

THE SECRETS OF THE MOJAVE

[7th edition]

Compiled by 'The Group' -- Edited by 'Branton'

The author of the following story is a Navaho Indian. He revealed this tribal secret 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 secret history of the Americas which ran it's course, possibly thousands of years before white men set their foot en masse upon it's shores:

"...Most of you who read this are probably white men of a blood 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 blood 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 race, 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 white-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...