



THE 1937  
CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE DREAM — VISION  
of  
JOE BRANDT'S

Is presented To

Bro. Pearry Green  
Tucson Tabernacle  
2555 N. Stone Ave.  
TUCSON AZ 85705

## THE COMING EARTHQUAKE

For a number of years the Lord has laid on our heart the warnings to be sent out concerning the coming earthquake catastrophe in California. It has not been a popular message, nor one easy to publish. Confirmations have been received from over the whole earth. We feel this one about to be read could be the last one that we will print. It is taken from “PROPHECIES OF TOMORROW”, copyrighted by Jessica Madigan. Gracious permission to reprint this experience has been given by her to allow us to share this with the Reading Family. The man who wrote this is a personal friend of hers, and the article is given as he wrote it 30 years ago, in boyish handwriting. He had fallen from a horse at age 17 and for days he had a concussion. During this period of time, a continuing dream came night after night. It was as though he were viewing a tremendous earthquake and inundation in California and other parts of the world. Joe Brandt had also written, in a drowsy state through his days while recuperating in the hospital about positions of various FAULTS, strata of rock, earth movements, — so much material that a geologist of many years would scarcely attempt such a work. The boy knew nothing of Geology or the possibility of a coming earthquake.

There are five points to note which lift this dream — vision out of the realm of ordinary night–time dreaming, and the huge sheaf of Geology data out of ordinary day–time writings, as follows:

1. The dream—vision took place in perfect continuity, night after night, for many nights, always picking up exactly where it left off. This is super–normal.
2. The viewer was projected many decades ahead in time, seeing modes of dress for youth not faintly imagined in 1937 by anyone. This is super–normal.
3. Half – size cars were seen – many of them, and in 1937 such cars were not familiar to the United States. He remarked about the odd shape, now so common in the United States.
4. Super–highways are noted, which he had not seen in his trips to Los Angeles from his home town of Fresno, California. (By the way, he saw Fresno wiped out in the catastrophe.) This is super–normal knowledge.
5. In the dreams he talks about geology he had never learned, not at 17 had there been time to learn that much. He was given a vast knowledge of “faults,” of which he was totally unaware. This is super–normal knowledge. When checked later with a graduate geologist, it was found to be factual.

*Note: Absence of birds. Birds and other animals flee an area just before earthquakes.*

Those who do not believe in dreams and visions had better recheck Holy Writ, replete with hundreds of accounts of God’s dealings with men through this means. The area of dreams and visions is a subtle one, and must be tested and re–tested before accepted. Dates can be deceptive, but should be weighed as a possibility. Here, now is Joe Brandt’s dream — vision, which confirms what we have had from spiritual Christians by the hundreds. It is up to you what you will do with it – and may we add, ABOUT it. Having to die in a holocaust is not the great tragedy. The tragedy of all the ages – of an entire lifetime – is to die without Christ.

*(We have had to condense this testimony a bit, but in doing so, have not changed a word.)*

## THE DAY OF THE EARTHQUAKE

I woke up in the hospital room with a terrific headache – as if the whole world was revolving inside my brain. I remember vaguely, the fall from my horse – Blackie. As I lay there, pictures began to form in my mind – pictures that moved with the speed of lightning – pictures that stood still. I seemed to be in another world. Whether it was the future, or whether it was some ancient land, I could not say. Then slowly, like the silver screen of the “talkies,” but with color and smell and sound. I seemed to find myself in Los Angeles. It was Los Angeles – it was bigger, much bigger and busses and odd shaped cars crowded the city streets.

I thought about Hollywood Blvd., and I found myself, there, on Hollywood Blvd. Whether this is true, I don't know, but there were a lot of guys about my age with beards and wearing, some of them, earrings. All the girls wore real short skirts... and they slouched along, moving like a dance. I wondered if I could talk to them, and I said, “Hello,” but they didn't hear me or see me. I decided that I would look as funny to them as they looked to me. I tried, for awhile, that crazy kind of walk. I guess it is something you have to learn, I couldn't do it.

I noticed there was a quietness about the air. A kind of stillness, as if you can hear stillness. Something else was missing, something that should be there. At first, I couldn't figure it out, I didn't know what it was – then I did. THERE WERE NO BIRDS. I LISTENED. I WALKED TWO BLOCKS NORTH OF THE BLVD.... ALL HOUSES ... NO BIRDS. I wondered what had happened to them. Had they gone away? Where? Again, I could hear the stillness. I had never experienced anything like it. I listened... just the stillness. Then, I knew something was going to happen.

I wondered what year it was. It certainly was not 1937. I saw a newspaper on the corner with a picture of the President. It surely wasn't Mr. Roosevelt. He was bigger, heavier, big ears. If it wasn't 1937, I wondered what year it was. I looked at the mast and I couldn't quite make it out. It LOOKED like 1969. I wasn't sure. My eyes weren't working just right. Someone was coming... someone in 1937... it was that fat nurse ready to take my temperature. I woke up. Crazy dream.

(There are pages here about a similar dream occurring – finding himself in Los Angeles – although it was the next day (in 1937) it was the same day in Los Angeles, and the dream would continue where the last dream left off.)

My headache is worse. It is a wonder I didn't get killed on that horse. I've had another crazy dream, back in Hollywood. Those people. Why do they dress like that, I wonder? I found myself back on the Blvd. I was waiting for something to happen. Something BIG was going to happen and I was going to be there. I looked up at the clock down by that big theatre. It was 10 minutes to 4. SOMETHING BIG WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. IT IS HAPPENING NOW! It sure did. She woke me up, grinning and smiling, that fat nurse again.

“It's time for your milk, kiddo,” she says. Gosh, old woman of 30 acting like the cat's pajamas. Next time maybe she'll bring hot chocolate.

## THE MOMENT OF THE HAPPENING

Where I have been. Where haven't I been! I've been to the ends of the earth and back. I've been to the end of the world. There isn't anything left. Not even Fresno, even though I'm lying here right this minute. If only my eyes would get a little clearer so I can write all this down. Nobody will believe me, anyway. I'm going back to that last moment on the Blvd. Some sweet kid went past, dragging a little boy (twins, I guess) by each hand.

Her skirt was up – well, pretty high – and she had a tired look. I thought for a minute I could ask her about the birds, what had happened to them, and then, I remembered she didn't see me. Her hair was all frowzy, way out all over her head. A lot of them looked like that, but she looked so tired and like she was sorry about something. I guess she was sorry BEFORE it happened, because it surely did happen.

There was a funny smell. I don't know where it came from. I didn't like it. A smell like sulphur, sulphuric acid, a smell like death. For a minute, I thought I was back in chem[istry]. When I looked around for the girl, she was gone. I wanted to find her for some reason. It was as if I knew something was going to happen and I should stay with her, help her. She was gone, and I walked half a block, then saw the clock again. My eyes seemed glued on that clock. I couldn't move, I just waited. It was FIVE MINUTES TO FOUR O'CLOCK on a sunny afternoon. I thought I would stand there looking at that clock forever waiting for the something to come. Then, when it came, it was nothing. It was just nothing. It wasn't nearly as hard as the earthquake we had two years ago. The ground shook, just an instant. People looked at each other, surprised. Then they laughed. I laughed, too. SO THIS WAS WHAT I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR. THIS FUNNY LITTLE SHAKE. IT MEANT NOTHING.

I was relieved and I was disappointed. What had I been waiting for? I started back up the Blvd., moving my legs like those kids. How do they do it? I never found out. I felt as if the ground wasn't solid under me. I knew I was dreaming and yet I wasn't dreaming. There was that smell again – coming like from the ocean. I was getting to the “5 and 10 (Newberry's)” and I saw the look on the kids' faces. Two of them were right in front of me, coming my way. Both with beards. One with earrings. One said:

“Let's get out of this place. Let's go back East.”

He seemed scared. It was as if the sidewalks were trembling – but you couldn't seem to see them. Not with your eyes you couldn't. An old lady had a dog, a little white dog, and she stopped and looked scared and grabbed him in her arms and said: “Let's go home, Frou Frou. Mama is going to take you home.” That poor old lady, hanging on to her dog.

I got scared. Real scared. I remembered the girl. She was way down the block, probably. I started to run. I ran and ran and the ground kept trembling. I couldn't see it. I couldn't feel it. But I knew it was trembling. Everybody looked scared, they looked terrible. One young lady just sat down on the sidewalk all doubled up. She kept saying, “earthquake, it is THE earthquake,” over and over. But I COULDN'T SEE THAT ANYTHING WAS DIFFERENT.

Then, when it came, how it came. Like nothing in God's world. Like nothing. It was like the scream of a siren, long and low, or the scream of a woman I heard having a baby when I was a kid. It was awful. It was as if something – some monster–, was PUSHING UP THE SIDEWALKS. You felt it long before you saw it, as if the sidewalks wouldn't hold you anymore. I looked out at the cars. They were honking, but not scared.

They just kept moving. They didn't seem to know yet that anything was happening. Then, that white car, that baby half-size one, came sprawling from the inside lane right against the curb. The girl who was driving just sat there. She sat there with her eyes staring, as if she couldn't move, but I could hear her. She whimpered. Like a little girl. She made funny noises.

I watched her, thinking of the other girl. I said that it was a dream and I would wake up. But I didn't wake up. The shaking had started again, but this time different. It was a nice shaking, like a cradle being rocked for a minute and then I saw the middle of the Blvd. seemed to be breaking in two. The concrete looked as if it were being pushed straight up by some giant shovel. It was breaking in two. That is why the girls car went out of control... AND THEN A LOUD SOUND AGAIN, LIKE I'VE NEVER HEARD BEFORE...THEN HUNDREDS OF SOUNDS... ALL KINDS OF SOUNDS... children and women, and those crazy guys with earrings. They were all moving, it seemed, some of them above the sidewalk. I can't describe it. They were lifted up and the waters kept oozing... oozing. The cries. It was awful. I woke up. I never want to have that dream again.

## **THE EARTHQUAKE**

It came again. Like the first time which was a preview and all I could remember was that it was the end of the world. I was right back there – all that crying. Right in the middle of it. My ear drums felt as if they were going to burst. Noise everywhere. People falling down, some of them badly hurt. Pieces of building, chips, flying in the air. One hit me hard on the side of the face, but I didn't seem to feel it. I wanted only to wake up, to get away from this place. It had been fun in the beginning, the first dream, when I kind of knew I was going to dream the end of the world, or something. This was terrible. There were older people in the cars. Most of the kids were on the street. But those old guys were yelling bloody murder, as if anybody could help them. Nobody could help them. It was then I felt myself lifted up. Maybe I had died. I don't know. But I was over the city. It was tilting toward the ocean – like tilting a picnic table. The buildings were holding, better than you could believe. They were holding, they were holding.

The people saw they were holding and they tried to cling to them or get inside. It was fantastic. Like a building had a will of its own. Everything else breaking around them, and they were holding, holding. I was up over them – looking down. I started to root for them. "Hold that line," I said. "Hold that line, Hold that line, Hold that line." I wanted to cheer, to shout, to scream. If the buildings held, those buildings on the Blvd., maybe the girl – the girl with the two kids – maybe she could get inside. It looked that way for a long time, maybe three minutes, and three minutes was like forever. Everybody was trying to get inside. They were going to hold. You knew they were going to hold, even if the waters kept coming up. Only they didn't.

I've never imagined what it would be like for a building to die. A building dies just like a person. It gives way, some of the bigger ones did just that. They began to crumble, like an old man with palsy, who couldn't take it anymore. They crumbled right down to nothing. And the little ones screamed like mad – over and above the roar of the people. They were mad about dying. But buildings die.

I couldn't look anymore at the people. I kept wanting to get higher. I kept willing myself to go higher. Then I seemed to be out of it all, but I could see. I seemed to be up on Big Bear near San Bernardino, but the funny thing was that I could see everywhere. I knew what was happening.

The earth seemed to start to tremble again. I could feel it even though I was up high. This time it lasted maybe twelve seconds, and it was gentle. You couldn't believe anything so gentle could cause so much damage. But then I saw the streets of Los Angeles – and everything between the San Bernardino mountains and L.A. It was all tilting toward the ocean, houses, everything that was left. I could see the big lanes – dozens of big lanes still loaded with cars – five lanes in one place, and all the cars sliding the same way. Now the ocean was coming in, moving like a huge snake across the land. I wondered how long it was, and I could see the clock, even though I wasn't there on the Blvd. It was 4:29. It had been half an hour. I was glad I couldn't hear the crying anymore. But I could see everything. I could see everything.

## THE OTHER CITIES

Then, like looking at a huge map of the world, I could see what was happening on the land and with people. San Francisco was feeling it, but she was not in any way like Hollywood or Los Angeles. I seemed to see it was the Garlock Fault, not just the San Andreas that was rocking San Francisco. It was moving just like that earthquake movie with Jeanette McDonald and Gable. I could see all those mountains coming together – the Sierra Nevada and the San Andreas and Garlock. I knew what was going to happen to San Francisco – it was going to turn over, because of Garlock. It would turn upside down. It went quickly, because of the twisting, I guess. It seemed much faster than Hollywood, but then I wasn't exactly there. I was a long way off. I was a long, long way off. I shut my eyes for a long time – I guess ten minutes – and when I opened them I saw Grand Canyon.

When I looked at Grand Canyon, that great big gap was closing in, and Boulder Dam was being pushed, from underneath. And then, Nevada, and on up to Reno. Way down south, way down, Baja, California. Mexico, too, it looked like some volcano down there was erupting, along with everything else. I saw the map of South America, especially Columbia.

Another volcano – eruption – shaking violently. Venezuela seemed to be having some kind of volcanic activity. Away off in the distance, I could see Japan, on a Fault, too. It was so far off – not easy to see, because I was still on Big Bear Mountain, but Japan started to go into the sea. I couldn't tell time, then, and people looked like dolls, far away. I couldn't hear the screaming, but I could see the surprised look on their faces. They looked surprised. They were all like dolls. It was so far away I could hardly see it. In a minute or two, it seemed over. Everybody was gone. There was nobody left.

I didn't know time now. I couldn't see a clock. I tried to see the island of Hawaii. I could just see huge tidal waves...beating against it. The people on the streets were getting wet, and they were scared. But I didn't see anybody going into the sea.

I seemed way around the globe. More flooding. Is the world going to be drenched? Constantinople. Black Sea rising. Suez Canal, for some reason, seemed to be drying up.

SICILY... she doesn't hold. I could see the map. Mt. Etna. Mt. Etna is shaking. A lot of this area seemed to go, but IT SEEMED TO BE EARLIER OR LATER. I wasn't sure of time, now.

ENGLAND... huge floods – but no tidal waves. Water, water, everywhere, but no one going into the sea. People were frightened and crying. Some places they fell in the streets on their knees and started to pray for the world. I didn't know the English were emotional. Ireland, Scotland – all kinds of churches were crowded – it seemed – night and day. People were carrying candles and everybody was crying for California, Nevada, parts of Colorado – maybe all of it, even Utah. Everybody was crying – most of them didn't even know anybody in California, Nevada, Utah, but they were crying as if they were blood kin. Like one family. Like it happened to them.

New York was coming into view – she was still there, nothing had happened, yet water level was way up. Here, things were different. People were running in the streets yelling – “End of the world.” Kids ran into restaurants and ate everything in sight. I saw a shoe store with all the shoes gone in about five minutes. Fifth Avenue – everybody running. Some radio blasting from a loudspeaker that in a few minutes, power might be shut off. They must control themselves. Five girls were running like mad toward the Y.W.C.A., that place on Lexington or somewhere. They ran like they were scared to death. BUT NOTHING HAPPENED IN NEW YORK. I saw an old lady with garbage cans, filling them with water. Everybody seemed scared to death. Some people looked dazed. The streets seemed filled with loudspeakers. It wasn't daylight. It was night.

I saw, like the next day, and everything was topsy turvey. Loudspeakers again, about fuel tanks broken in areas – shortage of oil. People seemed to be looting markets.

## **OREGON, WASHINGTON, THE DAKOTAS, MISSOURI, MINNESOTA, CANADA**

I saw a lot of places that seemed safe, and people were not scared. Especially the rural areas. Here everything was almost as if nothing had happened. People seemed headed to these places, some on foot, some in cars (that still had fuel). I heard – or somehow I knew – that somewhere in the Atlantic, land had come up. A lot of land. I was getting awfully tired. I wanted to wake up. I wanted to go back to the girl – to know where she was – she and those two kids. I found myself back in Hollywood – and it was still 4:29. I wasn't up on the big bear then – I was perched over Hollywood. I was just there. It seemed perfectly natural in my dream.

## TV, RADIO, HAM OPERATORS

I could hear now. I could hear, someplace, a radio station blasting out – telling people not to panic. They were dying in the streets. There were picture stations with movies – some right in Hollywood – these were carrying on, with all the shaking. One fellow, (in the picture [TV] station) was a little short guy, who should have been scared to death. But he wasn't. He kept shouting and reading instructions. Something about helicopters or planes would go over – some kind of planes – but I knew they couldn't. Things were happening in the atmosphere. The waves were rushing up now. Waves. Such waves. Nightmare waves.

Then I saw again, Boulder Dam, going down – pushing together, pushing together, breaking apart – No, Grand Canyon was pushing together, and Boulder Dam was breaking apart. It was still daylight. All these radio stations went off at the same time – Boulder Dam had broken.

I wondered how everybody would know about it – people back East. That was when I saw the “ham radio operators.” I saw them in the oddest places, as if I were right there with them. Like the little guy with glasses. They kept sounding the alarm. One kept saying: “This is California. We are going into the sea. This is California. We are going into the sea. Get to the high places. Get to the mountains. All states west – this is California. We are going to the – we are going to the...” – I thought he was going to say “sea”, but I could see him. He was inland, but the waters had come in. His hand was still clinging to the table, he was trying to get up, so that once again he could say:

“This is California. We are going into the sea. This is California. We are going into the sea.”

I seemed to hear this, over and over, for what seemed hours – just those words. They kept it up until the last minute – all of them – calling out – “Get to the Mountains – this is California – We are going into the sea.”

I woke up. It didn't seem as if I had been dreaming. I have never been so tired. For a minute or two, I thought it had happened. I wondered about two things. I hadn't seen all what happened to Fresno [his home] and I hadn't found out what happened to that girl.

I've been thinking about it all morning. I'm going home tomorrow. It was just a dream. It was nothing more. Nobody in the future on Hollywood Blvd. is going to be wearing earrings – and those beards. Nothing like that is ever going to happen. That girl was so real to me – that girl with those two kids. It won't ever happen – but if it did, how could I tell her (maybe she isn't even born yet) to move away from California when she has her twins – and she can't be on the Blvd. that day. She was so real!

The other thing – those ham operators – hanging on like that – over and over – saying the same thing:

“This is California. We are going into the sea. This is California. We are going into the sea. Get to the mountains. Get to the hilltops. California, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, Utah.”

“This is California. We are going into the sea.”... I guess I'll hear that for days.

Note: *Boulder Dam (former name of Hoover Dam) was completed in 1936.*