



ANCIENT SKIES

"Come Search With Us!"

Official Logbook of the Ancient Astronaut Society

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THE CARBONIFEROUS FIVE

By EMIL T. OLAKOWSKI*

How the universe began and how long ago, are questions that cannot be answered by Man alone. Nor can Man determine his own origin or age. But, somewhere in the vastness of the outer reaches of space are omnipotent beings who have absolute knowledge of the origin and age of both Man and the universe. Of this I am convinced.

The "experts" teach that mankind has evolved from a lower form of animal life, but the fossil record does not support this view. The reality is that no direct evidence exists that man has evolved from animals, and probably none will ever be found. Man simply is not a modified fish, or a made-over ape. We are not members of that well-known but fabricated primate tree, and we do not owe any gratitude to the amphibians for our origin.

From time to time, well-publicized author-scientists appear on television and discuss the evolution of man as though it were a proven fact. But, now, more than ever, Man, in quest of his origin, is gazing skyward, not downward to hypothetical bestial beginnings. Scientists do not like to retreat from long-held beliefs. Nevertheless, their assumptions-turned fact about the beginnings of life on Earth must be re-examined.

The age of mankind is continually being pushed back. Some scientists now think that mankind may be as much as four million years old. However, this is but a drop in the proverbial bucket, when we consider that mankind on Earth may be three hundred million years old!

According to the geologic time scale, the Carboniferous, or Pennsylvanian, Period of the Paleozoic Era dates back about 300,000,000 years. It was the time of great forests, the first insects and reptiles, which for the first time began to lay eggs on land.

We have first-hand evidence of the Carboniferous stratum just 55 miles south of Chicago, in the strip-mine area of Braidwood. Coal from this area has been mined, and mountains of soft shale, now weathered to clay, have been scooped up and piled into huge mounds. For many years, fossil hunters have probed the Braidwood area for marine and plant fossils, but our own fossil hunts did not focus on marine or plant life, but rather on the existence of ancient man. Our suggestion that man may have lived contemporaneously with reptiles 300,000,000 years ago amused some people and irritated others.



Figure 1.

Our first find was in July, 1970, when my son, John, then 11, called out excitedly to me, and struggling up a steep incline, came to show me what he had found. Clutched in his hand was a pyritized cast of what appears to be a humanoid jawbone. Found in the 300,000,000 year old stratum where no evidence of mankind could have existed, according to the experts, the object was only a "freak of nature." But we continued our search, now with renewed inspiration and determination.

Two years later, in September, 1972, in the same stratum, we discovered what could be a pyritized fossil of a nearly hatched reptile, still nestled in its shell. Then, more evidence of the existence of humankind in that stratum was discovered in July, 1973, when we found a pyritized cast of a human footprint (See Figure 1). About five inches long, the print is well-arched, with distinct toes, and obviously capable of supporting a good walking gait.

During a world conference of anthropologists held in Chicago, I offered, first by telephone then by telegram, to place the jawbone and footprint fossils at their disposal for examination, but I was totally ignored, which brings to mind former President Truman's statement, "I hate to deal with experts. An expert is one who refuses to learn anything new. Because if he did, he would no longer be one."

I continued my explorations in the same gully where the other objects had been found, and in May, 1974 I found a small pyritized object which could be the skull of a small humanoid or monkey-like creature. About one month later, also in the same area, I discovered what I believe to be a small pyritized heart! I have shown the objects to several medical doctors who have confirmed that they could be of biological origin.

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The Carboniferous Five, as I have dubbed the objects, consisting of both humanoid and reptilian finds in the same stratum, strongly suggest that man and the first reptiles were contemporaries three hundred million years ago! Of course, this runs contrary to the theory of man's evolution. The evolutionists claim that at that early age the first reptile, presumably our ancestor, left the water to live on land, and, somehow, began to evolve into mammals. Millions of years later, the descendants of huge mammalian reptiles declined in size, somehow shrinking into small, ratlike creatures, which then became the first true mammals, 70,000,000 years ago. During the course of the ensuing millions of years, the land animals evolved. First the monkeys, about 40,000,000 years ago, then the elephants and whales, and finally, man, some four million years ago. All this appears to be more a miracle, than evolution!

Man's vestigial organs are still cited as evidence to support the evolutionary theory. At one time there were 180 supposed vestigial structures in man, but as medical knowledge increased, more and more of these were found to be functional, indeed vital. The original 180 have now been reduced to about six, but some scientists still theorize that man might lose his small toes, because, supposedly, they are getting smaller, more decrepit and with no functional strength. The fact is that our small toe is doing quite well, is essential and hasn't really changed in the last three hundred million years.

Some scientists are so convinced that we descended from the reptiles and early mammals that they believe our nightmares, considered another vestige, may be the result of a one hundred million year old warfare between reptiles and mammals; or that some bad dreams can be associated with a tree-swinging ancestor, who may have missed a limb and fell to the ground.

There are four vertebrae at the bottom of man's spine that fuse into the coccyx bone, which evolutionists have considered to be a vestigial tail. The coccyx is far from useless, however. Without it, we could not sit comfortably, but more importantly, the coccyx is an anchor point, for muscles and ligaments. Anthropoid apes have three bones in their coccyx. Man has four. Therefore, if the coccyx is a shrinking tail, then the ape has evolved further than man!

Man is a tool user. Much attention has been given to the fact that the chimpanzee is also a tool user, and that this suggests an evolutionary link between man and the chimp. But certain birds, and even insects have been observed using tools also.

In 1922, an unusual molar tooth was found in the State of Nebraska. Investigators agreed that the tooth must have belonged to a half-ape, half-man creature who lived about a million years ago. From just this one tooth, an entire ape-man was reconstructed from head to toe, and dubbed the "Nebraska Man." Years later, further discoveries proved that the tooth actually came from a peccary, a type of wild pig. So, we bade goodby to the Nebraska Man, and good riddance indeed, since he was purely the figment of the imagination of some "expert."

Some scientists theorize that there may be civilizations in the universe that are one billion years more advanced than our own. If so, then is it not reasonable to assume that in the remote past, perhaps 300,000,000 years ago, extraterrestrial intelligences set foot on Earth and left their footprint? Open-mindedness can eventually provide the key to many of the unanswered questions about the origin of mankind on Earth.

WE DEEPLY REGRET TO REPORT THAT ROBERT CHARROUX has died at his home in Charroux, France, at the age of 68. Mr. Charroux was an active member of the Ancient Astronaut Society and one of the foremost writers in the ancient astronaut field. His books include Forgotten Worlds, The Gods Unknown, Masters of the World, Legacy of the Gods, and The Mysterious Past.

BOOK REVIEW -

SECRETS OF THE STONES

By JOHN MICHELL, Penguin Books, New York

Sub-titled, the story of astro-archaeology, the book follows the rise of an archaeological theory which relates the designs and locations of megalithic sites to the observed positions of the heavenly bodies at the time they were constructed. Seemingly harmless enough, but it arouses passions; for behind the question of whether or not the megalith builders four thousand years ago practiced scientific astronomy there are other, more serious issues, and these concern the history and very nature of civilization. Two historical world views are displayed in mutual opposition. The modern view, informed by the theory of evolutionary progress, is of civilization as a recent and unique phenomenon. Against this is the older orthodoxy of Plato and the pagan philosophers, that civilization proceeds in cycles, from primitive settlement, through the development of agriculture and technology, to empire, decadence and oblivion - a pattern of events constantly repeated. The first of these beliefs, enshrined in modern orthodoxy, serves to justify many of the political and academic modes now dominant. It will not therefore lightly give way before its rival. Resistance to astro-archaeological theory has been intensified by the understanding that, if ancient people of Neolithic culture are credited with an astronomical science far in advance of medieval, and even in some respects of modern standards, current faith in the unique quality of our own scientific achievement is undermined. Yet evidence of a remarkably developed and widespread Stone Age science continues to accumulate. The citadel of archaeological orthodoxy is under siege, and a new historical paradigm is emerging to replace the old. The book is designed to illustrate the stages by which a new idea, in this case the theory behind astro-archaeology, promotes itself in status from lunacy to heresy to interesting notion and finally to the gates of orthodoxy.

Theories of science and scholarship, as well as religious beliefs, are subject to constant change, the orthodoxy of one age becoming the heresy of another, and vice versa. No creed, however firmly established, is proof against the fluctuating mental patterns of succeeding generations.

Mr. Michell is the author of The View Over Atlantis. He lives in Somerset, England.

RECOMMENDED READING:

MAYA RUINS OF MEXICO IN COLOR, W. M. Ferguson

MAYA CITIES - PLACEMAKING AND URBANIZATION,
G. F. Andrews
MEXICO, Michael Coe

THE LOST CIVILIZATION - THE STORY OF THE
CLASSIC MAYA, T. Patrick Culbert
THE OLMEC WORLD, Ignacio Bernal

SECRETS OF THE STONES, John Michell

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It was Thanksgiving Week 1976, and we were in the Yucatan Peninsula exploring Mayan ruins. Arriving in Merida, capital of the State of Yucatan, Mexico, our Ancient Astronaut Society Member Expedition made the two hour bus trip through flat, uninteresting countryside to Chichen Itza, one of the principal ceremonial centers of the ancient Maya. Much restoration work has been carried on here, primarily under the sponsorship of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University. El Castillo, the principal edifice, is a beautiful pyramidal structure capped with a small temple. Deep inside the pyramid is a small room, accessible only by a steep, narrow stairway, which houses an exquisite red Jaguar, made of polished stone.

Also restored are the ball court, the largest of many such so-called playfields at Mayan sites, and the Temple of the Warriors, with its adjoining Court of a Thousand Columns.

Nearby is the cenote, or Well of Sacrifice, where, we are told by romanticists who perpetuate the story, beautiful maidens were tossed into the deep black water to propitiate the Mayan gods.

At the ruins of "old" Chichen Itza, the most imposing structure is the Caracol, or observatory, with its round tower and inside circular stone stairway leading to the observation chamber at the top.

The rainy season had ended but that night we were drenched with a violent tropical thunderstorm that kept us awake much of the night. The next morning we motored back to Merida, then followed the highway south to the ruins of Uxmal, another important center of the Mayas, with its beautiful buildings and elegant architecture. Uxmal's principal structures are the House of the Dwarf, or Magician, a very steep pyramid that is difficult and tiring to climb (our guide showed us that standing in a certain spot facing the pyramid, he could clap his hands and a sharp sound like the ricochet of a bullet would echo from a small doorway set high up in the face of the structure); the Nunnery Quadrangle, consisting of four long, low buildings arranged in a rectangle enclosing a large court yard; and the Palace of the Governor, a narrow building over 300 feet long with elegant facades and four superbly crafted archways. The structures have been carefully restored and belie their more than one thousand years.

Next on our itinerary was a visit to Labna and surrounding ruins which are clustered a short distance to the southeast of Uxmal. The travel agency literature describes this "sidetrip" as a delightful outing through the scrub brush countryside. You are picked up at your hotel by gaily colored Jeeps that carry a delicious box-lunch which was prepared by your hotel chef, complete with cold soft drinks - but maybe you should take a cushion which you can rent at the hotel, because the road is a little bumpy in spots - and, after visiting the beautiful ruins of Labna, Sayil, Xlapak and Kabah and enjoying your picnic lunch in the open air at the ruins, the Jeeps will have you back at the hotel in time for a quick dip in the pool to refresh you before dinner. It sounded delightful!

Someone shouted, "Here come the Jeeps!", and we rushed from the hotel lobby to meet them. From a distance they looked elegant - one yellow, another blue, one a maroon and one brown. As they drew closer, it became obvious that they were not new; in fact, they were not all Jeeps - two were British Land Rovers - but they all had one thing in common - they were old! World War II vintage, in fact. I suspected that the Land Rovers had seen action in the North Africa campaigns.

We piled into the vehicles, four to a "Jeep," and then we were off - well, almost. One Jeep would not start and it had to be pushed, but it finally got going. This concerned me momentarily, but I let it pass. It was after 8:00 A.M. and we were anxious to get going.

Fortunately, the driver of the Jeep in which I was riding could speak English. He had lived for a while in California and then returned to the Yucatan with enough savings to buy this "fleet" and set himself up in business. I asked him what time we could expect to get back to the hotel and he said "about six." Ten hours? I knew from the travel brochure that it was only a 25 mile round trip, so how could it take ten hours? I concluded that either he was mistaken, or that there had been a misunderstanding.

We drove at a fast clip for a mile and a half on a good black top highway, then we slowed suddenly and swerved off the pavement onto a narrow dirt road leading into the bush. The sign read "LABNA 18." I asked the driver if that was miles, and he said "no, kilometers. It is about eleven miles, each way."

I quickly put eleven and eleven together and came up with twenty-two, so I tried again. "What time should we get to Labna?"

"If the road is good, and we don't have to stop too much, we should make it by noon", the driver answered as a matter of fact.

"Noon?" I laughed, "That's over three and a half hours from now!"

The driver did not answer because at that point we had arrived at the first of the many water holes that we would drive through that day, this one about 40 feet long, with brown, muddy water over one foot deep. The driver slowed the Jeep to a crawl, fortunately, because the water was squirting through small holes in the floorboard. I quickly replaced the cardboard that I had found there earlier, but thought should be removed.

The road, if one could call it that, was very narrow ("one way" is a gross understatement) and the tree branches scraped both sides of the Jeep.

My first concern was that the paint was being scratched, but I quickly realized that there was precious little left. I was riding "shotgun", so to speak, up front with the driver, and when the first tree branch slapped me in the face through the windowless opening, I realized that this was going to be no picnic. From that time on, I kept my eyes strained ahead to anticipate the branches and learned to duck just in time. Also, there could be no leisure arm-resting on the window sill.

The Jeep ground to a stop and the driver shifted a lever to engage the four wheel drive. Wondering why, I looked ahead at the road and saw none. Nothing but foot-deep ruts, stone outcroppings, tree trunks and boulders - but that was our road. We began a slow bump and grind over the stones and tree stubble, slip-sliding from one set of ruts into another. Fortunately, the top of the Jeep was not metal, because we were jostled about rather violently. Low hanging tree branches ripped at the canvas top and I began to feel sorry, first for the Jeep, then for its owner, and then most of all, for us. I wondered if the Jeep could take the punishment when we were abruptly jolted into a foot-deep rut into the edge of the forest. The skillful driver rocked the vehicle back and forth gently, and with almost no effort the little machine pulled itself out of what had appeared to be a quagmire. We talked little, because we had to hold on for dear life, keep a sharp look out ahead for ambushed branches, and most importantly, to let the driver concentrate on the job at hand. I began to admire his ability in maneuvering the little vehicle, slowly but surely, over what appeared to me to be impassable terrain. At times the road in front rose at an angle of 45 degrees up slippery boulders and fallen branches, but the driver knew just when to stop, change gears, and with a little sigh, nurse the groaning vehicle over a treacherous obstacle.

After an hour of this tortuous driving, and

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riding, I finally asked, "how often do you make this trip?"

"Every day," he answered with a proud smile.

"Every day?" I shouted, "how do the Jeeps hold together?"

"We drive them all day, and work on them all night," he explained as a matter of fact.

A visual inspection of our Land Rover "Jeep" showed that it was held together with wire, string, and mostly love. Only the essential parts remained in working condition, and the only glass was in the windshield. I do not know if the wipers worked; fortunately, we did not need them that day. I learned later that our Jeep was the best of the lot!

Bouncing around on the hard seats, holding on tightly to keep from falling out, and straining to anticipate the tree branches ahead, began to take their toll. I was getting exhausted. Finally, we came to a clearing in the forest, and our first stop, Sayil. What a relief to climb out of that machine!

We walked the short distance to the ruins and explored the one rather large building which had been restored in times past. It was beginning to "ruin" again. It has interesting, short stone columns at the doorways, similar to ones found in Egypt. The driver brought us back to reality by shouting that it was time to go. "We are only half way there," he moaned.

"I hope the road up ahead is not as bad as we have just crossed," I commented.

"It's worse," he said flatly.

I couldn't believe that it could be worse - but it was! This time there were many roads, and all were worse. The driver explained why the multiple choice. When the road gets so bad and the ruts get so deep that a Jeep cannot get through, the drivers get out with their machetes and hack a new road. The Jeeps all use this alternate route until it becomes impassable, then the process is repeated.

The going really got rough, large stone outcroppings in the path which had to be driven over, because there was no way around, only to half fall and slip down the other side into mud-filled ruts. The rains of the previous day did not help our plight, but it would have been only slightly better if the way had been dry. All of a sudden the Jeep in front of us stopped in the middle of a water hole, because the yellow Jeep in front of it had gotten stuck. Ours was the only Jeep equipped with a winch, and we could not get around the Jeep in front of us, so it was everybody out into the mud to push the yellow Jeep out. After a few minutes it was freed, but then the next one got stuck, so the process was repeated.

By the time we finally arrived at Labna, we were thoroughly exhausted, but the driver insisted that we visit the ruins before having lunch. It did not seem to matter, but from experience he knew that if we rested and satisfied our hunger first, we would tarry too long at the ruins and seriously delay the departure.

The most celebrated structure at Labna is the arch, which has been described as an architectural gem, and it definitely is that. Out here in the middle of nowhere, one gets a feeling of great loneliness; however, after climbing the tortuously steep sides of the large pyramidal structure (also called "El Castillo", its sides have not been restored and are a jumble of loose stones) with its high roof comb, a similar comb can be seen on another structure several miles away in perfect alignment. We wondered if this had not been some form of ancient communication system.

There are several other restored buildings at Labna, the main one of which is the Palace, with its ornate designs on the sides and also with short stone columns at the doorways. One interesting sight is a chultun, which is an in-ground water reservoir, typical of the Yucatecan Mayas. All the principal structures at Labna are connected by causeways, suggesting that the area may have been covered with water in the remote past.

We were eager to get at our picnic lunches, which made up in quantity what they lacked in quality. Each

box contained two hardboiled eggs, two chicken sandwiches, some fruit and a sugar cookie. At Labna, a chicken sandwich consists of a piece of fried chicken, bone and all, between two pieces of moldy bread! We ate as much as we could, but the local dogs seemed to be quite well fed. While we were having our repast, the drivers were busy checking over the Jeeps, changing wheels, and joking with the caretaker, who lived in this God-forsaken, remote spot in a single thatch-roof abode with his wife and small child. There may have been other inhabitants, but they were not visible. We gave the cookies to the child and the eggs to the dogs, then after taking care of the necessities (women on one side of the forest and men on the other), we settled into the Jeeps for the long ride back on the only way out - the way we had come in. By my calculations, now expert, it would be well past dark when we arrived back at the hotel, the pool would be closed, the dinner would be cold, and the beer warm.

Highlights of the return trip, however, kept it from being boring. The battery fell out of one of the Jeeps, one had no lights, and the right front wheel came off the blue Land Rover! We were the first to reach the paved road and we sped down the highway without looking back, but we should have. All the Jeeps arrived back at the hotel except the yellow one. It was still back in the woods, again stuck in the mud!

The pool was closed and the dinner was cold, but we were too tired to eat anyway. We fell into our beds, soon fast asleep and dreaming of the next day when we would begin another exciting adventure in the Yucatan.

DON'T LET THE FOREGOING REPORT DISCOURAGE YOU from taking part in the Society's exciting member expeditions. Remember, getting there is half the fun! Upcoming expeditions include:

1. Guatemala (Tikal) and Honduras (Copan), complete with Jeep trips into the jungle! December 27, 1978 to January 6, 1979.

2. Egypt (The Great Pyramid) with a four-day Nile River cruise, and England (Stonehenge). June-July, 1979.

If you are interested, act now because space is limited for both trips.

NEW WORLD HEADQUARTERS

Effective August 1, 1978, the Ancient Astronaut Society will move to its new offices. The new address is:

1921 St. Johns Avenue
Highland Park, Illinois 60035, USA
New telephone number: (312) 432-6230

THE FIGURE AT RIGHT IS A MAYAN HEIROGLYPH FOUND AT THE TEMPLE OF INSCRIPTIONS AT PALENQUE, MEXICO. NOTE THE TIGHT-FITTING SUIT AND HELMET. AN ASTRONAUT?



CORRECTION: Ancient Skies 5:2 incorrectly stated the address of Josef F. Blumrich. Please note that his correct address is:

1139 Noria Street
Laguna Beach, California 92651 USA