

Golden Vortex

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Chapter Eight:

GOLDEN COINCIDENCES

We process our perception to fit a mold.

–Don Juan Matus–

It was twenty-five years later, and this time I was sitting at Fred's living room table, rather than he at mine. There were no pyramids for him to dowse, but I did have my maps spread out, and was showing him where all the best vortexes could be found. He was more interested in where the bad ones might be, though, and asked about a certain town on Vancouver Island that he had recently visited.

From his glowing recommendation, I had a hunch he was considering this as a retirement location. I think his first worry was whether the wife could be coaxed into life along a rustic, out-of-the-way Canadian waterway with no roads in or out. After witnessing my impressive map demonstrations, he might have also been concerned about the possibility of an evil vortex making the plumbing break, and his ears ring.

Fred left the room, and came back with a big road map of British Columbia, which he opened on the table. I positioned my torus-shaped ring magnet over the mouth of Alberni Inlet, and dangled the little pendulum magnet close to it. He seemed happy with the complete lack of results, signifying no overt vortex nearby.

In the last several weeks before this, I'd been so busy hunting vortexes to the south that I'd ignored the North.

As we sat comparing stories, the Canadian map remained spread out between us, and this was a good opportunity to check it over. I slowly moved the speaker magnet north of Seattle until I got a reaction; up in the "bush" as the Canadians call the wilderness. It was about 120 miles above the border, which made it closer to the Seattle Vortex than I would have expected. At that time, I had not yet learned to appreciate that the curvature of the Planet collapsed these distances in the same way that arbitrary longitude lines get closer together.

"Well, there it is," I said. "A long way from Vancouver Island."

Fred leaned forward, studiously checked the position of my newly found vortex, and then commented with a grunt, "Huh?"

I waited, as he remained hovered over the map, evidently puzzled by something. Fred is not a person who can be hurried, but I was about to ask what had captured his attention, when he sat back, and inclined his head toward the donut-shaped magnet in an inscrutable nod.

"Look down through the hole," he said, his voice an oddly flat monotone.

I must have opened my mouth to ask why, when he added, "Just look."

I looked. For the first five seconds, nothing seemed out of the ordinary, and then what he wanted me to see slammed me right between the eyes. It felt almost like a real impact. I was looking at something that had been hanging around just below the radar screen of my perception for some time. It was a strange, minor coincidence I had noticed in passing, but not voiced.

Until that moment it was something I'd not even thought strongly about.

In Southern Oregon, four and a half miles from the House of Mystery, at the center of one of my 54-mile zones of influence, is the town of **Gold Hill**.

Seventy-two miles due west of the Oregon Vortex, the same distance as a 54-mile diameter vortex with a 9-mile corona on each side is where the Rogue river empties into the Pacific. At 42-degrees 26-minutes north latitude the Rogue River passes through the town of Gold Hill, and at the coast where the river meets the ocean is another town at 42-degrees 26-minutes North latitude; the seaside town of **Gold Beach**.

At the same distance as the Santa Cruz Mystery Spot is from the Monterey Bay Vortex center, 31.5 miles, and on a line pointing straight at Riverside, Washington from Seattle is the town of, **Gold Bar**.

On a magnetic north incline, and halfway up from the baseline forming Washington's trio of zones, is the community of Orondo, which translated from Spanish is **Deep Gold** (*Deep*, as in profound).

At the time Fred and I were having this conversation I still lived in the town of Oroville, which shares the Okanogan Vortex corona line with the larger Washington Vortex line of demarcation. The made-up name, Oroville, is of course, "Spanglish" for **Gold Town**.

What I saw at the bottom of the magnet's donut hole was a body of water called Carpenter Lake, and at the north end of the lake a dot denoting the Canadian town of **Gold Bridge**.

We looked each other in the eye for a long time before daring to talk about what had just occurred. I searched my memory for some small explanation.

I have read of so-called *L-Fields* that have been proposed to explain how a dumb insect like an ant, a termite, or a bee when banded together become like brain cells with legs and wings. An invisible quantum, action-at-a-distance connection exists, which turns the colony into a

collective genius. Ask a beekeeper how little time it takes for a single bee to die after the swarm leaves it behind.

I mentioned the L-Field theory to Fred by way of trying to comfort both of us. There wasn't much else to say in defense of this colossal coincidence of finding the word **gold** stamped at the exact places to which Pyramid math and the magnets pointed. I ruled out the possibility I may have physically influenced the magnets, because of my true ignorance of the existence of Gold Bridge, and I surely had nothing to do with naming these places.

To think this name-dropping on maps could have happened as a conscious decision was silly, and yet the only conclusion left was absurd.

I wondered if these six references to gold were all there would be? Running across these places on maps was at first accidental, but whatever happened next, because I was no longer honestly ignorant, would be the result of a deliberate search. If no other line, angle, or center of a vortex showed up with a gold name, then maybe the idea of an actual coincidence would stand.

The first thing I did was investigate a place I knew about in south-central Washington, called Goldendale. I don't know if I was relieved or disappointed when this town didn't seem to line up with anything.

This was also about the time I was putting together the "Golden" Section and the Fibonacci sequence connection, so I was also counting spaces out from Riverside, and Orondo to the lines of demarcation to see if anything fell on the spiral lines. At first none of the golden names lined up on these lines, and then I realized I was using the *counterclockwise north* spiral. When I switched to the *north polarity clockwise* application everything changed.

The first numbers of 1 and 1 were easy to find. They constitute 180-degrees of a small circle around Orondo. The numeral 2 shows no language correlation on the map. Number 3 hits halfway between the first 1 and the Okanogan Vortex corona line. 4 falls right on Highway 2 as it points straight toward Spokane. 5 occupies the space that the Queen's Chamber takes up in the Great Pyramid. Numbers 6 and 7 are in the wilderness, but 8 lands right on Gold Bar.

Numeral 13 is Oroville.

The second number 1 in the next higher sequence begins at the Tri Cities Vortex, and the spiraling line, just before it reaches the magnetic North line at the Washington corona, where it begins an even larger spiral, slices right through the town of **Goldendale**.

I am the first to admit the unbelievable, even fanciful nature of the kind of dots I'm connecting, and I have to constantly remind myself that I didn't *invent* any of this. These titles I didn't choose, were presented to me on charts I didn't draw.

Whatever its cause, this is an elegant, spell-binding picture of a part of Nature we haven't yet looked deeply into.

What would happen, I wondered, if I extended the Fibonacci sections into the next larger Golden Spiral sequence?

As in the nature of the nautilus shell, the spiral widens, quickly enters the Pacific Ocean, and sweeps toward Vancouver Island. It cuts the Island almost in half as it passes between the town of **Gold River** and a mountain called **Golden Hinde Peak**.

As it traces across the mainland, it passes north of **Gold Bridge** by the width of a 54-mile vortex, and continues on to a rendezvous with **Golden**, British Columbia.

As the line arches south of the border it passes through the vortex that is responsible for Montana's House of Mystery. From there it traverses between **Gold Creek**, Montana, and Orofino (**Fine Gold**) Camp Ground.

The spiral passes from Montana, through Idaho and into Nevada, where it slams into a town on Route 95 between McDermitt and Winnemucca called **Orovada**. Since *Nevada* in Spanish means *snowfall*, Orovada probably means a cascade of gold (*cascada de oro*), or **Falling Gold**.

Even the word snow gets mixed up in this crazy quilt of golden places.

A snowflake consists of six radiating arms upon which ice crystals form their well-known, unique patterns. These patterns are believed to be caused by tiny pockets of oxygen, a gas most attracted to magnetism. Magnetic fields, snow-flakes and vortexes share a dependence on the primary angle of 60-degrees, and the idea of snow having something to do with magnetic fields, or *power* goes back a long way into the past. Check the enigmatic statements of Job, 38: 22 and 23:

38:22: Have you entered into the *storehouses of the snow*, or
do you see even the storehouses of the hail,

38:23: Which I have *kept back* for the time of distress, for the
day of fight and war?

Our spiral line, which started at Orondo, Washington, has a few more miles to go from Orovada, Nevada. It ends near a lake that is about forty miles northeast of my old stomping grounds of Reno, Nevada. This lake was given an unbelievable unconscious name considering where the Fibonacci spiral line has been.

The Orondo–Orovada spiral line ends at the *North* end of **Pyramid Lake**.

There is only one way into the Great Pyramid: *The North entrance*.

Proceeding South there are more such spirals. From the Gold Hill area the spirals are quite complicated considering its 90-degree alignment with the Washington and Monterey Bay Vortexes. The reader is encouraged to peruse the map provided, and to count the impressive

number of times the word gold in at least three languages is used to construct these spiral lines, straight lines, and concentric lines.

Words, in this case, fail while at the same time they astound. Under this assault on common sense, logic is forced to give up the concept of a true coincidence. Reason, however, hangs on to the last, feeling a need to continue using the word coincidence to describe these phenomena, because the phenomena appear illogical given the reality we perceive. This kind of thing should not happen, and yet it clearly has happened.

I'd like to think debunkers are going to have huge difficulties with this stuff.

The problem with finding true coincidence here is this: If two coins are thrown in the air, and after they come to rest on the floor, a straight line between them can be drawn no matter how they land in relation to one another. If three coins are tossed up to fall on the floor, the odds of being able to draw a straight line between all three are immense. If four coins are flipped in the air, a number like ten to the umpteenth power would be needed to describe the possibility of having them arranged in a straight line when they came to rest. If three or four coins line up twice in a row, this is an amazing coincidence. If it happens again?

Now, let's try this one: A line is started from **Gold Bridge**, British Columbia and crosses **Oroville**, Washington. It moves straight over the Planet's curve in a southeasterly fashion to **Orofino**, Idaho. A few miles later, on the same angle it cuts over **Golden**, Idaho.

The straight line then intersects the spiral line that swings down from **Gold Creek**, and **Orofino Camp Ground**, Montana. The lines meet just a little southeast of a town called *Challis*, Idaho.

Challis is not a gold name, but since Gold Hill represents the pyramid of Chephren at Giza, this intersection is the equivalent mirror image of where the Sphinx would be located if it was built into the Northwest landscape. It is also twenty-degrees of arc from Gold Hill. (See Ill. #39)

The straight line continues through Utah, and enters Colorado near a burg called *Gateway*, but other than this, without checking local maps, it doesn't make obvious contact with anything golden in either Utah or Colorado.

Just northeast of Albuquerque, New Mexico, the line meets another town with the name of **Golden**. From here it slashes within a few miles of the famous city of Roswell.

Just inside Texas on Route 285, the line comes to a screeching halt at the town of *Orla*.

We know the line ends at *Orla*, because in Spanish the word means *border*, or *fringe*. A border is a place to cross, or change direction, and also the line from here all the way to South America encounters no more references to gold.

Looking west from Orla, at a little more than a hundred miles is **Orogrande**, New Mexico.

When a new line is drawn between Orla and Orogrande, the next place encountered is **Oro Valley**, Arizona.

This straight line continues westward toward San Diego, and into **Casa de Oro**, California.

Let's see, we have, **Gold** Bridge, **Oroville**, **Orofino**, **Golden**, **Golden**, **Orogrande**, **Oro** Valley, and Casa De **Oro** all on a straight line, which, assuming these places got their names in a random fashion, makes a minimum of eight coins tossed in the air.

If we consider Challis, and Orla as pertinent, then there are ten coins on the floor that have landed in a straight line!

It's true that there are two lines, but when a protractor is laid at Orla, Texas, using the line to Casa de Oro as the base, the line back up to Gold Bridge is at an angle of 51.43-degrees of arc, the angle of inclination from base to apex of the Great Pyramid. If this angle is counted as another coin on the floor, then that makes eleven in a straight line.

To further complicate the issue, I need to mention that Gold Bridge, British Columbia is situated as close to latitude 51-degrees, 26 minutes as it needs to be to represent the Great Pyramid's angle of inclination *from the center of the Earth*.

Coin number 12!

Anything else?

Well, yes.

After the baseline leaves San Diego it intersects in the Pacific Ocean a line coming down from Gold Bridge. This line is skewed from true north by almost 12-degrees, and is 90-degrees from the baseline. It cuts through Seattle, between Medford and Klamath Falls, and then right by the Mystery Spot at Santa Cruz, into the middle of the Monterey Bay Vortex, and across the center of the larger Pacific Vortex on its way to meet the baseline.

About halfway between this baseline and Gold Bridge is Mount Shasta, and it is from here that a really big vortex circle can be swung from Gold Bridge and the baseline. It should be recalled that there are five Bermuda Triangle type vortexes in the Northern Hemisphere, and the corona of this big circle touches the northern point of the Vortex zone out from Hawaii. The Orla–Casa de Oro baseline also ends at this point. From this same point, a line back to Gold Bridge is 60-degrees from the baseline making this a very large Isosceles triangle. This angle is line number 7 on diagram # 22.

When the Orla–Gold Bridge line is extended farther north on a Great Circle route, it passes through The Klondike **Gold** Rush National Historical Park in the most northeastern section of British Columbia. Still following the curvature of the Earth, the line passes just to the south of

Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, and goes on to contact Siberia at 90-degrees from the Magnetic North Pole. From the point where this line crosses that 20-degree line on its way to Egypt beyond the Magnetic Pole, the angle to the northern Siberian Coast near the Island of Vrangelya is 51.43 degrees of arc.

There doesn't seem to be anything golden printed on the map of Alaska, especially near Prudhoe Bay. However, if we wanted to fudge the line and indulge in slang, the stuff being pumped out of the ground at Prudhoe Bay, and that which the oil companies say is in abundance in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge is often referred to as, black **gold**.

Going back to the Hawaiian Triangle: If a line from this Triangle's center is drawn through the Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park, it will be at 72-degrees and constitute the eighth line from diagram # 22. The ninth line from this diagram, drawn from the southern point of the Hawaiian Triangle to the axis of the Earth (150-degrees longitude) is of course 90-degrees to the equator, and it crosses Prudhoe Bay.

For those who wish to check these statements on maps, it must be remembered that the Earth's curved surface has to be taken into account. Cartographers have an inherent problem of drawing maps of a round world on flat surfaces, which they have solved in various ways. If a short distance is involved no one worries about the horizon, but a depiction of a large area such as the expanse of the United States presents an accuracy dilemma. One radical solution is the Mercator Projection, an example of which is the depiction of Greenland on a world map to be the size of South America when it is really only about the size of Argentina. The Mercator Projection shows correct relationships, but incorrect dimensions. It's best to measure these things on globes or Mercator maps, but generally a state road map will work even though such maps are flat.

(Ill. #40)

Meanwhile, the centerpiece of all this measuring, Mount Shasta, has been noted for a long, long time as very strange place. A few people claim the area around Mount Shasta is the last remaining land above water that once belonged to the sunken continent of Lemuria. Others go to the Mountain to meditate, and perhaps try to catch a glimpse of those weird people who supposedly used to wander into the town of Weed, clad in flowing robes, who bought things with pure gold.

I had my own strange run-in with this area, which will be recounted later.

These sorts of bizarre, extrinsic things keep entering my life, and then fall neatly into place. Every so often, though, a problem turns up causing me to wonder if I might be fooling myself? The reality-based part of me is almost gleeful at these times, and argues that I should toss out all this nonsense and go get a real job.

I was having a bit of trouble with the Seattle Vortex measurements, and a nagging apprehension about how terribly convenient it is to find one of these things hanging around a city was keeping me from solving the problem. I'd heard of old-timer pilots complaining about instrument fluctuations on a north approach to Boeing Field in Seattle, but I still balked at locating one of these things in a big metropolitan area. The larger Seattle Vortex was found by poking around on state road maps, but the closest I'd come to pin pointing this thing was to place it in Puget Sound just off Discovery Park. The problem was that this point is off by four or five miles in so far as rectifying the position of the town of Gold Bar. It also slightly skews the angle of the line back to the Tri Cities area.

Since I had finally learned the exact center of the Gold Hill Vortex is the hill east of the town of Gold Hill, and not the House of Mystery site, I decided it was time to find the axis of the Seattle anomaly.

For this task I dug out an old Seattle city map so as to get close to my work. I'd spent about two years living in this city, and I knew it quite well, but even so I was beset by an odd, intense desire to disregard the obvious.

The first thing I had to do was ignore Reason.

North of downtown, and just west of old Highway 99 is the Woodland Park Zoo. The Zoo looks down across the Highway toward the obvious: A small body of water called Greenlake. The lake is about three-quarters of a mile across, which makes its nearly circular shape an undisguised candidate for the vortex center. The whole lake is a part of Woodlawn Park with lawns and jogging paths encircling it, and beyond the Park boundaries the shoreline is ringed about with streets and dwellings.

When I applied my magnets, Greenlake announced itself as the dead-zone center of the Seattle Vortex. As always though, if what the magnets infer isn't corroborated by the connecting of the lines and angles to other such places, then the results can't be trusted. I immediately found several verifying lines, so the lesson about paying attention to the obvious was learned one more time.

There is a really big "electron" spinning rapidly, but chugging around the lakeshore about every two hours, just like the one orbiting the town of Gold Hill, and similar to the smaller one out behind the House of Mystery.

From Greenlake the distance to Gold Bar is just right at 31.5 miles, the radius of a 72-mile-diameter vortex. The line from Riverside, through Gold Bar, and then Greenlake comes out exactly four and a half miles beyond Greenlake on the west side of Discovery Park. About a half-mile offshore in Puget Sound is a vortex similar in size to the House of Mystery Vortex. Nobody will be walking around having his or her height changed, however. This vortex is over water.

While involved in mapping out the above, another obvious fact gave me a good whack. I thought I wouldn't run up against golden words in

Seattle, and then I remembered driving by Greenlake hundreds of times on "old" Highway 99. In 1962 and '63, when I lived there, and Interstate-5 was in the process of being built, Highway 99 was the only good way through the city. Highway 99 was also a city street, known then and now as, Aurora Avenue.

Aurora: the **golden** goddess of dawn. *Aurum*: Latin for **gold**.

In Seattle, Aurora Avenue runs north and south.

I'm sure, as we travel around, most of us speculate how places get their names? Many who drive Interstate 5 in Oregon sometimes question what State they are in:

Portland, Oregon, or Maine?

Albany, Oregon, or New York?

Salem, Oregon or Massachusetts?

Lebanon, Oregon, or Pennsylvania?

Saginaw, Oregon, or Michigan.

Peoria, Oregon, or Illinois?

Florence, Oregon, or Italy?

London, Oregon, or England?

The list of pirated city names in this state is long, and no doubt has much to do with homesickness felt by early settlers who toiled the Oregon Trail in covered wagons. People who built these cities and towns came from places with these names.

The titles of towns like Gold Hill, and Oroville have a lot to do with the fact that gold was discovered and mined near them. However, the discovery and mining can't have anything to do with why the names line up so perfectly in relation to these vortexes. Many towns and cities grew up near, or because of gold mines, but don't have names identified with the metal that came from the ground near them.

Though the names usually involve variations of the word gold, other oddities creep in from time to time. Oddities like the Town of Aurora (**Golden**), Oregon, just south of Portland.

A straight line from Aurora to Upper Klamath Lake, where it crosses the corona line that passes above Eugene, encounters the town of Nimrod. Nimrod was supposed to be the great grandson of Noah, and Hebrew legend identifies him as a mighty hunter. If we are to consider the Gold Hill–Klamath Vortex as the middle star in Orion's Belt, and Orion is also a mighty hunter, what do we make of this?

Whoever christened the town of Nimrod could have called it anything, or started the town fifty miles away and missed these lines. Aurora itself could have received a different name, or been placed to one side or the other of the North–South line connecting Gold Bridge, Seattle, Santa Cruz, et al.

One of the fun things about working at the House of Mystery was meeting and talking with the many interesting folks who stop by. One of the more intriguing of these was a woman who lived in the area, and

complains that a force line from the Vortex runs through her house. She is certain this line comes right out of her fireplace, and it evidently interferes with her life. She is something of a fun-loving sensitive, and we all had a great time when she came by.

She is Greek. Her name is Aurelia, and, no kidding, it means, *The Golden One*.

I know the general area where she lives, and I have not been able to plot any sort of line from the Vortex in her direction. However, a line from *Aurora*, 250 miles north, which passes down the road *Aurelia* lives on, is 23.4-degrees off the line that goes through Nimrod. As an aside, on its way to her house the line runs through a spot on the map called. Nonpareil (*A paragon, or a 6-point interlinear space in printing*). A line from true north of Nonpareil to Nimrod is about 52-degrees of arc, and a similar line from Aurelia's house is 60-degrees.

If I ever run across her again I'll enjoy pointing out that the disruption of her fireplace isn't the fault of the House of Mystery Vortex.

I have searched atlases across most of Canada, Mexico, and the United States, and it appears the gold-naming phenomenon is mostly the property of the western side of the North American continent. For a time, it looked like Golden and Aurora, Colorado, both of which are suburbs of Denver had nothing to do with any of this. Then I saw that the Denver area is 23.4-degrees off the Orla-Gold Bridge line.

When I revisited Orla, Texas on the map, I saw something else. The distance from Orla to Orogrande when plotted on the Gold Bridge line shows the radius of a line of demarcation of another vortex, which swings from Orla to just beyond Roswell, New Mexico. The radius of this line when chopped into thirds gives the corona width, and when added out from the line of demarcation this corona line cuts through a town northwest of Roswell called, **Corona**. It's a town that's also smack on the 51.43-degree Gold Bridge line. When plotted from Orogrande, Roswell and Corona are about 40-degrees apart.

Ill. #41.

I am not going to try making a case for this area being a natural portal for alien visitors. I'll let others do this, and my guess is that they'll give it a try. There is a better candidate, however, for this kind of connection, and I fell into it while still back on the apple ranch.

My neighbor, Mauricio and his family came from El Salvador. His father lives there, but comes north to visit once or twice a year. One day, Mauricio told me that his father, after being in the area for three or four months also becomes stricken with ringing in the ears, but when he goes home his ears quiet right down.

After hearing this, I got out the magnets and maps, and learned the whole country of El Salvador is apparently a vortex. It is also one of those places on the Earth where Magnetic North and True North are the same.

A longitude line goes due north from El Salvador, through the Yucatan, Pensacola, Florida, up the middle of Lake Michigan, to Hudson's Bay, Baffin Island and the North Magnetic Pole, finally stopping at the axis of the Earth.

I'd been tracking vortexes East, but hadn't gotten to the area around the Gulf of Mexico. All of a sudden the boot of Louisiana, as it hangs out there in the Gulf of Mexico, looked suspicious. It looked obvious. It looked like a circle of just the correct size might tuck right in under Biloxi, Mississippi, and just east of New Orleans. It appeared that a double vortex like the Gold Hill–Klamath Lake configuration ought to sit just off shore in the Gulf, with the eastern twin vortex circle situated due south of Pensacola, Florida. A line down through Mobile Bay, Alabama would cut them right down the middle.

Not only did it look like these phenomena should exist here, my magnets agreed, and some very interesting lines and distance ratios verified my suspicions.

There are quite a few things about this discovery that are significant:

Lines drawn on a *great circle route* to Miami from Gold Bridge, Seattle, and Gold Hill, touch this twin Vortex in different places making a 12-degree angle between them when checked from Miami. A line drawn to the West on a *flat map* from Pensacola, cuts through Corona near Roswell, into Arizona and between the towns of **Gold Road** and **Golden Shores**, to **Orogrande**, California, then terminates at the apex of the Pacific Vortex of which Monterey Bay is a part.

The distance from the Pensacola area to downtown Miami is the *exact* distance from Miami to the center of the Bermuda Triangle.

The significance of that stone circle, which was found in Miami, looks huge, but I still don't think it was necessary for ancient man to have flying machines to put these things on *ley* lines.

South of the city of Pensacola, on a long spit of land dividing Pensacola Bay from the Gulf of Mexico, is the town of Gulf Breeze. For a number of years, Gulf Breeze is a place where a person can almost make a reservation to see a UFO up close. I had an occasion to view an aerial photo of Gulf Breeze, and it tied my guts in a knot. For some reason these folks built their streets in a double circle pattern.

Here, might there be a portal?

At the bottom of Louisiana's boot, a few miles from Grand Isle on Route 1, is the town of **Golden Meadow**. As measured from a true line of latitude, Gulf Breeze is 23.4-degrees of arc from Golden Meadow.

When a line is drawn west from Miami across the Everglades toward Naples it encounters a town called, **Golden Gate**. This line when extended across the Gulf toward Louisiana intersects Golden Meadow, and continues on to Orla, Orogrande, Oro Valley, Casa de Oro and

beyond. This line appears as perfectly straight from Miami to the San Diego area because on flat maps the southern boundaries are in scale.

From Miami to the North, another straight line the same inclination as the line through the Pacific Coast "pyramid areas", skirts the East Coast, and helps form the baseline of another triangle of three 54-mile vortex areas off the coasts of New York and Massachusetts. The northern leg of this trio of vortexes encompasses Cape Cod Bay, and the southern leg is just off the northern tip of Long Island; Montauk, which I later learned has a story or two applied to it. The apex is to the east in the Atlantic Ocean.

I don't know if this triangle has anything to do with 747's falling out of the sky, but if I were departing Kennedy Airport on my way to Europe via a great circle route, I think I'd like the pilot to go a little farther North before turning East.

A line drawn from Cape Cod Bay to the West terminates at Gold Bridge, British Columbia, and completes a perfect rectangle that can be evenly divided into two squares. This rectangle looks suspiciously like a really, really big King's Chamber, and the exact center of it looks to be comfortably close to a town in Nebraska called...**Aurora**.

I could easily clutter up this map with more lines through more towns called either, Gold(something), Aurora, Aurelia, or Oro (this, that or the other thing), but I leave that to the reader if he or she hasn't anything better to do.

I do need, however, to point out that the 30-degree North latitude line scrapes itself on the vortex circle around Orla, and then cuts straight through the centers of the twin vortex circles between Louisiana and Pensacola, continues east through the exact center of the Bermuda Triangle, and finally to the city of Cairo, Egypt.

(Ill. #42)

It could be noted that a town about a hundred miles south of Santa Cruz, which would equal the Great Pyramid's underground chamber of the larger Pacific Vortex, called Harmony, lines up with the California town of Tranquility, Gold Hill, Nevada, Orovada, and we-know-where Montana, but I won't mess up the map with this either.

The point is: There's something mighty funny going on around here.