

The Adventures of Don & Carol Croft – Parts 1 - 10

Episode 1

Moonbusting Part 1

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adcmoonbustingpt1.shtml>

March/April, 2001

This is just too bizarre not to have a written record while it's still fresh in my mind. I guess it doesn't matter to me anymore if anyone believes it or not. It feels very real to me (Carol certainly has no doubts about it) and there are just too many evidences and confirmations for us to suspect that we're just making it up. Our conviction is strictly a personal matter, though, and you need to use your discernment to see if this story has relevance for you. I used to laugh at people who wrote about these things. Now I laugh about people who laugh at these things. So it goes.

Carol Derry and I had been growing our relationship with the Wingmakers and some native reptilians that have been following us in a 4-man (!) craft since our meeting with Al Bielek on February 1 in Atlanta. Other groups have lately come into this working relationship, including dolphins and Pleiadians. It's apparent that good guys conspire just as much as parasites do, except the good guys love and trust each other and the bad guys wait for opportunities, such as, a sign of awakened compassion, to tear each other's throats out.

Both of us had then noticed two individuals at the next table at IHOP who seemed peculiarly interested in our conversation with Al for 3 hours or so. We made eye contact with them and they seemed pleasant, if odd and lacking in social graces. Afterward, Carol told me that when she came back from the restroom toward the end of the visit, she was struck by the realization that these people were reptilians, disguised as humans. I take her very seriously, as her psychic perception has a very good track record and she is one of the most reliable and fearless living people that I know personally.

Our relationship started nearly four years ago. She is my sister-in-law Melody's, best friend and fellow witch. She's had the ability to see energy and non-physical entities since early childhood and has been able to spontaneously astral travel for most of her life. We became partners in energy work nearly a year ago [June, 2000] in Idaho, when Carol helped me develop the Terminator by using her special abilities. Four years ago, I traded a zapper and an orgone accumulator (orgone devices make psychic perception much stronger and clearer) for a couple of Cards of Destiny readings from Carol. I call them "News You Can Use." I'd been making zappers for a year when I met her and had just discovered the work of Wilhelm Reich through Serge Kahili King's excellent book, Earth Energies. I'm grateful to Mr. King for throwing out all the dogma that became attached to orgone work since the death of Dr. Reich and I hope others can use this book as a practical introduction to using these energies.

We started our energy work last year [June, 2000] (aside from the zapper business) when we used the Zapporium--our mobile factory, RV, energy center, home, which is loaded with high energy devices—to heal a vortex in the vicinity of Jim and Melody's land (we simply parked the RV within the vortex overnight). Both of us sensed, then saw, some very irate aliens (grays) as that was occurring. They were unable to get into the Zapporium because of the intensity of the orgone field and were unable to harm us. The vortex, the energy of which was being 'stolen' by the grays, straightened out to its natural form within a few hours & the aliens departed after letting both of us know that they were very perturbed. This set a pattern for what came later. The Holy

Handgrenade straightens them out almost instantly when it's placed on the ground or in a body of water.

In the following pages, I'll bring the Wingmakers and native reptilians into sharper focus for the reader, don't worry. We've encountered other groups, but these two, especially the Wingmakers, are the ones we're working with [after this writing we began working with the Lemurians, too]. .

I stayed in rural Idaho with my brother Jim while waiting for a new engine for the Zapporium. Jim's a real mountain man and is also a world authority in medieval bookbinding. That took two months, during which time I used the solar panels on the Zapporium and continued my business. I also established a partnership with Carol who lived 20 miles away. Carol and I left together in late August, committed to do whatever we were guided to do in the healing trades together. We didn't have a clue where it would lead, but we were having plenty of fun finding out.

By the autumn equinox, we found ourselves on Mt. Shasta. On a whim, we had visited the Oregon Vortex a few days previous to that. We were having difficulty finding it, so I asked Carol to look for the energy, and we drove toward the dome of energy that she saw. I had a flood of 'hunches' as to the nature of the vortex and its connection with other energy centers in the world. Carol saw that the center of the spherical energy field was about 50' below the ground and that the energy was being generated by an object, probably some sort of crystal, placed there in antiquity by Atlanteans for some reason (we're in the slow process of learning more about it).

After the short tour, we looked at some literature and a globe in the little gift shop there. The fellow who had bought the land in the 1930s was an amateur archaeologist (& metaphysics buff) and was apparently aware of what was underground. The fellow died in the 1940's or so, and left specific instructions in his will that nobody will ever be allowed to dig on the property.

Someone had marked some lines on the globe which connected the Oregon Vortex to the Great Pyramid at Giza, the northwest point of the Yucatan Peninsula, through a point on the Texas coast north of Corpus Christi, then through the Tongue of the Ocean, west of South Andros Island, Bahamas, and into the Bermuda Triangle. This was part of a pattern superimposed by a star tetrahedron on the planet. I don't remember the rest of it, but I had been very close to the South Andros, Yucatan (I was shipwrecked there six years ago, after a hurricane) and the Texas locations previously. I felt a huge upsurge of energy and realization that there was something valuable for us to do and find in those three places. I have always had a consuming desire to visit the Bahamas in particular.

My introduction to metaphysics came when I became involved with my second wife, Susan, shortly after discovering the zapper. I guess that by curing my lifelong depression with the zapper, it prepared me for seeing the value of energy work. I found that I have an aptitude for making flower essences (by assisting Susan, who is a gifted healer). One of the peculiar characteristics of this metaphysical work is that, though it's not physically, mentally, or emotionally strenuous, it can still be exhausting. Often, after a few hours of processing the blossoms, we would almost stagger home and into bed for several hours of deep sleep in the middle of the day. That's pretty typical of any work that involves psychic energy. Getting the munchies can be another effect, and also euphoria. I'm writing this because I can't sleep after the moonbusting episode yesterday near the secret, underground base west of here. I'm pretty wired, even though I'm tired.

I should also mention that I began working with crystals after being introduced to their effects by James Hughes three years ago, after he and his wife, Rose Mary, worked on me using one of their

copper grids. That's a whole other narrative, but briefly, James has suggested many of the modifications that I've made to the basic zapper. His energy credentials were established in 1979 in the instant that he was struck by etheric lightning. Until then, he was a successful Maytag dealer with no background in metaphysical subjects. This is truly a strange and wonderful world. It took him five years to realize that he wasn't going insane, but had simply been given instructions for his new career (Carol and I feel that the Wingmakers made that happen—James identifies them as Atlantean elders). She says that she realized this after our latest meeting with James and Rose Mary, in Massachusetts earlier this month. Some of the Wingmakers are Atlantean elders—it's actually impossible for us right now to determine whom, precisely, they all are.

On Mt. Shasta, Carol felt an urge to find a sacred spot among the ancient firs near Panther Meadow, which is about half way up the 12,000 ft. mountain. We felt guided to a spot which felt like a shrine—a large boulder with several huge trees arranged in a semi-circle around it. I had brought some folding chairs so we could be comfortable. We set the chairs in the middle of the semi-circle, facing each other, and we both felt and saw some entities that were apparently waiting for us. I saw them as shimmering energy, like moving heat distortions. Carol saw them in more substantial shapes and colors.

At the instant of the equinox, I was looking at Carol & suddenly felt myself being stretched upward, and then compressed. She was watching me and started laughing. She later told me she saw me stretch upward, then snap back down into a squashed shape. She had said that there was a ship directly over us, which belonged to the entities we were seeing. More recently she has told me that we had both been taken aboard, given information and returned to our bodies in the instant of the equinox. Most psychic people realize that only beneficial races and entities are able to be on or in Mt. Shasta. Many Atlantean artifacts have been found there and in the vicinity. Similar artifacts have come to be associated with the Egyptian culture. Drunvalo Melchizedek has the most comprehensive historical overview of these things that I know about. His work is fun to investigate and he is a personable teacher.

Port Arkansas, Texas

Immediately after the Shasta experience, we realized that we needed to go to the three places I mentioned earlier. Within a couple of weeks we were in Port Aransas, Texas, near the place where the line between the Oregon Vortex and the Yucatan location crossed the Texas coast. I spent a few weeks trying to get our boat seaworthy for the trip to Yucatan and the Bahamas. As it happened, my attempt to go to sea failed in an ignominious capsizing. I had successfully crossed the Gulf six years before after extensive preparation and forethought. The first shipwreck then occurred after I had sailed my 19', open boat through a hurricane for 2 or 3 days, but dragged the anchor afterward and landed on the beach, putting a big hole in the bottom. This time, I suffered from a combination of over-confidence, hurry, and forgetfulness of what the sea can be like.

As we were getting ready to go to Florida for another attempt, the two people who we had befriended in Port Aransas, Charlie and Susan, told us about their favorite place up the coast a little way where a 3,000-year-old oak grew. I got a flash that this was what we had come there for. Carol quickly agreed, and our friends took us there the next day. Carol saw the energy dome, which was identical to the Oregon Vortex, from a few miles away. There are no other trees like that in Texas. The Charter Oak, of similar age and located in Austin, had recently been poisoned and killed. Carol said that this tree was suffering because the vortex, whose center was also 50 under the tree, was distorted.

The next day I made my first Holy Handgrenade. I put some quartz crystals in one of the little black boxes we use to make our zappers and filled the box with orgone generating material. We gave it to Susan and Charlie and they put it in the ground next to the tree. Carol, who is able to see vortices remotely once she has visited them, said that the vortex immediately healed and strengthened and that the tree will now be healthy and vigorous again.

Actually, this was the second HHg, but the first one intended for a vortex. I made the first one after Melody told me that there was an entity, perhaps an elemental, that made many people uncomfortable whenever they passed a certain spot not far from her property. Carol felt it was a gnome and I felt a presence there, myself. I made an orgone generator and left it as a gift in that spot, after which Carol and I felt a sense of appreciation and gratitude from the entity. She now thinks it may be a reptilian. Melody now likes the spot and she and Jim bought the property it's on. Carol and I have come to realize that only beneficial entities actually like orgone. Parasitic/predatory entities seem to suffocate in the presence of strong, healthy orgone.

This is how we sort of fell into the understanding of why an HHg can perpetually keep a location cleared of unhealthy energy in terms of the cooperation of earth elementals, or devas. I suspect that the elementals, like us, have a fairly short attention span for activity that's not fun, so giving them an orgone generating device provides endless enjoyment to them, thereby holding their attention and inspiring reciprocity, which seems to be an innate characteristic of all sentient beings. I think that others who do energy clearings need to be more aware of what they can do for the devas, rather than the other way around.

We felt a tremendous sense of completion after giving the HHg to Susan and Charlie and then it was time to go.

Fort Pierce, Florida & Don's Bahamas Excursion

After arriving in South Florida we noticed that the energy at the beach was very erratic and a little sickening, and the orgone generator in the Terminator was putting out more energy than usual. We soon realized that this happens whenever there is a lot of deadly and/or dead orgone present. Driving the length of the island that the beach was on we came to a nuke plant about 20 miles south, which was responsible for the sick energy field we had experienced. I made another crude HHg and we went right back to the plant and put it in the bushes at the entrance of the facility. Carol said the sickening energy was immediately drawn into the HHg and the sickening field immediately diminished to just outside the building that housed the reactor. We immediately felt better and the field has remained that way ever since (It's been six months).

Incidentally, lying on the beach we also noticed that a dark little cloud kept forming over one of the apartment buildings nearby. We later identified that as dead orgone, not a real cloud, and attributed its creation to destructive emotions felt and expressed by one or more people in that building. This partly led to our knowing that a Holy Handgrenade in ones living quarters will guarantee that the unbalanced energy will be transformed and returned to the source as good, balanced orgone, which is rejuvenating, stabilizing and even reduces fear and anger.

We had already learned that orgone generators increase their output of orgone in direct relationship to the strength of the deadly/dead orgone field through which it passes. This is in contrast to what happens when an orgone accumulator encounters an unbalanced orgone field: it absorbs the bad orgone and becomes toxic.

Based on my boating experience in Texas, I further modified the boat by adding floatation around the edges and tried it out in rough Atlantic seas in early December. It came through with flying

colors, so I crossed the Gulf Stream a couple of weeks later with the intention of visiting the three spots that Carol had dowsed on the charts. I took the boat there in mid December during a stormy period. The 50-mile trip across the Gulf Stream from Miami to Bimini was very rough, but I didn't even get my shoes wet. The next day on the Grand Bahama Bank, though, was a little different. Due to the shallow water (6 to 20 feet) the seas were very close together and often breaking.

I arrived at the vortex' center late in the afternoon. I felt very uncomfortable, almost sick with distress. I didn't want to get close to North Andros Island, another 40 miles to the southeast, in darkness because I wasn't familiar with the waters there, so I dropped anchor and spent the night. I didn't sleep because it was just too rough, so after a few hours I pulled the anchor up and prepared to leave. In the process of hauling the anchor on board from the stern, a large wave broke into the boat, swamping it. The boat stayed upright because of the floatation I'd built around the gunwales, and the engine was dry because I'd put a motor well in the middle of the boat, toward the stern. I knew I didn't have enough gas to reach Andros at that slow speed and I ran out a couple of miles short of the island and dropped anchor in the calmer water there. Somehow I lost the anchor and woke up after I'd drifted several miles to the south.

By this time, I was so weary and soaked that I didn't have the energy to put the mast and sail up, so I threw out the other anchor and tried to sleep. The short, steep waves kept breaking into the boat and I bailed constantly for a couple of days before it calmed down enough for me to get my wits together enough to raise the sail. It was easy to reach the shore after that and sail up the coast toward a settlement, but the wind changed to the north. I found a sheltered spot and tied to some mangroves in order to get some good rest. The moon was full and the boat was left high on the beach by its tide—too high to launch until the proper moon phase allowed the tide to come high enough again. I eventually decided to walk the 10 miles or so to Red Bay, the only settlement on the west side of the island, after a passing fisherman stopped to see if I was okay and told me where it was. It's not on the chart I had, which was lost anyway when the boat got swamped.

I guess I'm writing this because I believe the ordeal was a gift and a lesson and to give more insight into whom the writer is. I never felt that I was in danger. I've always had a tendency to be a little too mentally oriented. Things like this tend to slow me down and get me in touch with the real world more. I did have an experience with sea sprites during the worst of it. I was able to know when a wave was about to break over me in the boat without looking. On the rare occasions that I was taken by surprise by a breaking wave, I felt the presence of a sea sprite, laughing at me. I know they aren't human, which explains why they can find humor in our suffering instead of empathy. I'm laughing now but I didn't see the humor at the time (which is even funnier). Part of the fun of living on this planet is our interaction with elementals. They never take things as seriously as we do. Guy Murchie was fond of saying, "The heaviest star known to man is B-Sirius."

I had brought about 60 Power Bars and a hand-pumped reverse osmosis device, which gets fresh water from seawater. I only drank about a half gallon a day and finished all the Power Bars in the 13 days of the episode. I didn't have a bowel movement during all that time (should have brought an enema bag). When I reached Stencil Evans' house in Red Bay at the end of the day long march through intermittent mangrove swamps and along beaches, he graciously offered to let me stay the night and to take me to the boat the next morning with some gas. He wouldn't accept money, but did accept the Terminators I offered. Bahamians are generally very open-minded. Stencil had helped many Cuban and Haitian refugees. His house is the first one on the road from the dock at Red Bay. Now he has a very good business arrangement with some Greek

merchants who buy sponges and fish from him. They gave him a very nice icemaker—quite a commodity there.

The next morning I had a BM that made me feel like I was experiencing childbirth. Much later, Carol told me that the labels on the Power Bars state that you need to drink a lot of water when you eat one. I think the seismograph at the University of Florida recorded the landing of the Giant Turd in the Bahamas.

I motored around the island and down the eastern shore to Kemps Bay in the next three days, meeting some very fine people along the way and trading zappers for hospitality. Being a little shy now about open water, I went along the shore in the coastal lagoon, which may have been ill advised, since I holed the hull in 7 places on the coral heads. The holes were in the compartments, so the boat was only half full of water. I had stopped at one of the US facilities on North Andros that maintain the secret base. I didn't know much about the base at the time, but I was struck by their sense of urgency in sending me on my way and the tight-lipped behavior of the civilians that I met there. The director was very kind and gave me copies of the portions of the charts that covered the Andros shoreline, but made it clear that I wasn't supposed to be there.

I needed more cash to get back to Florida, so while I waited for the Bank of the Bahamas in Kemps Bay to open (they only open for three hours on Wednesday mornings) I was befriended by Willy Smith, who paid me the highest compliment when he told me “You have the soul of a black man!” He is the one who mentioned the underwater base. He didn't know it was marked on the nautical charts. I had planned to visit Cuba on that trip and wished to find a traditional healer I could donate the Crowd Zapper to. An engineer told me that I could use the regular zapper circuit with a 12v car battery to zap up to a dozen people at a time and I felt this would be a terrific boon to the rural Cubans, as it would quickly cure every illness they were prone to. The Bahamians are a little too prosperous to use one, it seems to me, as they can afford to buy the single ones. I was strongly warned not to go into Cuban waters without getting a visa first. One woman told me that her brother had drifted into those waters in a storm while fishing and he's still in prison there.

Another reason I'm writing about this episode (which only remotely relates to the cloudbusting and HHg campaign) is to demonstrate some of Carol's skills. At the instant that the boat was swamped Carol woke with a start and had a clear image of what was happening to me. She got out the chart and made an X on the exact location, about 5 miles southeast of the center of the vortex. Kashi, the Atlantean, sometime Wingmaker, who joined us on Mt. Shasta in September, went to her and said, “He's crazy!” Carol said he'd been with me up until that point.

I got back to Florida from my solo trip to the Bahamas on January 12.

Here's an example of the open-mindedness of people who haven't been brainwashed as we Americas have been: Some Bahamians told me that one chemtrail jet had spewed it's poison along the eastern, populated shores of Andros Islands, from north to south, after which most people got a flu. There was an uproar, which was reported in the Nassau newspapers, and the Bahamian government had words with the US Ambassador. After that, I don't think any more chemtrails were spewed over the Bahamas. One lady who told me this still had the 'flu,' which disappeared after she used one of my zappers for an hour or so. People tend to heal quickly there.

My Paradigm Gets Goosed

Before leaving for Atlanta later in January, Carol dowsed that we needed to take three Holy Handgrenades, though it wasn't clear yet where two of them would go. One was for the nuke plant outside Orlando. By now, I was making them in the characteristic cone shape.

We were unable to get closer than a mile to the Orlando nuke plant. The closest spot was on the perimeter road around a state prison. We stopped outside the north fence of the prison yard and Carol got out and put the HHg into the swamp that surrounded the nuke. The vortex had been wild and was spinning backward, with many smaller, darker swirls coming out the sides in a way that reminded Carol of a Medusa's head.

We're pretty sure that something besides electric power generation has been going on there, especially considering the inaccessibility of the grounds. Within seconds, a very large volume of deadly orgone began funneling into water around the little HHg, the backward spin started slowing down and the auxiliary swirls began to shrink. The response of this one had been much slower than any of the previous vortices we'd encountered. Carol says the spin has since reversed to a clockwise direction. Maybe this is just what happens when a nuke is built on an earth vortex. The human macroparasites seem childish in their irresponsibility by building these things without regard for the harm they may be doing to themselves as well as us.

Al Bielek

When we got to Atlanta the next day, Steven mentioned that Al Bielek lives there and that he'd really like to meet him. Carol said, "Why don't you call him?" Steven found his number in the phone book & called to invite him to lunch, which Al graciously accepted. I had heard Al on the Art Bell program several times and had read about the Philadelphia Experiment and Preston Nichols' account of the work at Montauk, New York. Though it was all intriguing, most of it seemed pretty far out to me, especially the Montauk story. My approach to things like this had been to just withhold belief and disbelief until some corroborating information showed up elsewhere.

I was a little surprised to find that I had a lot of questions for Al about things that he had not discussed on the radio or in his published work, namely the activities surrounding the American military campaign in Antarctica, led by Admiral Byrd in 1947 and some of the other activities of the German secret order that has always financed and operated the facility under Montauk, New York. The 1947 expedition, publicized as a mapping exercise (!) ended in a rout and received no publicity after that, although thousands of combat troops and many Navy fighters and bombers were involved. Al told us that the military was sent to neutralize the Germans who had built a base there. They easily repelled the Americans with very high tech energy weapons and antigravity craft.

He said that the Nazis were not involved in the activities, but that a secret group of Germans had developed and financed this operation in conjunction with the Montauk facility since long before WWII. They had made contact with an alien race that had given them technology. He said that part of their funding came from the plundered train full of Nazi gold which General Patton had ordered an investigation of shortly before his assassination. Though it's not officially known who took the gold, Al says it was taken by the group that was operating the Montauk facility. Al's father was apparently a member of that secret group, as was Phil Schneider's father, the 'medical officer' for Project Rainbow (the Philadelphia Experiment) in 1943 and a colleague of Al's during that time.

He told us a little about his trip into the future aboard the USS Eldridge and his involuntary trip through the CIA's dedicated portal in one of their underground facilities at Langley, Virginia, to a

planet in the B Sirius system through which they throw people they don't want to deal with but are unwilling or not allowed to murder themselves, like Al. He was the only one ever to be thrown back, apparently. He told us that they pitched him back after he told them that he's spent time with the Wingmakers when he was propelled to the year 2843 in Project Rainbow. The bad guys are all apparently scared of the Wingmakers. We've since discovered why, to our benefit.

Al told us that the B Sirians have been planning to establish colonies here so that they can eat humans—one of the sweet deals made with them by our alleged government. This is no surprise to many of us, considering what they've been cooking up with the Chinese alleged government since Nixon's time and even with Hitler, himself, during the war. Yikes—there's no doubt in my mind that the alleged US government has only one real enemy, the Constitution and, by extension, the People of the United States.

The night before we met Al, we were visited in the wee hours by a man in an expensive suit, who just opened our locked motel room door and began looking around the room. I sat up in bed and asked him what he wanted, and he excused himself politely, and walked back out. Carol told me he was from the NSA, sent to get a visual image of what we were doing in the room. We had brought our zapper making paraphernalia, which was spread out on a coffee table in front of the couch. I've wondered if they knew, before we did, that we'd be seeing Al. Most of the Montauk players like Al Bielek and Preston Nichols, had their memories erased, but they gradually recovered some, if not all of their experiences. Some genuine patriots like Phil Schneider, were murdered after they began going public with revelations of deep underground bases and secret deals made with negative aliens to sell us down the river. These men were too great a risk to have just signed a secrecy agreement—their memories were erased. Of course this shows the essential stupidity of their former employers, since memory storage is not strictly a function of brain cells, and the brain is holographic, anyway. Big Brother will never achieve his fondest desires because he fails to understand the best and primary part of what makes us human—our spiritual nature. Fortunately for Big Bro, though, we've developed a device [the Succor Punch] which can make him experience his own spiritual nature, whether he likes it or not.

Backtracking just a little more, Carol and I had seen two UFO's north of here (that was just north of the underground base west of Vero Beach) late one night as we were returning from Orlando in mid-December. One was very big, orange and elliptical, the other was much smaller--the size of a small commercial jet, triangular with halogen lights on it. The triangle one was apparently surveilling the orange one and was almost directly over us before the crew noticed our car.

We had gotten off the interstate and driven west on a side road in the direction of the orange ship for several miles when the triangle one showed up. We are assuming that the orange one was huge because, though it was moving to the north very slowly, it was not getting any larger as we approached over a ten minute period, driving over 60mph. When we saw the triangle one, I immediately stopped the car and we got out to get a closer look at it. It slowly turned on its side and moved away from us, making what sounded, to me, like a hushed, sucking sound.

This was just northeast of the base that we were near yesterday during our moon busting exercise. We're sure it was an American craft, powered by a fusion reactor that generates the electrical field needed to manipulate gravity, as described in *The Cosmic Conspiracy* by Stan Deyo.

Meanwhile, Back in Atlanta

We were ready to leave town but didn't know where to put the HHGs. Carol dowsed the map and came up with the two locations: Savannah and Jekyll Island. By the end of the day, we saw the beginning of a new pattern: healing distorted vortices which energize the various evil agendas of the present day alleged world order and their alien fellow predators.

We drove toward Savannah and noticed that smog extended 60 miles from the seaport. We both saw a bright, small UFO on the edge of the smog field, which disappeared after a few seconds. Entering the field, Carol began feeling nauseous and I began feeling irritable. Not surprising, since smog is simply dead orgone.

Carol was unable to find a focal point of the disruptive energy field, though it was strongest at the port facility. She sensed the presence of a great number of grays and B Sirians there who were angry with us and were trying to stop us. Carol had never felt sicker than when she was near the port. The field was so huge and tumultuous that Carol was unable to find the source of it. We simply went to where she felt the sickest and put the HHG in some thick bushes there. Carol said the energy started swirling around and funneled into the HHG as though it were being flushed down a toilet. The pulsations, which were making her ill, stopped immediately. The ET's were furious & some of them began following us.

Chemtrails

Our take on the activity there is that the port is being used to import and distribute the biotoxins which are being sprayed throughout the country in the form of chemtrails and that they are purchased from China—perhaps one of the major aspects of the Clintons' dealings, from which the media whores distracted public attention by going after his sex life ad nauseum. Apparently, much more than McDonald's toys and pirate CD's can be had for a bargain price in Shanghai these days.

It's astonishing, but not too surprising when you really think about it, that more people aren't aware of the chemtrail program. I've seen hundreds of these unmarked, white Boeing 707's on the ground, as well as in the air, all over the US. People are now dropping like flies and/or being debilitated by several 'new untreatable diseases', due to the success of a generations-long mental disorientation program- this is considered normal. I am confident that enough people will wake up to stop it before the macroparasites have achieved their aims, which is no doubt the extermination of segments of the world's population by race-specific biological weapons sprayed in the skies above populations.

Jekyll Island

I was excited about going to Jekyll Island because I knew that the Federal Reserve Corporation was 'secretly' set up there in 1910 and the final phases of the usurpation of the Constitution (the only government supported by the American People) was planned at the same time by the same players—mostly European bankers and their American stooges, including J.P. Morgan. I now believe that every parasitic and predatory scheme of these human oddities is assisted and even inspired by off-world parasitic entities, which these men apparently worship as 'the devil.' I've heard it said that wealth is not necessarily associated with intelligence

Carol found the wounded vortex at the old Jekyll Island Hotel in which the conspirators had met in 1910. I went into the building and put the HHG into the structure itself, which resulted in more wailing and lamenting by grays and B Sirians. On the way out, we instructed lots of ghosts who were watching us from windows in the mansions surrounding the hotel to go to the light, which Carol said they immediately did. Why do paranormal researchers make these things seem so complicated?

We drove home right after that and spent a couple of days recuperating.

Don Croft

Episode 2

Moonbusting Part 2

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adcmoonbustingpt2.shtml>

March/April 2001

Our First Big 'Weird Science' Trip

We had been invited to Manhattan by some very wealthy people who had been buying lots of Terminators and wanted us to set up a factory in Costa Rica. The date of the meeting was set for March 31, so we left a week early to do some energy work on some vortices that we had dowsed the map for and to visit some of the ancient Druid sites in New England. The first HHg stop was the Pentagon, outside Washington, DC. Carol saw a dome of very dark, sick energy (artificially produced), which was obviously centered deep under the middle of the pentagon shape, also a distorted natural vortex at the northeast corner of the building.

It was a Sunday, so the parking lots were nearly empty, and we parked as close as possible to the vortex. I got out, walked to a spot where I could bury it, and at that moment a car raced out of an underground parking garage a few yards away, under the Pentagon building itself. By the time I'd gotten back in the car, two federal police cars had converged on that car, blocking the road, and the police were questioning the driver.

One of the police moved his car out of the way so we could pass. I asked Carol, who is telepathic, to see what they were up to. She said the three people in the car were spying for North Korea and that the whole activity was manipulated by the Wingmakers to ensure that no one would notice our activity there. We went straight to Philadelphia after that to meet with an electronics broker and a publicist. We got an email that the rich guys postponed the NY meeting, but we were on a roll and had lots of other work to do in the northeast, so were not disappointed.

We had finished the Chembuster the day we left Florida, but hadn't used it (or so we thought). The initial use was to be a few days later in Rangeley, Maine, in honor of Dr. Reich, whose laboratory, Orgonon, is there.

The Federal Reserve Bank

Having concluded our business in Philly the next day, we were guided to Manhattan in the middle of the night to put an HHg in the vortex around which was built the Federal Reserve Bank and the World Trade Center (need I say more?). [reminder: this was almost six months before the felonious feds demolished the WTC]

Carol saw that the energy near the ground was pinched and compressed and very dark. We found the bank, which is the ugliest building I've ever seen, and put the HHg into the ground between that nasty place and the World Trade Center. Most people don't know that as soon as Roosevelt established the UCC [Uniform Commercial Code] in place of the lawful, Constitutional courts, he began moving the nation's gold reserve from Ft. Knox to the underground vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. He had made it unlawful, by executive fiat, for 'common citizens' to own gold bullion and the Fed got whatever the compliant among the population agreed to give

up. I see that period as the most calamitous time in our nation's history, since the people allowed themselves to be hypnotized into giving up most of their freedom, in a way that is essentially the same as the people of Germany, Italy and Russia were doing, though the Russians deserve some credit for being the only population that offered resistance to the new global tyranny.

Twenty million in the alleged Soviet Union had to be murdered, and the rest had to be starved and beaten into submission before they capitulated to the City of London's proxy rulers, the Bolsheviks. Americans, at the same time, welcomed the same system with open arms and even overlaid Christian themes on the process, sad to say. To the Germans and Italians, it may have just seemed like more of the same, considering their history of class consciousness and submission to aristocracy, even the new, heavily financed aristocracy made up of former street thugs and other criminals in snappy uniforms. European aristocracies had routinely been created this way whenever there was a royal coup—no different than when a new US president throws out most of the mid level bureaucrats when they get into office and replace them with their own family members, concubines and other sycophants. I KNOW we are ready for and deserve better than this stinking mess.

At the same time, Roosevelt caused it to be a punishable offense to personally own gold. People were much more gullible at the time than now. I think many more people are aware now that the alleged government is not acting in their best interest. Presidents now find it expedient to do in secret what Roosevelt and Truman did openly regarding the suppression of personal freedom.

If anyone were to wonder who really runs the show in the US, no more would need to be said to prove that the Federal Reserve Corporation (through its Uniform Commercial Code and its alleged "ownership" of the population) is the only government now. That will all change in a single day when enough people become aware that their birthrights have been usurped by criminal politicians. We can then return to lawful government without necessarily shedding a drop of blood. The information age has provided some interesting new opportunities in politics and journalism, as well as finance, so why don't we take full advantage of them?

The Fed interfaces with the European banks through the World Trade Center and Rockefeller Center. Over half of the shares of the Fed are owned by Europeans, especially British. Carol and I are getting that a full fledged world war has been averted, though the City of London will perhaps be destroyed by a lunchbox nuke—one of the many they've 'lost track' of.

This would instantaneously terminate the power of the international banks and their stranglehold on all of the governments of the world (including ours). It would end the exploitation of the world's resources as well as stop the organized genocide of Africa and related 'eugenics' programs. The power vacuum left by the disappearance of the UN, the delegates of which are all appointed by the same individuals that operate the IMF, can and will be filled by an elected world parliament.

More From Al Bielek: The Galactic Federation, Hale-Bopp, Star Wars, & 15 Hz

One of the things that Al Bielek told us, which stretched our worldview to its limit, is that there is a Galactic Federation. The invited members meet three requirements: the ability to defend one's planet from invasion, political unity and I can't remember the third one, though I remember that it was obvious that we've already met that one. I haven't seen this information in his published material. This Federation, also, is not made up entirely of friendly planets and the ones who are preying on us in cooperation with the earthly governments also belong to this Federation, so we need to decide as a race if this membership is even desirable.

Al claims that the Star Wars program was an effort of all of the world's military to get the capability to repel an alien attack and/or invasion. The first use of the weapons were on the 'comet' Hale-Bopp, which was actually a projectile being guided (by B Sirians and Draconians), to strike the earth. Many who worked in secret programs tell us that hostile alien craft are downed on a daily basis in many countries by Star Wars technology [see Phil Schneider's Last Lecture]. No doubt, these didn't go through the proper channels before preying on the population.

The object that was seen intermittently behind the 'comet' was the ship from which the projectile was being guided. Hale-Bopp was diverted long before it would have reached Earth. Our military had been aware of this for years before Hale or Bopp had seen it, but was just waiting for it to get within range of the new weapons. If they had failed, the resulting catastrophes and "earth changes" would have fulfilled all of the 'earth changes' predictions of Nostradamus, Cayce, Toye, Scallion, etc., which are now no longer relevant. Al told us that when the USS Eldridge 'touched down' in the year 2063 that a military coup had replaced the world order and was guiding humanity toward representative government. He said that during the month he was hospitalized there for radiation sickness he was easily able to piece together that the only physical catastrophes, aside from the nuclear destruction of a few cities in a limited nuclear war, was that the oceans had risen gradually to a level which made it necessary for people to move out of most coastal cities, a process which has already begun, since the polar ice caps are melting from the bottom up.

I forgot to mention that I'd studied Al's work for many years, along with the other Montauk participants' writings and lectures, but I was never quite sure if this was true. Carol and I were both impressed by his sincerity, humility, his quick and candid answers for even my most specific questions (he was just as quick to distinguish what he said he knew directly from what he conjectured or didn't have answers for), and his unwillingness to profit from his information, though he was barely getting by on social security and a few dollars worth of sales of materials at his lectures, most of which he donated his time for. Carol said his aura was very clear and strong, though a little odd, probably due to having had his identity transferred from his original body.

I had the impression that he wishes to make up for some of the harm that the Montauk facility had done and is doing to young boys in the MK Ultra program, which the movie, Conspiracy Theory, touches on, and for its other insidious activities, even though he was never taken to work there in a fully conscious state.

Many events which had been inevitable, by the way, became less likely when the Philadelphia Experiment disrupted the time stream that the earth was in. The resulting chain of events make it seem clearer to me that the Hand of God is involved on many levels. Muhammad said, "Men plot and God plots, and God is the best plotter." It seems to me that an attribute of divinity, or at least of extremely advanced spirituality, is the ability to turn the misdeeds of the macroparasites into beneficial acts. The allegory of Moses and Khidr in the Qur'an [Koran] illustrate that very well.

Everyone seems to agree that 2012 is an important year in human history. James Hughes had told me that 15 Hz will be Earth's resonant frequency then. We made our Terminators to operate at that frequency on a hunch and it has far exceeded our expectations. The Draconian that has been harassing us since we started moonbusting really seems to hate that frequency. We have a frequency generator set at 15 and hooked to the copper grid/crystal arrangement (thanks, James!) in the floor of the Zapporium. That's another confirmation. Actually, whatever angers the macroparasites (human and otherwise) is probably good for us. Every time we put a Holy Handgrenade in a location, I ask Carol if anyone's angry with us. She has always said, yes, so far. I figure that if we haven't angered a predator, we just aren't doing our job right.

Montauk

We drove out to Montauk, which is on the eastern tip of Long Island, right after we found our way out of Manhattan. Montauk is where Al had spent many years of his life working in the MK Ultra program and other projects while in a hypnotized state. He began recovering his memory of this and the Philadelphia Experiment in the late 1980's. The first glimmerings of recognition came when he saw the movie, PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT, around 1988. A little later, he began meeting others who had been involved in the programs and who were also recovering their memories, all of which had been erased by post hypnotic suggestion. This is all covered in greater depth on Al's CD, which is available from that site [Editor's Note: As of April, 2002, this web site has been taken down by Al Bielek due to a legal dispute the CD producer. The CD can be obtained directly from Al Bielek found at this link. We will soon post an article with more details. Ken Adachi].

Carol saw the energy of the underground facility from about 30 miles and began feeling sick within 10 miles. The closed-down base under which was the center of the vortex was inaccessible, but we planted a Holy Handgrenade within the field and near the old lighthouse. We both immediately felt the energy lighten and begin to heal. Though our military had closed the base when Senator Goldwater became aware of what was happening there in the early eighties, there is still a great deal of activity going on at deeper levels.

MK Ultra

Montauk is the original place where young "Montauk Boys" were taken into the MK Ultra program. Al says that there are centers in all of the major US cities now where this is still going on. Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass) and Alan Watts were employed by the CIA to conduct mind control research with hallucinogens in one part of the MK Ultra program according to some research journalists, while other parts of the program created assassins, mass murderers and serial killers, many of whom have been triggered into mayhem on the eve of the passage of stricter gun control 'laws' and of unconstitutional executive powers.

Conspiracy Theory is a movie that profiles some of that. The psychiatrist in the movie portrayed the role of Dr. Jolyon ("Jolly") West, who was the personal psychiatrist of most of the individuals that have been in the news as assassins, schoolyard killers, federal building bombers, etc. [Dr "Jolly" West of UCLA is detailed in Brice Taylor's book, Thanks For The Memories -Ken]. Since this was made in Hollywood, it was not allowed to show that this predatory shrink was just part of a larger organization ;-)

There's plenty of documentation on this from intrepid investigative journalists. I don't even keep track of it any more. I believe that in the future people will be absolutely astonished that the Americans of this time period could even entertain the thought that this sort of thing isn't happening and that so many Americans now subscribe to 'non-conspiracy theories.'

The rest of the world, especially the Russians, are astonished that Americans are so hoodwinked.

Al is candid about his role in this. To his credit, he did what he could to make the program less brutal to the young boys who were abducted for its purposes. Also, there's more awareness now about one's freedom not to participate in programs like this. As late as the 1950's, when Al was first acquired to work at Montauk, it was considered honorable to do whatever the government wanted one to do without questioning it. Also, Al's cooperation couldn't be considered strictly voluntary, since he was put into a deep hypnotic state with strong post-hypnotic conditioning [all working personnel involved in the Montauk Project and similar black operations were subjected

to Mind Control- where memories are "wiped" and replaced with false 'cover' memories. -Ed.]. He told us that ET's were and are heavily involved in these programs and that a Draconian is the overseer.

Wilhelm Reich & The Montauk Project

Historical perspective can help us have some compassion for how people made choices. Wilhelm Reich had been a communist as a young man, for instance, because he hated fascism and probably felt that this was the only way to oppose it. Fortunately, he was expelled from the party after he found ways to teach the street level party members to be more content. About the same time, some of the other psychoanalysts in Germany and Austria (including his mentor, Freud) got together to drive him out of their territory. Apparently, he was having the same success rate with his patients from the upper classes, the perpetual cash cow for most shrinks before the oxymoron 'health insurance' became popular.

I mentioned these things because they had helped me understand how AI's activities fit into what had been happening in the world in recent history. My own study of the lives and habits of macroparasites helped me to believe that AI is telling the truth. Subsequent study of the Wingmaker material and our own experiences with those entities gave me validation from a different direction. This probably makes me seem like the most pessimistic sort to some people and the most optimistic to others. Actually, both optimists and pessimists seem to agree that 'this is the best of all possible worlds.' ;-)

AI told us that Reich was one of the first scientists employed by the CIA in mind control research. When he realized what the aims of the CIA were in the late 1940's Reich quit the program after sabotaging the research, but it was too late to stop them from using his work. The Montauk Boys Program was based on Reich's findings and the researchers forced the boys to engage in sodomy in order to get psychic control over them. Carol told me that the reason I was particularly uncomfortable at Montauk is because I had been one of the early recruits as a child. AI told us that many of the boys died before he was able to get the programmers to stop forcing their cooperation. This would help explain my hatred for this kind of activity. AI says that as he travels around the country he now recognizes many men who had been recruited in the program. The first few hundred were taken from the immediate vicinity. After it became apparent that this would lead to exposure of the program, they used the time tunnel technology (this had been used to abduct AI and his associates from around the country) to pick up boys, brainwash them, and return them before their absence was noticed. This technology was contributed by the B Sirians, whom AI says are the hardware merchants of the galaxy. Carol and I are finding out what the aliens got out of that deal.

Strategic Deployment & Human Munchies

I hadn't mentioned that we had put HHg's in two other vortices in Florida—one just off the coast south of Palm Beach, the other one in Miami Beach, where the Stonehenge-type arrangement was recently unearthed. Carol got telepathically that the B Sirians needed these vortices to create the conditions for their materialization here. AI had said that their payment for technology would be an endless supply of humans as food, mainly in a few major American cities. We believe that our simple actions have stopped this from becoming reality. Our confirmations have been increasing with each of these actions.

We weren't able to find a motel room in Montauk, so slept in the car the rest of the night. Carol noticed that the HHg wasn't working quite as it should, so when it was light enough, we found it and saw that it was not sitting upright. Setting it squarely on its bottom quickly caused the final

shift in the energy field. She said that there were more ET's upset by this than at any of the other energy vortices we'd fixed.

Although there were very strong warnings on the NO TRESPASSING signs at the entrances to Ft. Hero, the closed down military base in the vortex under which AI had worked, and police seemed to be present most of the time, we walked through one of the open gates for a little tour. We didn't go far because the buildings were obviously not in use and it just felt creepy, especially to me.

Druid Time Portal

We took the series of ferries from Long Island to New London, CT, later that morning. It cost \$50 and took longer than it would have to drive through NYC, but we enjoyed seeing the eastern shore of Connecticut and stayed the night in a motel in Lyme, home of the famous ticks. I wonder if those ticks originally came from blue monkeys <grin>.

We had the urge to go right to a Druid site, so Carol dowsed Kent Cliffs, NY, where an underground chamber was said to be close to highway 310. The highway was about 20 miles long, and after we'd driven the length of it once without seeing the chamber Carol closed her eyes and saw the location, which we found a few minutes later.

We took several digital pictures, two of which showed some ghosts and another of which showed a relief carving of some Celtic knot work on one of the stones inside the chamber [this image was bright, as if highlighted by a spotlight, but over the following months it faded out almost completely. At first, it appeared to be a six pointed star]

Carol said that this chamber had been used as a time portal but they had recently moved the portal's location. New York State who is a member of a 3,000-year-old Druidic order & also descended from a line of native medicine women. She was simultaneously initiated into the order by both her Druid grandmother and her native grandmother, who was a medicine woman and native elder.

Needless to say, my friend shared very little of her occult career with me, though she distributed a lot of zappers to other native elders in the US on my behalf—sort of an offering on behalf of my white American ancestors who were quite obtuse in their ignorance of the unity of the human race. When I painted her kitchen awhile back she did tell me of her experiences with the Lemurians on Mt. Shasta when she visited there the first time (1972) she had thought they were just nice hippies who had taken her 'inside' the mountain.

She's by far the youngest 80-year-old person I ever knew.

A Second Portal in New Hampshire

There was another time portal then at the Stonehenge site in Salem, New Hampshire, so we drove right up there. The snow was pretty deep when we got there and it was around midnight. Carol found the energy of the place and we only had to go ¼ mile into the woods. Apparently time portals appear at certain times in certain locations, related to astronomical/astrological arrangements [this statement corroborates perfectly with information provided at dowsing workshops by master dowser Walt Woods...Ken].

When we got to the site we were both overwhelmed with a very loving, tingling feeling and Carol said there were several Wingmakers visible to her on the other side of a time portal. I recognized

the feeling of their presence as being similar to what I felt in the ethereal presence of Manifestations of God in my dreams and contemplations.

There's really no denying what it is. We get little rushes of it sometimes around orgone generators and crystals, but this was much stronger and more substantial. She kept vocalizing what I was thinking and then told me what they were telling her in response to that. She recognized one of them as the entity that came back from the Bahamas with me in January, whom we had both seen and I was calling Norm because I thought he was a gnome. He had particularly liked the seven orgone generator pyramids that I had made and put in the upper level of the Zaporium.

I felt a terrific sense of confirmation from this, and a further realization that we're taking part in a cosmic drama. At this point I was no longer just motivated by my anger toward the macroparasites. It seems that the more successful we are in defeating them, the less they annoy me. That must be an evidence of the progress of my spiritual healing. Carol never had that sort of anger. It looks like she's just having fun with the whole thing. Dolphins are like that. I've been telling her that I want to be like her when I grow up. She probably thinks I'm just kidding.

The portal had opened just as we arrived and closed again when they finished telling us what we needed to hear. That sort of timing has been characteristic of our work together. Synchronicity is a new science to us but has been part of the modus operandi of the ET's and our spiritual forebears forever. If I have any genius in me I'd have to say it's in the form of a sense of timing.

Orgonon

Though it was late, we felt it was expeditious to drive to Rangeley, Maine, for the Chembuster debut. We made it through very rough road conditions to northeastern NH, across the White Mountains, but had to rest for a few hours in the car. There wasn't a chance of getting a motel room in that area.

We arrived in Rangeley in the afternoon, just after a blizzard & another snowstorm was on its way. We rented a motel room and fell asleep from exhaustion and I had a distinct dream of Wilhelm Reich in which he showed me the device he had put underground to create the artificial vortex that Carol had seen in the vicinity of Dr. Reich's research estate, Orgonon, just before we arrived in town. I should have paid closer attention, but Carol told me that the work we are doing is beyond most of the pioneering orgone work that Dr. Reich had done because ours was based on orgone generation, not orgone accumulation, therefore it's apparently incorruptible. The predatory regime that usurped Dr. Reich's good work for their own destructive purposes can't even understand the basic Holy Handgrenade.

We had emailed Orgonon a month before to let them know that we'd be coming. Their website indicated that they would be open to visitors at this time, but we had gotten no response. We called that afternoon from the motel to see about a visit the next morning, but we were told that this would not be possible.

Watching the weather channel on cable TV that night, we noticed that it was raining for about a 20 mile radius around Ft. Pierce, Florida, where we had set up the Chembuster a week earlier for about 5 hours on the day we left. It seemed a little odd that it was raining nowhere else in the region. When we got back, our neighbors told us that it started raining after we left, and that the drought was over, at least for Ft Pierce. Water rationing had been planned for South Florida.

The sky was heavily overcast when we arrived in Rangeley and another storm was forecast for the next day. I got up at around 3:33AM and set up the Chembuster in the motel room. When we went outside about 8AM we saw a circle of blue sky directly overhead, surrounded by very dense, dark cloud cover, which was moving fast.

Though we were unable to get into the Orgonon facilities, we parked outside the entrance and took a few pictures of ourselves and the Chembuster beside their sign for the record. Carol told me that Dr. Reich was very upset with them for not letting us in, but that there was nothing there that we needed to see anyway.

I wondered why he was still around as a ghost and asked him to go to the light, which Carol said he immediately did. She said he had been afraid to do so before that. She later told me that the Wingmakers gave Dr. Reich the information that was the basis for his orgone research, and that he felt ashamed for the way his findings were used by the alleged world order. He reminds me of Al Bielek and other patriots that way. Dr Reich dearly loved his adopted country, but was oblivious of the dark dealings of the men who had destroyed and replaced the real government by the time he arrived in the late 1930's.

Wilhelm Reich's Imprisonment & Murder

Dr. Reich was imprisoned and murdered shortly after his work with the Cloudbuster got into full swing. That was when the parasitic ET's had just established a partnership with the leading governments of Earth, so disabling their ships was probably rocking the boat pretty severely. Also, he had made it clear to the CIA that he was opposed to their aims regarding the use of sexuality in mind control.

The AMA and their stooges at the FDA finally got their wish to have him imprisoned for his healing work and even had his books and records expunged from all institutional libraries and publicly burned (what other western nation did that in that century, hmmm?). They had been trying in vain to make that happen for many years, but needed a nod from the top predators to railroad him into prison, where he was more vulnerable to their assassins.

Like many other patriotic American pioneers in the 20th century who chose to learn this lesson the hard way, Dr. Reich had assumed that the UCC courts are capable of holding fair trials, so he made the mistake of showing up in court rather than fleeing the country, which would have been prudent. I consider the AMA to be similar to the mafia in that both organizations are subordinate to the secret police (the NSA and their premier leg breakers, the CIA) and are considered expendable by them.

I've put all of the alphabet soup police agencies into the same category as sub-groups of the NSA. Only the county sheriff is constitutionally sanctioned, and that is an elected office for obvious reasons, not an appointed one. Having said that, I realize that many people who work for the multitude of unlawful police agencies are well intentioned and have consciences, which makes them liabilities for their bosses in the long run. After all, they're the ones who have to decide at what point laws are no longer worth enforcing, and all of the armies on the planet are not sufficient to subdue this well-armed population on behalf of the City of London if the police refuse to support the current regime any longer. NO doubt our own military has already been severely culled (by the Gulf War Syndrome) and the remains scattered abroad as mercenaries for the same reason.

Suppressed Healing Technologies

I've been told that there are still alleged laws on the books that make the possession of orgone devices a punishable offense. Zappers are far more effective in curing illnesses than any orgone devices alone are (the Terminator has a significant orgone-generating component) and so are a much greater threat to the drug/medical cartel than Dr. Reich's inventions were, but the unlawful government agencies that used to prosecute true healers can no longer do so in broad daylight because critical mass has been reached among the population regarding awareness and resentment of institutionalized evil in the form of federal agencies such as the FDA.

So, Carol and I have assumed our birthright of free speech regarding the nature of inexpensive, effective healing and the success of this device. The alleged laws passed for the parasitic agencies that suppress healers mean nothing to us personally, nor do we consider their approval necessary or even desirable. After all, opposition by the alleged government in these matters has become a terrific endorsement for people in our trade.

They have had to content themselves with paying obfuscators to slander the makers of these devices and the simple scientific principles on which they operate. Some public schools have hosted presentations by professional obfuscators who are warning students not to try zappers (shades of DARE? ;-). It's all good publicity, as far as we're concerned, and just another evidence of the profound stupidity of human predators.

A concerted effort was made in the summer of 2000 to discredit the zapper and put manufacturers out of business. The techniques used were identical to those used against Dr. Reich and others earlier. This time, though, it must have backfired because it simply stopped and the two businesses that were targeted were back in business in a short time, probably with a large number of new customers. I felt like I didn't get my party invitation that time—Monty Python coined the term, 'Secret Policemen's Ball' a few years back for a fundraising presentation for Amnesty International, and held a subsequent 'Secret Policemen's Other Ball.'

Since the government officials in Britain, Canada, and the US who initiated the ill-advised crusade were doubtless appointed rather than elected, they probably didn't have their fingers on the pulse of public awareness. I might add that the British bureaucrats (inbred aristocrats, of course, and supporters of the six-fingered glove industry) were especially bold in their stupidity and arrogance. The Canadian ones most nearly approximated human intelligence in their approach, since they subsequently quickly approved the devices for sale. Maybe the wife of the Minister of Health cured her cancer with a zapper—who knows?

Return to Old Salem

Meanwhile, the diameter of the blue area of sky kept increasing. We drove south toward Boston that afternoon and could see the blue area receding behind us, though we were driving in the direction the weather system was moving.

We went to Hampton, NH, to take care of some business and stayed at a motel on the beach that night. It was the same overcast condition that was in Rangeley before we arrived, so we set up the Chembuster on the porch, took a picture of the sky at which the CB was pointing, and left it in that position all night. The next morning the sky in that direction was clear, so I took a picture of that and we left for Salem, MA. I took another picture of the 'praying Elvis' lawn ornament that the owners had placed with some other icons. He had a red jacket on. What does it all mean?

As we drove south 40 miles or so to Salem we saw the overcast continue to break up. It had been quite oppressive, so even though it brought precipitation it had the menacing aspect of having been created through the HAARP network, which made it fodder for the cloudbuster.

About 15 years ago, Carol had a vision in which she was being burned as a witch in Old Salem, Massachusetts, and buried afterward in a graveyard. She felt a strong urge to visit the graveyard, so we began searching for it when we arrived in Salem that afternoon after taking care of other business.

We needed help to find the graveyard. Salem is a large city that never used the services of an urban planner, as far as we could see. A nice lady offered to lead us to the graveyard. We noticed that there was a dense field of dead orgone there, so Carol suggested that we put an HHg there to clear it up, which it immediately did. There weren't many ghosts there. We told them all to go to the light, including one who Carol said was the most notorious of the judges who sentenced the witches to death. She said he was lurking there and was particularly afraid to approach the light—I guess that's how all predators end up if they don't get it straight by the time they die.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had described the witch trials as a way for the predators who were running many of the communities in New England on behalf of the 'crown' to divert attention away from their own satanic activities. Francis Bacon, not long before that, was the chief inquisitor in England of the witch-hunts and, at the same time, overseeing the creation of the King James Version of the Bible. He was part of the predatory network that ended up taking control of all of the Masonic lodges in Europe just prior to the creation of the American Republic. Note that when James' crown was usurped a little later by the Venetian (read: Babylonian) banking agents' proxy ruler, the masons in England never missed a beat and many of them got knighted and given land and titles.

I, for one, believe that the American Revolution was primarily a move to establish individual sovereignty as an institution for the first time in history and was the fruition of Muhammad's unprecedented teachings on that subject (Muslims know Muhammad as the 'Comforter' predicted by Jesus). The best evidence I can offer is the Bill of Rights, which even the present day alleged US government still pays lip service to out of fear of the People. Also, no predatory regime, no matter how candy-coated their rhetoric, would ever advocate the possession of firearms by the populace and the abolition of a standing army, as the Constitution clearly does.

We got a motel room and set up the Chembuster again, though the overcast had been breaking up. Next morning the sky was entirely cloudless and the wind had stopped blowing. I stayed in the room to work and Carol went back to the graveyard, where she immediately found the grave that was in her vision & took a picture of the gravestone.

James Hughes

We visited my daughter, Bevin, who is a student at Brandeis University in Waltham, MA, after doing some business in Boston, and went to Springfield, MA the next day to meet our friends, James and Rose Mary Hughes, who had come from Ashland, Oregon, to give a kundalini/psychic reading workshop. James credentials in the field were established in an instant when he was struck by etheric lightning in 1979. Five years later, after intense suffering and loss, he was finally convinced that he hadn't lost his mind and began relaying the teachings he had been given in that instant.

He never advertises but from that day they've had as many people guided to them as they could personally handle. Rose Mary got her healing gift shortly after James began using his. I believe it was a reward for her perseverance in the marriage during the five years it took for James to recuperate. They've been together for 46 years, having married when they were both 18 and

penniless. Actually, James had an old car and a cardboard box full of personal stuff when they got married.

He's so immersed in the energy field of the ones he calls Atlantean elders that casual conversation with him is usually full of useful information. Carol spoke with him for a few minutes and later told me that it was the Wingmakers that had been communicating through him all these years. She said that as he was talking, they were standing behind him and filling in the blanks themselves. One of the reasons I admire him is that he avoids temptation to have a following or to capitalize unreasonably on what he does. He won't even give a name to his work or claim special status for himself. This is another characteristic of the new paradigm, in which 'the meek are inheriting the earth.' Predatory and cynical people are simply unable to stand being in their presence, which James takes as a matter of course, not worth dwelling on.

The first thing James tells the people in his workshops is to be committed to the healing work. There's usually a lot of audible squirming when the word 'commitment' comes up in an energy workshop full of new agers. Carol and I are getting a lot more psychic ability and learning more about using energy, but we see these new abilities as survival skills rather than parlor tricks or social climbing techniques. We really have put our lives on the line.

As we left Springfield, I saw a UFO that flew across our field of vision in front of the car. It disappeared but not before Carol also saw it. She told me it was the reptilians and they wanted to let us know that they'll be our friends and allies from now on. That craft also showed up just above James left shoulder in the background of a digital photo, which is on my hard drive.

A Separate Peace

We picked Bevin up to spend a few days with her during her spring break. After visiting some business associates in Portland, Maine, we all drove down to Richmond, Virginia, where Bevin was to meet a friend from school. We set up the Chembuster there for a couple of days and cleared up the overcast condition there.

We were both aware that a craft had been following us since we left Florida, crewed by native reptilians. They had started monitoring us when we met with Al Bielek. Two reptilians had not so subtly monitored our conversation with him in the restaurant for over 3 hours from the next table. A couple of weeks later in Ft. Pierce, one of them had walked up to me and stared me in the face. I was startled by that and mentioned it to Carol, who told me it was a reptilian. That was a day after Carol saw one of their larger craft land in the woods next to the RV campground where we were staying.

Up until that night in Salem, we considered them parasites, but it suddenly occurred to me that if they are native to earth, as we are, we should try to come to terms with them. Besides, they had been with us long enough for me to feel that we had a relationship of sorts with them. They hadn't harmed or provoked us. The B Sirians, on the other hand, had been harassing us and marking our bodies with their implants.

I thought of the analogy of the Angles and Saxons in England at the time of Arthur. The Saxons were descended from Norse invaders who had come to England to plunder and subjugate the locals. After many generations the Saxons had turned to farming instead of plundering but remained at war with the locals. Arthur simply approached them with an offer of peace, which they gladly accepted and the two groups became a nation before long.

I verbally addressed them (they're telepathic but I wanted to make my intention clear) and promised that I will never aim the Chembuster at them. One of the reasons I had built it was to be able to shoot down UFO's, which I had considered anti-human. The spiritually advanced races don't use physical ships to come here, I'd come to believe. So the first thing I did when I initially set up our Chembuster was to ask Carol where the B Sirian ship was that was monitoring us and pointed the Chembuster at it. Carol sensed extreme alarm from the aliens and said that the ship instantaneously shot into space, out of range though still in line with where I was aiming.

We later came to understand that all antigravity craft of the parasitic aliens and humans are powered by nuclear fusion. These reactors are all vulnerable to the Chembuster because they require a deadly orgone field to sustain their nuclear reaction. The B Sirian craft still won't come close, though I made the same peace offer to them.

Cold fusion, on the other hand, is an orgone process, as are all of the new free energy technologies. Viktor Schauberger wrote about the new paradigm of energy production, based on implosion rather than explosion, many years ago. The parasitic ET's are still trying to maintain the old paradigm, as are their human stooges, the present day alleged world order (they call themselves the New World Order). So we garage inventors will be showing the way in the development of the new technology.

I no longer feel that physical aggression is necessarily appropriate toward the macroparasites. I was surprised to learn that we are more advanced than they are, spiritually, sort of the way in which many apparently primitive human societies are more spiritually advanced than the ones with all the technology, fine art, philosophy, etc.

As soon as I made the gesture to the reptilians, Carol told me that they were grateful for the promise and were after all just following us because they were curious to know what we were up to.

On the way to Portland we were late, so I asked the reptilians to run interference for us by causing the traffic cops to look the other way or drop their donuts when we were speeding. I drove by a couple of Maine highway patrol cars at over 80 mph right after that and Carol said they didn't see us. I felt a very strong sense of gratitude to our new friends. This was the first of many such episodes. It reminds me of the closing scene of Casablanca where Rick and Louis walk off arm and arm as new friends and allies...

Carol sees the unhealthy orgone as dark energy—the worst of it has a reddish glow. Usually, when we first set up the CB, lots of this energy comes into the base of the device through the tubes, where it's changed into healthy orgone instantaneously and sent back out in a spinning motion. When one touches the pipes at this time a little pain is experienced in the hand and arm. This pain goes when one touches the base. [As of March 2002, the farthest range of a Chembuster we've witnessed, evidenced by disappearing chemtrails, is 150 miles]

The original Cloudbusters had to be connected to a body of water. Moving water was preferable. If one touched the pipes while they were drawing in the bad energy it caused intense pain and even unconsciousness. I had read about one case in which the person who touched a cloudbuster in operation was nearly killed and had to recuperate in a hospital. A spark was seen to go from the pipes to the person. Electricity and orgone are always present together in varying proportions. I had suspected that the orgone generator would take away the harmful aspects of the Cloudbuster and make it more portable. The results have far, far surpassed my expectations.

T.R.T. Raids the IRS

Our associates in Maine had told us about a demonstration they would be attending at the IRS Building in Washington, DC in a few days. We felt this would be a good experiment for the Chembuster and promised to meet them there.

So, after Bevin's friend picked her up in Richmond, we drove back to DC the night before the demonstration so we could get a good parking spot in front of the IRS Building. We set up the Chembuster in the car (we had left the Zapporium in Florida), aiming it at the building, and tried to sleep. Sleep was difficult because so much bad energy was being drawn into the cloudbuster. In a few hours the sky had cleared (rain had been forecast), as had the Chembuster. We covered it with a blanket. It still looked like we were hiding a weapon and we looked forward to seeing if any secret police would take notice.

I think my main motive for going there was to get one of the jackets, which looked like the ones the storm troopers use when they break down the doors of the rule breakers in the wee hours and haul them away (does that ring a bell?). But instead of the alphabet soup letters on the back, these jackets say: TYRANNY RESPONSE TEAM.

About 500 people wearing these jackets walked around the IRS Building several times, after which Mr. Benson, author of *The Law That Never Was*, invited the IRS director to address the demonstrators and show where in the IRS rule book (note, these are not laws) is the rule requiring anyone to pay income taxes. There is no such rule, of course, but that subject is not in the purview of this article. Of course, the director didn't come out, but he did stand in the shadow of the police chief just inside the door and took pictures of the crowd. I'd like to see his photo album sometime. I think parasites generally don't like to be exposed to sunlight or fresh air. It was a lovely day.

There were plenty of secret police watching the crowd, as well as SWAT sorts, including one taking videos of all the protestors from the front steps of the IRS fortress. Three of the secret ones—judging by their expensive shoes and clothing, I'd say they were Secret Service agents--were within 20 feet of our car, but they never seemed to notice it, even when I went there to change my shirt. It looked to me like a 6' long rocket launcher, covered by a blanket, was propped on the dashboard, pointing at the director's office (it was the only one with a balcony, so I think it was intended originally to be used by the director to address an adoring Depression-era crowds or something).

I don't know what it would have been like without the Chembuster, but there was plenty of ugly energy when we arrived in the middle of the night. Fortunately, the energy on the CB was clear all day and nobody got freaky or unpleasant. Some even engaged the SWAT cameraman in pleasant conversation. On my early walk around the premises, I found a tractor-trailer, which was loaded with SWAT people. At 5AM, they weren't trying hard to hide their presence.

Around mid afternoon we went to the NSA headquarters, about 30 miles northeast of DC and put a HHg in the ground just within the field of the vortex there, which was huge and, of course, very distorted. I was surprised to learn that there are not many natural vortices within DC itself, considering how extensively the planners had used sacred geometry. Somebody needs to put one near the Washington Monument, though, which is in a vortex that is not completely occluded.

It's not hard to figure out where the fountainheads of evil are in this world. It's pretty much as simple as 'follow the money.' In the case of the NSA: 'follow the information,' since they allegedly control the means of transmitting information here. I suspect another vortex would be

found near Brussels, where the massive computer called "The Beast" is located and in the financial district of London. I'd be curious to know if there's one at Buckingham Palace, too. The families that have generated the most evil since Babylonian times finally ended up owning England shortly before the British Empire was started. They were the ones who financed William of Orange to usurp the throne in the early 1600's. The New World Order is just the present form of their ancient hegemony. Their modus operandi has always been the control of money and information.

Paradigms, The Old & The New

I surmised that the knowledge of how to build on and use these energy sources had not been regained by westerners until the middle 1800's. It looks to me like the Masons and Mormons were the first westerners to use this knowledge extensively in modern times. The Chinese have never stopped using these practices and the Druids (and whoever preceded them) had full competence in them.

I don't know what will come of these things. I'm content to work on a 'need to know' basis, since the explanations wouldn't mean very much to me in my present state of awareness. In the old paradigm, a lot of energy was spent preserving information through secrecy. I doubt that any of the old secrets are unknown to us now, especially if one knows how to use the Internet. The new paradigm seems to dictate that the best way to hide the truth is to say it clearly and plainly. Things that are true are almost never what we expect or wish them to be and they have a tendency to stretch our worldview and even obliterate it. So much of what we believe is conditioned by our prejudices and fears which takes a great deal of effort and contemplation to grow out of, old ways of seeing and hearing.

The best confirmations for me until now have been the expressed anger of predatory ET's, which has gotten more and more overt since we started last summer. I've concluded that the human parasites have very little to say in the course of 'human' events. Judging from the appearance of the Draconian who has been so present lately, I also suspect that the stories of devils and Satan may have come from uninformed human contact with these individuals. If we were afraid of him, I suppose it would be easy to build that sort of story around him. As it is, he's just a nuisance, and every time he does something overt we get more information, which probably just makes him even more angry and perplexed.

Al Bielek had told us that there were several ET groups working at Montauk and that the boss was a Draconian [titled "Charlie" according to Al Bielek...Ken]. He told us where the Draconians come from, but that information doesn't have much relevance to me and I keep forgetting those details. I just see them all as large parasites.

We drove back to Ft Pierce after we straightened out the NSA vortex.

Don Croft

Moonbusting Part 3

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adcmoonbustingpt3.shtml>

April/May 2001

I don't remember how the subject of moonbusting came up. I think it was because we had rented a B movie recently (we watch movies on our VCR while we do our manufacturing work) that was about an evil entity on the dark side of the moon who was planning to do bad things to Earth through the Bermuda Triangle's connection with his moon territory. On a hunch, I asked Carol if there was information we could use somewhere in that movie and she gave me a strong 'yes.'

So, having waited patiently for the opportunity to get back to my workshop so I could extend the CB's range, I wondered if it would be possible to affect the moon with a Chembuster. I'd come to believe that our moon is all or partly artificial, though extremely ancient, and was a base used by predatory aliens—a staging area.

I'd listened to Richard Hoagland's accounts of structures on the surface, especially on the dark side, which was not decimated by the event that cratered the bright side so extensively, apparently in the same time period, that half of Mars' surface was also obliterated. It sounded pretty convincing, especially after having read the book *Someone Else Is On The Moon*, which was a photo essay (compiled from NASA's files before they could remove them all) of enormous equipment operating in some of the moon's craters, and the extensive network of tracks between the craters. These photos were from NASA files before some extensive editing took place in the early 70's in most of their file locations.

William Cooper had done a dissertation about the human base on the moon that he'd become aware of around that time while he was working in Naval Intelligence and subsequently acquired several accounts from eyewitnesses who were participating at various levels in that project.

Stan Deyo wrote *Cosmic Conspiracy* in the late 70's, in which he gave a detailed history of the development of antigravity craft by humans in the 1950's. This research was covered in various publications until the mid 50's, but was never seen again in any publication (except his book and a few other underground ones) after a certain date, at which time all references were dropped. I got his book when I was living in Tonga in 1984-5. It was published in Australia, but had been unavailable in the US until the Internet was up and running a few years ago. I got two shocks when I read that book: there is extensive censorship in America, and a few nasty, dried up, passionless old men (except when they dress up in black robes and ritually slaughter babies) who really do secretly run the world. Stan didn't seem to be aware of any ET connection with the antigravity research when he wrote that book.

Cooper gave a very convincing explanation of how and why the Apollo missions were faked. For example: the Van Allen belt would have destroyed any life aboard the spacecraft since there was no radiation protection on board. The extremely cumbersome spacesuits are still used even though much lighter, more user-friendly ones had been perfected in the 60's. Computers were not advanced enough then to do the calculations that were necessary. The movies of the moonwalks showed them jumping a few inches high instead of what should have been a couple of feet, considering the low gravity. There were no stars shown in space. Notice that NASA is still using 1970's technology in their space program. They are obviously being trotted out as a smokescreen. The presentation went on for an hour and I couldn't find any weak points in it.

Speaking of weak points, I'm a science fiction buff. I've never read anything presented as fiction that didn't look like fiction. Al Bielek's story has always sounded bizarre and unthinkable, but it never seemed like fiction. It seems more and more like simple journalism to me lately. I contrast this with the stories told by people I consider professional obfuscators. We've been able to use Al's information to help us sort out what's been happening around us. Obfuscators, being essential parasites, give no usable information, no matter how fascinating they may sound or how 'nice' they seem.

When I returned to the US in 1985 I read *World Order, The Hegemony of Parasitism* by Eustace Mullins. Many believe that this book contains enough hard and circumstantial evidence from public record to convict the nasty old guys mentioned in the previous paragraphs as well as the various echelons of their sycophants, stooges and thugs, all the way down the predatory dung heap, from the City of London, through the Rockefellers, Kissinger, the Bush men, Idi Amin, Pol Pot, Winnie Mandela, Saddam Hussein and Hillary Clinton, to most of the planet's towns and villages. Parasites are as parasites do.

This infestation of the body politic will need to be healed from the outside as well as from inside. A quick remedy would be to use the Internet to elect a temporary world congress whose purpose would be to form an elected world government. I have no doubt that there are so many enlightened, otherworldly entities ready and willing to help us with this that it would be easy and would quickly take on a life of its own. Did you hear that here first? You'll hear it again soon from someone who's never heard of me if this is timely.

Moon Dwellers

I asked Carol to see how many humans are on the moon, and whether they had built a base or were using existing architecture. She said there were around 80, half of them American and half of them Russian, and that they were using an underground base that had already existed. I then wanted to know how many aliens were there. She said that there had been 10,000 until the arrival a few years ago of a number of Draconians aboard the huge ship that had been behind Hale-Bopp. They had come to the moon to organize some very bad things after the military here thwarted their attempt to use the comet to help them take the planet. She recently told me that there's a portal in the moon, like in the *Stargate* movie, but that it's not big enough for a ship to pass through.

Just as Roosevelt sold the American Republic to the British banks in the 1930's and Clinton sold the remains of our national security to the Chinese, the New World Order has sold the planet to parasitic off-worlders. I guess it hurts more when allegedly lawful governments do things like that. The New World Order has never had a mandate from the population or any lawful basis for their position and actions. They just made it up. Maybe that's why it's so easy for little people like us to throw a wrench in their machinery. The strength of our early nation was in its Constitutional individual sovereignty mandate and its relatively close alignment with universal law. The New World Order is squarely opposed to universal law and is thus vulnerable to the concerted effort of a few people who are in harmony with true order.

Lock & Load

We dowsed that the extension of the 6' pipes of the Chembuster to around 11' would make it possible to affect the moon, so as soon as that was finished, I propped it up and aimed it at the moon. When the aim was correct, Carol saw that the whole moon started shaking as though in a 5.0 earthquake. She said that the occupants were terrified and completely unaware of what was causing it. She said that a half hour would be plenty and that it would take a total of 5 sessions to persuade the aliens to leave. We did the second half-hour session later that morning

We waited a couple of nights to do the third session. We would have done it sooner, but the moon wasn't visible after the first night. There were no clouds and we knew where to look, but we just couldn't see it. Carol, as a practicing witch, keeps close tabs on the moon and its cycles.

Carol got up around 2AM and did that one herself. Since she doesn't need to physically see it to know where it is there was no problem getting the aim right. 24 hours later a very quiet helicopter appeared over the trees about a quarter mile northeast of our campsite in the RV park. It hovered for a minute then started flying back and forth at about 400 ft., shining a spotlight on the ground below. This kept up for about half an hour. We both stood outside and watched. I asked the reptilians to 'cloud their minds' so that they wouldn't come our way and Carol said they immediately did so and not to worry. She felt that the chopper crew considered it ridiculous to think that this could be coming from an RV campground full of retired white people. I see their point—I call them Depression Babies and their majority enthusiastic support for the receding regime and their brainwashed worship of mediocrity has always sickened me.

This is the generation that came out of WWII (I do respect the sacrifice of the veterans and the ones who died then) with the conviction that whatever the government wants is fine by them and conformity was the order of their day. Centralized power grew by leaps and bounds on their watch and the persecution and murder of people like Wilhelm Reich had their full support and approval. Some things have changed for the better, thank God!

It wasn't accidental that the US, Europe, Russia, and China all adopted similar social/economic orders around the same time and that the IMF (Babylonian families) financed and micromanaged it all. Lyndon LaRouche refers to the Queen of England as the 'Whore of Babylon' because of her nominal support of the world drug trade, historically a British monopoly. It's also no accident that the drug trade now envelopes and is bleeding these nations to death. Most people my age are fairly incapacitated, spiritually, by their regular use of drugs.

The helicopter inspired me to do something to tweak the parasites a bit. An Air Force bombing range (or something) is on the map about 40 miles northwest of Ft. Pierce. We discussed going there to do the next moonbusting session, since they obviously had figured out where it was coming from and I wanted them to know that we knew.

We humans are probably the last race in the galaxy that doesn't use telepathy as the primary mode of communication. Carol is very good at it and even has a hard time shutting out other people's thoughts in crowds, sometimes. She assures me that anything we're thinking about while we're outside the Zapporium is clearly received by more than one group of ET's, especially the B Sirians, and, by now, the Draconians, who are their bosses. So they already knew we would be going to the Air Force base.

Getting In Closer

The next morning we drove up I-5 to the exit closest to the base and took the 2-lane highway through Yahoo. Carol said to drive another 6 miles after we spotted the water tower of the base. Over the base she saw a very dark, dome-shaped energy field that is typical of extensive nefarious underground activity.

A couple of miles before we were to deploy the device, we saw three police cars parked by the road, obviously waiting for someone to show up. There was no shoulder on that road or anyplace besides farm driveways to park on, so we picked a large driveway near a farmhouse that looked deserted and set up the Chembuster at the roadside. We couldn't see the moon, but Carol found it

and had me adjust the aim until she could sense the moon shaking. It only took a few seconds. I had to move it every 5 minutes to sustain the shaking effect.

Within five minutes, Carol said there was a very large triangular craft from the base right over us, though we were invisible to them. I couldn't see it, but I'm familiar with the trick. At this point I no longer had the urge to aim the Chembuster at it. I've decided not to be an aggressor and the moonbusting isn't hurting anyone. Besides, the military men who are flying these craft are most likely not fully aware of what they're doing and won't remember it later. That's how they got AI to work for them.

We packed up after a half hour and drove home. The police were still in the same spot. Carol said that they were on the lookout for us, but hadn't been told exactly what to look for. There are plenty of weak links like this in the predators' chain of command, but the good guys like to share information with each other. Carol also said that if we had been arrested by them, we would have been taken to the base and executed. Oh, well—most things that are fun carry some risk. The police, of course, had no clue what this is about and were only following orders. It reminds me of the cops in *The Matrix*.

After that we considered it expedient to change our address. There were at least two reasons for this: the top heavy organization we were dealing with is very slow to make changes, even slothful, but we had no doubt they were on to us in our present location and the rent was due in a day or so. We moved to the Florida Keys to be closer to the Bahamas, where we would be going at the end of this week to do some work. That's another story, of course.

A Caller From Dracos

The morning after we arrived at Grassy Key, Florida, we did our fifth moonbusting session. By now, Carol said that most of the aliens had already left and in fact a huge Draconian ship was just overhead and was observing us on its way out of the territory.

Although I'm not accustomed to telepathy or astral travel, I've had a few experiences with both. Carol routinely does both and has gifted ability. After the fourth session, she told me that a Draconian, who has been in charge of all activity with humans, came personally to check us out. Apparently it was hard for him to conceive that so much trouble could be made by the likes of us and he was not accustomed to looking into these things personally. There were many levels of flunkies beneath him.

Before she mentioned it, I had gotten a clear image of a fellow standing outside the Zapporium door while we were in bed with a look of consternation on his alien face--a tall, skinny guy. Carol said he couldn't get inside because of the 15Hz frequency. He would have been able to tolerate the orgone field for a while, though, if it weren't vibrating at that frequency.

He's showed up here every night since then [rarely now, as of March 2002], though I'm no longer aware of him. The second night, after our fifth moonbusting session, Carol told me that he wanted to talk to both of us but had to slow us down so that we could be more aware of him. My response was that I didn't need to talk to a parasite. They never give anything of value, so why bother with them? Have you heard the Indian saying: The eagle never wasted so much time as when he consented to be taught by the crow?

But Carol was curious, so we both went to bed (he needed for us to be asleep in order to communicate—doesn't that just figure?) I woke up suddenly about 1AM and looked at Carol. I could see his face superimposed on hers, though it was transparent—creepy, but par for the

course. It looked like a stretch image of Richard Gephardt's face and also the image of Baphomet the Hermaphroditic Goat in the inverted pentagram in *Morals and Dogma* [by Albert Pike.Ken], the Masonic bible. Yes, there are actually grownups who believe in these silly things. Remember the adage that says that wealth and intelligence are not necessarily found together.

In the morning Carol said he had talked to her for a long time but she couldn't remember a single thing he said. I told her that he was just looking for a weak spot to exploit and she agreed. I've been subjected to that sort of 'communication' from humans in the past, especially in relationships before I learned to stop falling in love with control freaks, but I don't think anybody would try that now with me.

He had attached what Carol calls cords to both of us. Mine were in the area of the third chakra. He was apparently trying to weaken my resolve. Parasites can't relate to the fact that when a person acts from integrity, nothing will deflect him/her—not even the destruction of the physical body. He attached a much stronger cord near Carol's heart chakra. I had been able to remove those things with a tool I made from a sound crystal with a Mobius coil around the base, held in the hand and pulsing 15Hz [the Succor Punch...Ken], but it was a temporary fix that enabled Carol to get through the day without pain.

The next evening, Carol was relaxing, listening to the *Wingmaker* CD, and she told me that some Pleiadians were around her, dissolving the cord that the Draco had put there.

Helpful Dolphins & Underwater Cities

Speaking of Pleiadians, after we rented the campsite in the Keys, we noticed that it was across the road from the Dolphin Research Center. I hadn't thought a lot about dolphins, but this caused me to start thinking about them in terms of what we'd been doing.

I used to listen to whales when I lived in the Virgin Islands in the early 70's. It was very sweet, and the deeper one went in that nice, clear water, the louder it got (because of the pressure). My next experience with whales was in 1995, a few days before I sailed into the hurricane near Yucatan with my little dory. It was a calm day and I was sitting, reading a book when I noticed a shadow pass over the book. I looked up and saw a large whale flipper overhead, then looked behind me and saw a big eye. I was transfixed and in a moment the whale went underwater. I thought, 'I could have touched him!' and went back to reading. A few seconds later, the same thing happened. I reached out, but was unable to move to touch the second one either. In those moments, I knew something had transpired spiritually. These two were pilot whales, about 20 feet long. They are probably technically dolphins. My first psychic contact with dolphins happened a few days ago.

The day after we arrived here Carol went over to see what would happen. She said some dolphins, who communicate telepathically, had been calling to her. An hour later she came back and told me that three of them had introduced themselves to her. One of them was especially knowledgeable, though not physically well. There are little placards by each pen that tell a little about the individual dolphins and what their names are. I asked her what their real names are and she said they are hard to pronounce. I'd asked her to take a holy hand grenade there in case any of the dolphins wanted it. With the dolphin's permission, Carol left one in the water on the edge of his pen.

We went there together shortly before closing time that day. The one who was ill came close to us and looked at us both for a minute. Carol was obviously getting a lot from him, but I couldn't sense anything. The next pen had the two others that Carol told me about. They both came close

to where we stood and looked at us and made a lot of sounds. I felt a wave of love from one, and Carol said, "Anra just reached out and hugged you". Anra is an approximation of her real name, Carol said.

That night, when the Draconian fellow was trying his best to get at us, we both got a series of communications from Anra and the older dolphin. I should have written mine down. The process for me is like this: I'm awake and relaxed and my toes and then feet start twitching like crazy. Then my heart chakra starts absorbing very loving, playful energy and sending it back out, then images start appearing in my mind.

Carol's process is the same, but instead of toes, she feels a little tingling in her fingers. She says that regular telepathy doesn't involve the heart chakra this way. Her images were of underwater cities and map locations in the area we've known we are supposed to explore in the Bahamas near South Andros Island. When Carol told me the Pleiadians were healing her, I recognized their energy as similar to the dolphins but more refined and ethereal.

We had just gotten back from a clandestine visit with the dolphins that evening after the facility closed. Carol wanted to give an HHg to Anra so she could help with the older one's healing. This HHg is a little different and has a rare earth magnet in it to create a more concentrated, localized field for chakra balancing [St. Buster's Button]. We put our dinghy in the water at the boat ramp a couple of doors down from the dolphin residence and rowed there. Carol walked out to the platform from which the humans relate to the dolphins & got Anra's permission to drop it in the pen. After a few minutes, Anra started familiarizing herself with it. We went over there the next day see them again and heard one of the people there say that the older fellow was more energetic than she had ever seen him before, even doing unsolicited back flips.

The dolphin communications happened two nights for me, but it's pretty much continuous for Carol. Here is a good example of how we process truths: I think I reached the limit, for now, of my smaller capacity for this and I'm taking a break from it. I don't even sense the Draco guy now, though Carol said she saw his ship right over the campground in 3D today on her drive home. I am enjoying the intermission, because I suspect that I'll be in a maelstrom of new experiences in the Bahamas shortly. These things are happening all around me, but I'm unaware because I'm not quite ready to be with it 24/7.

We Get Remote 'Viewed'

I have to put this in: Carol pretty much has a part of her awareness in the psychic realm around the clock and tells me when certain entities show up. Sometimes we notice this at the same time, but I'm still a neophyte. We have been 'remote viewed' and two government-paid psychics watched us while we were moonbusting by the secret base. One of those is a well-known author of considerable integrity, even though her patriotism may be misguided. She left when she realized that we weren't harming anyone (she also finally realized that her employer has no integrity). The other was watching us through the eyes of a redwing blackbird. He didn't tell his boss our location. The remote viewer episode was kind of weird, like the person doing it was in a trance, not fully conscious--mechanical, almost. Now I understood why the alleged government no longer puts a lot of money into the remote viewing program.

Expanding Our Perimeter

One day, around that time, it occurred to me to cut the boundary wire I'd installed around the inside of the Zapporium to focus the energy of the large Mobius coil that I'd wired into the energy/frequency grid. Putting a crystal inside the Mobius coil had made the boundary wire unnecessary, I thought, and I wanted to test that. At the same time, I connected another large

Mobius coil, which was wrapped around a very big, smoky quartz generator crystal, in series with the grid to the frequency generator, which sends a constant 15Hz through the extensive network beneath the floor of the Zapporium (we added a large Mobius coil/crystal sphere to the grid a few months ago, also two Hebrew alphabets, one gold-plated, the other silver-plated, which James had just developed and was selling).

I did this all within a few seconds, but we felt a huge rush of kundalini through our sixth chakras. Carol was nearly overwhelmed, but I just felt something like a coffee rush. She saw the energy shoot out in all directions from the Zapporium. The boundary wire had kept that energy within the vehicle and more subdued before this, which explains why the Draco was able to get to the door, but couldn't come in without an invitation (is that where the vampire belief got started?). As we weakened, he was able to come in for short periods, but he clearly hated the frequency. He can also tolerate strong orgone for short periods, which is probably why he's the boss of all the parasites (sort of like being the leper with the most fingers).

About two hours after I cut the wire, a helicopter showed up, circling our campsite just above treetop level. Carol was off shopping, which was too bad, since I wanted her to read the minds of the people in the chopper to see where they were from and what they were up to. There was a long arm with an instrument on the end of it, which they were obviously using to monitor something. It was close enough for me to see that it wasn't a camera. It circled around the Zapporium once and flew down the beach a quarter mile or so (the campground was the center of it's activity). I quickly went inside and turned off the frequency generator. It came back, circled the campground again, and left. The whole episode lasted about 15 minutes. It was after Carol got back from shopping that we did the 'send tough love to Draco' exercise.

Keeping in Touch Is So Important

Someone apparently put the thought into my head that we could stop being defensive and actually pursue this individual. I asked Carol to connect with the Draco psychically and tell me what happens. I held the crystal/coil/frequency tool [the SuccorPunch] next to my heart chakra and focused on the Draco with the intent of sending bright blue, concentrated orgone back along the cord that was still attached to me and immersing him in a 15Hz orgone field. At the instant I felt it was done, Carol said he was jumping around like someone gave him a hotfoot. I mentally told him that I'll be doing this whenever I think of him as long as he's anywhere near the moon or Earth, and I've been keeping my promise.

Carol said he was scaring her with descriptions of what he was going to do to me for making him feel this way but that he was, indeed, unable to break free of the energy field I was creating for him. He may not be staying much longer, but I've learned that it's unwise to rest on one's laurels concerning these folks. They're extremely resilient and treacherous. When I was done, the cord was gone.

This is right in line with the new paradigm way of solving problems: ask for divine assistance and just follow the simple instructions. Life used to be so hard. We had found a very dense field of dead orgone directly over the huge, flat hill that was erected on Homestead Air Force Base. Until recently, I think, when the alleged government created underground facilities, they just left the dirt on top of the hole. Since the book about secret underground bases came out in the '90's, they learned to put it somewhere else. A big hill in swampy south Florida is pretty conspicuous.

Homestead Air Force Base

Carol said that there was a weather control facility underground there, at which some humans and aliens from 5 races were working together. One of the races was fairly new to Carol. These

sometimes walk on all fours generally and remind her a little of Jarjar Biggs in the latest Star Wars movie. I had asked her to look at Wright Patterson Air Force Base a few months earlier and she'd seem them there—in fact one of them 'looked' at her then. She tells me now that the ones working with our alleged government are renegades of a race that is using Venus as a base in our star system [the ones of this race who are observing Carol and I now are legitimate ones from the group that were involved with Nicola Tesla].

By the way—the aliens at Wright Patterson AFB are not captives. You may remember that the Serbian and Bosnian diplomats who were taken underground at that base to reach a peace agreement a few years back came back up to 'meet the press' considerably chagrined and white as sheets. That was even covered in the prostituted media at the time. When Bush Sr. ran for president against Clinton in '91, Reagan's only public appearance in support of Bush, who he allegedly hated, was in front of the old hangar doors at the defunct Roswell Air Force Base in New Mexico. There wasn't a huge crowd there. I wonder if there's a connection?

At that time, we had planned to go to South Andros Island, Bahamas, as soon as possible to do some energy work and retrieve our boat, which I'd left there in January. Since the weather in the Bahamas was unseasonably bad, we decided to wait until it cleared to make the trip. I had been able to negotiate rough water on the way over, but the boat is too small for two people to do it safely, and Carol needs a certain comfort level in order to do her best psychic work.

We set up the Chembuster on the beach (following a half hour session of moonbusting), aiming at the stratosphere over South Andros Island, 100 miles or so directly east by southeast.

The Big Guy Stops By Again

A few hours later, Carol was a little alarmed and told me that the enormous Draconian ship that had been directing Hale-Bopp to hit the earth before the Star Wars array diverted its course, and which had lately been behind the moon, showed up directly above and to the east of us on its way back to its home planet. That was night we had our tête-à-tête with the Draconian big wheel. He had told Carol that he was leaving (liar) and that he wanted to finish his business with us first.

A couple of days after we pointed the Chembuster out to sea, the smog which had covered the Keys dissipated and the strong wind slowed to a seasonal breeze. Some much needed rain then fell for a day or so and then the sky cleared to its traditional clear blue color.

We noticed that there were still thunderstorm clouds directly over the secret base at Homestead AFB, fifty miles to the northeast, but nowhere else, so we brought the Chembuster to our campsite and directed it at the storm clouds over the base. All this time we had left the 5' long extension pipes on, which makes the Chembuster more efficient for long range targeting but still allows it to work on local conditions.

We've lately been surprised to learn that the simple orgone generator is the basis of a new technology which none of the parasitic ET's had been aware of. The new technology follows the new paradigm, which is based on energy moving toward the center, or attraction—love, if you will. The old paradigm found expression in technology based on movement away from the center, such as internal combustion engines and nuclear reaction.

No doubt this is why Dr. Reich was able to neutralize alien and domestic anti-gravity craft with his Cloudbuster. Our take is that they rely on nuclear fusion for power and that the reactors fail when the deadly orgone is drawn from them. If anyone thinks that we humans don't yet have nuclear fusion devices, I suggest a review of recent history, which shows that secret technology is

always at least a generation ahead of the 'state of the art' technology of the market place and the scientists spoken of by the prostituted media are themselves, completely unaware of what's been accomplished. Just extrapolate: a few years after the media had blabbered about the Star Wars program having been abandoned, they showed a test/demonstration of the new space-based laser weapon, which was many steps ahead of the crude toys the talking head scientists evaluating the Star Wars program before it had 'lost funding' had been enthusiastically babbling about. That was during one of the extremely rare occasions that I watch CNN. I guess the CNN censor was in the toilet or hanging out at the water cooler soliciting a woman or a boy when that one got past him.

Al Bielek had assured us that Hale-Bopp had been diverted from it's Draco-directed earthbound path by a particle beam weapon that several governments of earth had successfully developed and deployed in the 1980's Star Wars program. As I mentioned, the striking of the planet by the comet in 1998 would have fulfilled all of the predictions of Cayce, Nostradamus, and present day seers regarding catastrophes and earth changes.

The future's up for grabs now, which is the main reason I feel compelled to share our recent experiences. I used to feel so pessimistic and suckered by doomsday scenarios that I was always unconsciously looking for a suitable hole in the ground to hide my family in just in case. Now it feels like the bad guys lost already, whether they know it or not. I really believe that they got the world by default when the kings and religious leaders lost their power in the mid 1800's and now it's up to us to take back that responsibility collectively and stop encouraging the plunderers and parasites who think they're in control.

Don Croft

Episode 4
The Bahamas
Part 1

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc4thebahamas.shtml>

May 2001

We picked a date to fly to Nassau and bought tickets from Chalk Airlines (a mistake), a small airline operating out of Florida. As the weather in the Bahamas had still not cleared, we asked them to change the date or give us a refund. They refused both, so I'm mentioning this as a warning to anyone who would be tempted to use their services.

We bought a portable diving compressor to take with us, since Carol's vision of the underwater city was in water that was a little too deep for snorkeling comfortably.

On May 4, we bit the bullet and just flew to Nassau. The airline officials wouldn't allow us to take the compressor because there was an odor of gasoline, though I'd carefully emptied the gas and oil from it the day before. The delay caused us to miss our connecting flight to South Andros Island, so we spent the night in a family hotel, which was very nice, in the city. These hotels have lower rates and cater to the visiting family members of the locals. We didn't get too exercised about the delay and change of plans, since we knew that the Wingmakers always know what's best and circumstances often change our plans and requirements.

South Andros Island

Norward Rahming is the Chief Counselor (kind of like mayor or governor) of South Andros Island. The alleged US government had built a docking facility at Kemps Bay, South Andros in the early 1980's, during the construction of the secret base on the bottom of the Tongue of the Ocean about a hundred miles to the southeast (it's 2,000 feet down and marked on all of the nautical charts). Mr. Rahming acquired the buildings and land of the docking facilities afterward and established a boat building shop and marine service station. Anyone is free to use the dock without charge. He also built a small hotel near the dock and operates a guide service for foreign visitors who like to go after bonefish with local guides

I'd left our boat in Mr. Rahming's boatyard and his son, Joel, who runs the yard and shop, had allowed me to repair the damage that I'd done to my boat when I landed on the reef a couple of times when motoring along the shore in January and to safely store the boat. My friend, Willy Smith, who is a commercial fisherman there, was at sea, but was due to return in a day or two. We had put the boat's accessories, including the 8 hp Johnson outboard motor, in his dad's storage shed 5 miles up the coast in Smith Hill. Willy was using the motor, having repaired it after I had allowed saltwater to dry in the carburetor. So we wouldn't be going anywhere until he got back, and the rough sea conditions would have to change before we got in the boat for the 50-mile trip to the location Carol saw on the map in her vision.

Messages From The Heart

During our first night on South Andros, we contacted the Wingmakers and I put the Succor Punch device on my heart chakra and strengthened the orgone beam to the Draco. I had been doing it every night for a few nights. At first Carol told me that the Draco made some dire threats concerning our safety if I didn't stop. Naturally, that just made me more determined to keep it up, since I know the analogy or riding a tiger, and by this time the Draco was actually lightening up. We both felt that the initial anger was due to the activation of kundalini by the 15Hz orgone field I had created around the Draco. When we first become activated this way pure, chaotic emotion is produced. For someone who is not familiar with unconditional love, the emotion is most often expressed as anger. Under these circumstances, the emotion must be expressed. 15Hz orgone is a manifestation of unconditional, or universal love in a potent form.

(Here's a weird little aside [June 2001]: we now have a small colony of ants in the Zapporium. I hadn't given them much thought, but Carol said this morning, "Look how fast they're moving!" and it's true: they move as fast as spiders—about twice the speed of other ants their size. I asked Carol if there's a queen in here, since they've been with us since we left Florida weeks ago. She said the queen was drawn to move in because she liked the 15Hz orgone field, which is quite strong because of the copper grid/crystal arrangement under the entire floor which is connected to a frequency generator. There are 7 large pyramid orgone generators over the cab and an orgone generator between each of the twelve large quartz crystals on the grid. We sometimes need to turn off the frequency generator to get to sleep but it generally prevents parasitic entities from entering or even reading our thoughts.)

(Back to the Andros Island a few weeks earlier:)

The Ties That Bind

Having connected with the Wingmakers, Carol was in a state that enabled me to ask them questions. She generally has not trouble communicating with them, especially when we're in the process of our metaphysical chores, but we needed to find ways to pass the time and I'd neglected to bring enough books to read.

I knew that 'Abd'ul-Baha is among the Wingmakers from time to time. I have to say that I don't know if the Wingmakers are even a cogent organization. I tend to think they are not and members come and go. The new paradigm does tend not to favor institutions.

I asked Carol if he had information for me. I got an image of him then. I don't remember what I got from him in terms of information, but when he was done, Carol said he seemed to be waiting for something. I said "Does it have something to do with our living arrangement?" and Carol said, "Yes, and he's got a smirk on his face."

I asked if it would be more appropriate to marry Carol than to be shacking up with her and Carol said he nodded his head, smiled and left. So I proposed and she accepted (thankfully). We want to get married on Mt. Shasta during the summer solstice. During the 'confirmation procedures' there during the fall equinox, I'd first had the urge to marry Carol but I have to say that I've let my feelings that followed my experiences in two failed marriages override my integrity, though I was entirely devoted to Carol.

I just have an integral feeling that shacking up is contrary to universal law. My religion certainly doesn't sanction it, but this feeling doesn't seem to relate to morality. It's more like an instinctive drive, like eagles and hawks have, to be committed to one mate.

Until I met and later fell in love with Carol I didn't realize that for marriage to work, my partner needs to be as committed as I am. I don't think that's an issue with eagles and hawks, since they are instinctively committed to each other until death. There aren't any fair weather mates among them.

I certainly don't have a problem with anyone else's living arrangements—to quote Seinfeld: Not that there's anything WRONG with that!

I think the Wingmakers stopped me from bringing books, because we had to be quite inventive to find ways to pass the time.

The first morning on South Andros, we took a cab to Willy's parents place and brought the boat stuff back to the hotel. I turned the boat upright, reassembled the rudder and overhauled everything that needed attention. At this point, all it needed was the motor. I kept a mast and sail on it for emergencies, but we'd need the motor to get our work done in a timely way.

The Bimini Vortex

There's a very, VERY large vortex, the center of which is about 35 miles east of Bimini. Many people know about it and some have gone there to work on healing it. The energy is distorted, due to some damage that had been done to the crystal structures set up by the Atlanteans there. We flew through the center of the vortex on our way from Miami to Nassau and Carol said she felt the energy for a distance of about 60 miles, making it the largest energy vortex she'd encountered. The Wingmakers had directed us to make a larger-than-usual HHg for that one, so I did so and attached a parachute so that when I placed it in water it would land upright. They had also directed us to take two more HHg's with us to the Bahamas, along with a half-scale Chembuster, which I neglected to do. I had two of the little box Holy Handgrenades among my stored personal things.

I took the boat to Bimini in mid December during a stormy period. The 50-mile trip across the Gulf Stream from Miami to Bimini was very rough, but I didn't even get my shoes wet. The next

day on the Grand Bahamas Bank, though, was a little different. Due to the shallow water (6 to 20 feet), the seas were very close together and often breaking.

The Cruel Sea

I arrived at the vortex' center late in the afternoon. I felt very uncomfortable, almost sick with distress. I didn't want to get close to North Andros Island, another 40 miles to the southeast, in darkness because I wasn't familiar with the waters there, so I dropped anchor and spent the night. I didn't sleep because it was just too rough, so after a few hours I pulled the anchor up and prepared to leave. In the process of hauling the anchor on board from the stern, a large wave broke into the boat, swamping it. The boat stayed upright because of the floatation I'd built around the gun whales, and the engine was dry because I had put a motor well in the middle of the boat, toward the stern.

I knew I didn't have enough gas to reach Andros at that slow speed. I ran out of gas a couple of miles short of the island and dropped anchor in the calmer water there. Somehow I lost the anchor and woke up after I'd drifted several miles to the south. By this time I was so weary and soaked that I didn't have the energy to put the mast and sail up, so I threw out the other anchor and tried to sleep. The short, steep waves kept breaking into the boat and I bailed constantly for a couple of days before it calmed down enough for me to get my wits together enough to raise the sail.

It was easy to reach the shore after that and sail up the coast toward a settlement, but the wind changed to the north. I found a sheltered spot and tied to some mangroves in order to get some good rest. The moon was full and the boat was left high on the beach by its tide—too high to launch until the proper moon phase allowed the tide to come high enough again.

I eventually decided to walk the 10 miles or so to Red Bay, the only settlement on the west side of the island, after a passing fisherman stopped to see if I was okay and told me where it was. It's not on the chart I had, which was lost anyway when the boat got swamped.

Sea Sprites

I'm writing this because I believe the ordeal was a gift and a lesson and to give more insight into whom this writer is. I never felt that I was in danger. I've always had a tendency to be a little too mentally oriented. Things like this tend to slow me down and get me in touch with the real world more. I did have an experience with sea sprites during the worst of it. I was able to know when a wave was about to break over me in the boat without looking. On the rare occasions that I was taken by surprise by a breaking wave I felt the presence of a sea sprite, laughing at me. I know they aren't human, which explains why they can find humor in our suffering instead of empathy.

I'm laughing now but I didn't see the humor at the time (which is even funnier). Part of the fun of living on this planet is our interaction with elementals. They never take things as seriously as we do. Guy Murchie was fond of saying, "The heaviest star known to man is B-Sirius."

60 Power Bars

I had brought about 60 Power Bars with me and a hand-pumped reverse osmosis filter which can wring fresh water from seawater. I only drank about a half gallon a day and finished all the Power Bars in the 13 days of the episode. I didn't have a bowel movement during all that time (should have brought an enema bag).

When I reached Stancil Evans' house in Red Bay at the end of the day-long march through intermittent mangrove swamps and along beaches, he graciously offered to let me stay the night

and to take me to the boat with some gas the next morning. He wouldn't accept money, but he did accept the Terminators I offered. Bahamians are generally very open-minded. Stancil had helped many Cuban and Haitian refugees. His house is the first one on the road from the dock at Red Bay. Now he has a very good business arrangement with some Greek merchants who buy sponges and fish from him. They gave him a very nice icemaker—quite a commodity there.

The next morning I had a BM that made me feel like I was experiencing childbirth. Much later, Carol told me that the labels on the Power Bars state that you need to drink a lot of water when you eat one. I think the seismograph at the University of Florida recorded the landing of the Giant Turd in the Bahamas.

“ + Holing Da' Hull on the Way to Kemps Bay + ”

I motored around the island and down the eastern shore to Kemps Bay in the next three days, meeting some very fine people along the way and trading zappers for hospitality. Being a little shy now about open water, I went along the shore in the coastal lagoon, which may have been ill advised, since I holed the hull in 7 places on the coral heads. The holes were in the compartments, so the boat was only half full of water.

I had stopped at one of the US facilities on North Andros that maintains the secret base. I didn't know about the base yet, but I was struck by their sense of urgency in sending me on my way and the tight-lipped behavior of the civilians that I met there. The director was very kind and gave me copies of the portions of the charts that covered the Andros shoreline, but made it clear that I wasn't supposed to be there.

I needed more cash to get back to Florida. While I was waiting for the Bank of the Bahamas in Kemps Bay to open (only open for three hours on Wednesday mornings), I was befriended by Willy Smith. Willy paid me the highest compliment when he told me “You have the soul of a black man!” He is the one who mentioned the underwater base. He didn't know it was marked on the nautical charts.

I had planned to visit Cuba on that trip and wished to find a traditional healer I could donate the Crowd zapper to. An engineer told me that I could use the regular zapper circuit with a 12-volt car battery to zap up to a dozen people at a time and I felt this would be a terrific boon to the rural Cubans, as it would quickly cure every illness they were prone to. The Bahamians are a little too prosperous to use one, it seems to me, as they can afford to buy the single ones.

I was strongly warned not to go into Cuban waters without getting a visa first. One woman told me that her brother had drifted into those waters in a storm while fishing and he's still in prison there.

Another reason I'm writing about this earlier Bahamas trip here (which only remotely relates to the Chembusting and HHg campaign) is to document Carol's special skills. At the instant that the boat was swamped, Carol woke with a start and had a clear image of what was happening to me. She got out the chart and made an X on the exact location, about 5 miles southeast of the center of the vortex. Kashi, the Atlantean and sometime Wingmaker, who joined us on Mt. Shasta in September, went to her and said, “He's crazy!”

Carol later told me that he'd been with me up until that point. I got back to Florida from that solo trip on January 12. Our last trip gave me the chance to take care of things I couldn't attend to on the solo run, especially the Blue Holes of South Andros Island.

Episode 5
The Bahamas
Part 2

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc5bahamaspt2.shtml>
 May 2001

Blue Holes

On day two in South Andros, we went to the blue hole at the south end of the coastal road -- the only road on the island to speak of. We decided to walk back, but paid a local lady who stopped to give us a ride to take us the 9 miles to Mars Bay (we hitched and she was the first person to arrive). I'm glad she wasn't shy about asking for money. The price of gas was \$3 a gallon. I would have offered to pay, but she beat me to it. It was fun talking with her, especially for Carol, who hadn't traveled outside the US.

The blue hole at Mars Bay is right on the edge of the beach. It's perfectly round, about 100 feet in diameter and nobody has been able to determine its depth (Carol said it's about a thousand feet deep}. At low tide, the hole is surrounded by exposed white coral sand, which continuously falls into it.

I took a breath and dove down about 30 feet and saw that the sandy edge slopes down about 10 feet to the rocky walls. The walls are honeycombed with large openings from which I felt some pretty strong currents that were colder than the surrounding water. There was quite a lot of plankton, so the visibility was only about 15 feet, and there were a lot of fish of varying sizes. I suspect that a lot of fresh water comes into the hole through the caves.

We swam to the middle of the hole to drop the holy hand grenade I'd prepared with a little parachute. Carol took some pictures of the 'launch' with the underwater camera she'd bought for my 52nd birthday (May 5) and we watched as it slowly descended out of sight.

Carol said that the energy of the vortex there was already very strong and pleasant but it gained a lot more vitality, rotation rate, and color as soon as we put the HHg in the water. Also, the gnomes that had followed us came closer to the hole and were discussing us. They still wouldn't acknowledge Carol's attempts to communicate with them, though.

The guardian of the vortex, who Carol says is an Atlantean, was very pleased with what we did and communicated that to the elementals. On the walk back to Kemps Bay, I heard them several times as they followed us in the bush along the road. Once it sounded just like a bolting horse in the extremely thick growth (you can't see more than a few feet into it anywhere on South Andros).

Atlantean Crystals

Carol told me that the holes are formed over crystalline devices that survived the destruction of Atlantis. Coral doesn't grow within the helix-shaped field that is directly over the devices. I've always thought that the coral formed very quickly to make Andros. I've been on many coral atolls, especially in the Pacific, and have never seen such rough landscape as is on Andros. In the Tonga islands, the coral is so old and dense that it looks to me like basalt. The ancient Polynesians cut it into large blocks for building their house platforms.

We stayed there for another hour and discussed chartering a boat with a fisherman who showed up to see what the tourists were doing. The Wingmakers told Carol that we'd have to do the work

ourselves, so we didn't make a deal with the fisherman. The site of the underwater city given to Carol by the dolphins is only 45 miles from where we were. We felt frustrated that conditions didn't permit us to go straight there.

About a half hour after we began walking back, Carol told me the HHg had finally reached the bottom of the blue hole.

Nearly every car that passed us stopped and the drivers offered to give us a ride, but we said we were just getting some exercise. I'm sure we would have had some nice conversations.

The next day we waited for Willy to arrive. It was pretty tough for us to just hang out and everybody was too busy to play.

The Second Blue Hole

So the following day we went to visit the other blue hole I knew about. Our blisters had healed up enough to go again so we started walking north to The Bluffs, near the other end of the road. Within five minutes a young lady stopped to give us a ride and, when we told her where we were headed, said "There are lots of others—let me show you!"

We stopped first at the one I had been to before. I threw one of the HHg's into the middle of the hole and the energy immediately grew stronger, brighter and began rotating faster. This one had been a little more sluggish than the one we'd been to at Mars Bay. Carol said that was due to some people who lived beside it and were angry most of the time. Our guide's deceased grandmother, who had been very fond of this blue hole, had been upset about the activities of these people (Carol picked that up), but was very pleased with what we did there, as was the guardian of the vortex. I believe that the Atlanteans had found a way to live out of time in a way that's more substantial than astral travel. Carol feels that some of the Wingmakers are also Atlanteans.

Stargate

The next one she took us to was located just a short distance from the one I knew about and was only recently discovered. Someone had named it 'Stargate'. I handed our guide one of the older orgone generators that I'd brought with me in December and had stored at the island. After she threw it into the blue hole, the same things happened as it did with the other blue holes. Any configuration of orgone generating material, especially when aligned crystals are molded into it, works fine for this. The cone shape just works better, especially when it's upright. In severely disrupted and 'managed' vortices special care needs to be taken to maximize the potential of the orgone devices.

In Florida, Carol was instructed to use an extra large HHg for both the huge vortex east of Bimini (we'll have to do that one next time unless somebody else gets to it first) and the one east of San Diego, which is not that big, but is severely distorted by the nefarious work being done in the underground base there. We were instructed to install a special copper coil in one of the HHg's destined for Bohemian Grove because of the nefarious activities there (not the least of which is large scale pedophilia) conducted by criminals among the world's foremost bankers, politicians and military men every summer around the solstice.

The last of the generators went into the fourth and last blue hole we visited on South Andros with the same results. It's worth mentioning that our guide was sacrificing some sleep time as she was working as a mechanic on the night shift at the power plant for the island.

That night, all four of the Atlantean guardians of the blue holes came to Carol and offered to help us whenever we asked them. The elementals had also become friendly with us. One of them, whom I call Norm, has been with us off and on since my trip there in December/January. I've seen and heard him several times since then, and generally sense when he's present.

Willy

The next morning Willy showed up. It was also a very calm day at sea, so I filled up a couple of six-gallon gas tanks (enough to get us to the site and back) and hauled them to the dock. I caught up with Willy in the boatyard and he greeted me in his customary flamboyant way. He's one of those people who are always 'on' and is quite a celebrity locally. The motor was still at his fishing camp on one of the cays south of the island. In fact, that camp was within ten miles of the place we needed to go.

Years ago when I visited the Yucatan coast in my sailboat, I noticed that most of the fishermen there were using very big, powerful outboards. The money they were getting for their catch didn't begin to compensate for the amount of fuel and the cost of the motors, as the bottom had dropped out of the market for fresh fish.

At the time I thought it would be more appropriate for them to use smaller motors. I did meet one man who was operating an old converted fishing sailboat with a small diesel motor. It looked very seaworthy and could carry a lot of fish and ice.

The Bahamian fishermen were getting a good price for their fish but also preferred the big motors. Willy remarked to the other men at the boatyard that he'd used my little 8hp Johnson all week trolling and only used a tank of gas. He also told them that my Terminator had cured all of his health problems, which was nice because people who hadn't tried one there were skeptical. There was a lot of flu there since the chemtrails started showing up recently. I was glad to hear them openly discussing it. We were able to show a couple of flu sufferers that a zipper cures it in a few minutes.

We white Americans don't have much tribal identity, but most of the people in the world still do. I've noticed that in a tribal society, people get their awareness en masse whereas we tend to do it more individually. No doubt both ways have their benefits and drawbacks, but if brainwashing is taken out of the mix, there's a lot to be said for both.

Willy made it clear that I was welcome to build a house on any of the beaches he owned in the vicinity of Smith Hill. I've decided to send him the title to the boat in exchange for that gesture. We'll be doing more work there sooner or later and it will be nice to have our own place. I'll most likely just put a concrete pad down for a large tent or two.

We had planned to take no more than a week or so to complete our work there. We still needed to visit the site the dolphins showed Carol and drive the boat 250 miles back to Miami, stopping at the Bimini vortex on the way to drop the big HHg. The sea had already become rough again, so we reluctantly decided to simply fly back to Miami. We're sure we'll be back there before long, though.

Homeward Bound

Judy, Willy's wife, drove us to the airport that day after we visited with her and the children for a while. Passengers are required to check in a couple of hours before the flight (I don't know why), so we got to observe the locals in the waiting room. It's actually more like a porch since it only has walls on two sides. Rufus, a cab driver, walked to a small table and slammed down a box of

dominos and within minutes a tournament was underway in which most of the people in the waiting room eventually took his or her turn.

One thing I like about the Bahamians is that they're very sociable and never seem bored. It's easy to start a conversation with anyone there. I remember that it was like that here before TV got established in the living room (the beginning of the brainwashing and the end of society as a forum). That's probably why porches are no longer built on houses. When I was a little wanderer in Kansas City in the early 1950's, I remember people on their front porches would often call to me during my evening constitutionals. America was a different place then, a different place with a different heart.

Don Croft

Episode 6

Road Warriors of Sorts

Part 1

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc6roadwarriorsofsorts1.shtml>

May 2001

When we returned to Grassy Key, Florida the weather was seasonally warm and breezy and the perpetual smog had gone, thanks to the cloudbuster. Carol had the impression that the humans, and especially the ET's in the underground base at Homestead AFB were at their wits end trying to get their technology back online. I wish I knew why a cloudbuster neutralizes weather manipulation equipment.

We'd noticed that for several days after we left, the weather map on CNN showed perpetual thunderstorms directly over the base but not anywhere else in the vicinity. That had stopped when we returned and the atmosphere above Homestead was clear of smog.

Apparently, the 'secret' base had been built at a time when the telltale mountain of excavated soil and rock was not considered noticeable by the public. Now, I think they move it to other locations when they build the underground bases—kind of like the prisoners of war in that movie with Steve McQueen and Charles Bronson from the sixties who were tunneling out of the Nazi POW camp.

Parasites rely on the host not knowing of their presence and there's been enough public discussion of underground bases in recent years to cause them to be more discreet, I believe.

Can anyone tell me why some people don't want to confront evil and call it by its name? In my version of a perfect world, everyone takes a stand to either confront evil or assist it. It's hard for me to have respect for anyone who does neither. I don't own a gun or advocate harming evildoers except to stop them from harming others.

Bohemian Grove

For instance, while the world's 'leaders' are engaging in pedophilia outside Guernyville, California, why doesn't the local sheriff exercise his obligation and arrest them all? Many locals know they do it every year around the summer solstice and busloads of young children are seen arriving there before, and leaving after the ceremonies (at least, the surviving ones leave by bus). The county and state courts would be obligated to convict them based on the testimony of

multiple witnesses, no doubt. It really isn't complicated. That sheriff has more actual power than all of the pedophiles and their minions combined.

I guess the lukewarm fence sitters who believe that reality is a big gray area really do believe that those silly politicians who blather on the TV, in Congress and the Oval Office, ad nauseum, really do run the show. May God grant that their fences may all become electrified. That will get a little passion into them, at least.

These dried up old parasites get together for the Bilderberger meetings, Council on Foreign Relations meetings, International Monetary Fund meetings, World Bank meetings, UN Security Council meetings, US Presidential cabinet meetings, etc., but only at Bohemian Grove do they openly commit predatory acts immediately punishable by law. Maybe next year somebody will do something constructive about it. Some might argue that these oddities are so shut down, emotionally, that they have to molest and ritually murder children and infants in order to actually feel any strong emotion, but I think even the most resolute fence-sitter will agree that this is no excuse.

The Sheriff would be an international hero overnight if even just the internet covered the event. No doubt ABC, NBC, CNN, BBC, NPR, and CBS will be discussing the latest trivia instead of reporting the event beyond a brief mention around 3AM, before the censors have had their cappuccinos. Don't you know that these criminals not only wish to continue harming us, but are deathly afraid of exposure?

Nuremburg was aborted by the lawyers' and Dr. Jung's machinations, I believe (the 'collective guilt of the Germans' myth was Jung's gift to the postwar Nazis) despite the gallant efforts of Whittaker Chambers and the American Jewish Congress, but this would be cleaner, with less muss and fuss. You don't have to say anything—just think about it.

The sheriff's deputies could be polite and even use padded handcuffs on them—maybe Greyhound buses instead of school buses or cattle trucks, to take them to jail. I think 30 Billion dollars bail each would keep most of them locked up until the trial, at least.

I'm way ahead of myself here, since the Bohemian Grove was the last of our US projects, on this trip, at least. I've read the witness reports, victims' testimonies, and many documented works by writers concerning the criminal activities of the alleged new world order. For you to believe me, you would have to see the same material. I guess I'll have to be satisfied by expressing my opinion, though I dearly wish to convince everyone that this is true. If I were to keep all the books, videos and articles that I've read and studied on this subject, I'd need to haul a third trailer, so I'm opting for the shorthand method in hopes that the thoughts I've expressed will resonate with a critical mass of readers. I might copy Taylor Caldwell's bibliography, which is mainly made up of contemporary documentation from mainstream publications, though I favor the black and Jewish authors who publish under LaRouche's banner and some of the John Birch Society literature (they backed a black presidential candidate, Alan Keyes). Eustace Mullins is a particularly vigorous documenter.

Acknowledging The Predators

Just as catharsis is a healing process for someone directly involved in these criminal activities, so is the acknowledgment that they exist good for the soul of the citizens of the planet. I wish I knew for sure why white Americans are the demographic group which is most resistant to considering this information. Is it because they feel that their unequivocal economic hegemony may be threatened by exposing these 'benefactors?' Food for thought...Is loss of credit more

unthinkable to them than the establishment of a true world commonwealth based on individual freedom and responsibility? Under that paradigm, they'll be even more prosperous, since there will be no predatory agencies laying traps for taking their wealth. Is any group more worthy of the twisted assessments of such a malignant mind controller as Sigmund Freud than the pale-skinned purveyors of western democratic liberalism? Yikes.

Al Bielek told us that the combined militaries of the planet did get together to divert Hale-Bopp from hitting the planet (it was guided from the Draconian ship that was seen behind it intermittently) so there's already some infrastructure for a united world in addition to the internet.

The internet was set up by the military, and I believe a faction of them is protecting it from being usurped by the felonious feds and the international Gestapo. I'm sure I'm expressing thoughts that many people have but are unwilling to share publicly. I think you'll find that there's no retribution waiting for anyone that openly speaks about this on the internet. You sure as hell won't hear them expressed in an objective way on any of the media owned by the celebrants at the Bohemian Grove debauchery—yes, including NPR, which gets most of its money from the Rockefellers, Carnegie-Mellon, et al. They admittedly only get 3% of their budget from the 'public' in their fund drives.

Venusians

We started driving north on Overseas Highway in the Florida Keys around 9PM on May 22, 2001. About five minutes into the journey, a UFO slowly flew across the road in front of the Zapporium at about 100 feet altitude. When I first saw its flashing light I thought it was a helicopter, but when it was very close, I could see that the bottom was very flat and extended for about a 20 foot radius. Carol later told me (she was following in the car) that they were from the 'secret' base and wanted to be sure we were leaving (no doubt!). That night we slept in a highway rest area south of Ft. Pierce.

I woke with a start at 3AM and noticed a very bright light in the southeast. It was much brighter than any star or planet I'd seen, so I went outside to see if there were other stars visible. There weren't, but when the sun rose, Venus was in the position I'd seen the light in. I'm hesitant to say this was a ship, though Carol later told me that we'd gotten the attention of the Venusians that inspired NicolaTesla. She says they're nerdy, technical types.

When she was under Wright-Patterson, a creature with very long arms and a look that reminds her of Jarjar Biggs of the latest STAR WARS movie noticed her. She later saw some of these fellows under Homestead AFB. She now says that the ones involved with the alleged government here are renegades, not of the group that worked with Tesla and are observing us. She says the bunch that guided Tesla enjoy watching some of our movies, including Matrix, Johnny Mnemonic, Mystery Men, etc. They don't care for X-Files for some reason.

The Terminator, AIDS, and B Sirians

We drove to Atlanta to see our good friend, Steven White, who had arranged our visit with Al Bielek. Al couldn't meet with us this time, as he was getting ready for a trip, but we spent a very pleasant evening with Steven and his family. Steven has begun to promote the Terminator to black civic and church groups in Atlanta, as it's a sure cure for AIDS. We send zappers to our African friend in Namibia for distribution among AIDS sufferers there and he's having 100% success. There's something else you probably won't hear about on NPR ;-) since their corporate sponsors are actively trying to depopulate Africa with bioweapons, including AIDS, all of which are neutralized in the body by any zapper on the market.

The cloudbuster was set up to point above and ahead of us. It was cold, blustery and overcast when we got to Tennessee and stopped for the night. By morning it was sunny and breezy, contrary to the predictions of meteorologists. This has happened repeatedly since then. The next day there were a couple of very large lenticular clouds nearby (uncharacteristic for that area) which Carol said were hiding some very large B Sirian craft. They were gone a few minutes later as we began driving toward St. Louis.

Luna Mound, St. Louis

On the way through Kentucky we could see the dark clouds part ahead of us as we drove, though it remained fairly cold and windy. This kept up all day until we got within 30 miles of St. Louis.

We saw a line of thunderheads, arranged from north to south, from horizon to horizon, 20 miles east of St. Louis. There were no breaks between them and they had an artificial look. I'd read that this is characteristic of weather control technology, which uses standing electromagnetic waves to contain and direct weather fronts. If you remember seeing the satellite photos of the weather during the flooding of the Midwest in 1991, this was obvious. Natural weather fronts are curved every time.

As we approached the storm front, an opening appeared ahead of us. The storm line was only about 3 miles wide, though there were very tall, but square, cumulonimbus clouds in the center. Having plowed an opening through the dense cloud cover with the cloudbuster, I stopped to take a picture for posterity. Carol was anxious to tell me that the clouds were full of B Sirian craft who were actively engaged in mutilating farm animals and pets in the surrounding countryside, and would I mind shooting at them with the cloudbuster? She learned telepathically that this was preparatory work for a planned invasion of countless thousands, perhaps millions of B Sirians, who would then begin eating us—all in conformity with their agreement with the fellows at Bohemian Grove that I mentioned earlier. Am I getting anyone's attention?

This time they didn't shoot out into space but lost control of their craft and collided with each other. They weren't brought down but they had to stop what they were doing. Carol told me that the Draconian that was attached to our cord was laughing at them. Laughter is a sign that emotions are being expressed, so I took this as a good omen. The sun would soon set, so we decided to spend the night near Cahokia Mounds, east of St. Louis.

The largest mound, named Luna, is shaped like the base of a pyramid. I'd seen a display in the interpretive center there, based on excavations, that showed a village with houses made of papyrus, identical to the ones the Marsh Arabs still build near the mouth of the Tigris River. Thor Heyerdahl had proven decades ago that Mesopotamians had populated Easter Island prior to the arrival of the Polynesians, though of course the human history of Easter Island was more likely begun many millennia before that.

Ancient Settlers

Professor Barry Fell, an oceanographer at Harvard, had later proven that the population of North America, from coast to coast, included Egyptians, Phoenicians, North Africans and Celts from Spain and Portugal. This proof was finalized partly by the analysis of runic inscriptions found in stone throughout the continent, which gave the names of the people present and the dates of the carvings.

There was no date found later than 1300BC. Velikovsky claimed that a worldwide catastrophe at that time effectively ended the Egyptian empire. There are Egyptian hieroglyphics carved in stone near Mt. Shasta, though they could be Atlantean, as they created the ancient Egyptian

culture, I believe. Copper ingots, identical to the ones from Egyptian mines, have been unearthed near Chicago, and there are countless Egyptian artifacts in caves near the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. The sacred languages of some of the Southwest Native American tribes are found verbatim in sacred texts found in Libya and other North African nations.

Dr. Fell first discovered the remains of Egyptian culture in Polynesia, in the same places that Heyerdahl began his quest. When I stayed in Western Samoa I was struck by the similarity there of ceremonial dress and people's names to Egyptian illustrations and names. I was given Barry Fell's book shortly after that.

'Missouri' is said to mean 'people of the long wooden ships' in the native language, and Cahokia was known to be a trading center that predated the Indian culture there. The Jesuits set up headquarters on Luna Mound in the 1700's. I naturally assume that they already knew something about the pre-Columbian activities there, considering their mandate to know everything there is to know about everything. There were plenty of other, more suitable places in the area for them to set up shop.

I asked Carol to look at the energy at the mound and she said it was a vortex created artificially by an Atlantean device buried under the base of the mound, similar to what we found at the Oregon Vortex, at the huge tree on the coast near Corpus Christi, the extensive vortex east of Bimini, and at the blue holes. We haven't looked at how the mound vortex lines up with those and other sites, but we soon will.

I suppose it goes without saying that the B Sirians were siphoning the energy of that vortex. We have the impression that they won't be able to operate efficiently on our level until they've absorbed sufficient earth energy from these vortices, and they seem to be concentrating their efforts within the United States, perhaps because of some deal they made with the Bush (both) and Clinton administrations. Their treasonous deals with the communist Chinese would be misdemeanors compared to this.

Though this wasn't on our initial list of 13 vortices to apply HHg's to, Carol was instructed to put on the mound and also to 'shoot the moon' one more time. As it was late and we were being surveilled by some park security people, I simply put the base of the CB on the ground and held the pipes in position while Carol directed me to move it until she could feel the effect was accomplished on the moon. We kept this up for a half hour or so, and loaded the CB back into the Zapporium. Carol also told me that the park personnel were being used by ET's to watch us up close. I'm glad she has a sense for this, since it came in handy later. Just as shamans can look through the eyes of animals, ET's can do so through susceptible humans (most white Americans can be used this way because of the resounding success of the brainwashing program directed at them). Anyone who is drunk or stoned has no control over being used this way by ET's or shamans. Humans aren't as proficient at using other humans this way, as far as we know, but agents are able to direct people who have been successfully subjected to the CIA's MK Ultra Program.

Retribution

When I started the Zapporium steam came out the exhaust. The B Sirians had broken my head gaskets, which were less than a year old. This is the only time we've gotten any retribution for stopping their fun. I drove to a mechanic in Missouri the next day, having gone through about 6 gallons of water in the radiator to get there. As it was the day before Memorial Day weekend, we had to wait four days before the mechanic could work on the engine.

My mom, sister and stepfather live in the St. Louis area, as do my old friends, T and K, who helped me get started in the zapper business 5 years earlier by getting lots of very sick people to use zappers and subsequently get well quickly, and they're also in the metaphysical healing trade now.

Being a naturally antsy person, I wouldn't likely have spent quality time with any of them if the engine hadn't broken down that way. Here's another example of Wingmaker assistance (intervention?). They used the retribution of the B Sirians to everyone's advantage, since T and I made a cloudbuster and it's clearing the weather and smog in the whole St. Louis metropolitan area and surrounding countryside now [this is the one which was first discovered to destroy chemtrails, for which cloudbusters are primarily used throughout North America and Europe now, March 2002].

We spent some time with my family, too, which was very nice for all of us.

Manipulated Meteorology & Metaphysics

The cloudy, cold and windy weather cleared within hours of our arrival at Luna Mound, of course, and remained pleasant and warm, though it rained off and on for days. There had been a drought before that, of sorts. That is to say it was overcast a great deal, but hadn't rained. This is a sure sign of weather manipulation. In the earth's fashion, when it gets cloudy, it rains, and then it clears up. Strong winds are also not a normal feature of our planet's balanced weather. There was no strong wind during our visit but as we drove southwest after leaving St. Louis, we encountered a lot of wind and overcast skies. The wind was blowing toward St. Louis, but K has kept me updated by email and that wind never reached them.

I was amused to hear that K and T's neighbors, who normally ask them about everything they do outdoors, studiously avoided mentioning the cloudbuster, which was set up in the front yard next to the Zapporium. I'd think the Zapporium, at least, would have drawn some comment or question. I wonder if both were invisible to the neighbors. The ones next door were town officials. I suggested that even if K had explained it all to them it might have sounded to them like she was speaking Chinese. People reading this on metaphysical lists will know exactly what I mean.

In fairness, when I first met James Hughes, he talked to me about metaphysical things, mainly energy, and it sounded a little like gibberish, though I was spellbound. Only after He and Rose Mary had worked with me on their grid, activating my kundalini, did I begin to understand what he was talking about. This was even after I'd spent a year with my second wife making flower essences, having almost daily visions, and hearing stories of her interaction with elementals and ET's. I wonder how far out it would have seemed if I hadn't encountered her before meeting James. I'm not using the names of people who wouldn't appreciate scrutiny as a result of my writing. It fascinates me that I started marching along a metaphysical path right after I cured my life-long depression in 12 hours with my first zapper in 1996.

Don Croft

*Episode 7**Road Warriors of Sorts**Part 2*

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc7roadwarriorsofsorts2.shtml>

May-June 2001

Ark. Angel

We needed to visit Jack O'Brien, a successful inventor/engineer, and Sue Potter, who had kindly been circulating our stories on many internet lists, in Arkansas. They have been working together for years, applying their skills as psychics to heal and balance the planet. They most often work alone but have often worked with others, even in extended groups, to focus on different aspects of energetic healing for the planet and humanity.

Carol and I are encouraged when we see other people spontaneously doing this work. We feel that we are all being invited and guided to participate in an orchestrated, unified healing process for mankind and the earth. In accordance with the new paradigm, anyone can participate according to his/her talent, inclination, expertise and commitment. The only prerequisite seems to be to follow one's intuition. On one level, we're all skilled physicians and intrepid warriors in the spiritual realm, though at times we may be seen as and/or feel like the walking wounded and a leaderless mob. The shining moments are what drive us forward. Lots of people know what I'm talking about.

Also in accordance with the new paradigm, this has nothing at all to do with institutions or formal training but has everything to do with faith, commitment, humility, and the desire to develop our discernment and effectiveness. It's so apparent to Carol and I that the shots are all being called from the unseen realm. That's where the generals are. Their orders come as intuitive promptings and the pattern of their inspiration shows the underlying unity of our race. Only by acting and seeing the fruits of our actions can we start to see the unifying principle behind them. Fearlessness is the standard for our acts.

After we checked into a motel, we had a terrific dinner at Sue's with Jack and their friend, Karen, who often does healing work with them. After dinner Jack and Sue began doing psychic stuff and Carol looked at it all. She was able to confirm that most of what they did was having a good effect, and the entities they were interacting with could be clearly seen by Carol. I believe that the Wingmakers prefer that we work together, and there's probably an optimal number of people for the effective completion of each project.

No matter how many times we humans drop the ball, opportunities still come up for us to shine.

Before I'd met Carol, I'd been frustrated by the level of fear present in people I'd been trying to work with. Her fearlessness has been very healing and inspiring to me in the past year. In our travels, we've met others who are also not afraid to do this work, such as Sue and Jack, Steven, K and T (I respect the wishes of others to remain anonymous—it's not necessary to be a tell-all like me to be effective)

It's not time to talk about what Jack is doing with us yet, but rest assured it has potentially far-reaching implications and is in line with his successful career and my confrontational stand regarding the alleged world order's exploitation and oppression.

Sue introduced us through email to Gladys Bridges, an Arkansas crystal dealer, who has graciously agreed to supply crystals at a fair price to anyone who wants to make holy handgrenades and cloudbusters. Her email address is gbridges@hsnp.com. She's a very nice person to boot.

Strangely, although the sky cleared immediately after we parked the Zapporium at the motel, dead orgone began to gather in the valley, reducing visibility to about 3 miles. There's no heavy industry in the valley and not a lot of cars and trucks, so it couldn't be mistaken for 'smog.' There are no large cities within a hundred miles.

The Succor Punch is Born

I was inspired to make a mobius coil around an old quartz generator crystal and put it between the pipes of the cloudbuster with a 15Hz frequency circuit from a zapper. It had been remarked by many people that this crystal just wasn't special, but I've got a soft spot in my heart for ugly ducklings. I asked Carol to watch the effects as I assembled the apparatus. As soon as the crystal/coil was sitting between the pipes in the upright cloudbuster, she saw the dead orgone begin to rotate and visibly 'drain' into the ends of the pipes. When I put the electrodes of the circuit onto the ends of the coil, the activity speeded up by 50%. My ugly duckling crystal was turning into a swan now [we later dubbed this a Succor Punch].

Carol told me that she could see that a confederation of ET's and humans were directing a great deal of energy and technology to neutralize the cloudbuster with massive quantities of dead orgone. They all seem kind of stupid to me, since any balanced person would have known after these few months that increasing the amount of dead orgone in the vicinity of any orgone generator makes it work better and faster, like when Hercules threw Prometheus on the ground in the myth, and there's simply no possible way to 'overwhelm' one this way.

I find it interesting that the Venusians, who inspired Tesla to design and build such miraculous devices, were unaware of the orgone generator. The only entities we know of who seem familiar with it are the Wingmakers (whoever they are) and the off-world Pleiadians. The dolphins had been unaware of it, though receptive to it. We didn't stick around to see how long it would take to neutralize the dead orgone field this time, as we had a schedule to keep.

So, who is Ark.Angel? Sue started signing her email's 'BerZerkiel' right after our visit. She had suggested that she might start channeling information from the angel, 'BerZerkiel,' so now we're hanging on every word of her emails.

We'd put mobius coils and 15Hz circuits on a couple of generator crystals for Sue and Jack to use during their daily planetary healing sessions. I had suggested that this would sharpen their psychic perception and provide additional protection from errant entities and Sue has told me that I was correct and she expressed their appreciation. The crystal on the cloudbuster, which had been cloudy, is now clear on the end from being in the strong orgone field. This seems to be a standard result.

Vortex Fixin' , The DIA, & Strange 'Smog'

We drove through Tulsa and north into Kansas on our way to Denver, where we were scheduled to put a HHg in the vortex at the new, eight billion dollar Denver International 'airport' with its multilevel underground facilities not apparently related to flying.

We had been directed to put one in the vortex located at a Mormon Temple in North Kansas City, but a fellow metaphysician had done that for us. That one belonged to the Reorganized Latter Day

Saints Church and the vortex there has been described to me as a time portal. The original Mormon Church headquarters remained in Independence, Missouri when Brigham Young took the majority of church followers to Utah long ago. Our take is that the Mormons are the first western organization in modern times to exercise the knowledge of placing sacred structures on natural vortices. This was traditionally done through the Middle Ages by the Masonic orders which built the cathedrals in Europe.

Washington, DC, was laid out on an extended Pentagram, with the Mall and White House in particular symbolizing the Isis/Osiris cosmology, by American Masons in the early 1800's, before the advent of Joseph Smith's influence. There are no natural vortices in any of these locations, except the Washington Monument. The Pentagon and NSA Headquarters, which were placed and built in the 20th century, are on natural vortices.

It's well known that Mormons are sought by the secret police agencies in America because of their loyalty, Masonic connections, and their ability to keep secrets. I suspect that the Pentagon's construction had something to do with that, too, but don't know what the connection is. The general who oversaw the construction of the Pentagon also managed the Manhattan project. Maybe he was a Mormon. Nobody but the Russian government knew what the Manhattan Project was about until after the Americans nuked the non-combatant populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Like Dresden, which was firebombed, these two cities were clearly not engaged in war-related industries. Nagasaki held the Roman Catholic headquarters for the country. Truman wanted to nuke Kyoto, but the Secretary of War, who was supposed to decide where to commit that war crime, had spent his honeymoon in Kyoto and was feeling a little too nostalgic to obliterate it.

As usual, the overcast skies in front of us parted as we drove through Oklahoma and Kansas. We drove through clear conditions the rest of the way to Denver.

Having driven perhaps a million miles in the US over the decades, I've noticed in just the past couple of years that there is 'smog' nearly everywhere now, sometimes as dense as light fog, but darker, of course. On this trip we also saw chemtrails over all of the populated areas. The only place we saw no smog or chemtrails at all was in Utah—some thoughts on that in a bit...

We drove to the Denver airport, but didn't see any ground or gardens in which to put the HHg, so Carol asked the Wingmakers for some direction. They told her it would be obvious, so she got out of the car and they told her, 'Look up.' She saw a small rabbit sitting on some rocks on an embankment. The rabbit immediately hopped around a column & Carol went there and put the HHg into a hole among the large rocks where it wouldn't be noticed. We didn't see any vegetation near there that would interest a rabbit. That vortex had been compressed toward the ground, but was gradually released back to its healthy state.

There was a Draconian ship above the complex, and a couple of B Sirian ships, so it took awhile before they gave up trying to maintain the distorted form of the vortex. They'd gotten there right after we did, though we had been openly discussing our intention to go there. By this time the parasitic ET's had become fairly incompetent at monitoring us. Carol says that this is partly because the Wingmakers are making us invisible to them more often and because the parasite/predator ETs are just too busy trying to fix what we've been doing. Also, the Draconian that had been involved with us is apparently getting interested in other matters. I guess the thrill is gone from being a parasite now that he is getting in touch with his emotional body, perhaps for the first time. Kundalini activation can be such a bitch, as we all know.

The Salt Lake City Run & Nighttime Visitors

It was early enough in the day to get to a place close enough to Salt Lake City to leave the Zapporium while we did the deed there early the next morning, so after a very beautiful, but uneventful drive across the Rockies, we parked at a highway rest stop on I-70, near US 89, which we'd be taking south. Salt Lake City was 120 miles northwest of there, easy for me to get to and back before Carol got up if I left around 2AM.

There was a single truck parked at the rest stop when we arrived. When I got back, Carol said she had an eventful night, as the truck was occupied by non-native reptilians who were surveilling us. The truck was still there when we left—the Zapporium was there over twelve hours. Carol heard them outside the Zapporium walking around during the night.

Meanwhile, I had slept for four hours or so and left for Salt Lake City in the car. I've always enjoyed the landscape around Utah, which is the most surreal in the country. I arrived in the city a little after 4AM and had to drive most of the way through town off the freeway, which was closed. After about 15 minutes, I saw a bright flash to my left. I only saw a quick upward movement & knew it was an antigravity craft, as it made no noise. The streets were nearly empty at that hour (I later asked Carol who was in the craft that I saw in the city, and was told it was one of the Venusian ones that had just begun observing us).

I felt an uncustomary sense of trepidation and a strong impression that I was not welcome as I approached the Mormon Temple downtown. As I stood in front, preparing to place the HHg in the ground, I noticed a person on the edge of the plaza in a baggy suit who looked like a detective. Though nobody else was present except a street sweeper, the man in the suit didn't seem to see me. I buried the HHg this time so that nobody would find and remove it and the feeling of foreboding and alienation immediately dissipated. My watch said 4:44AM. Carol woke up in the instant I did that, 120 miles away. Both of us felt a very strong release of suppressed earth energy.

Though there was no wind, and no other vehicles came to the rest area during the time I was gone, Carol said that several times the Zapporium was roughly shaken by reptilians from the truck near the Zapporium in attempts to get her to go outside to investigate. This was not unusual, so she didn't give it much thought.

We noticed on the trip south through the state that the people we met were very relaxed and friendly. I must say that I had always dreaded driving through Utah, though it's very beautiful country. I had been put off by the feeling of alienation I had there, being a naturally gregarious person. I had the feeling that there was some mind control, almost hive-mind activity going on among the believers/citizens, which was based on the application of a combination of corrupted earth energy, intention, and sacred geometry. The elongated tetrahedron steeples of the churches and temples always looked like transceivers to me. I know that Mormons had been extremely aggressive in the West, at least, in acquiring cell phone communication networks and a friend of mine in Canada, whose phone had been tapped, was able to get the tap traced to a junction box on the property of the local Mormon Church. He had been critical of the alleged world order in his phone conversations. There is no mandated free speech in Canada. I personally think that no religion has the right to interfere with the birthrights of its members, let alone the non-believing public.

Carol said that the Wingmakers told her that it would take up to a week for the mind control apparatus of the Mormon Church to disintegrate completely, and that the reason no chemtrails had been sprayed over Utah was that they had already been sufficiently controlled without having

to subject them to endemic illness and debilitation, nor was there any plans to kill off large parts of the population there as there are throughout the rest of the world.

It occurred to us both that the Mormon believers are potentially an unstoppable force if they decide to reclaim their birthrights and may yet be shining examples for the rest of the world this way. I know that individual Mormons have done heroic and exemplary work in the fields of tax reform, common law, new paradigm science and healing.

I had once heard someone use the term, ‘grinning like a Mormon’ to describe someone who was acting in a superior, up-to-something way with a little self-righteousness mixed in. That’s the way I used to see Utah people whenever I traveled through their state before. The day following the HHg episode in Salt Lake City, I found that the people I encountered in Utah were suddenly open, cordial, and more thoroughly human than I had experienced in my previous trips through the state.

Truthfully, the members of any religion you could name most often display identical grins when dealing with ‘non-believers.’ This in no way relates to the principles on which these religions are founded, and I’m not one to blame God for the shortcomings of people who constantly drop his Name. Two phrases come to mind: (1) Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die (2) Ever’body talkin’ ‘bout heaven ain’t goin’ there (I believe heaven is open to anyone inclined to go there, but the phrase is good hyperbole).

We’d do well to concern ourselves personally with the 1% or so of any organization who have a clue about individual responsibility and freedom. Old ways of politicking simply don’t work any more, thank Grid.

Don Croft

Episode 8
Road Warriors of Sorts
Part 3

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc8roadwarriorsofsorts3.shtml>

June 2001

Duke Made Me Do It

We had an intriguing 3D experience with some Venusians who had been following us since we used the Chembuster (CB) on the underground base south of Miami, Florida. We were driving south on US 89 from I-70 and Carol directed my attention to a few very small clouds that were lined up east to west directly in front of us. The only other clouds in the sky were over the Rockies far to the east. It was obvious that somebody was creating and maintaining the little clouds to conserve energy (it apparently isn’t easy to be invisible).

I asked Carol if they were up to no good, but she couldn’t tell right away. I’m afraid I jumped the gun a bit—I parked the Zapporium, took out the CB and started blasting the little clouds (John Wayne had slept in the town we just passed through, according to a sign we saw, so there may have been some subliminal thing working in my head).

Within a few seconds, each cloud I shot disappeared, but each time the one next to it got bigger. When it was obvious that I wasn't winning, I quit. By that time, Carol had pulled her car over and was standing with me. When I'd given up, she said, "Why are you doing that? They're just watching us and now you've made them mad." She said that what I did wasn't harming them, just making it hard to stay cloaked. I was relieved.

I immediately quit, put the CB away, and apologized to the people in the craft. Carol then said "Look at that cloud of dead orgone!" and I got excited again, took my sound crystal with the mobius coil and started directing orgone into the cloud, which was a hundred yards or so in front of us and slowly rising from the ground.

First a hole showed up where I was pointing the crystal, then a counter-clockwise vortex started spinning around the hole. It looked like one of those spiral galaxies that we've seen in deep space telescope photos—really cool, but it was spinning in the opposite direction of the little circles I was making with the crystal.

Carol and other sensitives see this stuff all the time, but grunts like me get pretty jazzed when we see it happening. All of this time, there was a single cloud above and in front of us, which didn't move, though there was a good breeze blowing from the north. It actually got a little dark while all this was happening. Carol told me that all five of the craft were in that one cloud and that they wouldn't 'talk' to her, but were watching and listening.

After offering our friendship and promising not to shoot at them any more, I got in the truck and tried to start the motor. Carol had to pour some gasoline into the carburetor to get it started. She said the dead orgone we saw had been put into the carburetor by the Venusians as a little payback and that if they were really angry they would have broken something, as the B Sirians did when we did our last Chembusting exercise by Luna Mound at Cahokia a couple of weeks earlier. I had to lay the CB down on the floor in back, pointing at the motor, in order to keep going. Thankfully, the motor ran smoothly again after a few miles and has been fine since then.

The little clouds stayed near us all the way to Flagstaff the next day. When we were having lunch in Flagstaff, we saw the same sort of little clouds all in a row, low in the sky. We watched them for the hour or so we were there, and they didn't move, though there was a steady, strong breeze.

That evening I saw one of the craft depart (the setting sun reflected off the side of it, which got my attention). We've since made contact with them. Carol got their leader's name, but couldn't pronounce it. He likes some science fiction movies that we have.

The Raven

On the way to Flagstaff we stopped at Four Corners, which is the point where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona meet. It's also a natural vortex & formerly a national park. Now the Navajo tribe owns it and regulates the activity there. We didn't see any smog on our drive through the Ute Reservation in Utah, but suddenly we were immersed in it as we arrived at Four Corners to offer the holy handgrenade to the guardian of that vortex. Carol said the vortex was being kept pristine by the Navajo shamans, but that our offering had been accepted in honor of the unity of humanity. A very old raven showed up and appeared to want our attention. Carol told me to follow the raven to find the right spot to put the Holy Handgrenade (HHg), and just then the raven flew to a pile of large stones about a hundred yards away. I went to that spot and put the HHg in among the stones as the raven watched from a few paces away. Carol said she saw a Navajo woman's image superimposed on the raven.

Navajo land is unlike any of the other terrain on the continent and is indescribably spectacular. I had driven through there when I was nineteen years old in my budding hobo career, but apparently was oblivious to most of the beauty then. Why do some old people pine for their youth?

On this trip, though, the smog became so dense by the time we reached the vicinity of the Hopi land that we were alarmed at the implications. We decided that we'd facilitate getting a CB there as soon as possible to clear away all of that dead orgone, since they were obviously being targeted for some reason, probably because their existence poses a threat to the current regime. We need to go after the predatory agenda wherever they're concentrating their deadly attention.

Hyper in Sedona

As I mentioned, the Wingmakers had us make 13 HHg's before we started on our weird science trips in March. Along the way, they added a few, probably on account of my peculiar inability or unwillingness to keep secrets. Carol, who tends to be handicapped more in the opposite way, and I both agree that the Wingmakers allowed for this trait of mine before we got involved with them.

After finishing the day's Terminator business in the Flagstaff motel room, we drove straight to Sedona. We'd asked Melody to send the pile of mail, including money orders, which accumulated in Idaho to Sedona and expected them to be there when we arrived, which was Friday afternoon. When the package hadn't gotten there, we assumed that was because we needed to spend more than a day in Arizona. The plan was to pick up the mail, put an HHg in the vortex field in Sedona, meet someone in Tucson, and then drive on to southern California for the next phase.

Standing in the Post Office, I noticed that my body was vibrating, starting from the vertical line of chakras, mainly the heart, and spreading out to the rest of my body. Carol saw that before I could tell her about it, of course. She said that this was happening because some energy workers had been 'fixing' the vortices around Sedona and they were spinning at an un-naturally high rate. She was quite uncomfortable, but I just felt energized. Naturally lethargic people like myself appreciate most kinds of extra energy.

The Wingmakers had us put the HHg, which was hastily made in Flagstaff using a pretty party hat, on the ground in town. Carol noticed that the hyperactive spin slowed down right away and all of the vortices were again in harmony. Like most doctors, 'powerful shamans' apparently often feel the need to fix what isn't broken. Thankfully, engaging in p---ing contests is becoming faux pas with more of them and now they're starting to look for the unifying principle of the new paradigm and get in line with that. Big egos are best left at the door with six guns and big white horses.

When we got back to the rest area parking lot to get the Zapporium, Madame Raven was waiting for us. I asked Carol to look at the energy to make sure my hunch was correct about that, and she said I was definitely right.

Vibrating in Phoenix & Trial in Tucson

The folks we needed to see were in Tucson, so we got a spot in an RV campground in Phoenix for the weekend. That night I put the sound crystal with the mobius coil and frequency device on my chest and I started vibrating again. In a few minutes, I was filled to bursting with kundalini. Every time Carol touched me she jumped. I actually went to sleep right after that, content in the knowledge that I was getting some good information that would be unlocked at the appropriate time in the future. The only other times I've felt that so strongly was on James and Rose Mary Hughes' grid in Ashland, Oregon. They really ARE wizards!

I wanted to go to Tucson to meet the folks I mentioned, but took the time instead to catch up with writing down our experiences. I worry a bit about forgetting important things if I wait too long. The fellow in Tucson is a celebrity who was shortly to be in a show trial in a kangaroo federal tax court, so I had offered to give him a HHg to keep in the courtroom (he graciously accepted it and promised to put it on the defendant table as a paper weight) and to fix up one of his wife's crystals with a mobius coil, etc. Carol had felt that the HHg, especially, would give him an advantage because the contumacious behavior of the crooked judge and prosecutor would not be effective, and the jury would have less fear and more courage. Very simple. I personally wouldn't show up in any of those unlawful admiralty courts except in chains, but everybody has their own style -- a fact that I respect and work with. He was quite confident he could win, since he knew the appropriate constitutional laws and is a very, very good orator.

After another day of catch-up with writing and Terminator manufacturing, with some restaurant touring mixed in, we drove back to Sedona in the car.

Looks Like Science Now

Some of you may know that when miracles are experienced they don't seem weird or wondrous at all. At least that's our experience. Firewalks feel that way to me, for instance (except for the little glowing coals that get stuck between my toes after I get done). I'd gotten used to getting reports from customers of 'miraculous' cures over the years so I don't even record them any more or give them much thought. Besides, just about any cure seems like a miracle to the average incompetent, jaded doc who is in the business of keeping customers until their assets are all gone, not curing illnesses. It just looks like science now. I like the really weird stuff anyway, being an Ace of Spades. Well, according to our watches, we would have had to drive over 100 miles per hour to cover the distance between Phoenix and the Sedona highway cutoff, but I never went over 80 mph. This just told us that we needed to be someplace at a certain time, so we paid closer attention after that.

We picked up our mail and started out of town, following our urge to visit a nice metaphysical store on the way out, where I got Carol a beautiful heart-shaped crystal from Madagascar, a place that figures heavily in her astrological information (I found out later).

Bell Rock Portal

As we passed by Bell Rock, Carol got that look that tells me she's getting a message, so I asked her 'What's up?' She said that we needed to be going by Bell Rock at that moment because a portal opened up there briefly and she needed to identify what that felt like. The Wingmakers told her that when we return together at some undisclosed future time, the portal will open again and we'll meet the Wingmakers in our own dimension, face to face. That explained the time warp that happened earlier. I love the Wingmakers' style! I bet a few of them are also Aces of Spades.

After an uneventful, but incredibly hot trip through Arizona and a night in a rest area, we arrived at the pass west of Palm Springs that opens onto the Los Angeles metropolitan area. The smog was piled up and spilling over that pass and a strong, cold wind was blowing from that direction. There was a stationary cloud on the south edge of the pass that Carol told me was covering a very big B Sirian craft that was unloading something into the underground facility there that belongs to our alleged government. Yuck.

We knew we'd be spending a few days in southern California, but didn't want to be in that awful dead orgone field, so we drove through San Bernardino in the direction of Victorville and got a

motel for a few nights at the pass nearby. The dead orgone/smog extended a little above and beyond the highway exit where the motel was located.

Slim Spurling's Environmental Harmonizer is said to remove dead orgone fields and their attendant particulates, which together make up 'smog.' I don't have one, but I believe this is true. I dearly wish more people in cities would just get these devices and use them correctly. They are probably superior to cloudbusters for this task, though they no doubt work on similar principles. Both devices regulate weather, though in slightly different ways.

When we got up in the morning, the smog had retreated to much lower elevations, and the sky was uncharacteristically blue, which was nice but not surprising. We were now ready for our descent into Gommorah.

Don Croft

Episode 9

California Gemmorah

Okay to Look Back This Time

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc9okaytolookbackthistime.shtml>

Oct. 2001

San Diego Vortex

The large, very sick vortex just east of San Diego was a place we'd been warned by somebody to stay away from, as he'd personally known of someone who had been murdered by a black helicopter with a harpoon sort of device for just walking on the land there, so of course we just couldn't wait to get there!

The Wingmakers told Carol that the underground base and vortex were at the upstream end of Sweetwater Reservoir, so we drove there. When we arrived, she was told to go immediately to Otay Reservoir, a few miles to the south, which we did. She then saw the vortex, which was exceptionally large and medusa-like, as the vortex at the nuke plant outside of Orlando looked—very unusual and sinister.

We had tried to drive to the spot on the highway that was marked on our map, but that road was blocked and bulldozed out of existence a few miles prior to the site, so we took an alternate route. There are no fences around the land over the underground facility, but metaphysical folk in San Diego know about it and the attendant dangers to curious visitors. Many people had disappeared there.

The people who know about it assume that the alleged government doesn't want to draw attention to the activity there, so didn't put up fences. It's on the edge of the metropolitan San Diego area. Instead of fences and uniformed guards, they apparently feel it's expedient to just 'disappear' curious visitors. They know that anyone still in the Matrix won't be curious about that area.

I'm actually feeling pretty confident that the critical-mass number of people who have left the Matrix and know for sure that the alleged government is waging war against us has already been reached. I think that number is only a few thousand, so perhaps you are one of the lucky few.

The tide is turning now, as evidenced by the young people peacefully demonstrating against the World Bank's atrocities can attest. Their parents missed the mark in the sixties when they demonstrated against the felonious feds, since our alleged government has always taken direction from the cynical, predatory old men who own the World Bank. So you could metaphorically say that in the sixties the dog attacked the club that was beating him, but now the dog is aware of who's wielding the club and is attacking him, instead (spiritually, of course, not physically). I'm so tickled to see this happening at last!

As soon as we stop feeding the human parasites in the body politic, the ET ones will just dry up and blow away. Isn't that obvious? Of course the human ones will have to resort to either honest work or honest criminal activity, as I mentioned. I don't think it's possible in the emerging paradigm to conduct predatory activities under the 'color of law,' given the sudden and widespread effectiveness of the internet and enough people's discernment. Cicero had said 'politicians are not made, they are excreted.' None of my associates pay any mind at all to the prattle of these redundant folk.

Carol told me that they were expecting us to show up at Sweetwater Reservoir, but were shocked to find us at the real location, Otay Reservoir. See how the Wingmakers can even use my big mouth (keyboard?) to advantage? I do have an intrinsic hatred for secrecy, unless it's for somebody's protection or a non-offensive confidence. The new paradigm's way to hide the truth is, after all, to state it clearly and in simple terms. Secret societies—humbug!

We parked the car nearby and walked toward the old reservoir, at which a couple of fellows were 'fishing.' A government pickup truck showed up within seconds of our arrival and the driver scrutinized us, and then drove over to where the two men were. We walked to the right spot and I put the larger than usual HHg where I was directed. Carol didn't look well. A black helicopter flew slowly from behind a nearby hill, and then flew back.

Cloaking & Unidentified ET's

We got into the car and every four or five minutes, a helicopter flew within view. This happened during the whole time we drove up the coast, almost to LA. Carol said that they at first wanted to make sure we were leaving. During the time between the pickup turning away from us and the appearance of the black helicopter, Carol said we were invisible to human surveillance, so they didn't have a clue what we did and didn't see the HHg at all, thanks to the Wingmakers. The helpful reptilians, who usually run interference for us with mind control on surveillors, weren't able to enter the Southern California metro area, Carol said, because the reptilian hive there is predatory and aggressive. The one we're friends with is mellow and not harmful to humans.

All they knew for sure was that we severely damaged the apparatus that predatory ET's had set up in conjunction with our alleged government that was keeping a black hole sort of portal open underground, in the vortex. Carol didn't know what it was intended for, but only that it was more than usually nefarious. As I was placing the orgone device, an ET-type that Carol had never seen before thrust some green slime down her throat and into her stomach, which began to hurt.

Putting a Terminator on, she felt better in a few minutes. She said it was mycoplasma—the same stuff used in chemtrails, and that it was intended to cause her to have a very prolonged, painful death. I'd heard years ago on Art Bell's program accounts of people picking up bits of slime that dropped out of military planes over Everett, immediately after which they got extremely ill, some even dying. I assume now that this was done in the early stages of chemtrail experimentation. Now it disperses nicely when it comes out of the UN tanker jets overhead, so we stopped hearing those stories.

I guess the ET picked on her because they just didn't see me and what I was doing for a few seconds. I can tell you that if one of those fellows showed up, it would be worth the experience to me just to see him, since I'm a confirmation junkie. Carol's seen this sort thing all her life, though, so she doesn't need much confirmation that way. From her description, the only image that comes to my mind is the predatory commander of the attacking alien ship on GALAXY QUEST. She says they aren't Draconians and hasn't a clue where they're from or what they want besides the enslavement and exploitation of humanity.

One of them got into the black hole portal and tried to hold it open. I checked with Carol during the day and she said that after awhile, several of them were in there, though they knew before long that it was a futile effort.

The vortex straightened right out to its pristine form. Carol said that the HHg wouldn't have worked if it were any smaller. The only other place that we know of that needs one that size in the huge one, centered 35 miles southeast of Bimini on the Grand Bahama Bank. It took ten minutes to fly through that vortex on the way to Nassau from Miami. That's the one I went a little crazy in during a storm. I wish Carol had been with me then. I wish we knew what sort of thing they had planned for that black hole.

The atmosphere cleared up right after that and became pleasant. It was overcast and windy until we did the deed. One of my customers in San Diego told me a few days later that she knew something good and momentous happened there that day.

There were many helicopters taking turns surveilling us all the way to Orange County. We passed through a sort of permanent roadblock halfway to Orange County at which indeterminate federal police were looking into each car on the eight-lane highway. Carol immediately said the alleged cop that looked at us took a picture of us. A few minutes later, a car that came up behind us slowed to match our speed and the driver looked at the orgone pyramid in the back window and the six feet long cloudbuster, which was between the seats, with the top end resting on the dashboard.

I asked her if the fellow was a felonious fed spook and she said, no, he's just a regular guy stuck in the Matrix that the spooks were using to look at our devices. They caused him to slow down and were looking through his eyes to see our stuff, just like the Navajo medicine woman was using the raven in a nicer way. Creepy, but what else do you expect from criminals with unlimited bank accounts and warped, infantile shamans at their beck and call? Baba Ram Dass, Alan Watts and Timothy Leary, former (?) CIA operatives, no doubt helped the psyops guys swell their ranks with psychically proficient, but integrity-challenged 'young, mighty shamans' through their involvement with MK Ultra. That's not to say they aren't nice guys, of course. I remember that one young lady I knew who had lived at Mr. Dass' ashram in New Mexico in the seventies was told the Big Secret there—"It's all in the head!"

Anyone in a discerning moment realizes that the use of hallucinogenic drugs stops spiritual growth, so it's understandable that Dr. Leary et al. emphasized their use so emphatically at the time. At least nobody is calling their shenanigans 'spirituality' any more.

Thank Grid the younger generation is more discerning. I'd always wondered why so many metaphysical folk my age are so adamant about not opposing the established order, but now I understand 'where they're coming from,' and it's not a place I'd like to visit, thanks.

China & Long Beach, California

The rest of the day in Los Angeles was mostly spent in traffic, though we delivered HHg's to two locations and left the cloudbuster between Hollywood and Burbank. The first HHg went on the property of an underground base at the Seal Beach Naval Weapons Station, where there's a vortex which was being used by a consortium of ET's and American and Chinese military people. I mean communist Chinese, of course. The Chinese Military owns and operates the container port facility in Long Beach that's in the news now and then. Last time I know about was when a container full of automatic weapons bound for the Watts district of LA was discovered there. I bet that that investigative journalist who ran that story was suicided or is unemployed. The CIA had to show up at a Watts public meeting just to say this never happened. I wonder how many people there believed them.

Carol told me that the Chinese scientists at the facility were particularly interested in our cloudbuster. Now there's a conundrum. Two forces seem to be at work in China now, even in the same individuals. One is moving toward even more oppression and the military takeover of the US (stand in line, fellas), the other toward free market practices and individual freedom. We'll do what we can to encourage the latter course. I'd be happy to share the cloudbuster information with anyone, as it can't be used to harm people or the planet.

The vortex healed, of course. We didn't feel too concerned about what was going on there. It kind of paled after our experience in San Diego, and we weren't being overtly surveilled any more.

Hours later, we got to the small vortex across town in Encino and dropped the HHg there. I drove east on US 101 until Carol told me to stop and we deposited the cloudbuster in the bushes by the side of the highway. Carol wrote down the number on the light pole so it can be recovered at the appropriate time, but we've since lost the map. We were informed that it would take about a month to clear the dead orgone out of LA.

No doubt there are more vortices in the area, and plenty of other places that need HHg's, but these are the ones we were directed to take care of initially. No doubt other energy healers will do the rest when the time is right [as of Jan. 2, 2002 LAARP {Los Angeles Atmosphere Reclamation Project} is well on the way to finishing that job]. Unlike Lot's wife at the Biblical Gemmorah, Carol didn't turn to salt as we drove away from Los Angeles that day. It is an icky place, though. We both found it nearly impossible to even drive through the area before that day, but I guess being on a mission makes unpleasant things like that more tolerable.

Don Croft

Episode 10 Bohemian Grove

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc10bohemiangrove.shtml>
 June 2001

It occurred to me as we drove north through the San Fernando Valley, that if there were only one Chembuster in every state, the chemtrail program would have to be scrapped in the US. Considering the amount of dead orgone in California, it felt as though ten would be required there. I'd read accounts of a cloudbuster being used during the 1970's by Trevor Constable in southern California to remove the omnipresent smog from the desert east of Los Angeles. The

before and after photos were astonishing. He'd done the same thing in Israel, at the Sea of Galilee.

If anyone can tell me why the whole San Fernando Valley has always had so much dead orgone, I'd appreciate it. It would be such a nice drive if you could see the mountains.

Linda & Metaphysical Road Service

The reward for suffering through that extensive dead energy field was our arrival in Walnut Creek, east of San Francisco, and being greeted by Linda, Carol's longtime friend and sometime teacher. We spent three days parked at the lovely apartment complex where she lives and spent many hours comparing notes and giving and receiving inspiration and insights. Linda is a gifted herbalist that is able to do with her own tinctures what others have done with flower essences and homeopathic remedies. Like Carol, Linda parleyed her natural psychic gifts and energy sensitivity into a rewarding and useful career.

She had been aware of the Wingmakers website, but hadn't pursued the subject. When we told her what we'd been up to with it, she decided to contact the Wingmakers during meditation. She told us that they immediately started constructing a set of wings for her, etherically. Her description reminded me of butterfly wings.

The next day, as Linda and Carol were returning from the San Francisco airport with Jenny, who had just finished the school year in Idaho, they were parked in rush hour traffic on the freeway, miles from an exit. The gas gauge on Linda's new Toyota indicated empty, which was a cause for some alarm. A moment later, the same gauge indicated that the tank was half full. Linda and Carol say that they both immediately knew this was done by the Wingmakers and they did it with humor. Linda is another person that takes miracles in stride.

I asked Linda if she knew a way to improve the HHg's and she immediately explained the coils that we have since been putting in ours.

Bohemian Grove & Children

On June 18 we went to Gurneyville, north of San Francisco, to carry out the Wingmakers instructions regarding Bohemian Grove, annual gathering place of the most depraved and powerful men on the planet. I made a special HHg for that which had one of the coils that Linda described. The predators were due to arrive for the coming solstice, during which each year they hold a satanic ceremony, dressed in black robes, and do God knows what. I'd first heard of it on a short wave radio program on which several young people gave their testimony regarding their experiences there as children, victims of rape. By this time I'd done enough reading about these men to understand that this was not unlikely.

In their testimonies, many famous men were named by these young people and the program was hosted and directed by a state senator from Nebraska, friend and confidant of former CIA director Casey (the director was suicided at his home soon after this) The senator was using this program to do what I'm doing now: to call for the investigation, arrest and prosecution of the participants of the annual satanic activities at the Grove.

Others have written extensively about this, so I don't need to duplicate their efforts. The basic facts of the activities at the Grove are not unknown to the townspeople of Gurneyville, we found out.

Elementals & "W"

I had been contacted by a Wiccan who lives in the area and wished to help us heal the wounded vortices there. This person, whom I'll call W, is a competent and fearless healer who is closely connected to the land, elementals and ethereal beings in the surrounding area. The alarm and disgust expressed to W by the elementals and long-dead native medicine people had reached a sort of brink or limit, beyond which their support and influence would be withdrawn.

There are six vortices, only one of which is in Bohemian Grove, which connect in a small area around Gurneyville. Carol had gotten an image from the Wingmakers of the spot we were to put the HHg. W led us there from Carol's description and graciously put it in place. All of us felt an immediate lightening and breathed easier. W announced that the 'insect people' were the first to notice and appreciate what was done. I then noticed the presence of thousands of dragonflies, which I knew had not been there moments earlier. I always notice dragonflies. As we walked back to the car, W greeted all of the elementals along the way and mentioned that the assembled medicine people were very pleased and encouraged by what we did and would now enthusiastically resume their healing work.

The atrocities committed against the whole human race by the men that assemble at Bohemian Grove are done in secret and with more than adequate protection by armies of lawyers, spies and assassins. We have no doubt that they are directly responsible for all of the genocide, wars, epidemics, despotism, impoverishment and enslavement of billions of people.

Only at Bohemian Grove are they vulnerable.

The County Sheriff

The only law enforcement agency allowed by the Constitution is the county Sheriff, elected by popular vote. Based on existing testimony, the Sheriff of Sonoma County, California would be justified in arresting the assembled perpetrators at any time during their days long pedophilic orgy at Bohemian Grove. Not only would he be within his rights, no force on earth would dare try to stop him. These predators rely totally on secrecy to carry out their plans. Where secrecy is not possible, they rely on extensive brainwashing and mind control. Intimidation is the last resort, and public intimidation is unthinkable in the US even now.

Please note that I'm not being seditious and I'm not advocating that anyone break any Constitutional laws. Seditious acts are those which undermine the Constitution. All of these men are manifestly guilty of that; I'm not.

A few years ago, the Sheriff of Nye County, Nevada, arrested US Forest Service agents when they attempted, with drawn weapons, to stop him from entering land allegedly belonging to the federal government. Nothing bad happened to the Sheriff. On the contrary, I understand he was re-elected. Although Dan Rather never mentioned this historic event, it's well known.

Parasites & Fear

Typical of the criminal mind, which is essentially arrogant and stupid, there are times when his guard is down and these are the times to act against him. A person with integrity doesn't need to watch his back constantly and doesn't need an army of thugs and spies in order to be safe. I wouldn't be writing this if I were afraid of being tortured or killed by these predators, but I have faith that the publication of these writings will demonstrate that it's now safe to discuss these things because under the emerging paradigm, parasites will no longer be able to rule us. I won't be waiting for our space brothers to rescue us from these people, thanks.

I'm currently living miles from the nearest town, and I'm a half-mile from the nearest neighbor. Aside from a BB gun, which I play with a bit, I have no protection and am not hiding. In fact we've been surveilled here several times since our arrival, even by the triangular craft that Art Bell reported seeing -- the same type we saw in Florida, up close, in December. I hadn't noticed before, but the house shook last time they showed up. Outside, as it was hovering behind the trees on the edge of the yard, all I heard was the characteristic, low 'sucking' sound. So I guess there's a subsonic quality to the antigravity device they're apparently using.

I don't even shut or lock the gate. I love living and am having more fun than ever, but I will oppose and expose them to my last breath, no matter what they do. The schoolyard bully picks on anyone on the playground except the kid who isn't afraid of him. That kid has to let the bully know that he's not afraid to die. Men who had been in prison tell me it's the same way there.

I'm telling whoever among the predators and sycophants that attend Bohemian Grove's satanic activities who care to read this that I am not afraid of torture, poisoning, mind manipulation, attacks on my loved ones, or any atrocity their fertile if infantile minds can contrive to stop me. Having said that, I'm also not a bit worried that they will try. The fact that you're even reading this demonstrates that they are powerless to influence what is done on the Internet or even in privately owned publications.

If you're afraid of them you're just encouraging their predatory behavior, so stop being afraid of these parasites! The other thing a bully fears is being confronted by even a small group.

When a pedophile is released from jail, people plaster his picture and stats on all the telephone poles in the neighborhood as a warning. How is this any different? Aren't we pretty much obligated to draw attention to these pedophiles, at least during the summer solstice period?

Many people in my age group who were teens in the hippy era have been thoroughly brainwashed and conditioned not to confront evil or even discuss it. Well done, Drs. Leary, Alpert, and Watts, MK Ultra operatives extraordinaire! Also, congratulations to British Secret Service's Tavistock Institute, initiated under the direction of Sigmund Freud. Thanks to Sigmund for persecuting his one time protégé, Dr. Wilhelm Reich, since this led to Reich's orgone research and his American residency.

Unguarded Predators and Restored Vortices

Our children's generation, however, have demonstrated their spiritual acumen and commitment to the emerging paradigm by peacefully demonstrating in order to draw attention to the criminal activities of the World Bank, which is more or less the epitome of the parasitic alleged order. I hope this writing will inspire some of them to direct their attention to the annual activities outside Gurneyville, California, as this will strike at the only unguarded criminal acts of the men who own the World Bank. I would be pleased and honored to join them there next year. If four of us show up it will be as though a thousand are there. As an experienced sign artist, I can make some impressive placards. W told me that all of the gangsters' bodyguards, family members, and secret service people hang around Gurneyville during the 'festivities.'

Speaking of festivities, a day after we'd been there, Carol told me that another HHg was needed to finish the job, as an enormous amount of energy was being expended to contain and limit the effect of the first one until the criminal activity at the Grove was finished. I quickly made another one and FedExed it to W, who put it in one of the other vortices just before the arrival of the felons. The Wingmakers told Carol that not only did their cherished ceremony not produce the customary results, they actually didn't have any fun this time preying on the little children that

had been bussed in for the festivities. She was told that this severely shook their confidence and that they didn't have a clue how that could happen. Finally, Carol told me that the six vortices have combined into one very, very powerful one, the energy of which will not be available to the parasites any more.

So, now you know, fellas! Better luck next year, and maybe we'll see you there! You should know, too, that I might point my cloudbuster at the next antigravity craft that shows up here. I know it won't hurt anyone, but the guys inside will get a distinct surprise. The good guys like it when I point the CB at their craft, which are way better than yours. Get a clue.

Don Croft