



## The Hidden Wilderness: Admiral Byrd and the Pole People

by Noel Joshua Hadley

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THE FIRST thing you need to know about Admiral Byrd is that he was a **33-degree Freemason**. What this tells us is that everything within his narrative comes by way of controlled opposition. Precisely like the others before him who *shaped* our world. No, he was never trying to squeeze the truth from the teat of the golden calf. No, he wasn't flipping the Establishment the Byrd. No, they never needed to shut him up for claiming there was unseen land "beyond the pole." You don't attain the 33-degree with loose lips. FYI, I wouldn't have the faintest clue how one ultimately becomes 33 if that's what you're asking, but I figure closeted tendencies towards The Big Eye have something to do with it. Invitations are sent out. Lodge brothers arrive at the ceremony wearing a noose and an apron. Everybody pinkie swears. *Ridiculous*. But then becoming a 33-degree *also* involves proving your hand as a Wizard. And Byrd was very much one of those in case you were wondering.

Resumes such as Byrd's often come with a family tree to match. Big surprise then to learn that his genealogy is as wild and resourceful as his adventures on Earth. The guy was quite literally American royalty. His **9th great-grandmother** was **Pocahontas** of all people. Royalty. But is he a **Bush**? You and I think alike it seems because I too had the same question. I checked. *He is*. Not to mention the **Roosevelts** and the **Adams** and numerous other United States Presidents filling in the rank of cousins, as well as **Queen Elizabeth II** and the British royals. They're all kissing cousins.

I could go on and on, but let's look at a few familiar basics. I did a little extra digging, and this is what I came up with. Byrd is directly descended from **12 Magna Carte sureties**, thereby ensuring that the same line-up of Qayin city entertainers and celebrities fill his family tree. **20th great-grandfathers** include **Hugh le Bigod**, **William d'Aubeney**, **John de Lacy**, **Gilbert de Clare**, **Robert de Ros**, and **John Fitz Robert**. **21st great-grandfathers** **Richard de Clare**, **Saher de Quincy**, **Roger le Bigod**, **Henry de Bohun**, and **Robert de Vere**. There is one **26th great-grandfather surety**, **Geoffrey de Say**.

The *other* thing about Byrd is he had a particular fondness for Eskimo boots and a cozy fur lined hood. Under the circumstances, I can't blame him. But then going even further back into history we find **King Edward I**, Byrd's **18th great grandfather**. **King Henry III**, **19th-great grandfather**. **William the Conqueror**, **24th-great grandfather**. **King Louis VI**, **24th-great grandfather**. **King Robert I**, **29th-great grandfather**. **Alfred the Great**, **31st great-grandfather**. And finally, last but certainly not least, **Charlemagne**, **33rd-great grandfather**.

You have probably heard the one about Admiral Byrd visiting the north pole then. Only it wasn't the Hyperborea that we have come to know with Mercator. Byrd's version of the uttermost-extreme north involves a hallow earth and the **swastika** people. That's if we're going by the pages of his supposed lost diary, which was conveniently discovered for us during the dawning hours of the Intel-net. I basically sat here for the last half an hour or so deciding upon whether I should quote from the entire entry or not. It's something like 10-pages long. Why waist the paper? I ended up posting it on the website for your reading pleasure. [The Lost Diary](#). How everything plays out line for line is quite silly. Doesn't make it fiction though. Frankly, I haven't the faintest clue who wrote it. Perhaps Byrd did for all I know. Was it purportedly lost but then found next to

the typewriter at Langley is another question I have. Most likely to discredit the entire idea I'm putting forward.

Well, here is the cliff notes version of it. Some three hours after leaving the runway of his arctic base camp in February of 1947 [he left at 0600], Byrd observes how his Magnetic and Gyro compasses have begun to gyrate and wobble, rendering him handicap from holding his course through instrumentation. His sun compass will have to do. Within minutes he spies mountains on the horizon. Within the hour those mountains produce a green valley with a river running through its center portion. His instruments are still spinning. And then we read the *following*:

**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.

Byrd's observation regarding a unique light source without any sun to produce it is a common theme in these hidden wilderness narratives. This is only the first we've so far looked at but there will be others. From 1400 feet he spots an elephant. But No!!! On closer inspection at 1000 feet, it is a mammoth, requiring three successive exclamation marks in the Admiral's journal. The appearance of a mammoth isn't exactly Skull Island material, but it does connect us with the lost world silhouette of past Masonic adventure writers non-the-less. *Continuing.*

**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!** Aircraft 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 alongside! **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 Swastika!!!** 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!

At 1130 hours Byrd reports the existence of a city surrounded by countryside, thereby demanding four exclamation points rather than the three reserved for the mammoth. Is it Santa's village or the Camp of Yah or something else? At that precise moment the engine is cut, and his controls refuse to respond. Saucer shaped aircraft surround him, port and starboard. Imprinted upon them are **swastikas**. *Uh-oh*. Must be the Nazis. One can only wonder what their accents sound like. We'll have to keep reading to find out.

**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."

And *there* it is. The people inhabiting Hyperborea have a Nordic accent. And German if there is any doubt. Because of, you know, the flying saucers with swastikas on them. Don't tell me, the people who guided him in were white with blue eyes and blond hair, weren't they? I can hardly wait to find out. Skipping an entry or two and this is what we read:

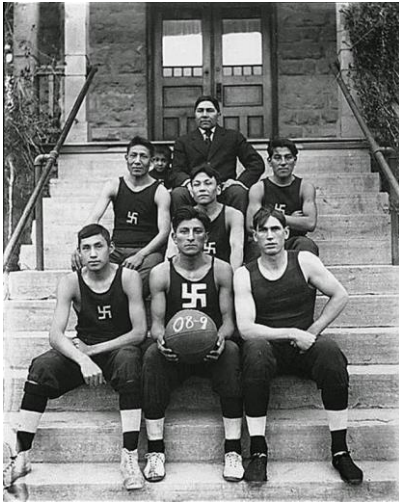
**1145 Hours** – I am making a hasty last entry in the flight log. Several men are approaching on foot toward our aircraft. They are **tall with blond hair**. In the distance is a **large shimmering city pulsating with rainbow hues of color**. I do not know what is going to happen now, but I see no signs of weapons on those approaching. I hear now a voice ordering me by name to open the cargo door. I comply.

Exactly. Tall with blond hair. Were you expecting a basketball team of a different color? They were Nazis, you'll tell me. Is that so? Tell me all about the shimmering rainbow clad city then. The Third Reich had just lost The War less than two years earlier. They were trying to bug out in the bunker. Rainbows make for the worst camouflage ever. Byrd's discovery is seriously starting to read more like the landscape of an **L. Frank Baum** novel than the next **Leni Riefenstahl** propagandist movie.



The swastika sighting manages to lend far more credibility in my opinion. Not to their being Nazis. Quite the opposite actually. They weren't Nazis. Most people will conclude they were Nazis by association, but that's only because they haven't done their research. Though I suspect the bulk of my readership has. Before the Nazi Intel operation, swastikas were everywhere and nobody wearing them were card carrying members of the party. As if it's not obvious by now, I have included a flapper from the 1920s. You will tell Hitler designed the Nazi flag in 1920 and that she had the hots for the Fuhrer. Well then, the photo of the children on the right derives from 1918, 2 years *before* Hitler's swastika misdirection. But I am only getting started. There are others.





SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—1, Schwarta; 2, Houck; 3, Bennett; 4, SWASTIKA TEAM, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—1, Kemp; 2, Dr. Ben-Givens; and Turkelson & Hesse. Photos

Explain these away, why don't you? Swastikas galore. I never realized hockey was a white supremacy sport, nor that women were so fond of them. They must have been fans of Polaris, the four seasons and all that. Even the origin of basketball is racist. *Clearly*. Pay no attention to the 1908 lineup of Native Americans decked out in swastika, I guess. The San Francisco YMCA boys' basketball team also dates to 1908, and what do you see? So much sinister activity dampening the otherwise good nature of sports. It's a good thing that Hitler exposed them for who they truly are. Haters.



You will have to explain this swastika laundry truck while you're at it. Is it a mobile gas chamber—is that it? I am told we are gazing back upon some random street corner in Dublin, Ireland, in the whereabouts of 1912. Perhaps Hitler simply liked creased pants and an ironed shirt, and this is where he drew his inspiration from. I figure Swastika Laundry was



diamonds. A swastika diary. Swastika ribbons. Not overlooking the black leather strap engraved with a swastika. Nothing kinky about that, I'm sure. And for your next dinner party engagement, why not impress your friends with an entire arsenal of swastika silver spoons? A sale like this probably brought out all the white supremacists in the neighborhood.

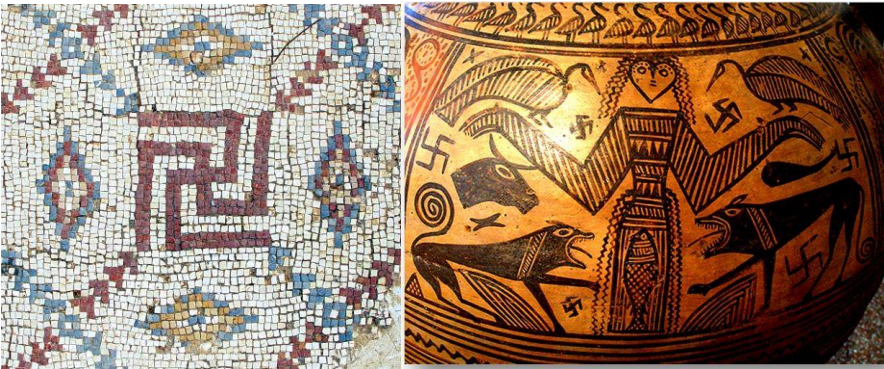
And then *look* what it claims about them. You may need to take out your magnifying glass as I did. It *says*:

“To the wearer of swastika will come from the four winds of heaven good luck, long life and prosperity.”

The four winds...? That's odd. Must be a typo. I think what they meant to say is “Third Reich.” As in, the wearer of the swastika will come from the Third Reich. Well, let's keep reading to see what other misprints there are. Perhaps we can auto correct them.

The swastika is the **oldest cross**, and the **oldest symbol in the world**. **Of unknown origin, in frequent use in the prehistoric items**, it historically first appeared on coins as early as the year 315 B.C. The swastika has been discovered on this continent among the ruins of Mexico and Central America and is at present frequently used by the Indians of the Southwest as an ornament and amulet.

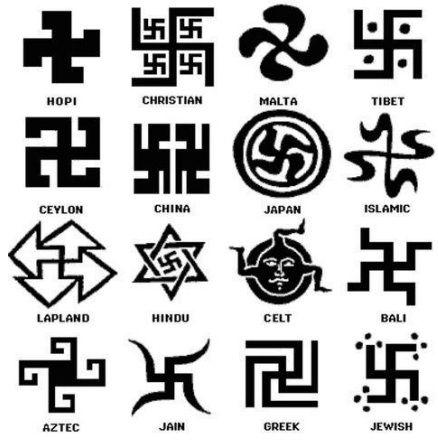
Public teachers, you may want to cover the ears of your grade school children so as to keep them pliable to the latest Intel reports. It says the swastika is the oldest symbol in the world and was in frequent use during prehistoric times. So much arrogance going on. Among our ancestors that is. It's a good thing Hitler put a stop to that.







The swastika derives from the Sanskrit word ‘*svastika*,’ meaning “beneficial to well-beings,” but it goes by many names and can be found all throughout the ancient world. I have already shown the racist Newspaper page, and so, I shall give you just a few other examples of those swastika lovers in history, all of whom were waiting around for their beloved Third Reich, apparently. We see it



adorning pottery as well as Roman flooring. The Greeks called the symbol ‘*tetrakelion*,’ meaning “four legged,” though it was known as ‘*Fylfot*’ in England and ‘*Hakenkreuz*’ in Germany. And what do you see among its various forms? The Hopi, Aztec, Greek and Christians all employed the symbol for one purpose or another, as did the Celts. But wait, did the Jews *also* dabble in swastika graffiti from time to time? Say it ain’t so. What a very drab world this has become with all those recent Intel scripts like the Adolf Hitler biography.



I'm starting to get the impression that the Kabbalah and the Federal Reserve people have it out for the swastika. It's almost like the Big Dippers relationship with the North Star has something to do with the equation, and your average flapper one century ago knew all about it. The Dipper forms a swastika every 24-hours as the wheel in the sky rotates over the motionless plane, and we can't have that. The luminaries must be shiny plasma-based supremacists. That or the flat motionless plane is what needs covering.

*Fun fact.* The four arms of the swastika are generally represented as the sun, winter, water, and soil, being closely associated with the four seasons. According to Hinduism, when the swastika faces to the right it symbolizes 'sura' (the sun): abundance and good luck. When it faces to the left it represents the moon (night). Don't get hung up on more misdirection though. Polaris and the Big Dipper were created by YAHUAHAHA. Together they spray paint a nightly swastika in the sky as well as a seasonal one and they aren't evil. I'm going to take a wild crack at this and claim the ancients as well as Kingdom residents were well aware of the healing power vibrating from the Aether.

And besides, Polaris sits directly above the North Pole. It just seems to me that a people situated directly below a swastika in the sky have a right to the symbol, but what do I know?

*Continuing* with the Byrd diary. The swastika people escort the Admiral from the tarmac into a city seemingly built of crystals. He is reminded of

**Frank Lloyd Wright** buildings or a Buck Rogers movie. The walls glow from within. They take him down into a hallowed earth. Yada-yada-yada. Somebody commanding from their ranks speaks to him, and this is what he *says*:

“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.”

There it is folks. That’s how we know it’s an Intel script. Or perhaps a computer nerd is writing fan fiction again. Because they’re slapping us with atomic fear porn. I see no end to this milk jug. Little Boy and the Fat Man were hoaxes, the both of them. I don’t have time to go over it all again. You’ll have to read it *here*. [Atomic Bomb Hoax](#). They even managed to insinuate the Roswell crash incident in this one, because sometimes even angels drive while intoxicated. It’s nearly the exact same plotline to ‘The Day the Earth Stood Still’ from this point forward, and the Zionists are its sponsors. *Reading on*.

“It happened once before, **the dark ages came**, and they lasted for more than five hundred years.”

*Oh*, now they’re laying it on thick. Straight up vindictive towards the Kingdom, the Kabbalah people are. Wouldn’t want the “dark ages” to return again. *Wink-wink*. Jumping ahead several paragraphs.

**March 11, 1947**

I have just attended a staff meeting at the Pentagon. I have stated fully my discovery and the message from the Master.

All is duly recorded.

The President has been advised.

I am now detained for several hours (six hours, thirty- nine minutes, to be exact.) I am interviewed intently by Top Security Forces and a medical team. It was an ordeal!

I am placed under strict control *via* the **national security** provisions of this United States of America. I am **ORDERED TO REMAIN SILENT IN REGARD TO ALL THAT I HAVE LEARNED, ON THE BEHALF OF HUMANITY!!!** Incredible!

I am reminded that I am a military man, and I must obey orders.

Byrd is ordered to remain silent by the United States Government. FYI, that would include the writing of his diary. Top Secret doesn't mean you get to write to dear diary at home privately for the conspiracy people to discover and read later on down the line, but we'll let that slide.

As a reminder, the people at the Pole carried no weapons. They were literally decked out in sunshine and rainbows. Do you think the Pentagon would order Byrd to stand down if they didn't? The Military-Industrial Complex would be there with the U.N. declaring Martial Law so as to tax their ass into submission, soon as Israel Newspapers told them to. This was 1947. Today there would be rainbow flags of six colors rather than 7 on every street corner of Hyperborea. The women would be feminists and the men would be mostly divorced paying child support while fat drag queens read to the vaccinated kindergartners fortunate enough not to be sacrificed to Moloch. And every public bathroom would be gender identifiable with kitty litter boxes next to the urinals.

No, if Washington was afraid of letting the public know about the people at the pole, it's because they wanted to keep them enslaved to the Zionist Bomb narrative. Any advance upon the city would resemble the ending to Raiders of the Lost Ark. The face of every propagandist on the earth would melt. Byrd's diary may be fabricated but what they're hiding there may not.