

**Subject:** Death Valley.

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Subject: Dearth Valley.  
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I have made many trips to Death Valley checking things out and have enjoyed every one of them. Here is some information compiled by a person called Branton.

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Subject: The S-crets of the Mojave - Branton (Page 1)  
Date: Thu, 2 Feb 2012

THE SE-RETS OF THE MOJAVE  
The C-nspiracy Against Reality  
-- Page #1

Compiled by 'The Group' -- Edited by 'Branton'  
"AND I WILL SHOW WONDERS IN THE HEAVEN ABOVE..."AND SIGNS  
IN THE EARTH BENEATH..."B-OD, AND FIRE, AND VAPOUR OF  
SMOKE..."  
A-ts 2:19

The author of the following story is a Navaho Indian. He revealed this tribal sec-et which he learned from the Paiute Indians, who inhabit the Great Basin and Mojave deserts of Utah, Nevada, and California. This native American, who went by the name Oga-Make, related the following account in appreciation for a story on the Navaho which appeared in the Spring of 1948 in a magazine which was carrying numerous articles on the mysterious "signs" or "fires" in the skies which were causing an enormous amount of confusion and debate during that same year, as well as the years following.

The article on the Navaho nation, which appeared in an earlier issue, told of the suffering that their tribe had gone through during past winter seasons, and encouraged the readership to send goods and supplies to help them through the upcoming winter of '48-'49, which many of them did.

In appreciation of this, Oga-Make related the following 'legend' which told of the sec-et history of the Americas which ran it's course, possibly thousands of years before w-ite men set their foot en masse upon it's shores:

"...Most of you who read this are probably white men of a bl0od only a century or two out of Europe. You speak in your papers of the Flying Saucers or Mystery Ships as something new, and strangely typical of the twentieth century. How could you but think otherwise? Yet if you had red skin, and were of a blo-od which had been born and bred of the land for untold thousands of years, you would know this is not true. You would know that your ancestors living in these mountains and upon these prairies for numberless generations, had seen these ships before, and had passed down the story in the legends which are the unwritten history of your people. You do not believe? Well, after all, why should you? But knowing your scornful unbelief, the storytellers of my people have closed their lips in bitterness against the outward flow of this knowledge.

"Yet, I have said to the storytellers this: now that the ships are being seen again, is it wise that we, the elder ra-e, keep our knowledge to ourselves? Thus for me, an American Indian, some of the sages among my people have talked, and if you care to, I shall permit you to sit down with us and listen.

"Let us say that it is dusk in that strange place which you, the wh-te-man, calls 'Death Valley.' I have passed tobacco...to the aged chief of the Paiutes who sits across a tiny fire from me and sprinkles corn meal upon the flames...

"The old chief looked like a wrinkled mummy as he sat there puffing upon his pipe. Yet his eyes were not those of the unseeing, but eyes which seemed to look back on long trails of time. His people had held the Inyo, Panamint and Death Valleys for untold centuries before the coming of the

whi-e-man.

Now we sat in the valley which -hite-man named for Death, but which the Paiute calls Tomesha--The Flaming Land. Here before me as I faced eastward, the Funerals (mountains forming Death Valley's eastern wall) were wrapped in purple-blue blankets about their feet while their faces were painted in scarlet. Behind me, the Panamints rose like a mile-high wall, dark against the sinking sun.

The old Paiute smoked my tobacco for a long time before he reverently blew the smoke to the four directions. Finally he spoke.

"'You ask me if we heard of the great silver airships in the days before w-ite-man brought his wagon trains into the land?'

"'Yes grandfather, I come seeking knowledge.' (Among all tribes of my people, grandfather is the term of greatest respect which one man can pay to another.)

"'We, the Paiute Nation, have known of these ships for untold generations. We also believe that we know something of the people who fly them. They are called The Hav-musuvus.'

"'Who are the Hav-musuvus?'

"'They are a people of the Panamints, and they are as ancient as Tomesha itself.'

"He smiled a little at my confusion.

"'You do not understand? Of course not. You are not a Paiute. Then listen closely and I will lead you back along the trail of the dim past.

"'When the world was young, and this valley which is now dry, parched desert, was a lush, hidden harbor of a blue water-sea which stretched from half way up those mountains to the Gulf of California, it is said that the Hav-musuvus came here in huge rowing-ships. They found great caverns in the Panamints, and in them they built one of their cities. At that time California was the island which the Indians of that state told the Spanish it was, and which they marked so on their maps.

"'Living in their hidden city, the Hav-musuvus ruled the sea with their fast rowing-ships, trading with far-away peoples and bringing strange goods to the great quays said still to exist in the caverns.

"'Then as untold centuries rolled past, the climate began to change. The water in the lake went down until there was no longer a way to the sea First the way was broken only by the southern mountains, over the tops of which goods could be carried. But as time went by, the water continued to shrink, until the day came when only a dry crust was all that remained of the great blue lake. Then the desert came, and the Fire-G-d began to walk across Tomesha, The Flaming-Land.

"'When the Hav-musuvus could no longer use their great rowing-ships, they began to think of other means to reach the world beyond. I suppose that is how it happened. We know that they began to use flying canoes. At first they were not large, these silvery ships with wings. They moved with a slight whirring sound, and a dipping movement, like an eagle.

"'The passing centuries brought other changes. Tribe after tribe swept across the land, fighting to possess it for awhile and passing like the storm of sand. In their mountain city still in the caverns, the Hav-musuvus dwelt in peace, far removed from the conflict. Sometimes they were seen in the distance, in their flying ships or riding on the snowy-white animals which took them from ledge to ledge up the cliffs. We have never seen these strange animals at any other place. To these people the passing centuries brought only larger and larger ships, moving always more silently.'

"'Have you ever seen a Hav-musuv?'

"'No, but we have many stories of them. There are reasons why one does not become too curious.'

"'Reasons?'

"'Yes. These strange people have weapons. One is a small tube which stuns one with a prickly feeling like a rain of cactus needles. One cannot move for hours, and during this time the mysterious ones vanish up the cliffs. The other weapon is deadly. It is a long, silvery tube. When this is pointed at you, death follows immediately.'

'But tell me about these people. What do they look like and how do they dress?'

"'They are a beautiful people. Their skin is a golden tint, and a head band holds back their long dark hair. They dress always in a white fine-spun garment which wraps around them and is draped upon one shoulder.

Pale sandals are worn upon their feet...'

"His voice trailed away in a puff of smoke. The purple shadows rising up the walls of the Funerals splashed like the waves of the ghost lake. The old man seemed to have fallen into a sort of trance, but I had one more question.

"'Has any Paiute ever spoken to a Hav-musuv, or were the Paiutes here when the great rowing-ships first appeared?'

"For some moments I wondered if he had heard me. Yet as is our custom, I waited patiently for the answer. Again he went through the ritual of the smoke-breathing to the four directions, and then his soft voice continued:

"'Yes. Once in the not-so-distant-past, but yet many generations before the coming of the Spanish, a Paiute chief lost his bride by sudden death. In his great and overwhelming grief, he thought of the Hav-musuv and their long tube-of-death. He wished to join her, so he bid farewell to his sorrowing people and set off to find the Hav-musuv. None appeared until the chief began to climb the almost unscalable Panamints. Then one of the men in white appeared suddenly before him with the long tube, and motioned him back. The chief made signs that he wished to die, and came on. The man in white made a long singing whistle and other Hav-musuv appeared. They spoke together in a strange tongue and then regarded the chief thoughtfully. Finally they made signs to him making him understand that they would take him with them.

"'Many weeks after his people had mourned him for dead, the Paiute chief came back to his camp. He had been in the giant underground valley of the Hav-musuv, he said, where white lights which burn night and day and never go out, or need any fuel, lit an ancient city of marble beauty. There he learned the language and the history of the mysterious people, giving them in turn the language and legends of the Paiutes. He said that he would have liked to remain there forever in the peace and beauty of their life, but they bade him return and use his new knowledge for his people.'

Part 1.

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