

# The Hollow Earth

## FACT OR FICTION

### Secret Diary of Admiral Byrd?

Several years ago, a friend told me of an organization in Missouri that purportedly was selling a diary of Admiral Byrd's exploration of the North Pole. So I sent in an order to receive a copy of the book, it was a small booklet but quiet interesting. I do not know if this address is still good, but fortunately, someone posted the entire book (minus the pictures of course) on Internet and Jan Lamprecht reprinted this in the Hollow Earth List. For those of you who may want your own copy write to:

**Hollow Earth Society**  
Attn: Captain Wilhelm Shoush  
POB 142, Stanford, MO 65757

It is an incredible tale but I felt that the essence of the story was truthful and it gives the reader a good idea of what the people in the Inner Earth could be like. So read on .....

### ILLINOIS

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**Date:** Wed, 23 Aug 1995 17:24:47 -0700 (PDT)  
**From:** Steve Wingate  
**Subject:** The Secret Diary of Admiral Byrd.... (fwd)

----- Forwarded message -----  
**Date:** Thu, 24 Aug 1995 00:38:44 +0200  
**From:** Jan Lamprecht

KT,

Thanks for this. It will be nice for those who haven't read this little book.

The book does have a suspicious origin, but it makes for interesting (*though short*) reading.

Thanks.

**Jan.**

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This is a request to anyone out there. If any of you have heard of a book called, *\_The Secret Diary of Admiral Byrd\_*, then please tell me where you got it. I heard that it's about the inner Earth. It's supposed to be about an Arctic expedition. If you've read anything about it, then you'll know that Admiral Byrd was sent by President Hoover to examine the potential of mining the Arctic poles for Uranium.

If any of you have this file, then please give me your address and I'd like to send you a floppy disk to get a copy of it. Thanks.

**John**

Yesterday I received this diary of Admiral Byrd flight over the North Pole. After reviewing the copy of his diary I noticed there was no copy write on it so I decided to share this interesting account for others. Kortron

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

A Copy Of Admiral Richard B. BYRD  
foreword by: Dr. William Bernard Ph.d., D.D.

The reader of the following documentation should find a striking example of dire devotion. Especially when one considers that this log diary was written in the year 1947 in the months of February and March, under circumstances that evidently defied the imagination and credibility, for those times as any others. Here is dealt with the evident answers the origin of the so called UFOs, as well as the Hollow Earth, or as the admiral described.

### **The Land Beyond The Poles**

The reader will relive that period as he reads this document. To say it is fascinating is to place it

mildly, but to read it now for yourself, I know that you will conclude, in the Admirals own words " Just as the long night of the Arctic ends, the brilliant sunshine of truth shall come forth again, and those who are of Darkness shall fall in its Light". DR. D.B.

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## **Admiral Richard B. Byrd's Diary (Feb. Mar. 1947 )**

### **The exploration flight over the North Pole**

( The Inner Earth My Secret Diary )

I must write this diary in secrecy and obscurity. It concerns my Arctic flight of the nineteenth day of February in the year of Nineteen and Forty Seven.

There comes a time when the rationality of men must fade into insignificance and one must accept the inevitability of the 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 of greed and exploitation of certain of mankind can no longer suppress that which is truth.

### **FLIGHT LOG: BASE CAMP ARCTIC, 2/19/1947**

**0600 Hours-** All preparations are complete for our flight north ward and we are airborne with full fuel tanks at 0610 Hours.

**0620 Hours-** fuel mixture on starboard engine seems too rich, adjustment made and Pratt Whittneys are running smoothly.

**0730 Hours-** Radio Check with base camp. All is well and radio reception is normal.

**0740 Hours-** Note slight oil leak in starboard engine, oil pressure indicator seems normal, however.

**0800 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.

**0815 Hours-** Radio Check with base camp, situation normal.

**0830 Hours-** Turbulence encountered again, increase altitude to 2900 feet, smooth flight conditions again.

**0910 Hours-** Vast Ice and snow below, note coloration of yellowish nature, and disperse 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. Position check made again to base camp, and relay information concerning colorations in the Ice and snow below.

**0910 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!

**0915 Hours-** In the distance is what appears to be mountains.

**0949 Hours-** 29 minutes elapsed flight time from the first sighting of the mountains, it is no illusion. They are mountains and consisting of a small range that I have never seen before!

**0955 Hours-** Altitude change to 2950 feet, encountering strong turbulence again.

**1000 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!

**1005 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 anymore. 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.

**1030 Hours-** Encountering more rolling green hills now. The external temperature indicator reads 74 degrees Fahrenheit! Continuing on our heading now. Navigation instruments seem normal now. I am puzzled over their actions. Attempt to contact base camp. Radio is not functioning!

**1130 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 star board wings are a strange type of aircraft. They are closing rapidly alongside! They are disc-shaped and have a radiant quality to them. 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!

**1135 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.

**1140 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!

**1145 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**

From this point I write all the following events here 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 and we are received in a most cordial manner. We were then boarded on a small platform-like conveyance with no wheels! It moves us toward the glowing city with great swiftness. As we approach, 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 out of 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 tasted 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 that is 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 completely. Then I begin to see my surroundings. What greeted 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 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 let you 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 for 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 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 interrupted, 'But what does this have to do with me, Sir?'*

The Master's eyes seemed to penetrate deeply into my mind, and after studying me for a few moments he replied, *'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 nodded, and the Master continued, *'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,' replied 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 seemed at an end. I stood for a moment as in a dream....but, yet, I knew this was reality, and for some strange reason I bowed slightly, either out of respect or humility, I do not know which.

Suddenly, I was again aware that the two beautiful hosts who had brought me here were again at my side. 'This way, Admiral,' motioned one. I turned once more before leaving and looked back toward the Master. A gentle smile was etched on his delicate and ancient face. 'Farewell, my son,' he spoke, then he gestured with a lovely, slender hand a motion of peace and our meeting was truly ended.

Quickly, we walked back through the great door of the Master's chamber and once again entered into the elevator. The door slid silently downward and we were at once going upward. One of my hosts spoke again, *'We must now make haste, Admiral, as the Master desires to delay you no longer on your scheduled timetable and you must return with his message to your race.'*

I said nothing. All of this was almost beyond belief, and once again my thoughts were interrupted as we stopped. I entered the room and was again with my radioman. He had an

anxious expression on his face. As I approached, I said, *'It is all right, Howie, it is all right.'* The two beings motioned us toward the awaiting conveyance, we boarded, and soon arrived back at the aircraft. The engines were idling and we boarded immediately. The whole atmosphere seemed charged now with a certain air of urgency. After the cargo door was closed the aircraft was immediately lifted by that unseen force until we reached an altitude of 2700 feet. Two of the aircraft were 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.

**215 Hours-** A radio message comes through. *'We are leaving you now, Admiral, your controls are free. Auf Wiedersehen!!!!'* We watched for a moment as the flugelrads disappeared into the pale blue sky.

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

### **ENTRY IN FLIGHT LOG CONTINUES:**

**220 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.

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

### **END LOG ENTRIES.**

**March 11, 1947.** 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 several hours (six hours, thirty- nine minutes, to be exact.) I am interviewed intently by Top Security Forces and a medical team. It was 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 THE BEHALF OF HUMANITY1111 Incredible! I am reminded that I am a military man and I must obey orders.

### **30/12/56: FINAL ENTRY:**

These last few years 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 no 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 fall in it's Light..FOR I HAVE SEEN THAT LAND BEYOND THE POLE, THAT CENTER OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

**Admiral Richard E. Byrd**

United States Navy  
24 December 1956

## Highly Recommended Spiritual Jewelry Designer

I found this amazing website - [Ka Gold Jewelry](#) - featuring the cosmic jewelry artist David Weitzman. The jewelry creations are simply irresistible. What I liked most about David's work is that each jewel is molded with a special intention and meaning. The jewels enhance our life with qualities such as love, courage and abundance. For me wearing a jewel that is made with intent is a reminder of what really is important to me in life.

**My three favorite items:**



- [Hollow Earth Home](#)
- [Sectors](#)
- [UFO Home](#)

# Random Access Memory

Hello, my name is Paul Philippov. This blog is a notepad to share random bits of useful information. To learn about me visit my blog at <http://paulphilippov.com/>

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 2007

## *Hidden UFO war in Antarctica*

A lot of people were asking for translation of [the video](#). I've made a quick transcript in Russian and translated it to English. Sorry if it is not fully understandable =) English is not my native language. Proofreading and corrections in comments are welcomed.

Early 1947. Another expedition of legendary American polar explorer Richard Byrd came to the shores of Antarctica. Very strange expedition. Unlike the first three, this one is fully funded by the US Navy and has a military name - Operation Highjump.

Admiral Byrd leads a powerful Maritime Squadron: aircraft carrier Casablanca, 12 warships, a submarine, 25 airplanes and helicopters. Almost five thousand personnel. Exceptional contribution for a researching expedition.

December 2, 1946, before leaving squadrons in the Antarctic trip, Admiral Byrd at a meeting with the press remarked: "My expedition has a military nature." Details he did not say a word.

In late January 1947 started air reconnaissance in the area of the Antarctic continent Queen Maud Land. All goes according to plan. For the first few weeks, tens of thousands of aerial photographs taken. And suddenly something mysterious happens. The expedition, settled for six months, two months after its beginning is leaving the coast of Antarctica in a hurry. It looks like a runaway. Lost destroyer Murdock, nearly half deck aircraft, 68 sailors and officers.

Upon returning, Admiral Byrd appeared in front of a special commission of inquiry members of the United States Congress. In press leaks fragments from his report: "The United States should take protective action against enemy fighters, committing radius of the polar regions. In the case of a new war, America might face an attack of an enemy with the ability to fly from one pole to another with incredible speed!"

Who has frightened the American squadron?

For a year and a half before Admiral Byrd's expedition, in the summer of 1945, in the Argentinian port Mar del Plata(?) came and surrendered two German submarines. Not ordinary boats, but boats of the so-called "fuhrer's convoy." This is a secret compound fulfilled tasks, details of which still remain in deep secrecy. Crews submarines have been reluctant to testify. Still, the Americans managed to learn something. So the commander of U-530 spoke about his participation in the operation code-named Walkyrie-2. In

the three weeks before the end of the war his submarine emerged from Kiel and delivered to Antarctica relics of the Third Reich, Hitler's personal belongings, as well as passengers, persons which faces were covered with cloth. The commander of another boat, U-977, Hans Scheffel(?) showed that a little later repeated the same route. It turned out that German submarine repeatedly went to Antarctica the same way. But why there?!

Antarctica. In 1820 it was discovered by Russian mariners Bellingshausen and Lazarev. Since then, the mysterious continent, in the area exceeding Europe, is attracting researchers as a magnet. But shore ice dozens of meters in height long time made the mainland impregnable. Even a century later Antarctica is still almost unknown. And there was still evidence of German crew who had surrendered to Argentine authorities. Apparently, all of this extremely alarmed Americans. And in late 1946, the famous polar while American Navy Admiral Richard Byrd receives orders to destroy Nazi base in the Antarctic.

But it was not easy. Responding, which the American Squadron received still leave us with a lot of questions. The fact is that in Washington, Admiral Byrd reported not merely unthinkable possibility of fighter jets. He talked about the attack on the expedition strange "flying discs", which "... popped out of the water and moving with great speed, causing significant damage to the expedition." Here's how another witness describes a battle that took place on February 26, 1947. Participant of the expedition, an experienced military pilot John Sayerson(?) says:

"They popped out of the water as crazy and slipped between mast of our ships at such a speed that flows outraged air vomit radio aerial. Several "corsairs" had penetrated from Casablanca. I have not had a winkle and saw as two of them, damaged by mysterious rays from the front part of the flying discs sunk into the water near the ships. At that time I was on the deck of Casablanca. I did not understand what's going on. These thins did not provide a single sound. They silently slipped between warships and uninterruptedly spit deadly fire. Suddenly destroyer Murdock(?), who was in the 10 cables from of us, flashed bright flames and became a wilderness. Rescue boats from the other ships were immediately sent to the scene of the disaster, despite the danger. The whole nightmare lasted about 20 minutes. When flying discs again sink under water, we have to count the losses. They were appalling."

Who was the master of these flying discs? Was it Nazi Germany?

...

Thule and Vrill invited inventor Victor Shaubberger for cooperation. His legendary "explosive engine" can generate light, heat, and to propel machinery, using only the air and water. From the inventor needed only to create the engine specifically for the "flying disc." Consent is received. And five years later, in 1939, Vrill model of the disk with the engine of Shaubreger risen in the air. A rare photograph of the flight test drive in winter camouflage paint is surrendered.

...

On the drawing and pictures flying discs allocated Haunebu series. Information on the ships look like science fiction. Based on the descriptions they had to be used an alternative source of energy -- the so-called Hans Kohler converter, which does not require normal fuel. A disc Haunebu-III planned to fly even into space. Incredibly? Who knows ... Here is a trophy photo. The space suit of the pilot suggests that flights scheduled to hold if not in space, then at least in the stratosphere.

In trophy archives discovered another mysterious document. This is a huge scheme, in the 139 meters in length, with cigar-shaped ship Andromeda having hangar for five flying discs of Haunebu-II and Vrill types. What is this project for?

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Seems the video is not full, there's no logical end of the story and a couple of fragments in the middle are missed too.

#### Relevant articles from Wikipedia:

[Antarctica](#)

[Richard Byrd](#)

[Operation Highjump](#)

Update: Original video <http://www.youtube.com/v/xowxkqjfDb8> was deleted by Google



Recommend this on Google

Labels: antarctic, disc, documentary, english, flying, nazi, russian, translation, ufo, war

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