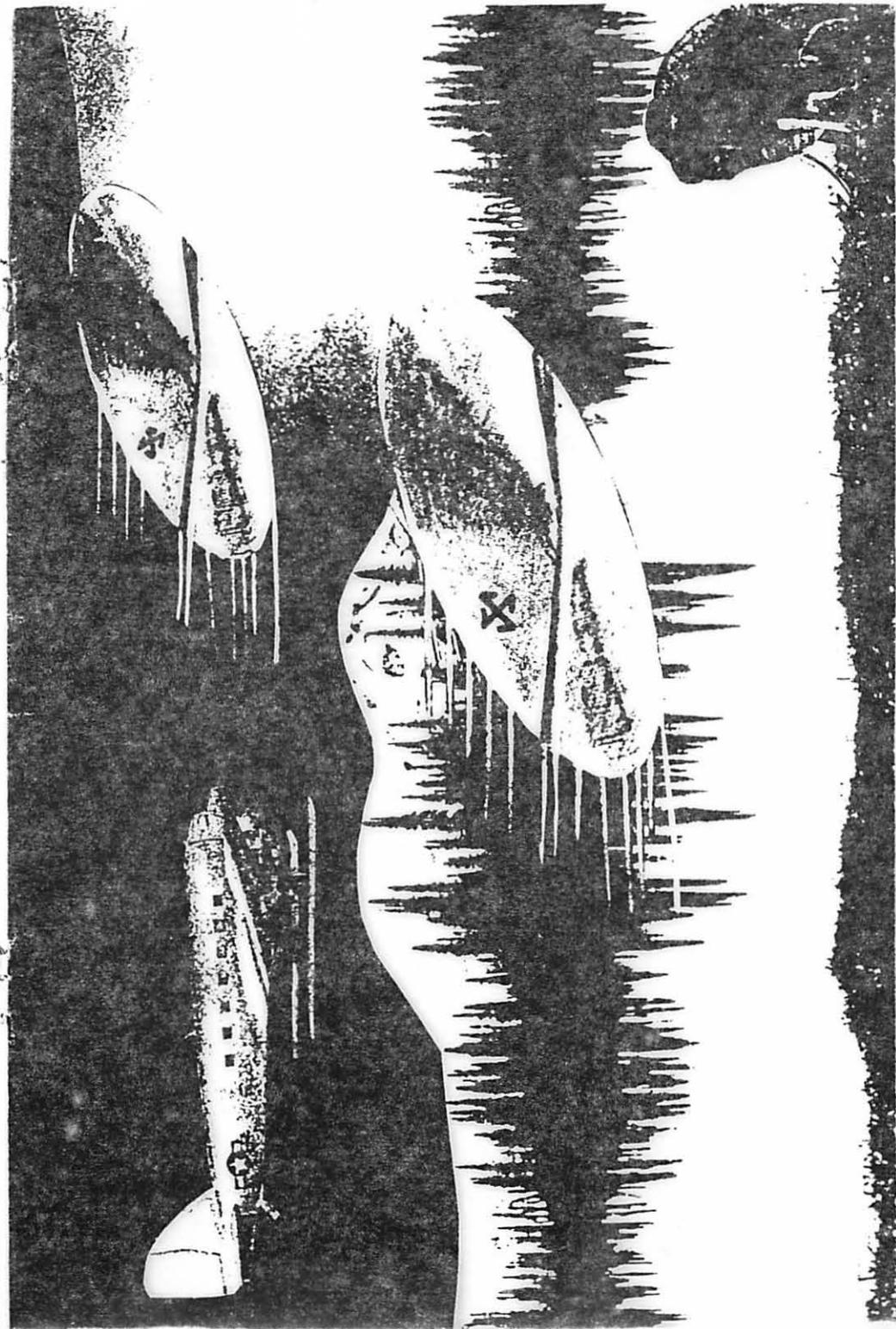
----Hours: Both magnetic and gyro compasses beginning to gyrate and wobble. We are unable to hold our heading by instrumentation. Take bearing with sun compass, yet all seems well. The controls are seemingly slow to respond and have sluggish quality, but there is no indication of icing.

----Hours: In the distance are what appear to be mountains.

----Hours: 29 minutes elapsed flight time from the first sighting of the mountains. It is no illusion. They are mountains, consisting of a small range that I have never seen before.

----Hours: Altitude change to 2950 feet. Encountering strong turbulence again.

----Hours: We are crossing over the small mountain range and still proceeding northward as best as can be ascertained. Beyond the mountain range is what appears to be a valley with a small river or stream running through the center portion.

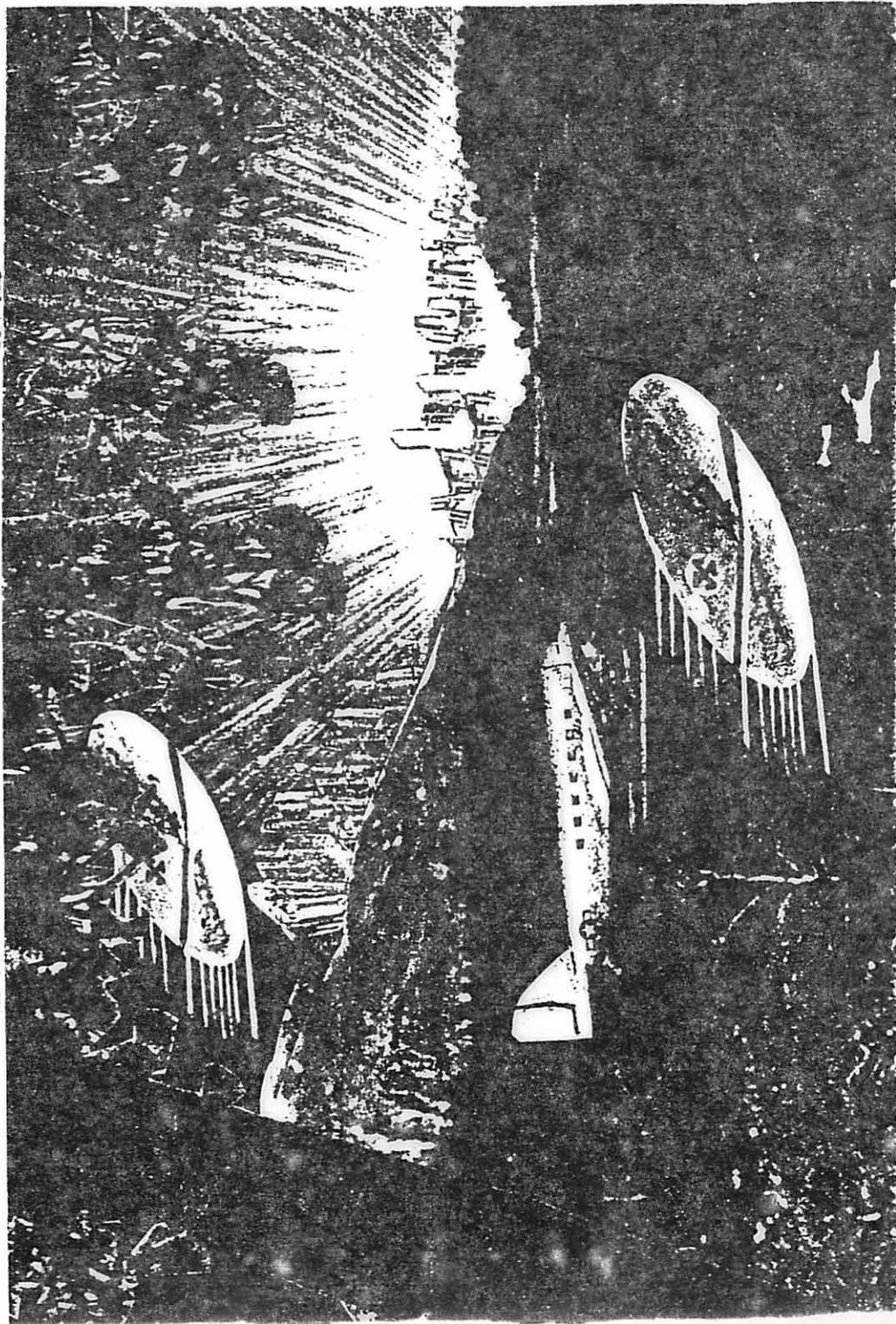


There should be no green valley below. Something is definitely wrong and abnormal here. We should be over ice and snow. To the portside are great forests growing on the mountain slopes. Our navigation instruments are still spinning. The gyroscope is oscillating back and forth.

----Hours: I alter altitude to 1400 feet and execute a sharp left turn to better examine the valley below. It is green with either moss or a type of tight-knit grass. The light here seems different. I cannot see the sun any more. We make another left turn and we spot what seems to be a large animal of some kind below us. It appears to be an elephant! No, it looks more like a mammoth! This is incredible. Yet, there it is. Decrease altitude to 1000 feet and take binoculars to better examine the animal. It is confirmed. It is definitely a mammoth-like animal. Report this to base camp.

----Hours: Encountering more rolling green hills now. The external temperature indicator reads 74 degrees Fahrenheit! Continuing on our heading now. Navigation instruments seem normal. I am puzzled over their actions. Attempt to contact base camp. Radio is not functioning.

----Hours: Countryside below is more level and normal (if I may use that word). Ahead we spot what seems to be a city! This is impossible. Aircraft seems light and oddly buoyant. The controls refuse to respond. MY GOD! Off our port and starboard wings are a strange type aircraft. They are close enough now to see the markings on them. It is a type of



Swastika! This is fantastic. Where are we? What has happened? I tug at the controls again. They will not respond. We are caught in an invisible vice grip of some type.

----Hours: Our radio crackles and a voice comes through in English with what perhaps is a slight Nordic or Germanic accent. The message is: "Welcome, Admiral, to our domain. We shall land you in exactly seven minutes. Relax, Admiral, you are in good hands." I note the engines of our plane have stopped running. The aircraft is under some strange control and is now turning itself. The controls are useless.

----Hours: Another radio message received. We begin the landing process now, and in moments the plane shudders slightly and begins a descent, as though caught in some great unseen elevator. The downward motion is negligible, and we touch down with only a slight jolt.

----Hours: I am making a hasty last entry in the flight log. Several men are approaching on foot toward our aircraft. They are tall with blond hair. In the distance is a large shimmering city, pulsating with rainbow hues of color. I do not know what is going to happen now, but I see no signs of weapons on those approaching. I hear now a voice ordering me by name to open the cargo door. I comply.

END LOG

PART 2

MEETING WITH THE ARIANNI

From this point I write all events from memory. It defies the imagination and would seem all but madness if it had not happened.

The radioman and I are taken from the aircraft. We are received in a most cordial manner. We are then boarded on a small platform-like conveyance with no wheels. It moves us toward the glowing city with great swiftness. The city seems to be made of a crystal material. Soon we arrive at a large building that is a type I have never seen before. It appears to be right off the design board of Frank Lloyd Wright, or perhaps more correctly, out of a Buck Rogers setting. We are given some type of warm beverage which tastes like nothing I have ever savored before. It is delicious. After about ten minutes two of our wondrous appearing hosts come to our quarters and announce that I am to accompany them. I have no choice but to comply. I leave my radioman behind and we walk a short distance and enter into what seems to be an elevator. We descend downward for some moments. The machine stops and the door lifts silently upward. We then proceed down a long hallway lit by a rose-colored light that seems to be emanating from the very walls themselves. One of the beings motions for us to stop before a great door. Over the door is an inscription that I cannot read.

The great door slides noiselessly open and I am beckoned to enter. One of my hosts speaks. "Have no fear, Admiral. You are to have an audience with the Master."

I step inside and my eyes adjust to the beautiful coloration that seems to be filling the room. Then I begin to see my surroundings. What greets my eyes is the most beautiful sight of my entire existence. It is, in fact, too beautiful and wondrous to describe. It is exquisite and delicate. I do not think there exists a human term that can describe it in any detail with justice.

My thoughts are interrupted in a cordial manner by a warm rich voice of melodious quality, "I bid you welcome to our domain, Admiral." I see a man with delicate features and with the etching of years upon his face. He is seated at a long table. He motions for me to sit down in one of the chairs. After I am seated, he places his fingertips together and smiles. He speaks softly again, and conveys the following. "We have allowed you to enter here because you are of noble character, and well-known on the Surface World, Admiral."

"Surface World?" I half gasp under my breath.

"Yes," the Master replies with a smile. "You are in the domain of the Arianni, the Inner World of the Earth. We shall not long delay your mission, and you will be safely escorted back to the surface, and to a distance beyond. But now, Admiral, I shall tell you why you have

been summoned here. Our interest rightly begins just after your race exploded the first atomic bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan. It was at that alarming time that we sent our flying machines, the Flugelrads, to your Surface World to investigate what your race had done. That is, of course, past history now, my dear Admiral, but I must continue on. You see, we have never interfered before in your race's wars and barbarity. But now we must, for you have learned to tamper with a certain power that is not for man; namely, that of atomic energy. Our emissaries have already delivered messages to the powers of your world, and yet they do not heed. Now you have been chosen to be witness here that our world does exist. You see, our culture and science is many thousands of years beyond your race, Admiral."

I interrupt, "But what does this have to do with me, Sir?"

The Master's eyes seem to penetrate deeply into my mind, and after studying me for a few moments he replies, "Your race has now reached the point of no return, for there are those among you who would destroy your very world rather than relinquish their power as they know it."

I nod, and the Master continues.

"In 1945, and afterward, we tried to contact your race, but our efforts were met with hostility. Our Flugelrads were fired upon. Yes, even pursued with malice and animosity by your fighter planes. So now I say to you, my son, there is a great

storm gathering in your world. A black fury that will not spend itself for many years. There will be no answer in your arms. There will be no safety in your science. It may rage on until every flower of your culture is trampled, and all human things are leveled in vast chaos. Your recent war was only a prelude of what is yet to come for your race. We here see it more clearly with each hour. Do you say I am mistaken?"

"No," I answer. "It happened once before. The dark ages came and they lasted for more than five hundred years."

"Yes, my son," replies the Master. "The dark ages that will come now for your race will cover the earth like a pall. But I believe that some of your race will live through the storm. Beyond that I cannot say. We see at a great distance a new world stirring from the ruins of your race, seeking its lost and legendary treasures. And they will be here, my son, safe in our keeping. When that time arrives we shall come forward again to help revive your culture and your race. Perhaps by then you will have learned the futility of war and its strife. And after that time certain of your culture and science will be returned for your race to begin anew. You, my son, are to return to the Surface World with this message."

With these closing words, our meeting seems at an end. I stand for a moment as in a dream, but yet I know this is reality, and for some strange reason I bow slightly, either out of respect or humility, I do not know which.

Suddenly, I am aware that the two beautiful hosts who have brought me here are again at my side. "This way, Admiral," motions one.

I turn once more before leaving and look back toward the Master. A gentle smile is etched on his delicate and ancient face. "Farewell, my son," he speaks. Then he gestures with a lovely slender hand a motion of peace, and our meeting is truly ended.

Quickly we walk back through the great door of the Master's chamber and once again enter into the elevator. The door slides silently downward and we are at once going upward. One of my hosts speaks again, "We must now make haste, Admiral, as the Master desires to delay you no longer on your scheduled timetable. You must return with his message to your race."

I say nothing. All of this is almost beyond belief. Once again my thoughts are interrupted as we stop. I enter the room and I am again with my radioman. He has an anxious expression on his face. As I approach I say, "It is all right, Howie. It is all right."

The two beings motion us toward the awaiting conveyance. We board, and soon arrive back at the aircraft. The engines are idling and we board immediately. The whole atmosphere seems charged now with a certain air of urgency. After the cargo door is closed the aircraft is lifted by that unseen force until we reach an altitude of 2700 feet. Two of their aircraft

are alongside for some distance, guiding us on our return way.

I must state here, the airspeed indicator registered no reading, yet we were moving along at a very rapid rate.

A radio message comes through. "We are leaving you now, Admiral. Your controls are free. Auf Wiedersehen!" We watch for a moment as the Flugelrads disappear into the pale blue sky.

The aircraft suddenly feels as though caught in a sharp downdraft. We quickly recover her control. We do not speak for some time, each man has his thoughts.

ENTRY IN FLIGHT LOG CONTINUES

----Hours: We are again over vast areas of ice and snow, and approximately 27 minutes from base camp. We radio them. They respond. We report all conditions normal. Normal? Base camp expresses relief at our re-established contact.

----Hours: We land smoothly at base camp. I have a mission...

END LOG ENTRIES

PART 3

11 MARCH 1947: MEETING AT THE PENTAGON

I have just attended a staff meeting at the Pentagon. I have stated fully my discovery and the message from the Master. All is duly recorded. The President has been advised. I am now detained for many hours (six hours, thirty-nine minutes, to be exact.) I am interviewed intently by top security forces and a medical team. It is an ordeal. I am placed under strict control, via the national security provisions of this United States of America. I am ORDERED TO REMAIN SILENT IN REGARD TO ALL THAT I HAVE LEARNED, ON BEHALF OF HUMANITY. Incredible. I am reminded that I am a military man and I must obey orders.

PART 4

30 DECEMBER 1956: FINAL ENTRY

These last few years that have elapsed since 1947 have not been kind. I now make my final entry in this singular diary. In closing I must state that I have faithfully kept this matter secret, as directed, all these years. It has been completely against my values of moral right. Now I seem to sense the long night coming on, and this secret will not die with me, but as all truth shall, it will triumph, and so it shall.

This can be the only hope for mankind. I have seen the truth and it has quickened my spirit and has set me free. I have done my duty toward the monstrous military industrial complex. Now the long night begins to approach. But there shall be an end. Just as the long night of the arctic ends, the brilliant sunshine of truth shall come again, and those who are of darkness shall fail in its light. For I have seen that land beyond the pole, that center of the great unknown.

Admiral R.E.B., USN
24 December 1956