

Subject: Byrd's Journey To The Inner Earth.

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Subject: Byrd Journey To The Inner Earth.
July 4, 2011.

Here is an account of Admiral Byrd going to the Inner Earth.

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ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD AND THE INNER EARTH
Date: Tuesday, 3 July 2007,

I met John Byrd, Admiral Byrd's grandson, in the early 80's and this was his life's passion.

Subject: Inner Earth My Secret Diary - Admiral Richard E. Byrd - Arctic Flight on February 1947...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 writingperhaps 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 pres sure 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 port side 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! Air craft 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 along side! 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 S-astika!!! 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.

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 radio man 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 radio man 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 arose-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 finger tips 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.

Part 1.

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