

## The Adventures of Don & Carol Croft – Parts 21 – 30

### *Episode 22*

### *California Scheming*

#### *Part 1*

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<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc22californiascheming5may02.shtml>

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#### Dragon Al & Friends Liberate Arizona Skies

Dragon Al Gray and his associates, including 'Flash' Gordon, had done an enviable job clearing away the smog from Southern Arizona in the previous eight months with their perceptive placing of Chembusters in every corner of the southern half of the state and in the metropolitan Phoenix and Tucson areas. There are others in the area who built and erected their own cloudbusters, and they're working well within that network. Al determined some of his locations to maximize the fields of the all of the Chembusters in Arizona. The two in Hopi/Navajo land, in northeastern Arizona, apparently made it impossible for chemtrails to 'set' anywhere in skies over the entire state and beyond.

After a bit of brainstorming with Carol in November, 2001, Al and Flash found and closed the two portals of the local predatory reptilian hive, which stretches from Ft. Huachuca's 'secret' underground facilities, east of Tucson, to Williams, in the high elevations west of Flagstaff. Carol had not given them specific information, though was ready to do so. She had a mental image of the location that Al and Flash found on their own.

A third significant member of their team is Carroll, who had done voluntary psychic work for the government in the past but now concentrated on weekly channeling sessions. She refrained from accepting money from the government so that she wouldn't be obliged to cooperate with their requests in case they turned out to challenge her spiritual integrity. In her channeling mode, Carroll provides guidance and specific explanations for Al, Flash and others. We've personally found her work very useful.

I feel the need to caution readers that this is just our personal perception, not a mandate by any means, or a defense of channeling in general, much of which is corrupt. We both feel that we would need to be present in a session, as we were with Carroll last February, to make that sort of assessment. Everything has its own energy signature, and the energy was very clean and powerful in the channeling session.

#### Accountability

Knowing Carroll had given me a chance to ponder my own attitude toward the government, which has led me to hold no personal grudges against anyone working for the government. What's left for me is antipathy for the corporation which had subverted and gained control of the government in the twentieth century. This is a thoughtform, a simple mental construct. Government, to me, is more than that, as human society needs governing. Humanity absolutely has no need for institutional exploitation in the form of a corporation, in this case, the Federal Reserve Corporation, which is a tentacle of the larger corporation centered in London but not even named as far as I know.

Any form of government can work as long as the representatives are held accountable for their actions by the electorate. Centralization of power is the real bugaboo, with its layers of

bureaucrats who labor secretly to fortify their own personal power, safe from direct accountability. When the balance of political and economic power shifts toward the local level there is automatically more accountability and less taxation. This isn't complicated. It's probably also not taught in economics and political science courses in colleges.

#### The Internet

The Internet itself is evidence that I'm on the right track with this. It's also strong evidence that freedom of information leads to more political and economic freedom. In Reich's early days, people thought their only political options were fascism and communism because they simply lacked the information to include other options. Now we know that fascism and communism are just two arms of the corporation itself and that grassroots determination is the only viable option these days, in its many manifestations.

Tesla lacked the networking capability of the Internet to acquire funding for his projects, so his only options were to ask agents of the Corporation for money, all of which was cut off when he demonstrated the viability of his free energy work. After that he relied on a pension from the King of Serbia to the end of his days (I agree that he must have gotten money from the U.S. Gov't for his preparatory work in Project Rainbow), but his major humanitarian projects remained unrealized.

Carol and I certainly don't measure up to Tesla or Reich in our efforts, but we are making our livelihood from the Internet and promoting our ideas worldwide successfully. I can tell you for sure that I'd fail if I had to sell zappers door to door in the U.S. or by advertising in the printed media, though that may be changing now. We never spend a nickel on promotion, but we have faithful customers in over fifty countries, most of whom had been referred by other customers. I hope you can see that I'm not just expostulating about the power available on the Internet. Now, if only I can keep that hacker from the Corporation from deleting my zapper email orders and correspondence. He got about twenty of them today, but I think I'm getting ahead of the game. I wish somebody would plant a Holy Handgrenade in Earthlink's bushes! I think they're on the east coast, otherwise I'd do it myself.

Even if I have to go back to painting signs, I'll stay active in the Chembuster forum & will keep traveling. I feel that when one has found happiness in the midst of harsh circumstances, nothing can take it away again, and I did that.

#### Arizona DOR, Going, Going, Gone

Carol and I were astonished to see how clear the atmosphere was as we drove down into that big valley where Phoenix, Arizona, sits. In all my years of passing through there going east and west on Interstate 10 I had never been able to see all the way across the valley because of the dense smog, no matter what season it was. Now you can see across it from east to west, and from north to south and the skies are the deep blue one normally associates with much higher altitudes. Good work, Arizona Cbers!

We also noticed that none of the dead orgone transmitting towers south of Phoenix and all the way to the California border on Interstate 8 were putting out more than a fizzle of deadening energy, thanks to Dragon Al's persistent efforts with his HHGs over the winter and spring. Thank Grid he's got a traveling job! He has good working relationships with so many people that he's found it very easy to place his many cloudbusters across the state and one of his donated cloudbusters is in Las Vegas, one in Page, Arizona, which is on the north central border with Utah, and now on the southern tip of the California Sierras not far north of the Mexican border.

### Las Vegas

Texan Jeff had spent a week in Las Vegas a few months ago and said that the spewplanes had converged there and made him sick. The CB we left there (thanks, Al) before that with friends spends most of its time indoors, but when we drove through there last week on our way home the air was fresh and clean, there were scattered rain showers and the ambience was very good, all of which is evidence, especially these days, that a Chembuster is on the job, though Slim's Agricultural Harmonizer can do that on its own. Consistently destroying chemtrails still seems to be the exclusive purview of the Chembuster, but there were no spewplanes in the sky when we drove through this time.

### Irrigation Water

One can assume that Jeff's luck in the casino was better than for his arrival time, as he apparently went there in time for a massive specialized attack, similar to what Robert Reynolds is experiencing on a continuous basis at Lake Berryessa, in northern California, which is a supplier of irrigation water for the Sacramento Valley (If anyone has information on why the spewplanes are poisoning the irrigation water (apparently) I hope you'll share it with the rest of us. Vancouver, BC, has been attacked that way until recently, as was Springfield, Missouri once last winter).

### Fewer Spew Planes

Many of us are seeing the spewplanes only rarely now, and two factors seem to be operating:

- 1) They're focusing on fewer areas,
- 2) we're defeating them ;-)

My guess is that the spewboys can't maintain that on a large scale anywhere, perhaps because it would draw too much attention to them from an otherwise unaware pajama-clad public. After the local TV news in Miami had a discussion of chemtrails in early April, the skies there remained free of spew for a whole month. They're back in the sky there, now, but I bet there are a lot of angry folks who otherwise would not have noticed if it weren't mentioned on the news. There's a fellow in the Miami metro area making a CB. Maybe this lit a fire under his nether end.

Hopefully, Jeff can remember more chemtrail specifics from his visit to Vegas. I have the impression he didn't spend a lot of time outdoors ;-). (I've got a juicy observation about Vegas that I'll share later in this article, so hopefully you'll keep reading this to get to it).

### Sierras Bottleneck

We got a fresh Chembuster and seven Holy Handgrenades from Dragon Al's arsenal in Casa Grande the day after we planted the second CB next to Hopi land. Due to the circumstances of this trip it was a hit-and-run visit with Al, sad to say, but he was a good sport about staying up late talking to us in spite of his early start the next day.

We drove the Zapporium out to the highway, but the shifter broke when I was pulling out of the gas station. Fortunately, Al drove by on his lunch break and connected us with an honest mechanic. We had to leave the Zapporium overnight in Casa Grande for repairs, delaying our trip by a day, so we used the time to go over to California in the car and place the two Chembusters and seven HHGs that Carol dowsed were needed for the project. Before we arrived, she'd found the primary location for a Chembuster in the Sierras, which was to open up the energy bottleneck that was keeping regular rainfall from Southern Arizona. The night before we left, she was told by the Wingmakers to take another Chembuster to an area north of there. She dowsed a location in the Joshua Tree National Forest, which is northeast of Palm Springs, just north of the limit of Imperial Valley.

The first location was between the Algodones Dunes and the Chocolate Mountains, which are the southernmost chain of the California Sierras.

#### Protected Turtles, Razor Wire, & 'Secret' Underground Base

Carol saw the energy block while we were still in Arizona, about 100 miles to the southeast. She saw it as a natural energy block related to a fault line. We drove along a state highway from near Yuma, Arizona, then onto a gravel road. When we got close to the target location, we saw a new, high chain link fence with razor tape along the top, running for miles around an area were artificial hills from extensive excavation or mining. There were many signs on the fence indicating, apparently, that the fence was erected to protect an endangered species of turtles. They think we're pretty stupid, I guess. The environmental movement's tacit support of the Corporation certainly reaped some results here.

Some railroad tracks ran north along the limits of that fenced area, which protects a massive underground base in addition to the turtles. There's gravel road along the opposite side of the tracks and there were plenty of warning signs indicating dire consequences if travelers left the road to explore the surrounding area. We put an HHg at a primary dead orgone & communication transmitter about 3 miles up the road from the paved highway. There were no people (except for a few desert rats) living within fifty miles of that tower, so it was obviously connected to the underground base. A few miles further was the spot indicated by the Wingmakers for the Chembuster. We noticed that this marked the limit of the dead orgone field hanging over the subterranean base, as I said, it's a big base.

Remember that this is a good way to spot the underground facilities-dead orgone (smog) in areas where there shouldn't be any. The Subterrenes (thanks, Louis!) are commonplace under us, but ordinary excavation is still used to dig out the bases, and they need to put it someplace. Years ago, they just did it like gophers, leaving the diggings close by, but now they're apparently using the tunnels to take it far away and dump it. That one we visited is apparently an older one, so they just put a long fence around the excavated material. Homestead Air Force Base has one of the best examples of the Corporation's lack of good judgment, I think, since there are millions of tons of excavated material in a big manmade hill there, surrounded by the Everglades. They even built things on top of it, perhaps in an effort to make it look unobtrusive. That's kind of like putting a big fig leaf on the genitals of a nude statue.

A year ago, we busted their permanent thunderhead from our campsite in the Florida Keys, using our Chembuster with four-foot extensions, aimed horizontally at the thunderhead fifty miles to the northeast. That cloud formation was a by-product of their dead orgone generating apparatus, which we also apparently neutralized. Next time we'll just leave an HHg there instead. It's less dramatic, but more effective. They sent a saucer to buzz us on the highway as we were leaving Grassy Key right after we did that. Carol said they just wanted to assure themselves that we were, indeed, leaving.

#### California Blue Skins

We didn't linger near the underground base on the eastern edge of Imperial Valley. By the way, Carol saw some blue skinned humanoids working underground with the earth humans and a few reptilians. She had seen the long armed alien humanoids that are using Venus as a home base, working underground at Homestead and told me that these were renegades, and I'm assuming the blue skinned ones were also renegades. I'll ask Carol when she gets home tomorrow.

The long armed fellows are of the group that helped Tesla, Carol tells me, and they are keenly interested in the Chembuster work. They hide their cigar-shaped craft in small puffy clouds, often uncharacteristic of the other clouds in the area. Their craft are powered by the same sort of technology the reptilians and corporate humans are using, so they're susceptible to the CB, so you might want to dowse before aiming your CB at them. I did that in a moment of poor judgment and they put dead orgone in my carburetor right after that. I had to lay the CB down, pointed at the carburetor, before I could start the motor again. I've seen their actual craft several times & we consider them our friends and helpers, as we do some of the reptilians. Keep looking up, folks.

I didn't mention that the Phoenix area was very comfortable. Al's telling me that it's been cooler there this spring. I suggested that his summer will be much milder, too. We lived in a place last summer that's normally hellish hot all summer long. We set up our CB when we arrived at the end of June and by the time we'd left in mid September there had not been a single uncomfortably hot day. Nor was there any strong wind other than the few minutes before I aimed the CB into them when they started up, two or three times.

We drove west over the dunes, not long before sunset. It was quite beautiful, even the sand blowing across the road that was catching the low angle sunlight like blowing snow. Looking back toward the Chocolate Mountains, we could clearly see the limits of the dead orgone field over the underground base, about twenty miles distant.

Don Croft

*Episode 23*  
*California Scheming*  
*Part 2*

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<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc23californiascheming5may02pt2.shtml>

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The Imperial Valley is one of the most unpleasant places we've been, energetically. We're sure that's related to the wall of dead orgone that had been in place for millennia, perhaps, along that section of the Chocolate Mountains. We could see moisture-laden clouds east of the range of mountains along the Pacific Coast, but they weren't making it into this valley. We passed a series of very large dead orgone transmitters on our drive north along the center of the valley to Indio, only one of which got its own HHg. That was the first one we came to (a VERY big one) in Brawleyville, the first city west of the underground base. Carol saw a tunnel leading from the base to that tower and beyond.

We spent the night in a Motel Six in Indio, which is on Interstate 10 just east of Palm Springs. There was a sandstorm in progress (they need a CB!) when we checked in, but the skies were clear and lovely in the morning when we left for the mountain location of the second Sierras CB. We didn't have to drive far off the interstate to get to the high ground vortex Carol was looking for & fortunately there was a big enough chaparral tree to hide the CB in away from the access road.

We hadn't seen a successful chemtrail since we left northern Arizona after putting our first Hopi CB in place. Those were breaking up as we drove away, and we're pretty sure that no more chemtrails will be sticking anywhere in Arizona for the duration. Maybe Rhode Island will be the

second state to be chemtrail free, though Washington State may also be in that happy condition already. One CB in Rhode Island would do the trick.

#### East Coast Warriors

Ivo is a sign painter in Connecticut. He's cranking out Chembusters at an alarming rate, using his super duper Gerber router to make the templates. I'm not sure he wants me to talk about him (a Brother of the Brush). He's getting whacked pretty hard with special spew, maybe because he's so close to Carlo's two great big CBs in Queens, NYC, which is apparently another little Stalingrad-in-the-sky for the Corporation. More data from folks in that area would be welcome. Flo lives in New Jersey, closer to Philadelphia, and her skies are apparently in good shape, so there's some specific targeting by the Corporation going on around NYC.

I've asked Ivo to space out his CBs fifty miles or so apart, since more CBs, spread out, is much, much more effective than a bunch of them close together. Idaho Jerry's got a good sense of what to do this way and it's paid off for him in a big way, according to what we saw along the Snake River Valley for a hundred plus miles in the middle of an intense, though impotent, HAARP assault on the valley.

#### HHg's

In the spirit of helping that Chembuster remove the energy blocks for more successful Arizona Chembusting, we used up the remaining Holy Handgrenades we'd been issued from Uncle Al's Natural Guard Armory, all the way into Arizona from where we put the CB. Conveniently, all the primaries are located along major highways, so it was easy to neutralize them. Some folks asked about the range of a HHg. That's awfully hard to determine without dowsing, as there are so many variables. If you can see the energy, like Carol and some others can do, or accurately feel it, as Kolina and others can do, you won't need to rely so much on dowsing.

Some mountaintop arrays we've visited needed two HHgs, some needed only one. If I weren't so lazy, I'd put coils in all of our HHgs so that I wouldn't need to make so many. Maybe I'll start doing that now to conserve resin and crystals. I'm using funky, broken crystals for these, by the way, and I'll continue doing so. It really is fine to do that.

One of the mountain arrays along I-10 wasn't easily accessible from the freeway, so we put it at the base of the mountain as close as possible and that worked very well and quickly.

#### Grounded Spew Planes & Al's Tucson Tour

There were usually two spewplanes in our vicinity, apparently attempting to dissolve the high altitude clouds that were forming in our path. The day before, shortly before we left Casa Grande, there were some nice clouds moving in from the direction of the Pacific Ocean. They were much too high for rain but they indicated that there was enough moisture in the atmosphere to make rain. Apparently these have been present a lot since Al and the others started getting CBs in Arizona. When we were picking up the Zapporium from the mechanic, we noticed that the clouds were lower and thicker than before we placed the CBs in California. We expect more rain and cooler temperatures in Arizona this summer, though it may not happen quickly. In case you don't know, rain is not expected during the summer there at all. We stopped in smoggy, hellish hot Phoenix last June for a couple of days (months before we knew what the CB could do) and vowed not to ever go there again in the summer if we could avoid it. Let's see what happens there now.

Here's something the Arizona folks can check out if they're so inclined. We drove by an airport west of Phoenix on I-10 and all we saw on the ground there were fifty or so spewplanes, painted white with red or blue tails, some all white. NO planes were landing or taking off. I assumed it

was the municipal airport until we passed through Phoenix on the way to Casa Grande to pick up the Zapporium. The Phoenix airport east of town has constant air traffic coming and going.

We saw a second fleet of spewplanes on the ground at the airport in Kingman, Arizona which is a town that's much too small to have significant commercial jet traffic, besides being only a hundred miles or so from Las Vegas, which has another very busy airport.

Al had been given a tour of the CIA facility near Tucson that is used to paint the spewplanes and, presumably, fit them with spraying equipment. He was on the job, selling fire suppression equipment, and was given the tour by one of the facility's directors. I don't know anyone more resourceful than Uncle Al. Maybe he'll grace us with a more detailed account sometime.

The only other place we've seen masses of spewplanes on the ground since the program got going full time is the municipal airport at Mojave, California, where we saw a hundred or so of them. Three years ago I saw a bunch on the ground at Miami when I was on my way to the Bahamas. That was shortly after the program was getting started on a large scale, but I was only seeing the spewplanes in the skies once a month or so.

#### Mycoplasma & Pajama People

I'm still pretty ignorant of what's in the spew, but I'm pretty sure, based on a large amount of zapper correspondence, that only the mycoplasma is a serious health threat, though the reports of massive attacks in a few areas may have more to do with chemical weapons than with biological ones, and even the Corporation is not too arrogant to know that this must not be done too often or over too large an area if they wish to continue to remain hidden from the Pajama People.

I'm waiting to find out if the mycoplasma infections in the population will start to disappear now that the spewplanes are no longer able to poison the population centers where there are Chembusters present. I'll let you know what we find out. Constant reinfection may be necessary to keep the masses of us debilitated enough not to oppose the Corporation. Let's continue turning up the pressure on our imaginary (thoughtform) enemy's predatory and unconscious agents.

As we had seen in Utah, brown vegetation was the rule except for what had sprung up after the Chembusters had been set up in the desert region last fall and winter. This is evidence of HAARP-induced drought on a very large scale. No doubt the Corporation would like the Pajama People to believe that this drought is the result of the evil, selfish habits of the 'consumers' in developed nations. I guess we're all showing everyone who cares to notice that this is simply untrue and it's just one more spurious effort to get folks to accept more federal restrictive environmental laws. Imagine us living in a fenced area with razor tape along the top to protect the poor beleaguered countryside from our rapacious appetites. I'm not a consumer. The only consumer I know about is the locust.

#### New Options, Making Whoopee, & Drought Aid

I hope you'll think twice about accepting labels from the Corporation, as an exercise in neurolinguistics if nothing else. I also hope you'll not assume the UN and it's various predatory agencies have any authority over us. Having said that, I am the first to admit that there are fine, self-sacrificing folks all over the world working for the UN. I bet they could tell us some juicy stuff about their employer. I think this relates to Dr. Reich's considered choice to join the Communist Party. Let's all look very seriously at our new options. You can bet Dr. Reich would be an intrepid Internet wonk if he were around today. The Commies expelled him, anyway, for successfully teaching the 'workers' who attended his talks not to be angry. Actually, all he did was convince them to have sex with their wives. As I've said, solutions to even the most

insurmountable problems are usually quite simple. I confess that I sometimes provoke my own wife a bit just so we can kiss and make up. That works so well on new agers.

This will become more and more apparent to even the Pajama People in the coming months, as the Corporate-owned-and-operated US federal legislators will have egg on their faces while still insisting on federal aid for the alleged drought areas (clowns are as clowns do, after all). That reminds me of an old National Lampoon Radio Hour skit in which an announcer advised against sending Care packages to Europe. He said the Europeans would just whack them with their polo mallets and kick them into their swimming pools while they have a good laugh at our expense.

Ker Ping!

Carol gave me a .22 caliber pellet rifle for my Birthday. I spent some time calibrating the scope today. I hadn't shot anything since I was in the Army in 1969 & I forgot how much fun shooting is. A CO2 cartridge gets about 40 good shots. My electronics broker has an Uzzi, but I'm not really interested in having firearms, though I certainly have that right and could change my mind if I want. I was struck by the unlikelihood of all that good shooting we see in movies. I do believe gun control is necessary. I had to get into a three point bracing position just to hit a tin can at 25 yards and it wasn't even moving.

It's Working

Most of the way from Phoenix to Idaho showed evidence of recent, abundant rainfall. Along U.S. 95 it's entirely desert until you drive into Idaho about twenty miles. There are still a few areas in northern Arizona and southern Nevada that are still mostly brown, but a couple of CBs on that road would stop any further possibility of drought in the future, we feel sure. To our astonishment, we began to see running creeks from about the middle of Nevada all the way northward along the highway, and more and more greenery. The dead trees and brush still bore tragic witness to what went before, though. I'm sure that by this time everything that grew would have been dead by now if it weren't for the efforts of the Cbers in the American West. We also saw more and more grass growing in the desert as we drove north. In some areas of Nevada and southeastern Oregon it's looking like a prairie rather than a desert. I had to pinch myself, as I'd been traveling that road for many years, in all seasons, and had never witnessed that before.

Southwest Idaho is looking like pictures I've seen of Ireland.

Here's what we saw in Las Vegas: From Boulder City, which is on the southeast limit of the Vegas metro area, until the very northern limit we saw NO dead orgone transmitters at all, though we were diligently looking. This is the first time we've been in a population center and not seen the transmitters every few blocks throughout the city.

Our pet theory is that gamblers and brothel patrons must not be suppressed, energetically. The residential areas in the suburbs, though, are well covered by the transmitters, so the favor does not apparently extend to the workers in the Desert Paradise.

Death Valley

Driving north on U.S. 95 we noticed an anomaly south of Beatty, which is where we customarily turn west through Death Valley on our way to LA from Idaho. In case you're a newbie here, Carol and I had visited Death Valley twice in the last six months. The first time we were made to feel unwelcome, so the second time we spent the night there and neutralized an alien underground base with three Holy Handgrenades. Our car was broken into that night, apparently so a bug could be placed by agents of the Corporation or of the government-we're not sure which. We left the bug there just for fun. Why hide from them? When we talk about this stuff it's just gibberish to

them anyway. They're not the enemy, after all, only the thoughtform we call the Corporation is the real enemy.

We stopped for gas in Beatty, and I said to Carol, who was driving the car (I was driving the Zapporium), 'Did you see that big dead orgone field by the highway?' She said, 'It's a reptilian base-you can even see the indentations in the ground over their tunnels-it's really old.' I told her I didn't see that, but to the west of the highway is a small airport with big transmitters, and there's a distinct dead orgone field over it. She was looking at the other side of the highway and missed the airport. She says it's connected to the base in Death Valley, but that we didn't need to leave an HHg there this time.

We took our customary shortcut from Tonopah to Battle Mountain, Nevada. If you ever get a chance to drive through there, it's quite beautiful. The road goes through some very high valleys and close to some 10,000' peaks, which may keep snow on them this summer. There were rain clouds in those valleys, too.

#### 4 AM Calling Card

We camped north of Austin, Nevada, which was a stopping place for the Pony Express. It's a hundred miles from the nearest town, which is Battle Mountain, on Interstate 80. I drove down the mountain to a lower elevation so we'd be warmer that night. There's very little traffic there, so we slept right by the road in the Zapporium. About 4AM something hit our windshield very hard and woke us both up. Carol said the reptilians were swooping us and did that to the windshield. We both went right back to sleep but when we got up around 7AM we saw a new crack in the windshield and a crater right in the middle of it from whatever hit it. They did that to our car when we were on our way to close the hive portal in Edmonton, Alberta, in March. I saw the craft that time.

Predatory reptilians, like their human compadres, are sore losers, but that's the worst they can do to you if you aren't afraid of them and/or don't have a pot or alcohol habit. That stuff props open the crown chakra, making one perpetually vulnerable. I wish you luck if you intend to fight exploitation and have a pot habit. I sure as hell wouldn't attempt it if I were you, unless I'd been free of the stuff for a couple of weeks, at least.

#### SE Oregon Regional DOR Control Center

It wasn't until around sunset that night, when we arrived at the underground facility in southeast Oregon that we'd vowed to neutralize on our last visit in February (we were out of ammo then) that Carol said the reptilians were swooping us and cracking our windshield to intimidate us into not neutralizing that dead orgone transmitter regional control center, which had about 300 people in a severely Pajama state sitting at monitors apparently regulating the dead orgone output of perhaps thousands of neighborhood transmitters.

We did the 'bowling pin' transmitter five miles away, too, for good measure. Carol had seen a tunnel connecting that with the crowded one. By the way, Uncle Al, that bowling pin transmitter looks just like one of the transmitters you showed me in a picture of the reptilian hive portal location you 'did' at Ft. Huachuca with Flash. I saw another one at the Oakland Airport recently. I don't doubt it has something to do with the FAA, but there's more to it. What we're doing is not interfering with legitimate radar and radio transmission, of course. It only negates the transmission of dead orgone, which is apparently only effective at short range, line of sight, anyway.

Our next to last HHg went to a primary transmitter array close to the highway on a high bluff overlooking a large valley in southwest Idaho, 15 miles from Oregon. We saw no more towers until we reached Interstate 84, which is the road going east through Boise. The concentration of dead orgone transmitters on that east-west route is the densest we'd seen outside of Salt Lake City for some reason. Jerry's got a lot of potential heroics there.

North of there we saw no more significant towers until we reached Lewiston, 200 miles north. We drove through a lot of towns and only saw two of the dead orgone transmitters, both under construction and both in the middle of small towns.

#### Lapwai, Idaho

I had one HHg left and we were puzzling where to put it when my gas pedal fell to the floor and I had to pull over. We were in the middle of Lapwai, which is the capital of the Nez Perce Reservation just south of Lewiston, Idaho. Carol showed me how to connect the wire back up to the carburetor again, and we left, still wondering where to put that last HHg.

We stopped to eat supper at Skippers, which is an inexpensive seafood franchise restaurant that has really good, fresh fish.

Carol said, 'You know, several people told me I need to do something about the energy in Lapwai, so that's probably where we need to put a HHg -actually, the Wingmakers are telling me to put two of them there, so we need to do that soon. One needs to go where we stopped, the other one needs to go at the other end of town.' I said, 'Why don't I put that bear claw that Bob Billings gave me into one of the HHgs? I have a hunch bears are sacred to the Nez Perce.' Just then a big, burly Indian came round the corner and walked (like a bear) past our table. Bob's the shaman who has a Chembuster on the Blackfoot Reservation in northeast Montana. Hi, Bob! Grizzlies often sleep in the bushes in front of his home and he's a confidant of some Sasquatch in the mountains nearby.

#### CB Odorizer

After that we drove the remaining thirty miles home to Moscow, farther north on the Palouse high above Lewiston, which is in a big, deep canyon next to the Snake River. That's also the river Boise is on.

We had left a Chembuster with our Wiccan friend, Lori, in Lewiston in November. The smog, mainly from the huge Potlatch Pulp Mill, was incredibly bad in Lewiston for many years, but there hasn't been a wisp of it since Lori put our CB in her front yard (please note that I said, FRONT yard, those of you who are inclined to hide or disguise your CBs) She's in a very Pajama middle class neighborhood, though I doubt she's worn pajamas since she was a child. We can't even smell the pulp mill any more in Lewiston. For those who don't know what a typical pulp mill smells like, imagine opening the lid on a full diaper pail on a summer day.

The environmentalists were (are) in the middle of a pitched battle with the superior force of corporate lawyers on account of the atmospheric effects of the mill, but we erased the problem with under a hundred dollars' worth of stuff from Home Depot, the recycle place and Gladys Bridges.

#### Joe Blow

Here's what's happening with Joe Blow, which I've named the Joe Cell in the Zapporium: It had been lonely for human company while it was in the southlands all winter, so it was slow to reawaken to where it was when I drove it down there in November to protect it from freezing. Back then I noticed that the truck was moving uphill progressively faster on the way to

California. On the way back, the same thing happened, and Carol said a ton of high energy was emanating from the Zapporium and that several times she'd barely been able to catch up with me. I never used to drive fast, especially in the 1970 Ford pickup on which the Zapporium is built, but I was going like a bat out of hell on this trip. The gas mileage actually decreased from over ten to around nine miles per gallon and the engine is running very rough, which is a sign, according to the manual, that the orgone is starting to implode in the cylinders.

I opened up the cell yesterday and it's still producing Brown's gas, which is an imploding gas not related to hydrogen (a sign of life for a Joe Cell, according to the manual), so I'll just keep taking trips in it every week or so when we'd normally use the car instead. It's become more fun to drive the thing. I can't explain it. I'll keep you posted. As with Planet X, the moment is more important than possible future scenarios, and I'm just glad to have Joe Blow back again, without expectations or strings attached. He's a sweetheart and fun to have around.

Don Croft

***Episode 24***  
***Fishing for Feds***  
***Part 1***

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc24fishingforfeds29jun02.shtml>

June 20, 2002

(I was going to title this journal entry, 'Hide and Seek with the NSA', but I wanted it to reflect our more aggressive attitude toward unlawful agencies such as the NSA, CIA, FBI, etc.)

Here's a short version for those who are curious about what Carol and I have been up to, but may not resonate with your view of reality: We left Moscow, Idaho on Wednesday, June 19, delivered a Chembuster to Clarkston, Washington, visited our witch friend and CB aficionado, Lori, in Lewiston, Idaho, the town next door, and headed for Bohemian Grove, at least the outskirts of it, near Guerneville, California.

We arrived in time for our friend, known on the forum as Greggus, to guide us to the relevant vortices and to temporary locations for the two cloudbusters we were carrying and all of that was finished by sunset, which was not bad at all for about five hours of work.

**Bohemian Grove and the Malta Hive**

We felt it was important to have everything in place before the satanic ceremonies by the big owl statue at Bohemian Grove commenced at sunset. We were also timing it to coincide with the efforts of Kolina and the European Chembuster crew in Malta, which Carol said were going well in spite of the concerted effort of many agencies, human and otherwise, to subvert it. Kolina is very sharp about these things and knows what to do. They went to Malta to close off the west portal of the primary, predatory reptilian hive on the planet, which is intimately connected with the secret group that compels the Illuminati to hold those infantile, degrading ceremonies each year at Bohemian Grove. Remember that none of the Illuminati whose names have ever been mentioned are the ones in charge, including the Rothschilds, Prince Thurm und Taxis, et al. If you've ever read their names, they are underlings.

Carol was prevented from going to Malta by the feds, who kept her passport until after her scheduled departure date. No matter, of course, since she really needed to be with me on this trip

in order for it to be successful. She'll go next month and build on what Kolina and crew have done so well. There are many vortices there that had been associated with pre-Christian spirituality, but are now severely distorted by the many secret societies, especially the British ones, which are fueling their predatory activities with that stolen energy. These organizations are anti-Christian, so I'm not denigrating the healing message of Christ in any way by indicating that many of the older forms of worship are equally valid. Perhaps their chief endorsement is the fact that the patriarchal secret orders had been so determined to suppress them.

I suspect that the nastiest, most hidden of the Illuminati (at the top of the dung heap) will see their names plastered all over the internet before we're done and very likely after their attempts to institute overt global tyranny and genocide have failed completely this year. Carol tells me that if they can't do it before early November they know it will be impossible to do so at all.

Towers, Towers, Towers

Napoleon said, 'An army can do anything with its bayonets except sit on them,' and now that the Illuminati have 'fixed their bayonets,' which is how I'm characterizing the new ELF transmitters, they have to do something overt pretty soon or else they're going to be exposed, at least the body parts that they sit on.

Let's all continue neutralizing those primary transmitter arrays on the hilltops and also continue talking about the situation! We've already poked some pretty big holes in their network in many cities, and note that it didn't take a lot of effort or money to do that much! Just don't discuss your plans beforehand and never mention trespassing. Take the battery out of your cell phone, since the transponder in the phone gives your precise location at all times, and if you think you're being tracked otherwise, turn on your Succor Punch and put it in your pocket.

(Oops-sorry! I was supposed to save this sort of discussion for the next part of the narrative.)

The usual huge crowd of 'Fortune 500' and world political leader celebrants weren't there this year, probably because the previous year Greggus and ourselves had cut off much of their occult energy source right before last year's ceremonies, leaving them underwhelmed with their own apparent power. I think it's hard for them to have much confidence in their handlers' occult prowess when the magic stops working. Fickle folks, I guess. I rule out the claim that only a few of the wealthy, influential predators (ersatz aristocracy) showed up out of concern for their security, since they are the only real terrorists in the world and they were the ones who had the WTC and Pentagon blown up in the first place. They all showed up for the Bilderberg meeting in Virginia a few weeks ago, I believe, and they also showed up in Alberta again right after that. Both of those places are far more easily accessible to 'evil Muslims' than Bohemian Grove and much harder to defend for reasons that I'll make clear in a bit.

In the next part of this narrative, I'll offer my observations on the differences between satanic and divine knowledge and I hope it sparks some lively discussions.

Boom

Anyone who's at least been an army grunt with a little field training with explosives knows that the buildings in Oklahoma City and New York and the part of the Pentagon that was being 'remodeled' during 9/11 were blown up from the inside. C-4 is kind of fun, but now they're using fulminate of mercury, which is a lot more spectacular. I bet they didn't trust that 9/11 job to the goofy BATF jerks who failed to bring down the entire Murrah Federal Building because some of the fulminate of mercury canisters the firemen found in the standing structure were unexploded.

Live and learn. All the truck bomb did, aside from making an impressive crater in the street, was to break windows and a little bit of building fascia.

Why didn't more people question the purpose of destroying the Murrah building before any investigations could be done on it? That was right before the Internet got going, though, so small wonder.

### Spooking the Spooks

I got a chance to teach Carol and Greggus what I had learned about fed active surveillance a few weeks earlier in Los Angeles under the able tutelage of my secret insider buddy. The two of them are extremely fast learners and we got photos of several field agents of the CIA and NSA, which caused them to back off enough to let us put the six HHGs and two temporarily-positioned Chembusters in place without being observed or perhaps arrested.

We drove about the area in the Zapporium, which is arguably one of the most conspicuous vehicle on the planet, second, perhaps to the Oscar Meyer Weiner Wagon, so I'm sure the Special Agents in Charge (SAIC) had some explaining to do about why they didn't see us place any of the devices. Usually there's only one SAIC in an operation, but there were at least two federal agencies trying to follow us.

Since the Zapporium has a rather extensive energy grid made up of crystals, copper wire, orgone generators, mobius coils and a frequency generator, to which the rest is attached, none of the voice and telemetry transponders the various fed agencies put in the vehicle were working while the frequency generator is turned on at 15Hz, so we were untraceable-even by satellite. Carol repelled the various psychics with a Succor Punch as they showed up.

We turned off the screening device when we left in order to get the feds to follow us again and headed toward home (in the next part, I'll tell about the most fun Fed photo-op of the whole trip). After Sacramento, we turned it on again and went to Death Valley to put a Chembuster there.

Carol said the NSA spooks in Tahoe City were waiting for us, but they still apparently thought we were going home at that point and were just playing with their heads, so they covered the only other logical route. An NSA vehicle passed us on U.S. Route 30 heading toward Tahoe City before we got to Placerville, but Carol said they hadn't been told to watch for us yet. We turned south a few miles before any of them would have spotted us. There was a fake forest fire (saucer crash) on US 395, so we had to make a detour through part of Nevada to Bridgeport. More on that later, too.

"Don't worry boss, we'll get him this time!"

Awhile after we drove south through Bridgeport, I clumsily allowed an NSA psychic to read some of my thoughts while Carol was sleeping on the bunk behind the driver seat for a couple of hours before we got to Death Valley, so they were waiting for us there.

By then, Carol was awake and alert again, and it was quite dark, so we easily eluded their obvious ground surveillance, planted the CB in an area of high brush (for good cover) during a long drive without headlights, and turned off the frequency generator and turned on the headlights, both in the moment we passed the NSA fellow in a white van who was to report our presence. Carol waved to him. I was driving pretty fast and had asked Carol to cue into his thoughts and location before we reached Stovepipe Wells, where she said he was watching the highway. BOY, was that fun!

She also keyed into the intention of the NSA SAIC to send some ninja types in a couple of vans, just like they did on our first trip there last November, to run us off the road ASAP so we didn't linger for any photo opportunities. They didn't find us again, of course, and stopped looking after awhile, according to my telepathic wife, who just got a promotion, apparently. I'm going to start saluting her.

#### Illuminati Deep Throat

Here are more of the details for our fellows on the cutting fringe of metaphysical research and development. The rest are free to keep their PJ's on and hit the 'snooze' button on their alarm clock. Life can go on as usual: work--booze/pot-work-booze/pot

I'm writing (and you're reading) under a handicap, since I promised to sparingly discuss my former-insider friend out of consideration for his safety. My visit with him warranted a journal entry rather larger than this one, but it also involved too much activity that would land him in a dungeon, the bottom of a lake or a fed psycho ward to tell you about right now. I'm confident that he'll feel comfortable about me talking about it before the end of the year, when we have had our collective victory over the efforts of this unlawful government to create an overtly murderous police state. Of course, we've been living in a police state for generations, and they've invested countless billions of dollars in keeping the Pajama People from being aware of it, since the PJ folks would instantly put an end to it if they woke up to the knowledge their own power, as you and I are doing right now.

We both got a lot of new information from our interaction. He developed a first-hand appreciation of the easy ability of the Wingmakers to protect and guide the process of political and spiritual liberation now in progress and I got a very good, first-hand look at how the felonious feds are able to get information from us and how to stop them from getting it with a little savvy and some simple devices. We didn't have time to get into all the stuff he had taken blood oaths not to reveal, but we can do that later, perhaps. He knows that I'll tell you about it.

We had told lots of folks over the Internet that we were leaving on Tuesday. Our unspoken intention was to sneak down to LA for a brief visit with my friend, but an electrical problem in the Zapporium made that impossible this time.

#### Langley Maintenance Man

About an hour after our announced departure time a fellow knocked on the door and said he was the new maintenance man and wished to fix an electrical problem we'd reported a few days earlier. It was around seven o'clock in the evening. He was a CIA operative sent to case the house for evidence of whatever we were doing to scramble the psy-ops equipment they'd set up a block away in an effort to make us psychotic or something. Of course that all stopped working when we put the HHg in the bushes under their window. That's the pyramid-shaped one that Jeff Contreras sent us, so here's a good endorsement for you, Jeff!

After they beefed it up some more, we put an HHg at each corner of our house outdoors. They've beefed it all up several times since then and two transformers leading to that building, which mainly houses the offices of the University of Idaho's Forestry Department, have exploded from overloads ;-)--the later one exploded the day before we left this week.

When I laid Jumbo Funky, our outsize Chembuster, into the wind a couple of months ago, to stop a HAARP assault (rare these days), a black helicopter showed up over our back yard. I hadn't seen one of those in Northern Idaho before, so I'm sure Jumbo really did a number on the CIA's formidable psyops equipment that day. I didn't realize it was pointing at their little setup until that

chopper showed up. I was just feeling a little peeved at the sudden wind when I set it to point into the face of it. Good thing for the crew of that chopper, too, that I had no intention to use a bow and arrow and roll of surveyor tape and make it land real soon;-). I think they don't like to fly at all in N. Idaho.

Somebody once told me that when the pilot of a chopper is flying low over your neighborhood on a moonless night, you can also force him to land just by shining a strong spotlight at the chopper. They allegedly have to land to recalibrate their night vision and infrared equipment when you do that. I'll try it the next time I get a chance. I bought a really strong 12v spotlight. I wonder if they're having as much fun as we are?

Jenny, who is also telepathic, but not nearly as talented, yet, as her mom, said the 'maintenance' fellow was exploring the whole house, though the problem was in the bathroom. He looked like an engineer, sort of over-qualified, and drove a very nice, new truck with lots of equipment in the back. I love my landlord, but I know for sure that he doesn't pay top dollar for anything, including wages for a maintenance man. We all knew he was a spook before he left the house, but next time, I'll have the forethought to tweak him a little.

Smile!

Taking their picture is the ultimate coup, probably more humiliating to them than shooting them, which I won't do unless/until the felonious Feds get their wish and put their tentatively scheduled dissident-roundups and 'detention' camp exterminations into operation a little later this year. All bets are off in that case, of course. I really believe we'll all stop them before they get to that point, though. Americans have developed a curious duality in the last couple of generations. For some reason they think it's bad when a robber busts your door open and violates your home, but it's okay if the Feds do it without due process, as they do often these days, especially to people of color.

I'd be willing to be martyred for my religion, as many thousands have been recently, but there's no way in hell I'd sacrifice myself for the sake of their infantile predatory schemes, which should be painfully obvious to any rational, balanced person by now. My parents' generation were arguably much more stupid than mine is, but not even they would have been comfortable with a 'Homeland Security Force.' Yikes!

Bay Watch

Like most of our drives, the one to the Bay Area was pretty eventful. After noting all the new martial law ELF transmitters that we will need to disable along U.S. Route 95 in western Idaho, we were keen to check out what we'd done to the underground facility in neighboring Oregon a few months previously. There were no chemtrails, though there were several of their planes, including a Boeing 747, trying to lay down the spew downwind of that facility, all the way to Boise. Jerry's CBs were making that impossible, of course, but an ELF frequency was obviously being used on the odd-looking clouds that were sort of pointing toward the facility, which is about 170 miles from Jerry's westernmost CB and apparently well within its range.

Cloud Cover

We saw four lenticular clouds form right in the middle of that cloud formation. The apparatus was apparently directed at these clouds almost immediately, as they developed a sort of washboard texture on some of the outer edges. At the same time a chemtrail jet flew right over all of them. We saw the shadow of the disappearing spew on each lenticular cloud. Soon after that, a green edge formed around them all and the washboard texture quickly disappeared. Then a magenta edge surrounded the green color and the size and density of the clouds increased a bit. About

twenty minutes later we passed through what should have been the shadow of these clouds, but there was no shadow at all on the ground, though the clouds had obviously been denser than the surrounding clouds, which did cast shadows. There were Lemurian ships inside, as you've probably deduced by now.

The lenticular clouds which hide the craft of predatory groups are dark and rather ugly. I had seen the flash of a Lemurian craft near the horizon shortly before the clouds formed that day. That's their way of announcing their presence to psychically challenged folks like me. Carol already knew they were there, of course. She said they showed up to distract the folks in that underground facility, which had created the effects in the sky earlier, so we could put a second HHg there and end their predatory activities there.

A young fellow in Holland recently told me about seeing what Carol and I knew were Lemurian and reptilian craft there as he and his brother one day were busting clouds with the 'visual ray,' which many have mentioned doing in the forum. The Lemurian craft was flashing near the horizon, then when he and his brother were watching, it quickly made a huge 'W' flight pattern while putting out a steady light. This was very close to two dark lenticular clouds, which then moved toward each other at high speed and contrary to the direction that the other clouds in the sky were moving. There's an awful lot of information in a demonstration like that.

I congratulated them, both for trying to bust chemtrails with such panache and for putting the observations in writing and I suggested that when they no longer feel they have time and energy to destroy chemtrails this way, why not just put a Chembuster out in the yard and get it done effortlessly, 24/7? Apparently the chemtrail campaign has not been defeated yet in Europe as it has been in North America.

#### Pipe Calls

We dutifully arrived at the underground facility, which is marked by a windowless building on a hilltop next to several towers with those vertical, 12' tall mast antennae arrayed around the tops of each one and put the HHg on the side of the facility from which Carol saw the energy emerging (opposite of where we'd put the first HHg). I saw a drainage pipe coming out farther down the hill and assumed it was coming from inside the hill, so I bent down and shouted a 'Hello!' into the pipe. At that point I noticed, with a little chagrin, that it only reached the other side of the road and was for draining rainwater. When I got back in the truck, Carol was giggling and said that what I did was felt rather strongly by troglodytes in charge there and it pretty well freaked them out. When we arrived, she had picked up on their plans to do something pretty awful to the population of the area soon, but the date wasn't clear.

She got a similar impression from the underground folks that she gets when moving through a crowd of people, though of course, most of the people in that facility are MK Ultra drones. The MK Ultra program was set up to provide the work force for the World Order and everyone in the secret facilities, from the janitors to the scientists, were processed through Montauk-type facilities as young boys. I apparently was, as were many people on the cloudbuster forum. It used to be considered an honor to be a white man, but now we know that whites are the most easily programmed, which doesn't speak well for our innate spiritual strength. However, that gives us a pretty strong vested interest in bringing the predators down when we do wake up to what was done to us without our consent.

My clandestine insider buddy says they're aiming for October, 2002, to fully activate the crowd control ELF towers and take the dissidents away, as well as all the guns they can round up from among the violently sick, physically disabled citizenry.

Oh, Cell Phones, of course!

I'm patiently waiting for Carl to furnish some evidence that these new transmitters are for cell phones. After he does that, I'll ask him why the transmitters are as close as a mile apart in some cities, such as Sacramento and Spokane, and almost entirely absent in cities such as Santa Rosa and Las Vegas. There are obviously no fewer cell phones per capita in the latter than in the former. I'm sure the other electronics engineers on the cloudbuster forum, who have been a little shy about publicly discussing this up to the present, would be keen to read Carl's comments. I sense some hesitation on their part, but hopefully, after reading about our own experiences with the Object of their possible trepidation, the dirty CIA, they'll get bolder and give us their learned opinions. If the wetwork specialists aren't suiciding me for blatantly stopping their fun, I'm sure they won't punish these engineers for exercising their free-speech birthright.

Every predatory agency in human history has relied almost totally on fear and intimidation to maintain their control over others. Greggus witnessed the way we all forced the surveillors to leave us alone and we used nothing but a camera and a little telepathy. They are much more terrified of cameras than of psychic acrobatics. I'm sure they don't have a clue that the only reason we could pick them out of the crowd was that Carol and Greggus keyed into their thoughts.

Don Croft

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***Episode 25***  
***Fishing for Feds***  
***Part 2***  
***Part 1***

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc25pt2fishingforfeds29jun02.shtml>

June 20, 2002

**Box Boys**

According to Carol, the NSA had a team of 'box surveillance' specialists waiting for us in San Francisco-a dozen or so. We decided to take a different route to Guerneville from Sacramento. Guerneville is about sixty miles directly northwest of San Francisco. No doubt there were bugs on every line coming from the folks in San Francisco and vicinity that we'd arranged to contact on this trip, which is why we didn't contact them, for which I apologize here and will, personally, when we get back home.

We stopped outside of Sebastopol to make the Holy Handgrenades we'd need for Boogeyman Grove and timed it so that we'd be close to Guerneville before the Feds arrived. About a mile before Guerneville, it felt like we were being watched, so I asked Carol about it. She said there was a fellow on a motorcycle two vehicles back who had raced through traffic to be the first to make visual contact with the Zapporium. I pulled over fast and snapped his photo as he went by. I could see he was very surprised and angry (humiliated) and Carol said he was one of the bosses of the operation and was now out of the game, since I 'made' him. (Try it yourself!)

We remembered that Greggus lives just off of the river road outside of town, so we turned right and started looking for something familiar. We had gotten together a year before to plant a HHg in the nexus of the array of vortices that the Fortune 500 and world political leader bogeymen

exploit for their annual satanic rites at the Grove. We had FedExed a second HHg to Greggus the next day, which he deployed in another vortex right before the solstice ceremony.

We went past the settled area without recognizing his building, so I asked Carol to key into the head of the Fed who was actively watching Greggus that day and, sure enough as we were driving back into town, she indicated a fellow driving a cherry picker with his turn signal on. He was converging on Greggus' house, where another agent, apparently from another agency, in another cherry picker was pretending to do something high up on a telephone pole. The various agencies don't like to share intel with each other, which is an amusing aspect of the Illuminati's plans to merge them all into the 'Homeland Security' force. I suspect there would be another war of attrition among the Feds if that ever comes to pass. Sort of like 'King of the Hill' with guns, psyops weaponry and poison.

It's great that the spook showed us where to turn, as we'd forgotten that Greggus' house isn't right on the highway. I took pictures and waved to the two fellows mentioned above. Greggus hopped into the truck with us and we went to work.

Greggus had photographed the fellow who was up the power pole a couple of days before that, but he didn't show up in the digital image. He was way too big to duck down into that little bucket he was in when Greggus took the picture, so Carol reminded me that Al Bielek had mentioned that some of the Fed agents now have a hand-held device that changes their energy field so that they don't show up in a photo when it's turned on. I bet whoever follows us now has one of those in their hand all the time. This guy didn't get that enraged 'look' on his face until Greggus photographed him again later that day. I think he honestly believed we weren't onto him until that point. Pretty thickheaded for a NSA spook. Greggus had tried to get the Sheriff's Department to look into the truck's expired license plates a few days before that, with no luck. I think he should get a 'bug sniffer' to locate the transponders in and around his residence. We're going to get one shortly. It's fine to temporarily neutralize the transponders, but it's better to just find and destroy them all.

In 1997, Wilhelm Muller showed me a little frequency generator that he turned on whenever he wanted to discuss anything within range of the snoops that frequently park next to his property. It puts out a field large enough for two people to comfortably sit in. I later got one of those from a Yugoslavian zapper customer of mine, right after the American Air Force bombed his city with radioactive substances. Incidentally, Bill Muller was the first person to show me that we don't need to fear these predatory agents. I think he stopped being afraid of tyrants sometime during his interment in a Nazi concentration camp as a youth.

The Succor Punch, though, creates a much larger field. I'm curious to know what the limits of the field are. That probably has a lot to do with the person who's using it, of course, but I'm sure the minimum field is adequate to encompass any vehicle you may be driving or a good part of your residence, even without being a master of 'intention.' Anyone can direct the energy, regardless of skill or 'credentials.'

These days, if you're a fairly balanced person, actively engaged in planetary healing (just talking about it doesn't count, since that's a sign of imbalance, IMHO) if you get even a fleeting impression that somebody is psychically snooping you, you're probably right, so just imagine the beam of orgone going from that Succor Punch to whoever or whatever is interfering with you and I guarantee they'll wish they hadn't. Keep them dancing as long as you like. It won't harm them at all. Both of you will get some educational benefits from the experience. You'll find that it will happen less and less as time and your good work progress.

### Bohemian Grove

Boogeyman Grove is in a narrow valley along the Russian River, about 10 miles from the coast. Bohemian Highway, which crosses the river downstream from Guerneville, is the road from which the celebrants enter. Since I don't know the area well, it's a blur to me exactly where we put all those HHGs but we put the two cloudbusters in positions that aimed toward the Grove from the other points of a triangle formed with Greggus' cloudbuster, which remained in the gorgeous rose garden in front of his apartment, pointed at the Grove. There is a vortex downhill from where we put the second CB and one of the HHGs went into that vortex. Another went into a sacred pool overlooking the Grove. Yes, we had to trespass to get to it, but it's in a vortex. Right before we arrived at the 'trailhead' we passed two Sheriff's vehicles, which were parked by the road. As we pulled over to walk to the site, but before Greggus and I got out to do it, the cops drove by us, having reported to the Feds that they saw us, according to Carol.

She stayed in the truck, wondering if the Feds would show up, no doubt, and catch us trespassing, but we got back before any of that happened. She had told me that what they were hoping for was a chance to have us arrested so that we could be disappeared on some token legal grounds. Otherwise, the local cops probably would be suspicious of the Feds' intentions and cops, after all, are just PJ people, too.

We put an HHg in the river opposite the bogeymen's play beach; then one near the slaves' gated entrance.

By then it was nearly sunset, so we dropped Greggus off at his place and went to spend the night near the seashore. I got the urge to get up around 6:30AM and climbed down the steep bank to deposit the last HHg for that project in the ocean. Not surprisingly, there was almost no surf and the tide was low, so I was able to get it in place and hidden where it would be constantly covered by sea water. It's very unusual for there to be no surf on the California coast.

Carol told me that putting the HHg there was the finishing touch because from here on, whoever tries to make satanic magic at the Grove will be completely and utterly unsuccessful.

We stopped at the Safeway in Guerneville to get Greggus a spray bottle for the MiracleII that provided some astonishing healing for a long-standing problem. The clerk asked us what we were doing in Guerneville and I told her we were there to shut down the black magic. She asked if we were going to participate in the protest and I said I felt the protests weren't necessary any more. Carol and I had the impression that the people in that part of the state would be happy to see the satanists go elsewhere. The reputation of Bohemian Grove is so bad that it bleeds through even the PJ people's wall of denial.

### Playing with Spooks

Greggus made us some fine coffee, then we headed toward Sacramento with the frequency shield turned off so the Feds could more easily follow us and so we could fish for them again.

About twenty miles up the road, I asked Carol where the spook was who was tailing us and she said he was on a motorcycle about 2 blocks back, trying not to be obvious. I ran through the last of the yellow phase of a traffic light so that he'd have to get a little farther back; then, I sped up and turned into a hidden side street and parked the truck. Carol and I quickly got out with the camera and stood behind a tall hedge just beside the roadway. She told me the instant before he appeared, and we jumped out with the camera to take his picture.

As I was fiddling with the camera setting, I heard him rev his motor and zoom off at a very high speed. Carol was laughing because, she said, he almost crashed when he saw us. He had his head down like a racer and was a block away before I even had the chance to look up.

We drove past Sacramento a little way then stopped for gas. I scanned the horizon with the binoculars, and then turned on the spook-be-gone apparatus and we took off in a zigzag pattern toward U.S. Rte 30. Carol had said that the NSA had a light plane in the air, but very low, out of sight so that we wouldn't see it. It was mainly tracking us by the transponder, so it wasn't watching carefully.

Right before we got onto Rte 30, heading toward Lake Tahoe City on the way to Death Valley, I saw the bright flash of a Lemurian craft near the horizon just ahead of us. Carol said they were congratulating us for doing all of that without the Wingmakers' help. Some of the Lemurians are Wingmakers, of course, as are representatives from just about every beneficial agency you could mention-past, present and future. I don't even try to figure out their roster any more.

By now, the NSA was still thinking we were headed home, but we were just playing with them; so they were waiting to pick us up again in Tahoe City.

#### Star Wars

Here's where it got a little weird, even for us. I swear that every time we drive down US 395 west of the Sierras in California, it feels like we're in the Twilight Zone.

That highway was closed north of Bridgeport, so we had to detour into Nevada, as I mentioned before. Before we got to the detour, though, we passed a very large antenna array on a mountaintop, next to a very high pass on California Rte 89. On the next peak, there is a huge stone monolith, which resembles the heads on Easter Island, but there is no road leading up to the monolith, as there is leading up to the transmitters.

We didn't give it a lot of thought at the time, but when we got to the detour at Rte 395 we saw that there were two extensive rainstorms, one over the alleged fire and one centered over the Chembuster I had left near Fallon, Nevada three weeks earlier (by the way, they'd had many good, long-lasting rainstorms since then). As we drove south, parallel to 395, we neither saw nor smelled smoke from the alleged forest fire. Carol said that there was a token fire started by the Forestry department just for effect, but that the area was closed because the Feds were recovering a crashed spaceship belonging to offworld reptilian would-be invaders. The facility on the mountaintop, which was 30 miles from the nearest settlement, is a HAARP/StarWars scalar transmitter and had been used along with similar facilities in the region to shoot down the craft.

The monolith was erected thousands of years previously by visitors as a primary vortex marker. The nearby HAARP/StarWars facility was put there in order to exploit the natural energy of the vortex. HAARP needs to be defeated, but the StarWars weaponry is protecting us, so Carol and I won't neutralize any of that even if it's being used for HAARP. We believe they can be recognized because they're only placed in areas where there are no people living. This one was at about 9,000 feet elevation.

If that weren't weird enough, as soon as we drove into Bridgeport, the southern terminus of the closed portion of highway 395, we saw a large snowplow heading north past the checkpoint. Apparently that ship crashed very high in the Sierras where there was still snow there.

At the gas station, I spoke with a U.S. Marine who had just arrived, he said, to organize the Marines 'fighting the forest fire' into a convoy for the return trip to Camp Pendleton, north of San Diego. I told him to keep his eyes and ears open, as we knew for sure there was no forest fire. We live in a part of the country where forest fires are not uncommon and the smoke goes out for hundreds of miles and lasts long after the fire is out. Nevada is downwind of the alleged fire and there was no smoke at all.

The next segment of the Twilight Zone was north of Mammoth Lake, where we passed a convoy of a dozen unmarked, unlicensed white vans, driving 65 mph, very close together. The windows were tinted, but some of the drivers had their windows rolled down and I saw Boy Scout insignias on their uniforms. My weird sh-o-meter was already off the scale at that point, so we didn't give it a lot of thought. The front two vans had different letter/number combinations written with markers on pieces of cardboard taped to the windows, beginning with 'P.' the following vans had letter/number combinations beginning with 'C.' The second van was dark green and we couldn't even see the driver. The front van's windows weren't tinted, so we saw the uniforms of the athletic-looking young men, about a dozen, who were seated there. They weren't Boy Scout uniforms but they weren't US military ones, either.

They turned off the highway at the road leading to Mammoth Lake. Carol said they were MK Ultra folks, taking specimens from the spaceship crash site to the massive underground facility there.

Just ahead was Crowley Lake, which had another huge underground complex. Two of the entrances can be seen clearly from the highway and a little community of upscale, upper middle class homes was placed near one of them. The nearest town was about 40 miles south, so this isn't a bedroom community by any means. I guess the boss drones get to live up in the open air. I wonder if they have Stepford wives (cyborgs) to keep them company?

Not long after that, Carol climbed into the bunk behind the driver's seat and I drove on towards Death Valley in the dark. She had been keeping a third eye out for NSA psychics after one of them cleverly pinpointed our location on the way to Guerneville, by reading road signs. This time, the same fellow showed up (I hadn't figured out yet how to sense his presence) and read a thought or two that I was having about Death Valley.

A couple of hours later, there he was, sitting in a little red car beside the road leading down the 5,000' grade into Death Valley. He pulled out behind me and followed me down, so I parked beside the road and watched him go by. At this point, I didn't know who he was, but any traffic on that road at that time of night (around 10:30PM) is a little suspect, especially if it exhibits that kind of behavior.

By now, Carol was awake and sitting beside me, so I asked her to look at the fellow. She said she got no impression at all from him. I noticed that he had stopped just beyond the dirt road that branched off south to Panamint Springs, which runs along the eastern floor of the valley. The moon was about  $\frac{3}{4}$  full, light enough for me to find my way without headlights, but too dark for anyone to see the truck from a distance if the lights were turned off. He had stopped about a half mile beyond the junction, so I turned south and drove a couple of miles. Another vehicle, which was larger and pulling a trailer, pulled up behind the small car, then they both moved off toward the east, out of sight up into the small range of hills that runs down the center of Death Valley. Getting a hunch that it wasn't quite time to go, we waited a few minutes and, sure enough, the car came back again, stopped at the turnoff briefly, then moved on to the lighted facility, just uphill from the floor of the valley to the west. Carol had discovered that the red car was being driven by

a young psychic that had keyed into my thoughts about Death Valley and he was feeling awfully gung-ho and cocky. She put the Succor Punch on him and said he was so overwhelmed that he had to get out of his car. Now we were completely safe from scrutiny, so we moved back onto the highway and drove towards Nevada, to the east.

We found a spot with sufficiently high sagebrush and left the Chembuster there. We drove the remaining 20 miles to Stovepipe Wells, where Carol had seen the other agent waiting for us. We decided not to stop and take his photo, because the Wingmakers intervened to tell Carol that the NSA had scrambled some MK Ultra hit men from the underground facility east of Death Valley, and they had started out about five minutes earlier in two vehicles. One would drive down the road toward Panamint Springs, since that was where they figured we might have gone, and the other was headed toward us at very high speed.

Two such vans, which looked just like the ones in the convoy we'd seen earlier, passed us at very high speed just as we had turned onto highway 395 going south toward Los Angeles on our first trip through Death Valley last November. If I hadn't taken the wrong turn earlier, they would have been able to murder us without having to worry about onlookers. Highway 395 is well traveled. That was a pretty weird trip, too. I wrote about that one earlier. At that point, the international Chembuster project had just gotten off to a very good start thanks to the efforts of Stephanie and Michael Relfe.

We had returned to Death Valley to put some HHGs over the ancient Draconian base there in February. We rented a room at Stovepipe Wells and I got up around 4:30AM, feeling a strong urge to get the job done. Carol said she heard three large vehicles race past the motel only five minutes after I'd left. There's no traffic in Death Valley to speak of at that time of day, but I was completely invisible to them. The Wingmakers made that happen, not us. I think we made some kind of grade on this week's trip, since we were able to elude the Feds by our own efforts. It feels pretty good to do that and it points up the essential incompetence of human intelligence agencies in the face of the new paradigm.

#### Two Roads

This leads into my discussion of the two kinds of knowledge and their characteristics. If one considers the Book of Genesis as an analogy, the lesson taught by the story of Cain and Abel points out the distinction between salvation by works and salvation by grace. I'm using the term, 'salvation,' conditionally, since I'm not supporting the Fundamentalist notion of salvation. Rather, I think of salvation as an indication of knowing one's place in the scheme of things as a spiritual being. When one believes that salvation is attained by one's own efforts, he/she is following a limiting line of thought. When one believes that salvation is a gift of God, not earned but given, he/she is following the more creative Divine knowledge and is more easily susceptible to divine guidance and protection. This seems to be the modus operandi of the Wingmakers, which is why I personally feel confident about working with them.

The ancient teachings of the secret societies are essentially Luciferian, therefore self-centered. The divine teachings, characterized by the spiritual teachings of the founders of the major world religions, stress the value of serving others and encourage the development of our latent spiritual talents. The founders themselves were essentially humble and self-sacrificing, stressing the importance of spiritual life over worldly dominion.

The Tao Te Ching illustrates the power of humility with the analogy of water, which always seeks the lowest place to rest, takes the shape of whatever container it's in, and is essential to all life. The power of water to erode and break down all natural barriers is also part of that analogy; so

being humble doesn't mean one needs to be degraded. 'Humble' is another word for 'meek,' and Jesus told his followers that one day 'the meek shall inherit the earth.'

Luciferian doctrine leads one to arrogance, on the other hand. If you're a follower, conscious or otherwise, of this doctrine, you're probably getting angry with me right about now.

The European secret societies, which have been molding western thought for the last three centuries, have cleverly mixed aspects of divine beliefs in with the less palatable Luciferian doctrine in order to get folks to move away from independent thought and the concept of individual freedom. Secret societies also fostered an image of spiritual beings as ascetics and otherwise non-participatory in day to day issues, like freedom and creative expression.

In Asia, other methods have been used to subjugate people through religion. Though a careful review of what remains of the original teachings of Zoroaster, Buddha, and Krishna show that none of the oppressive practices and beliefs of these faiths are rooted in the teachings of the founders, but rather were added by the clergy, long afterwards. Islam is the first religion to have most of the teachings of the founder written down within his lifetime and the Baha'i Faith is the first to have no clergy at all, so these are relatively unpolluted by destructive, divisive, social practices and dogmas.

In the emerging paradigm, receiving seems to have more value than giving. Think about that for a moment. Most giving is done through a sense of guilt or a desire to get something back. Most of us find it difficult to receive a gift, even from a dear friend. One needs to overcome guilt in order to receive freely.

Guilt is the other side of the coin of the belief that we are God, IMHO. It's also the main obstruction to true unity among people.

I've met a lot of people and I carefully consider every belief system that's expressed to me before I try to determine if it has value for me. What most westerners seem to miss is the point that one's actions speak more clearly of his beliefs than his words. Over the years, the westerners I've known who insist that they are God, seem to be very narrow and intolerant of other beliefs and express a lot of resentment when I question them. The Asians I've known who express that belief seem to be talking about something entirely different and also seem to be extremely fond of semantics. I have a good friend who is a Sikh from Punjab, and though he was quite dogmatic about this issue, he was also self-sacrificing to a fault and extremely tolerant and curious about my own beliefs. Also, whenever he was in trouble, he asked God for help. I guess if he really believed he was God he wouldn't feel the need to do that.

This leads me to believe that westerners are given this as part of a mind control program to keep them polarized and isolated, and therefore easier to control. After all, if you can make me angry or hate 'organized religion,' you're in charge, not me. I guarantee that nobody's going to get at me by criticizing my beliefs. Luciferian doctrine is the most organized of all the 'religions.'

I know people who have gained impressive occult knowledge through years of training in secret societies. Many of the spooks we eluded this week, were trained that way. The problem with that mode of education is that there will always be a sort of ceiling, since it's based on a denial of divine assistance. Carol and I have a relatively casual background in metaphysics, but we have faith in an omnipotent, all-loving, independent Creator who works through many agencies such as the Wingmakers. I can tell you that if you're not aware of these things you can only get it by asking God for it. Not even the White Brotherhood can help you with that, and I think they're

generally considered the highest human occult agency, a sort of fountainhead of all the secret Luciferian orders in the world.

Don Croft

***Episode 26***

***It's Time to Neutralize Those Pesky Underground Bases-Now***

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc26neutralizeundergroundbasesnow13jul02.shtml>

June 29, 2002

(I just got an interesting email from my secret buddy yesterday, but I'll get to that at the end.)

Yesterday, Carol and I neutralized the base which is under the beautiful Snake River about 30 miles west of where we live.

For the past month, Carol has been feeling like she had PMS. She hadn't really had PMS since she started using a zapper five years ago, but for a few days she felt sure that's what was happening. She noted two days ago, when she finally found the source of her discomfort, that psychics are most often the last ones to protect themselves. We had thought it was coming from the little psy-ops facility the CIA had set up in a federally-owned building on the university campus at the end of our little street, but when we went over there again, Carol could see that they had already packed it all up and left, since it wasn't working on us-at all.

She told me that the source of the assault energy was from the area under the perpetually messed up sky west of town. It was toward that direction that our daughter Jenny, had seen the large reptilian ship sticking out of a too-small lenticular cloud a couple of weeks ago.

I made three HHGs yesterday morning and we headed out to neutralize whatever was being used to beam my wife. I had dowsed that two were needed, but I like to have extra just in case.

We got a Washington map (the Idaho border is a couple of miles west of Moscow, where we live) and Carol dowsed that the problem was coming from a Washington state park on the Snake River. Remember that most bases are built under land from which all mineral rights are kept in the hands of the unlawful government, such as state and national parks, military bases, even city and county properties.

We'd never been over there before, and the drive down from the Palouse, which is what they call the north/south band of rolling prairie here (hence the name of the Nez Perce Indians' horse breed, the Appaloosa), to the bottom of the Snake River Canyon was breathtaking. It's a big river with a system of locks and dams that allow ocean ships to travel to Lewiston, Idaho.

We dowsed each turn in the road rather than just follow the highway signs, and the first bit of guidance took us to the end of a road by a little state park that had swimming and boat launching facilities. I put the HHG in the water, hidden by rocks, and as I started returning to the car, I saw two fellows in an old red pickup truck looking at me as they were leaving the facility. I noted it, but didn't think much about it, but Carol told me they were waiting there in case we should show up and that they'd waited a LONG time. She said the driver's thoughts were, 'Finally, we can get out of here!' It struck her at the time that this is not characteristically how fishermen think, and they drove by her to look at the car, but didn't make eye contact with her.

As we were leaving the house yesterday, we noticed that there were about fifty lenticular clouds in the direction of the target area (no, there are no mountains in that direction) and that the sky directly over that area was extremely dark and the undersides of the clouds were distorted. It reminded me of the sky I saw when I sailed my little boat through a hurricane years ago, but in this case the clouds were very still, unlike the hurricane, where they appeared to be boiling. At one point, I saw distinct lines on the edges of a couple of those clouds, obviously of enormous ships having a hard time covering themselves up.

Elsewhere, the sky was lovely; with the white, puffy clouds we like to see, and there was no wind to speak of, as we'd normally experience close to a thunderhead. This was not a thunderhead.

Before we got close enough to turn onto the highway leading to the target area, I turned on the Succor Punch to block the transponders in and on our car so that somebody would have to physically see us to know where we were. Not even satellite transponders work in the vicinity of a Succor Punch, so if you want to get off the NSA's screen, just turn it on and visualize a dome of energy surrounding your vehicle or group and you'll be invisible, even to the Worst of the Worst, at least electronically, and at times, apparently, even physically invisible (!) to them.

I kept aiming the Succor Punch at the weird clouds and Carol said the ships kept shuffling around to get out of my sights, but they wouldn't leave the area. Next time I do that, I think I'll play LA CUCARACHA or THE MEXICAN HAT DANCE on the CD player.

The other HHg site was about ten miles downriver, but we had to drive back up out of the canyon and over to it along about thirty miles of highway. Due to the inordinate amount of rain here this spring and summer from the cloudbusters, the area has become uncharacteristically green, except for on the steep sides of the canyon. It's actually on the edge of a desert, and extremely arid in the summer, ordinarily.

I had Carol drop me off at the point she considered most suitable for the HHg and she drove on to the end of the road, where there was a gate and a guard post. She felt her picture being taken and 'heard' lots of talk over the radio between one of the guards and whoever was on the other end of the transmission and by the time she got back to where she'd dropped me off, I was finished putting it in the river and had almost gotten back to the road. (I bet they were wondering why she showed up in the car without me;-)

Since I'm a little impetuous, it bothered me a bit that the dark clouds and heaviness didn't entirely dissipate by the time we had driven up out of the canyon. It was a lot lighter, but the clouds still had those sharp edges, so I knew the ships were still there.

Within another fifteen minutes, though, the ships had left and the clouds resumed their natural appearance and started moving downwind again. When we put the first HHg down, the dark ones moved upwind about five miles and stayed there.

Carol said that they had been there to absorb some of the scalar energy/dead orgone that was being produced partly from the facility under the river, so when we shut off that energy supply to them, the scalar effect also disappeared. These, she said, were huge ships belonging to the B Sirians and were being used to help prepare for the upcoming phony alien invasion, staged by the Illuminati, which brings us to what my secret buddy's email was about.

First, though, I mention that we HHg'd a brand new HAARP array that is being set up in Pullman, Washington, which we passed through to get to Moscow. Pullman is just over the frontier in Washington, west of Moscow, and the university campus there has some pretty grim genetic labs which need a HHg now, too.

I think dead/deadly orgone has become the currency base of the world order rather than gold. Folks, let's bankrupt them!

Only one antenna is up so far, and it doesn't even have the nasty stuff on it yet. We put an HHg there now just so they'll get a little surprise when they try to turn the finished array on later this summer. We did all of the ELF and other predatory facilities around here already. (I bet you've done the ones where you live, too! ;-)

Here's the gist of what I got from my secret friend:

You need to turn on your discernment function full blast and not just accept or reject any of this. I credit him with being sincere, having a strong desire to serve humanity, and with believing that what he says is true based on his former life of service to the Illuminati. I'm personally acting on his advice now. You can do as you please with this information.

The Aliens Are Coming, The Aliens Are Coming!

The felonious feds and other world order agencies are staging a phony alien invasion, which should be happening very soon. There are large ships, constructed elsewhere, that are stationed outside our atmosphere, much as seen in the movie, Independence Day. Carol says these have been sold to the Illuminati by the B Sirians. They're about 20 miles long. I remember a satellite photo from about five years ago that showed a rectangular craft, around that size, floating above the Pacific ocean a couple of hundred miles off the coast of Southern California. The shadow could be seen on the ocean. It was in the stratosphere, apparently.

Incidentally, that's the area where the chemtrails are made daily now. It's about the only place in this part of the world where chemtrails can still be made to spread out sufficiently and it's apparently designed to create and maintain the drought in the Western US, which the CBs have pretty much busted now, regardless. I passed through a very large thunderstorm centered over Bakersfield, California, which was made independently of any cloud cover coming from the Pacific. I've seen this happen several times in Nevada, too, in the past month.

When we put the second HHg at the underground facility by US 95 in southern Oregon a week ago Carol 'heard' them talking about something very big that they're about to spring on the population and the activity was rather feverish there. I assumed they meant martial law until Carol said the alien invasion scam was also being prepared underground near here, too. I asked her if she saw a bunch of Russian troops underground and she said they were there but that other nationalities were there, too. My hunch was that the foreign ground troops used to enforce martial law might come up from these facilities rather than over the highways or dropped from aircraft, since all the underground bases are interconnected--sort of an underground interstate highway network, apparently, here and elsewhere, mostly in Europe.

Dr. Stephen Greer has been warning about this alien invasion scam lately, as have others, including my friend, James Hughes. The Illuminati agents, such as H.G. Wells, the participants of the Iron Mountain think tank in the early sixties, and many others, have been discussing the advantages of staging one of these events, as it would be their favorite way to get people to welcome their overt tyranny. Last year's ploy involving imaginary evil Muslims didn't pan out, as

we're seeing now. The ' Reichstag Fire' sort of ploy worked for Hitler, but we are just too cosmopolitan and aware these days to froth at the mouth at foreigners any more, but creepy, overwhelming, and terrible non-human aliens might work. However, if we can pull the curtain aside in time and show everyone the wizard's backside, who knows? Maybe, just maybe, we can bust their bubble.

As we've learned from the Nazi takeover of Germany, from the Bolsheviks, and from Mao's political machine and many others: once the tyrant is welcomed as a savior, there's very little left that one can do to oppose him, so we are at a critical juncture right now, this summer.

I think this may be the ultimate test of the liberating potential of the Internet, as we all know that the other media are almost completely subverted now, so they will not be a viable information source in the coming days. In my opinion, they never were a viable information source, but it's getting much worse now.

The Bad Guys use technology and magic together and so must we. Our orgone-generating devices are more magical than their technology, especially since orgone (ether) is the medium of magic and we can produce an AWFUL lot of that, as we all know. Also, our magic eats their magic for breakfast and always wants 'seconds'.

Speaking of eating, you might want to get a vomit bag before reading the next part.

I used to think that if we put the Federal Reserve Corporation out of business, the world order would implode. That may still be true, but I rather think now that we need to go after the core group of instigators and that the Corporation, of which the Fed is only one tentacle, are all middle management drones. These are the degenerates that have always shown up en masse at Bohemian Grove and Bilderberger conclaves.

My friend was taken to meet a man called Sing in Hong Kong once. Some of the men at the top of the above mentioned Corporation were there at the time and they were visibly terrified of Sing, who is a small man, about 4 and a half feet tall, with oriental features (Carol gets that Singapore is named after him or his family, but not clear about that one).

This fellow is the Guiding Light of the world's drug market, which is one of the main supporting pillars of the Illuminati. I won't dwell on his involvement with the White Brotherhood, since many of my readers believe the White Brotherhood are a benevolent organization, but suffice it to say that he's at the top of the Illuminati food chain, along with two others that my friend had not met face to face. Everybody agrees that the Illuminati are Bad Guys, even the Illuminati, so I'm not stepping on any toes here.

At the time, Sing was lying face down on a couch. He looked to be in his thirties, but my friend has the impression that he's ancient. He was told that Sing eats the brains of the children sacrificed at Bohemian Grove and other corporate gatherings. He had so little energy that he had to be helped into a sitting position by his omnipresent bodyguards. Maybe he's got his own Beverly Hills plastic surgeon.

He was in a penthouse on one of the skyscrapers in Hong Kong (sort of reminds me of Howard Hughes).

My friend said that when he was allowed to leave the meeting, he just felt grateful that he wasn't Ted Turner. After all, somebody had to kill those babies and children in order for Sing and the

other Illuminated masters to get their dinner I suppose this keeps middle management in line (I guess the Bad Guys in real life don't have the spunk and panache of the ones in the movies, like Jack Nicholson).

So, there it is, folks. I'll be sending Sing healing energy from time to time. Spiritual healing, that is-I have the impression that if he was feeling physically strong he could do a lot more damage than if he's disabled. I hope everyone with a Succor Punch will get in on the act. Every living, breathing sentient being has the potential of getting onto an upward-pointing spiritual path characterized by selfless service, even Sing. It's happened before, so we can't say that it's completely unlikely or impossible.

This is a good way to help derail the ensuing genocide and global devastation at the hands of Sing's subordinates and I truly believe that we're up to the task

For those readers who believe I'm delusional, at worst, and misguided, at best, realize that I'm not advocating harm to anyone and I bet this is entertaining you, at least. I'm confident that even if only a half dozen folks follow my recommendations it will have a powerful and compelling effect on Sing and the Illuminati's predatory agenda, especially since my friend has the impression that he's not entirely human. The non-human offworlders and native reptilians are even more susceptible to the Succor Punch than we are, in our experience. Have fun!

Do you realize that I may be the first person in history to publicly name a top Illuminati? Do I get a prize for that? Can I get a prize for being on the highest number of sh-- lists? Who could be on the panel of judges for that one?

Some people recommended the movie, A BEAUTIFUL MIND, to Carol. It's an account of the adult life of John Nash, who went insane after briefly getting involved with black ops for the government, then recovered his sanity and went on to get a Nobel Prize. We enjoyed it very much, but there seemed to be a compelling underlying message that everyone who believes in conspiracies is insane.

I suppose that message has more impact on folks who don't have direct experience with the seamier side of government operations and mind control, but Carol and I both noticed that John Nash's weak point early on was his massive ego, which he eventually was able to reign in, and that men of science, generally, have difficulty with metaphysics because their training requires them to blindly accept principles of institutional science, which is built on the denial of non-material principles. This usually leads them to blindly adopt institutional metaphysical dogmas when they do push on to investigate the non-physical realm, such as those promoted on behalf of the White Brotherhood, which in itself can lead to insanity in my opinion. It takes one's full attention and discernment, not to mention, having real faith, to navigate these sometimes-dark waters and dogma won't save one, but strong intuitive guidance and a little faith will-every time.

Even if one begs the question of whether a Nobel prize is something to cherish, considering that Henry Kissinger, Robert Gallo, Averill Harriman and other arch traitors and international criminals have been awarded them, Dr. Nash's achievement is certainly praiseworthy. Maybe someday, a prize will be conceived that is not connected with someone like Nobel, who became wealthy from the international ammunition trade during a devastating international managed conflict. After all, if Hitler or Pol Pot were giving out prizes, who would want to put that on a resume?

To me, saying you've got a Nobel Prize is sort of like saying you are an Illuminati or President of the North American Man/Boy Love Association. It has some value in certain circles, of course, but not in polite company.

That bit about Sing was hard for me to contemplate, and I have a cast iron stomach when it comes to digesting information like that, generally, so I sympathize with you if you're a little squeamish. The reason the White Brotherhood and their Illuminati subordinates use young folks like my secret buddy is so that they can benefit from the spiritual vision of those who are innocent and not mired down by satanic practices. When these well-meaning young rising stars wake up to what's happening, they often kill themselves out of remorse. What's impelling my friend to work with us in disabling the predatory agenda of the likes of Sing, is a desire to atone for the years during which he brought other new-age innocents into the fold and turned them over to his former masters, though he acknowledges that he stopped doing that as soon as he got a clear picture of how he was being used. That's when the murder attempts started happening to him and to his wife.

I guess I could be written off as a lunatic or mind control stooge if it weren't for the fact that the results of our work are so visible and widespread and that so many others resonate closely with our experiences. We who are disabling the regime's agenda represent many backgrounds and belief structures, so it would be hard to make the case that our perceptions are a result of mind control. Generally, mind control is only effective on folks who are not iconoclasts and who strongly desire acceptance.

There are agents of the Illuminati who offer useful information about metaphysics and other subjects, but they're the exception and are brought on stage to provide credibility for their masters. I use some of their works as reference material and I'm grateful for it all, but that doesn't hide the fact that they're working for the Bad Guys, ultimately. Of course I'd never join their organizations, which is the way unaware folks are channeled into the direct influence of the masters.

This actually does relate to cloudbusting, ultimately, since it's my effort to unravel what's behind the mechanism that was so severely poisoning the atmosphere until we all came along. Technically, whoever is responsible for that is an enemy, since it was done to us consciously, in a coordinated and pernicious way, worldwide. Who could argue that it's not important to know one's enemy? I love Sing the same way I love any other sentient being, and I wish the best for him and the other top Illuminati.

Don Croft

**Part 1**

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc27part18jul02.shtml>

July 18, 2002

Jeff Baggaley and I closed the remaining predatory hive portals in North America on July 18th. Cameron and Nora, my younger children, went along good-naturedly for the ride. To save you from plowing through the preceding narrative, I'm going to write a synopsis of what lead up to putting the caps on that hive. A second portal is being constructed off the coast of Oregon, but Carol said it won't be finished until the submarine volcano there reaches the surface, so we only need to close the two above-mentioned volcanic portals to put the hive out of action.

Very large ships are associated with this hive for some reason. Jenny saw one in our area recently when they failed to generate enough cloud cover and one end was sticking out of the characteristic dark lenticular cloud. She said, 'Mom, is that what I think it is?' Carol said that even I could have seen it. That was shortly before we neutralized the underground base near here, part of whose job was apparently to 'refuel' the large craft of the predatory non-human races associated with the world regime-the fuel being dead orgone, of course.

The Lemurians and nice offworlders generate very light lenticular clouds to hide their craft. They use healthy orgone as fuel, of which the supply is unlimited and free. See how simple it is?

**Closing Hives**

According to what Carol and I were able to learn between June and October, 2001, there had been four devoutly predatory native reptilian hives in North America, along with an equal number of neutral and uncommitted ones. As Phil Schneider had described before he was murdered, there are a number of predatory 'colonies' of offworld reptilians, but these are another subject and are less threatening, since they're not invited participants in the present day order's agenda. These are the guys that the Star Wars weaponry was partly designed to deal with. The 'meteors' which blaze slowly across our skies occasionally and crash in places like Greenland are the downed interlopers. This happens a lot more often than is reported even on the Art Bell show.

The native ones are invited participants, though some may argue that the agenda originated with them in the first place. Maybe a cutting fringe historian or archaeologist can settle that sometime.

We stumbled onto one predatory hive portal at Otay Reservoir east of San Diego, California, a year ago, while neutralizing a particularly nasty underground facility there. Right after that, we got our first object lesson in active (alleged) government surveillance from both air and ground. We also encountered a different Draconian race there than the one we'd been dealing with. They had created and were trying to keep open a sort of 'black hole' portal under our big HHg, apparently for moving numbers of their brethren here without having to use spacecraft. The other end of that hive had an opening near Acapulco, but Carol saw that the native shamans there had made it unusable long ago.

The next hive we were aware of was uncommitted to a predatory agenda. That one ran under a stretch of Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma. One of our customers, who is a chiropractor in Missouri, who lives close to the northeast opening of the hive, tipped us off about that when it became clear that the queen of that hive had a connection with her. The Doctor found it expedient to close the hive portal on a conditional basis so that the queen would develop respect for her personally and would decide that an agenda based on mutual respect with humans in general

would be a better option. That holy handgrenade can be removed any time by the Doc at her discretion.

After Carol's return from Kenya, we used the opportunity of an ongoing astral assault by the nine voodoo men who 'followed' her home to trace the source of their power. Just as you can 'follow the money' to know who is pulling the strings in politics, science, medicine, education, the environmental movement, religions, etc., to reach the source of their influence, you can follow the nasty DOR (critical morass) of any organization involved with the worldwide predatory agenda with a little diligence and telepathy. I guess I weigh in with more diligence and Carol with more telepathy, though we've each found that we're capable of operating alone effectively in a pinch.

The ultimate source of the African voodoo energy is the reptilian queen of a single African hive running from Congo to Namibia. Using the Succor Punch to put her under some duress, we were able to map out the major predatory hives on the planet. That was in early October. The number of predatory hives she gave us was twenty. There are an equal number of hives which are neutral or even friendly toward humans. We encountered friendly ones several times around the time that we started working with our first cloudbuster in Florida. Their hive is under South Florida, the Western Bahamas, Cuba and Yucatan. We were creeped out by them at first, but gradually got comfortable with them when we realized their intentions.

We went to Namibia mainly to make sure the south portal of that hive was shut, though our African friends located it and closed it themselves without our help after I arrived. I guess I have more diligence than I personally need ;-). Time will tell whether our subsequent cloudbuster experiment in the Namib Desert was successful.

We closed the only predatory hive in Canada last fall and winter. That one ran under the Rockies, from Cranbrook, BC, to Calgary, Alberta. There is a hive under Ontario and Quebec, but it has come over to our side recently. Some Cbers in Northern Ontario were ready, willing and able to close the west portal, which was near them, just in case. We credit the Wingmakers with inspiring people near reptilian portals to rise to the challenge. This has happened many times after we discovered the locations of hive portals that we were not able to reach.

Richard Smith lives very near the small predatory hive that lies under the Chicago metropolitan area. He found and closed that portal, then found and closed the southern portal not long after that. This may partially account for the terrific skies and weather that Chicago has been experiencing, though the cloudbusters that Richard, Steven, and Tara have made and distributed to others in the city are, of course, responsible for much if not most of that happy condition.

The hive connected with the most exploitive aspects of the planetary agenda runs from Malta to Bosnia. Kolina, the Wheelchair General from Bosnia, along with Lisa, Eric, Ann, and Markus, all of them European cloudbuster aficionados, resolutely and efficiently closed the Malta portal in June and further healed the wounded ancient, adjacent Goddess vortices there. We got the distinct impression that this ancient connection between the reptilians and the world order infrastructure was the 'guiding light' of the world banking system, all European secret orders, the destructive aspects of Islamic fundamentalism and Zionism.

There remains two hives that need attention ASAP: the one which runs from Finland to the Urals is connected with the millennium-long Russian predatory agenda and secret order and the one that runs from Mongolia to northern China operates the age-old hierarchy of China. Note that every bad thing that happens politically these days originates from one or a combination of these three

hierarchies, all of which would likely obliterate the others if the opportunity presented itself, which is a good reason to pinch off all their non-human heads sooner than later. Are there any volunteers out there?

#### Secret Buddy

Our Secret Buddy laments that no rich people have come forward to play a role yet. He wishes he'd known about all of this when he was rich. That wealth and property more or less evaporated when he used his connections to arrange to publish a book that was to expose the predatory agenda. He and his lovely wife survived several murder attempts shortly after that. I guess the White Brotherhood doesn't realize that you don't need to be rich to be effective, though. All of us bear witness to that simple truth. Tyranny is essentially unable to understand, much less effectively oppose, any grassroots movement and tyrants, such as those dried up old farts, will never fathom the lessons they should have learned from a cursory study of history. Maybe after 2012 we won't need to deal with folks like them any more. Satanism should be considered infantilism for this and many other reasons, no matter how rich, powerful, old, and adept its proponents are.

Of the three surface-world predatory human hierarchies, the Chinese one is the most pragmatic and seems to realize that mayhem for its own sake can be counterproductive. I wish the Brit and Russian aristocracies would take a hint from that and overcome their traditional bloodlust. It could be that China will turn out to be the Joker of the deck, the unpredictable wild card. I'm eager to see what our friend, Kam Wong, will be able to accomplish in the short and long term. He seems to embody the prolific creativity and insights attributed to that nation and race and is now applying his skills and unbounded energy to our planet-wide project.

The three above-mentioned hives fuel and more or less direct all major world conflicts and tyrannies and Carol and I firmly believe that closing at least one portal of each can cause the reptilians to temporarily abandon their human liaisons, essentially depriving each beastly organization of its head, as was done in Malta. We noticed that when a portal is closed, they abandon their surface-world agenda to focus on creating another portal, which takes years of work. It's sort of like what happens when you step on an anthill.

#### Carol's Malta Trip

The easiest portal to reach is on the coast of Finland. If anyone wants to go there, let me know and I'll tell you the location we dowsed. Carol tried to get to Malta this month, but was prevented rather overtly. She was harassed and followed constantly every time she left her hotel in Paris except for during the brief moments during which she placed a holy handgrenade on the grounds of Versailles.

She was planning to use some devices that the Andromedan dwarves gave her instructions for (I made them) to strengthen and extend the old Goddess vortices in Malta to infuse the world with more female energy, of which we're in dire need these days after many millennia of patriarchy.

The suitcase that contained the devices was kept in Paris for several days & when we got it back yesterday, one of the devices had been tampered with. We get the impression that the Gestapo goons who were examining them were unable to stand the nice energy that one of them was putting out, so one of them cut all of the 12 wires holding the dodecahedron quartz crystal in the center of the apparatus, which turned it off.

#### Al Gray & Flash Gordon

Shortly after we had our first duress session with the African Queen in October, Al Gray sent us a note of introduction and offered his help. We had the impression that he was a witch like Carol, but was surprised to learn that he's a cagey, resourceful, and tough Texan. In my opinion, our email impressions of each other were correct, though often it was difficult to reconcile that with what we found in a physical meeting later on. Soon after Internet introductions were made all around, he and his psychic co-worker, 'Flash' Gordon, set off to find and close both portals of the reptilian hive running from Ft. Huachuca, southeast of Tucson, Arizona, to north central Arizona near a ski slope. Al has gone on to neutralize most of the ELF transmitters in the southern part of the state; put cloudbusters in numerous places, including two Indian Reservations, and to donate cloudbusters for key spots in California, including Bohemian Grove's adjacent town and the ancient artificial moisture barrier in the southern Sierra Mountains.

Not to be too severely outdone, though, Carol and I put two CBs on the Hopi Reservation last spring and neutralized a lot of the transmitters on the Interstate near the Arizona frontier between Los Angeles and Phoenix, as well as putting Al's donated CB and one of ours in the California Sierras.

After the martial law threat has been diverted later this year, Al will be getting the biggest trophy if he keeps going as he has been, since I think it would take an army of intrepid Cbers to overtake his record at this point.

#### Gestapo Spooks

It's probably not a good idea to have any conferences before we've all earned our prizes by making martial law inadvisable, for lack of enough ELF transmitters, since we'd just be playing musical chairs with the Gestapo-wannabees who would no doubt show up in droves to hang on our every word in hopes of liquidating us later on. We have an entourage of these creeps every time we drive to the store these days, and I don't want others to have to put up with that if they don't have to. Getting together in a large group would no doubt make that happen for everyone who attended who's not on the International Monetary Fund's generous payroll. Did you know that the men who 'guard' the President are paid out of London?

#### A Plan

Our Secret Buddy has conceived a plan to deprive the White Brotherhood of their dark chi. It involves lining up about 20 CBs with solar powered (this part's my contribution), jumped up CBs- a la Hooten- with mobius/crystal-ball frequency arrangements in the orgonite, all of which would be placed along an earth meridian, or ley line, perhaps beginning and ending at vortices. This would no doubt charge the earth so strongly with healthy orgone (chi) that the dark masters would not be able to make enough DOR to extinguish a match, let alone prop up this mass delusion they've created over the millennia.

Since his generations-long family background was centered in servitude to the White Brotherhood, it's been hard for him to break out of that awareness and see the other forces at work besides his own and a few others' heroic, self-sacrificing efforts to awaken humanity to the masters' predatory/parasitic activities and agenda. He's been inside Mt. Shasta, seen the ruins of the ancient Lemurian city accessible by the caves, was warned by one of the dark masters never to return to Shasta (I hope to go there with him), but was unaware of the hyper-dimensional presence of the Lemurians themselves, who have graciously appeared to many people, including Carol, our friend Dorothy the Druid, and I now and then on the mountain, which is apparently one of their surface havens. The masters may be in control of some of the groups who call Shasta home, but they definitely don't own that territory, nor will they.

### Lemurians

Since the hive portal closures, the Lemurians are assuming territorial skies that had been held by the reptilians, so it's obvious to us that we aren't the only earthly ones fighting evil these days. The Lemurians have run interference for us many times and I'm sure they're working in ways that we aren't aware of to help ensure humanity's victory over its ancient oppressors. We think they have just been waiting for some folks to step forward and show some commitment and use the tools we've all been inspired to make. I suspect they have no vested interest in our victory but are offering their services out of compassion and love for us. Note that I'm not calling the tools weapons.

Carol and I haven't seen evidence that offworlders interfere in worldly affairs except perhaps in extreme circumstances for specific purposes—for instance, they may defuse a nuclear bomb if a missile is inadvertently launched against a city in another country. Our encounters with them have been in the form of individual healing and inspiration regarding inventions. Carol and I have noticed that the color orange is often associated with their ships and portals, so if you see orange things in the skies you may be witnessing an intervention or other visit.

The Lemurian ships flash and streak as bright, white, lights intermittently and some see a blue, spherical orgone field around them sometimes. Bright flashes in the daytime skies are also signs of their craft. It could be that Dr. Grebbenikov's explanations of his own antigravity craft may be describing the characteristics of the Lemurian craft, which are likely more highly developed than Dr. G's flying Siberian paint box. I don't know why, but I usually see them close to the horizon, though I've seen them overhead a few times, especially when we were on Mt. Shasta. You'll no doubt see them and other unusual craft if you pay attention. Remember that miraculous things don't seem very astonishing without a Hollywood soundtrack.

A lot of us have been seeing the Lemurian craft in the skies in the past few months. Just as Britannia ruled the waves at one point, the reptilians have ruled our skies for a long, long time. I believe the Lemurians, who are also a native human race, were content to live in an adjacent time line or dimensional construct before we all closed those reptilian hives down. Now we have been seeing mostly Lemurian craft in our travels rather than the reptilian ones. On the day I arrived in Namibia there was a long display in the skies over the capital, Windhoek, put on by five Lemurian craft, sort of like a Blue Angels demonstration, but without the noise. A respected observer was interviewed in the main newspaper about what he saw in the African sky that day and Gert Botha, my host, translated it for me from Afrikaans a few days later. In this case, they showed up a week before the reptilian portal was closed, so they aren't chicken hearted.

As the astronomer on public TV says, 'Keep looking up.'

### African Women

Another wild card in the unfolding planetary growth process are the women of Africa. Africa maintained a dynamic tradition of sexual equality in spite of the aggressive patriarchal trends of the past millennia. It took violent suppression by Europeans, followed by their equally vicious current flunkies, to force women out of politics and cut off their access to the economy, but our meetings with some female traditional healers in Kenya and Namibia showed us that this is just a temporary inconvenience. Although I've had a pretty good idea of what it's like to be around very charismatic women, I was unprepared for my psychic encounters with Ouma Lahia in advance of our physical meeting. WOW! No wonder the voodoo guys won't try to harm those African witches. I'm glad she likes me, that's all I'll say about that. When you visit Africa, take some moxie with you.

### Wingmakers

Carol has told me that the White Brotherhood, along with their native reptilian cohorts, are essentially defeated already by what we Cbers and others around the world have done under the guidance of the Wingmakers, who deserve the 'White Brotherhood' title more than those very old, hyper-exploitive, utterly degraded, semi-human masters. Of course, the Wingmakers don't seem to care about titles and status, as many humans do. It's hard for me to picture any of them in my Bolivian Admiral regalia. The name is a convenient handle for something vast and incomprehensible to me and the membership seems rather fluid in any case.

### The Russians Are Coming

My impression is that we need to step up the pace now, as it would be unreasonable to expect that these jerks will go down without trying to take all of humanity with them into the abyss, so we all need to at least neutralize the ELF transmitters in our vicinity for our own family's safety's sake. Our family will get a few arms and some food and make a single camping trip into the adjacent Idaho/Montana wilderness in August to stash the stuff just in case the headless beast thrashes a bit in its death throes. Carol did see a lot of Russian and other foreign troops in the underground base just west of here and it would be silly to suppose they're just going to walk home now

Don Croft

### *Episode 28*

#### *Mount Rainer & Mount St. Helens*

##### *Part 2*

##### *Part 1*

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc28partB18jul02.shtml>

July 18, 2002

In early September, when we took Seattle its first cloudbuster on the way to getting Carol onto the plane to Kenya, we encountered a huge reptilian ship which was being used to oversee a massive chemtrail spraying project aimed at the world's first cloudbuster array 300 miles east (downwind) of Seattle. The kerosene was raining out of the sky that day.

That ship was over the Columbia Gorge, halfway between the two cities. Carol saw an equally big reptilian ship over Mt. Rainier as we were driving into the Cascades a little later and that's when we learned that Rainier and St. Helens are reptilian portals. Carol said the reptilians were in the process of abandoning the Rainier portal, perhaps because an eruption was imminent.

That was the time we decided that it was important to get those portals closed ASAP but we wouldn't be able to get to it until the snow had melted sufficiently the following summer to drive up to suitable spots on both mountains to plant the HHGs.

### Mountain Men

This brings me around to telling you what Jeff and I did that day in the mountains. He's the fellow in Nova Scotia who got tossed in the asylum after a Canadian government official conspired with the national police and his wife to butcher (edit is too kind a term for what they did) the text of some of his cloudbuster forum posts to provide 'evidence' that he was crazy a few months ago. The Wingmakers sprung him twelve hours later, of course, but the plan was apparently to disappear him into a drug-induced semi-comatose state for the duration.

That was right after he neutralized one of those DOR beam facilities (with an HHG) not far from his home, having already begun to disable the chemtrail agenda in western Nova Scotia with his cloudbuster. He's going to share some gems of information about that when the time is right, but suffice to say there's more to this fellow than meets the eye. You probably know how hard it is to keep my mouth shut when I've got some substantial information in my head, but Jeff knows when to talk about that better than I do.

Jeff showed up in his hundred-dollar car and a month's worth of lucre on Monday. He was on his way to Sundance, near Pine Ridge, South Dakota. The first thing he said, after introducing himself, was, "I've got a month after Sundance to go anywhere you suggest and neutralize a network of ELF transmitters-where do you want me to go?"

I don't think he realized at that point that I'm not the leader of this organization. I wouldn't wish that title on anyone, but most of us assume that every group has a leader, so I didn't take offense at his assessment. Ken in Santa Rosa suggested that we might call ourselves Knights Exemplar, which is a clever idea, but that implies a hierarchy, I think, which may be faux pas pretty soon. I'm fond of believing that any title bestowed after 2012 would be about as valued as being voted President of North American Man Boy Love Association. I must admit, though, that I'll give up my Bolivian Admiral uniform only when it's pried from my cold, dead fingers.

We spent the next few days collaborating and conspiring and on Wednesday afternoon we drove the Zapporium over to White Pass in the Cascade Mountains so we could get an early start on the two volcanoes.

#### Drugstore Set Up

Along with Jeff came a new wave of attention by the feds, sensed rather than seen at first, though our Secret Buddy emailed me that they were planning to plant some dope in the house as an excuse to disappear us. He had narrowly escaped a similar fate the week before in Ojai, California. He ran into the SWAT team that was in the staging area, gearing up, right after deciding not to enter the house where he was being set up by an acquaintance.

Since I pay attention to things like that, I noticed that the inmates of the crack house next door to us were paying an awful lot of attention to me for a change and parking their cars in front of our house. Also, local cops were slowly cruising by, looking in my windows. This was a new development, too. The only time I ever saw cops on our street before that was when they were visiting our neighbors. Maybe they get a special deal on the methamphetamine they make next door. Somebody ought to open a donut shop in town to get these guys back onto the straight and narrow.

I went next door and talked to the 'godfather' about the situation and that seemed to defuse whatever may have been cooking, though after Carol got back it started up again. The local cops had dressed up like ninjas and raided his house the night before Carol and Jenny left for Europe but none of them were arrested. We believe that's when the cops invited the kingpin there to plant the dope in our house in exchange for no further harassment. They'd really been leaning on him lately, according to what he told me. That was a couple of days before Secret Buddy's warning.

When I visited with the kingpin he offered to sell me some dope, of course, but I think that was just the entrepreneur in him manifesting rather than a setup.

On a given day and night, there are around thirty different people coming and going from that house, which looks like it belongs on Tobacco Road (am I dating myself?) and most of them are caricatures right out of a Dick Tracy rogue gallery.

If that fellow or any of his cohorts show up in our new, upscale neighborhood across town, at least three people will call the cops before he reaches our door, so I think we're off the hook with these little fed-sycophant ninja local cops for now.

I hadn't met anyone like Kingpin since I was in the pokey and he looks like he's between sentences now. Most local police may as well wear swastikas and break windows, since they'd be hard to distinguish from their forebears in 1930's Germany. Those ninja outfits really give me the creeps.

#### Law & Order

Let's get back on track and have our elected Sheriffs resume their Constitutional duties rather than foist them off on these jerks, okay? Why not right now? I hope to God you don't have to learn about this vital subject the hard way, as I have.

Of course, the local cops will fade into obscurity if the UN (mainly Russian and Chinese) Peacekeepers are allowed to show up in their armada of white vehicles and drop from planes and helicopters around us.

Time to blow away that new-age-patsy fog, folks, and stay focused on disabling what they've got lined up for us. You don't need to shoot anyone or even break anything in the process, which I find ironic, but gratifying. I certainly hope I'll never have to shoot anyone, but I will to protect my family and Carol and I usually hit what we aim at.

Secret Buddy noted in his unpublished expose about the concentration camps et al that Switzerland and America are the only nations whose populace is armed. In both countries an armed populace is mandated as a protection from tyranny. In the case of Switzerland, they are mainly concerned with foreign invaders now, but our American Constitutional mandate to keep and bear arms has more to do with the threat posed by the government itself. You can read the Second Amendment yourself. It's not lawyer-speak; any schoolchild can clearly understand it.

Many people in America have been mentally conditioned to believe that guns are bad. Kolina sent me a cute essay that compared the relative threats of owning a gun and visiting a medical doctor and it shows that it's far, far more risky for your health to visit a doc than it is to own a gun. This brainwashing took generations to accomplish, having begun shortly after the new, unlawful government reached critical morass in 1935.

In Switzerland there is no stigma to gun ownership and just about every household is well armed. They have shooting matches much like we have carnivals and fairs. Everyone shows up to compete for awards and prizes. The people there have been well armed since the 1300's, when William Tell put a crossbow bolt through the heart of the last Swiss tyrant. Funny-I never hear the Swiss being criticized for their guns the way the Americans routinely are. Food for thought?

Our brainwashing can be such a bitch to undo!

Sundance

Poor Jeff had been on the educational fast track for several months before he showed up here. He had to stop my monologues several times so that he could assimilate some of the new stuff that kept coming up, not only about our joint project but also about aspects of his past and family connections that were beginning to make sense to him for the first time. It went both ways, of course, and he gave me a lot of information I need to have, too.

I'm so glad he connected with the Indians! The Sundance rituals are a viable force these days. One of the proofs, I think, is an account Jeff related about a couple of folks he knows who infiltrated the festival on behalf of the White Brotherhood, who apparently hate not knowing about everything that happens in the world. One was a judge in Canada and the other is her boyfriend. Part of the ritual involves some pretty intense fasting, during which there's a kundalini awakening. For an upright person, this is confirming and empowering, but for a person without integrity, it can be fairly monstrous. Those two agents are now in prison after attempting to burn a woman to death with gasoline. Jeff's experience propelled him along his upward spiraling spiritual path, for which I feel honored to have assisted him in my little way.

As I'm writing this, he's in the most intense part of the Sundance ritual. We made a cloudbuster on his last day here, which he intended to leave in Pine Ridge. As a fellow white guy, I sympathize with his unspoken desire to mollify the atmosphere there so it won't be 110 degrees in the shade again. They dance outside in the sun for several days, fasting, not even drinking water, in preparation for the final ritual, which involves some interesting physical endurance activity.

I think the timing of that phony drug bust setup was for Jeff's benefit, since he's apparently supposed to take his cues so that the next time the creepy gov't in Canada tries to set him up he'll be able to avoid trouble. He's an awfully keen observer.

#### HAARP Storms

It's awfully nice here in northern Idaho now. There was a phony thunderstorm two nights ago, HAARP and chemtrail induced, that skirted around the cloudbusters but the following night we got one of those gentle cloudbuster thunderstorms and it's still raining intermittently. I saw one of the Lemurian lenticular clouds under the phony T-storm near sunset. It had the characteristic neon pink and green edges and none of the orange color that was in the surrounding clouds. Keep watching the skies for those! Carol and I watched another Lemurian cloud like that in Oregon recently that was under attack by a HAARP facility that we were en route to neutralize. The ship was drawing fire to show us what to do, apparently. When the energy was directed at it to cause it to break up, the cloud began to show a pink edge all around it. AS the attack intensified, a green edge showed up inside the pink one. After we put the HHg on the facility all of the HAARP characteristics disappeared within minutes from the surrounding clouds.

#### Back to the Mountains

We parked by the roadside in a little graveled clearing beside a big tracked vehicle. We were fairly undisturbed the rest of the night except for one unmarked white fed spook vehicle that parked and shone its headlights into the back of the Zapporium, checking us out for a few moments before it drove away. I'll get back to that.

When we got back on the road, toward Mt. Rainier on US Hway 12, we saw that a whole fleet of white vehicles, some marked as belonging to Argus Underground Specialties, others unmarked, were involved in laying four very thick fiber optic cables along the highway. Something didn't seem right about that, of course, since the only big engineering projects happening these days seem to be centered on the creation of martial law.

At one spot the cables branched off in the direction of an unpaved road going up a mountainside. A couple of miles beyond where the cables branched off there were two white vehicles parked as though the crew were waiting for something. I was using the pendulum a lot since Carol wasn't around, and I got that there was a new HAARP facility being built on the mountain above where those two white trucks were & that the cables that branched off were going to that hidden facility. On the way back, I put an HHg in that spot. The two vehicles were still there then, though right after I talked to one of the drivers they both left. He said the cables were connecting Yakima and Gig Harbor, which is on Puget Sound, near Tacoma, but Jeff got an intuitive hit that this was being set up to facilitate the planned phony alien invasion. My psychic secretary concurs and so does Carol. The east terminal of those cables is the big HAARP array on the mountaintop on the south edge of Yakima, which we neutralized on our way back. Somebody ought to neutralize the Gig Harbor end, which is also probably a HAARP array and underground control center.

The night before, we had parked beside one of their monstrous ditch digging machines. I realized that the feds thought I knew something about the fiber optics cables and were trying to figure out how and why that could be. I think the Wingmakers directed us to that spot just to tweak the feds into crediting us with more intelligence than we actually have. I think one of the principles of successful warfare is to confuse your enemy this way, and they've declared war on us, which makes them our enemy, folks, whether you're comfortable with that thought or not.

#### Mount Rainier

It was a short drive to Rainier. We paid the \$10 fee and drove up to the 6,000' level, where the snowline was, and planted our HHg. It felt pretty good there, I must admit, but after the HHg was in the ground it felt much better. The reptilians had apparently already moved their portal over to Mt. St. Helens at this point. Rainier is nice, but no place that I've visited in this world comes close to matching the profound and exhilarating energy of Mt. Shasta.

We only encountered two spook vehicles on the way down the mountain. We took the drivers' pictures when we pulled over to let them pass. Jeff really enjoyed that part. We had the mobius/crysta/15Hz device in the truck going all the time just so they'd have to send vehicles to keep tabs on us. You should try it! As long as they're going to be bothering you, why not have a little fun with them? Since we aren't telepathic, we dowsed all the vehicles that were near us. I admit that it's more fun with a telepath.

#### Mount St. Helens

Getting to Mt. St. Helens is a bit more time-consuming and stomach-challenging-miles and miles of twisting, paved logging roads that had to be re-engineered after the 1980 eruption. Melody and Jim live 300 miles downwind of the eruption and their property was covered with several inches of volcanic ash. Jim told me that their garden the following year was very healthy from all that fertilizer, though it wasn't fun cleaning up right after the event.

Close to the mountain, you can see the dead trees that were blown down. They all point in the same direction and you can see how the currents of the blast swirled around the peaks and valleys by the way the trees are lying. As you get closer to the vortex, which is the crater, there are fewer and fewer living things. There were more and more feds in vehicles, though, which is apropos. Volcanic ash is extremely fertile and is balanced food for plants, so the only reason that place is not a jungle by now is the deadening effect of the DOR field that we found there, I believe. At the same elevation, Rainier is extremely verdant and 'orgonized' and the two volcanoes are only about sixty miles from each other.

Jeff felt a heavy pressure that he attributed to radiation as we got closer and I had a hard time drawing breath, though the altitude was not high. We parked at the lot near the peak, which is as far as you can drive without exciting the forestry cops, and walked up a trail to put the HHg down. We made a couple of feds just by scrutinizing them through our binoculars as they were scrutinizing us through theirs and when we got to a point where we were sure nobody was watching, we buried the HHg. In an instant our lungs filled with sweet air and all heaviness vanished. I made one fed who was ogling me from beside a red car at a distance of about a mile and a half. This may be a distance record. He took off right after that and didn't look back.

The peak next to the crater, which had no clouds around it, was immediately obscured by dark clouds as soon as the HHg was in the ground. These began extending out from it in all directions. I guess the reptilians were foolish enough to leave one or two of their big ships out, even though they knew we were on our way and would probably succeed, as usual. Jeff and I watched as other clouds sort of bumped up against that formation and scooted around it.

We made several more feds on the way out, including, apparently, the Special Agent In Charge, who had brought his wife and kids along as cover-or at least somebody's wife and somebody's kids. Boy, was he mad when I took his picture! I sometimes wish there really were people like Arnold Schwarzenegger and Michael Caine doing this work, but it's unlikely that any spiritually healthy person is collecting those paychecks these days.

We topped at a viewing area a couple of miles down the road to see if any of them would be going to look for our HHg. We got distracted by a middle aged couple, one of whom was getting a panoramic shot with a video camera a few paces away from where we were standing. The camera lingered a bit when it came around to point at Jeff and I. Jeff quickly took their picture and the woman got a mortified look on her face that gave me the impression that she's psychic. My pendulum agreed with that.

I haven't mentioned my kids much. They weren't enthusiastic about going, so I bribed them with some video games and they brought some movies to watch. Nora had been my energy-sensitive assistant when she was younger, before Carol and I got together, but she had lost or suppressed her abilities soon after she moved back in with her mom. On the way home from the mountains, she was visited by the Wingmakers, who appeared as a bright, rapidly moving light inside the back of the Zapporium. I had told Jeff that I felt sure he was going to see at least one Lemurian craft, since they usually show up when we're on our expeditions. He did see one not long before Nora had her visit.

Carol often sees Lemurians among the Wingmakers. She's seen elementals among them, souls of departed people, Atlantean elders, prophets, and some offworlders. I think it would be hard to conceive of a more homogenous group, though the energy signature of all of them is humor, compassion, patience, profound love, humility and servitude. Only a real bonehead could believe that they're not what they appear to be.

When the feds follow you it's hard for them not to be obvious. They match your speed, but stay well back. If you slow down to force them to pass you, they'll move ahead a certain distance if they feel you haven't made them and maintain a steady speed again. If they're made, they'll simply take the first turnoff and you won't see them again. I don't think the European Interpol Gestapo jerks care if you make them or not. I bet the ones in Switzerland care.

That happened once on the way home. This time, when he had passed me and was maintaining a steady speed a quarter mile in front of me I pulled over fast and turned off my headlights. Just

then a large truck passed, too, and I got behind him and watched for the other vehicle. There was a fork in the road just ahead and he took the wrong turn, probably thinking that I knew about that fork and was planning to take the non-customary route. I didn't have a clue that the turn was there, just followed my instincts. This is fun and games now, but if it comes to pass, (God forbid!) that these Gestapo jerks get permission to shoot us on sight, these little tricks will come in handy, I think.

My psychic secretary tells me it's okay to tell you that Jeff picked Denver as his August target, since we both got that the 8 billion dollar 'airport' there houses the multilevel underground control facility for the entire North American network of ELF and HAARP Transmitters, and it probably figures heavily in the imminent phony alien invasion scenario, too.

Carol and I put an HHg at that facility last year, but it's going to take a lot more than that to neutralize it. The surrounding area is apparently important to the hoped-for martial law effort, so his target is well chosen, I think. His good friend in Nova Scotia has taken on the task of neutralizing the extensive network there and is making and distributing several cloudbusters until Jeff returns and gets back into the act there.

#### Staging Areas in Need of Assistance

Secret Buddy tells me there are twelve staging areas in America for the second phase of the planned 'UN Peacekeeper' invasion. Kam, Carlo and others are handling the one in New York City, Jesse has been single-handedly neutralizing the one in the San Francisco Bay area-come on folks, help him!-LAARP and Secret Buddy are doing LA, and no doubt others are doing it in secret, but this is no time to sit on our hands! Here are some more, including Canada: Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Boston, Baltimore, Savannah, Miami, New Orleans, Houston. The Chinese government has been operating the Panama Canal since Clinton gave it to them early in his regime. Remember Monica Lewinsky? That was a publicity ploy to distract us from what the jerk was doing to further sell us out to China. No wonder he idolized FDR, who sold us out to London in the thirties. Did that hillbilly get paid with gratuitous sex for all of that? I can say that because I grew up in Arkansas.

The soft underbelly of the world regime is its penchant for centralization and dead orgone generation, which is tailor-made for our unique ministrations, since our devices are a good antidote for their cancerous manifestations.

Don Croft

#### *Episode 29*

##### ***Carol, Melody, and Linda's Excellent Adventure***

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc29excellentadventure8aug02.shtml>

August 8th, 2002

[The following comments are from Linda's and Carol's notes, compiled and edited by Don Croft. For those who don't know, Melody is Don's sister-in-law. She introduced Carol to Don five years ago. Linda is Melody's and Carol's close friend and sometime-mentor in the psychic and healing arts. Linda also has worked with Carol and Don in developing some of their devices]

Maryhill Stonehenge, Columbia River Gorge, Washington State

Carol and Melody had been here a few years ago and did a clearing. The energy here had been messed up for a long time. Carol thought it would be the perfect place to try out the new devices for which she had received directions from the Andromedan dwarves in a series of visions recently.

When they arrived, the energy of the area felt very heavy and agitated, as usual. Carol placed the 12-sided crystal device on the stone altar and she and Melody sent it a little energy to get it started. The energy field from the device increased steadily and forced Carol and Melody to keep backing up until the center area was full of a 'Genesis' type of energy. While this was happening, Linda helped it expand upward.

Linda and Carol saw a trapped Lemurian there. He was accustomed to using organized sacred spaces such as the real Stonehenge as a playground, a place to become energized, but due to a misalignment of the stones in Maryhill he couldn't get back out again.

After they were finished with the first device, Carol put the Vogel crystal device (also made in a copper dodecahedron) on the altar and the energy shot up like a vortex, and completely cleared the energy there. The Lemurian was then freed, and very grateful.

After they were done and looking out at Mount Hood, they realized that the energy coming up through Mount Shasta on a major earth meridian seemed to be purposefully avoiding Mount Hood. That was when they knew that they needed to include this area in some healing work that they'd planned to do along the Oregon coast on another meridian that passed through Mt. Shasta and Mt. Palomar.

They had no doubt that they could correct the artificial energy imbalance they were witnessing.

To stabilize what had been done at the Stonehenge, Melody put one of her tree resin Holy Handgrenades, which she calls Harmonizers, among the roots of a nearby tree. Then she did an attunement and prayer. Carol and Linda were on the east side of the site, observing this process. Carol saw the earth ripple and heave like a frequency wave and then it slowed and came to a stop. Linda felt and saw this, too. The Harmonizer corrected the imbalance of the Maryhill vortex, stabilized the Maryhill Stonehenge structure and connected it with the Earth.

After they were done with the day's exercise, the whole Columbia Gorge looked and felt smoother and more relaxed. Before, it felt agitated and the water was choppy.

August 9th

After they arrived at their friends' house at Cannon Beach, they all dowsed the Oregon map to get the approximate locations for the remaining Holy Handgrenades. They focused on the coastal areas and the areas around Mt. Hood.

As they were dowsing the map, Carol noticed a slight echo in the room. She sensed that someone was listening through a microphone either directed at or attached to the window. They had forgotten to bring the Succor Punch in from the car. The Succor Punch is a combined electronic and crystal device designed by Don and Carol to pursue and educate interfering entities when they attach etheric "cords" through which they could draw out our vital energy. We later discovered that the Succor Punch also blocks transponders and other surveillance device signals. We became the objects of active surveillance by the NSA and CIA after telling the world how to

neutralize the new martial law ELF transmitters that have sprung up like a forest all over the planet in the past year or so.

At this point, she brought in the Succor Punch and turned it on. They had been careful before that not to discuss specific locations on the map. As confirmation that more ephemeral agencies are watching over us and guiding our work with the HHGs, Carol has noticed that when she's placing the devices, the agents who watch her undergo a sort of Brain freeze during the process. That was most apparent in Paris, where the agents are far more aggressive than in the U.S. and less likely to let their attention falter. After all, the Gestapo became Interpol after World War II.

The three women took it easy on the beach for the next couple of days.

August 11th

Number 1

Lincoln City was the nearest dowsed location and Carol felt that this vortex had something to do with whales. They all had the impression that the specific location was closer to Depoe Bay, though. They stopped at a restaurant in Siletz Bay to get some lunch. As they were sitting at the table, Carol felt a lot of pressure at her back. She asked Linda: "Do you feel that?" Linda felt it at her back and shoulder. The distorted vortex was right outside the restaurant in the bay and they knew that it needed to be taken care of before lunch.

Linda stayed in the restaurant and observed the effects as Melody and Carol walked with the HHg to the end of the nearby dock. Carol saw that the vortex was spinning the wrong way and that there was a distinct indent in the water where it was touching down. Melody and Carol said a prayer that the HHg would land in the right spot and at the right angle to do the most good. Then Melody heaved it out into the bay, as close as we could get it to the big dimple.

As soon as it went in, Linda felt the energy relax and start to spin in the other direction, as did Carol. Carol told me that it was just like what she saw outside Guerneville, California, near Bohemian Grove, where we put a HHg into an especially vile vortex a year before with our friend, Gregg, and Carol's daughter, Jenny.

When Melody and Carol got back to the table, they all noticed a distinct improvement in the demeanor of the people in the restaurant. Before, it was so loud in there that the women practically had to yell to hear each other. Now it was a lot calmer and the noise level was reduced to about half of what it was before.

Linda told some stories about how dangerous this spot in the bay was. There were quite a few people who had drowned there. The bodies were never found, even the trained rescuer who went in to help a drowning person. His body was never found either.

Linda telepathically heard a cry for help and saw an arm reaching out of the water toward her just before the HHg was flung into the bay, but in the moments it was sinking to the bottom, she sensed that this bound spirit was set free.

The seals on the nearby beach apparently felt it right away, too. They were more relaxed and surrendered to the sand. Before we placed it, they seemed very confused as to whether or not they really wanted to be on the beach. They kept coming in to shore and then going right back out. In case you don't know, the water along the Oregon coast is not far above freezing, even in the summer, so swimming is not much of a pastime there, except for masochists.

## Number 2

They dowsed the Sea Lion Caves as the next HHg location. On the way, they felt that they were under attack by Feds using electronic weaponry. Though the Succor Punch and HHgs normally handle these attacks well enough, the higher-powered assaults, perhaps with scalar technology, sometimes bleed through the protective field a bit, though not in a form that causes real damage.

Since Linda doesn't live within the capacitating influence of a Chembuster, as Carol and Melody do, her energy level was so low by the time they reached the caves that she opted to stay in the car.

Melody and Carol stopped at the observation deck to take a look at the sea lions. The wind was so strong, it was shaking the telescope, so she couldn't get a clear look at them. The sea was extremely turbulent, crashing into the cliffs below. The two women had decided that one of Melody's tree-resin Harmonizers with garnets was appropriate for this vortex.

Inside the cave they were alone, but Melody sensed a third presence and asked Carol to look at the entity. Carol saw a composite man/sea lion entity standing to the left of Melody. In the moment that Melody placed the HHg in the appropriate spot, six or seven of the sea lions in the cave stood up on their hindquarters, faced the women and started chanting in a steady tone. This kept up for about five minutes, during which Carol and Melody felt that they were each being enfolded in the arms of the entity, a 9' tall elemental, whom Carol understood to be the guardian of that vortex (Go on a vortex-healing expedition and meet interesting people ;-).

When they went back outside, the seas had smoothed and were not as high and the wind was no longer blowing.

## Number 3

It was about 7:30 PM by the time they got to the vortex in the Oregon Dunes (which is a coastal recreation area south of Florence and north of Coos Bay, Oregon). This is the coastal vortex of the major grid line that runs through Mts. Palomar, Lassen and Shasta in California, and Mt Ashland and the (Atlantean-built) Oregon Vortex, near Cave Junction, Oregon. We've all been engaged in a project with several other people to get enough HHgs and cloudbusters along this meridian to deprive the dark masters, who run the world regime, of their stolen energy.

They dowsed that an ordinary HHg was needed for this one. They placed it among some tree roots and watched the energy go down deep and spread out from there. There is something underground there, perhaps a huge subterranean river or underground base. There is a small Coast Guard base nearby with an oversized landing strip, which usually indicates a pretty large underground facility. They all got the impression that a lot of vile stuff was happening down there.

## August 12

### The Rest Area

This was an unplanned stop. They had planned to cross the coastal mountains to Eugene and drive back to Mt. Hood, but they saw an enormous field of dead orgone over the city and to the north along the Wilamette Valley. Carol and Linda sensed that they were all under visual surveillance. Linda felt the need to put a HHg nearby and Carol telepathically heard voices saying "here, here, here!" They immediately came to a highway rest area, across the highway from a huge dead orgone transmitter, so they stopped, got a tree resin HHg out of the trunk and scouted

for a place to put it (When you travel, notice how many of the primary martial law ELF transmitters are located close to the interstate rest areas). Since they felt that people on the ground were closely watching them, they lingered at a few spots and looked around at the watchers until they came to the right spot.

A man was blowing invisible leaves aimlessly in the middle of the parking lot and a woman on a cell phone was reporting the women's movements. The third watcher in a white van later followed them onto the freeway. Melody took his picture. He was rather surprised and perplexed, since "getting made" for a spook is as bad as getting coup counted was to an Indian warrior, and Melody felt like she'd somehow made the grade.

They found a tree with a deep crevice into which the HHg fit perfectly. Carol felt that she needed to ask permission of the tree's elemental, but none was given until she put a hand on the tree. At that point, the elemental gave permission, but she felt it creeping up her arm and drawing on her own vital energy, which caused her whole arm to ache.

She had to hold her arm under running water at a nearby faucet to restore the energy and noticed that the orgone above the tree was pooling, gathering strength, and then drawn into the surrounding trees, all of which were dying from the effects of the dead orgone being transmitted by the ELF tower across the highway.

Before this as they were looking for the spot to put the tree-resin with-lapis HHg, they could all feel the dead orgone coming into the tip of the HHg, being drawn into it, as though it were a twister being hooked at the small end. Melody called that HHg, "Pecos Bill". There was a strong waffling effect of the energy, back and forth between the nearby tower and the HHg, until the dead orgone field was absorbed at last by the HHg and transmuted into healthy orgone.

It looked to Carol like the same Medusa-effect that she'd seen at a particularly vile nuclear power plant in a major vortex near Orlando, Florida. Carol and I (Don) had neutralized that one in December 2000, with one of our first HHgs. The Medusa-effect made Carol wonder if there was a nuke reactor under the rest area.

#### Mt. Hood's Triangle

They had dowsed that there needed to be 3 HHgs placed in a triangle with one point at the southeast side of Mt. Hood. They put the first one where Highway 211 crosses the Clackamas River southeast of Portland, near Estacada. There was heavy traffic on the narrow bridge, and as Carol and Linda walked onto the bridge to drop the HHg into the water, a man walked onto the bridge from the other end and stopped on the opposite side and stared at them. Immediately, a car stopped next to the man right on the narrow bridge and the two talked while they both stared at Carol and Linda. These fellows were obviously Fed agents who were busy with more than just surveillance. Melody got out of the car, walked to where Carol and Linda were standing, and stared at the male pedestrian in a way that only someone who knows Melody can appreciate. This all happened in a short time, of course, but time seems to stretch out when we're in peril.

Linda felt some urgency at that point, getting the impression that the fellow was a psyops agent intent on somehow using the other agent's parked car beside him to cause the driver of a passing car to lose control and slam into the women on the bridge. So they dropped the HHg into the water unobtrusively and got off the bridge.

Looking back on the incident, they knew that they were being protected then because no cars passed during the time they were on the bridge, even though traffic was very heavy and fast

before and after that. The second agent's parked car left very little room for other vehicles to pass and visibility was poor approaching the bridge from both directions on that rural stretch of highway.

After they placed the HHg they felt a tremendous rush of healthy energy coming up from the river.

The second point of the Mt. Hood triangle, near Gresham, Oregon, received a tree resin HHg that included rose quartz, turquoise, and garnet crystals, along with Alaskan magnetite sand (A line drawn through this point and the Maryhill Stonehenge, which goes up the Columbia Gorge through Umatilla, Oregon, figures into a later stage of their expedition).

Their impression was that the three HHgs in the Mt. Hood placement was welcoming Light Beings home to the mountain by opening up the ley lines and chambers under and around the mountain, creating a buffer between the mountain, Portland, and the Willamette Valley's forest of dead orgone transmitters and other dense, artificial distortions of the earth's energy grid in that region. The energy around the mountain is now returning to its pristine state, which makes it suitable once again for the presence of the more ephemeral off worlders, much as that found on Mt. Shasta.

The third point of the triangle is on Mt. Hood itself.

As they were driving to the final location, Linda felt the dead orgone in her fifth and seventh charkas that was being transmitted by the towers along the way. Carol felt it in her head and sensed the presence of a barrier created by the first two HHgs that was blocking the energy from moving toward the mountain itself.

The resin HHg was placed near the junction of US Hwy 28 and Revenue Road, high up on the southwest side of the mountain. Linda got the idea that this placement stabilized the mountain's energy and is healing it so that it can develop into a place in the Cascades Range that will rival Mt. Shasta as a home for light beings.

Even after the first two HHgs were placed (both in view of Mt. Hood), there was a strong sensation of love, freedom, and unity present in the region that wasn't felt earlier in the day.

August 13th

Umatilla

On Tuesday morning, they started driving east from Portland along the gorge. They stopped at the Stonehenge to check on the energy there and were gratified to find a light, airy ambience; very fine energy moving in waves up to the rim of the gorge and down again. When they had first arrived to place the HHg and use the vortex-healing devices, the air was smoggy, but now it was clear and pleasant, and the mountains were clearly visible. Before, Mt. Hood could barely be seen at all through the dead orgone. They could also now see the natural energy flow around the mountain that they had helped establish the day before. This is the energy that had been channeled around Mt. Hood before the three HHGs were put in place.

The water on the Columbia River was unusually calm- glassy in fact. This is a place that's famous for its reliable, strong winds. There are a lot of businesses which rely on the multitude of windsurfers that go there every summer.

They had dowsed Umatilla as an important area to place an HHg, but they didn't know what to look for there. Eight or nine miles before they reached the city, they were prompted to exit the freeway and start looking for the right location. They all started to get a metallic taste in their mouths, which indicated the presence of strong radiation. Their dowsing directed them to a road, which ended at the gated entrance of the Umatilla Army Depot, which is allegedly an ammunition storage facility.

They were being watched through a camera mounted on a pole by the gate. As they turned around to leave, a medical supply truck went through the gate onto the base, which gave them a creepy feeling. They wondered how many people living near this facility were dead and/or dying of cancer and other diseases. They were all experiencing burning eyes and throats by then, in addition to the metallic taste, and felt pain around their livers.

They drove back along the freeway about five miles and exited where they were prompted. Carol received a mental image of a fellow in uniform getting a photo of the women in the car handed to him and being told, "Oh, sh\*\*--they'e here!" As she was seeing that, Linda said, "They know we're here?"

Psychically viewing the photo, Carol 'saw' the Succor Punch on the dashboard of her car.

They figured that they were heading for the backside of the base and followed a dirt road along an irrigation ditch. Along that road, there were many cameras on posts disguised as a watering system, although there were no crops or orchards along the way, and everything was dry or dead. They found the spot to put the second HHg, which Melody put on the ground along with a specially chosen stone, and they watched as the energy of it went deep underground, shaped like a worm, split into three segments and shot toward the heart of the underground facility at the depot.

They drove back to the freeway and on through Umatilla, stopping at some fruit stands. They saw that all of the fruit was extremely toxic, except for what was shipped in from other regions.

They drove up toward Walla Walla, Washington, looking for the right location for the second HHg. This one needed to be put in water and when it was in position, Linda saw an arch being created between this one and the one near Umatilla, which formed into a coil shape, resembling the one that goes into the bottom of the St. Buster's Button, which is a therapeutic Holy Handgrenade designed for body work. They could see the dead orgone dissolving in that field and being drawn into the vortices.

These HHgs have a life of their own. It's like each one knows exactly how to handle their own situation once they're put in place. It's a lot like the way we operate when we follow our instincts. Some feel that the Sun devas (elementals) are the guiding force of all of the orgonite-based devices, which makes sense to me, though one might logically ask who is using the elementals for this work, since elementals have no will, per se. That may be a moot point in practical terms.

Orgonite, by the way, is nothing more than a mixture of equal volumes of resin and metal particles and/or metal spirals. Any type of resin and any metal are appropriate, as this whole process is quite pastoral, as you may have noticed.

***Episode 30***  
***Dixie Tower Busters***

Editor's Note: This article is an addendum to Don's first Elf tower article posted in late May 2002. Be sure to read that article carefully in order to understand the gravity of the situation concerning these towers. Nothing is more important now than for ordinary people like you to get involved in building (or pay someone to make) these tower busters. It's your life and your country folks. If you don't do it, who will? We have an opportunity here to abort the regime's martial law/concentration camp agenda. According to Don' sources, it's going to happen THIS FALL, 2002. Are you going to sit back and hope Don Croft, single-handed, will save the entire country? <http://educate-yourself.org/dc/dclatestonmctowerrrays25may02.shtml> .Ken Adachi]

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>  
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc30elftoweraddendum18aug02.shtml>  
 August 18, 2002

After hearing from Tara, a young mother who has made a Chembuster (my version of a cloudbuster) boosted some key energy sites, and neutralized many transmitters where she lives, north of Chicago, I was sort of jolted on Tuesday into the realization that the Holy Handgrenades (HHg) may be overkill for the martial law transmitters, so after Carol got back from her adventure this week I quickly made up what I consider to be the minimal orgonite device for neutralizing these damned things.

Some of our best work occurs to us in an almost off-handed way. The day before Carol was to go to Kenya, guest of a foundation that operated a village AIDS clinic there, it occurred to me that a solar powered crowd zapper might come in handy. We'd made up a pile of regular zappers to donate to our African cousins. It turned out that the village had no electricity at all, so that little crowd zapper is getting plenty of use in an area where most, especially those cast out of work by AIDS, can't afford to even buy batteries. The pile of zappers were handed out in the first few days, a drop in the bucket, really, but the other has been used to heal lots and lots of people and it won't likely wear out soon.

The cone shape of the Holy Handgrenade occurred to me as I was walking along the shore on Andros Island, not long after my 'Middle Aged Man and the Sea' ordeal, during the most harrowing part of which our Atlantean elder friend, Kashi, who had been accompanying me, woke Carol up in Florida to tell her, 'He's crazy!' and to show her on the map precisely where my boat had foundered at sea in a storm in the southern point vortex of the Bermuda Triangle east of Bimini.

The most menacing of aerial phenomena, both UFOs and conventional craft at just above rooftop level, were sent to intimidate Tara when she first committed to this project, because of a few factors that most of us are not privy too. She not only stood her ground outside when they appeared, but was quite vocal in the cloudbuster forum about her intention to do this work no matter what happens. I hope some of the older and wiser of us can take that lesson to heart and stop whining about the ufo's, choppers, jets, etc., that the feds often send to our homes in their attempts to scare us into a state of inactivity.

Next time any aircraft comes within three hundred feet of my house, I'm going to shoot it with my pellet gun and I'll be aiming at the windshield, too. I really hope one of them tries that again. Let's see if the cops show up then. It's very unlawful to operate any aircraft that way, and the cops know it better than we do, as does the military, who operate some of them. The CIA and FEMA are fundamentally unlawful, so of course it's okay to shoot at their choppers when they violate our homes. Maybe I'll get a chance to see if a bow and arrow and a roll of surveyor tape can, indeed, force one down.

By 'overkill' of course, I only mean that the HHg is more powerful than it needs to be just to neutralize a primary or secondary martial law transmitter. I bet a lot of my readers follow the principle of 'appropriate technology' already.

Our efforts are better spent making many more of the appropriate Tower Busters for the vast number of the new martial law transmitters, and save our HHgs for multiple arrays, vile vortices, Masonic temples, satanic murder sites, our in-laws' shrubberies, etc., for which they're more appropriate.

#### Dixie Buster

The Tower Buster is a 3oz paper cup, like the ones for bathroom dispensers, filled with a half/half mix of resin and metal particles into which I insert a single, funky quartz crystal. Like the Ugly Duckling, these lonely crystals are dear to me because they demonstrate that our devices work extremely well with an absolute minimum of attention to quality and refinement.

I don't mean to 'talk holes in the stomachs' (a quaint German expression given to me by a Swedish acquaintance today) of the new agers among us, nor do I wish to denigrate their fine contributions, which far outshine what I've done in many, many cases. My objective from day one has been to enable the most unholy, non-psychic of folks (not unlike myself) to be empowered by achieving miraculous results, and I still advocate waging spiritual war on the regime which is poisoning our lovely planet. I've come to terms with the fact that most of the folks who get into this are new agers, though there are many notable exceptions. The stereotype for new agers is that they talk a lot about service and spirituality but run away from real commitment. I'm proud to say that the folks associated with this forum are exceptions to THAT rule, no matter what ideology they are promoting.

These devices are both the weapons and the ammunition in this war, which I truly believe we are winning now, thanks to the unwavering support and guidance of many ethereal agencies and to the commitment of we few players with our magic bullets and cloudbusters.

Here's some evidence that I've struck a nerve of the planetary regime by telling the world about this tower-busting trick: In early May, I wrote a short article about the purpose of the martial law transmitters and about how one can easily neutralize them. I sent that article out to a network of hundreds of e-groups made up of people who typically resonate to new information like this. At the same time, I posted it on the cloudbuster forum and sent it to my friend, Ken Adachi, who posted the article, along with some photos of typical 'mind control towers,' on his very well attended site, <http://www.educate-yourself.org> Within two days, I was prevented from posting or moderating any more in the original cloudbuster forum, hosted on Yahoo, and my huge address book was erased by someone at Earthlink, my server.

This has not been much of a problem. In fact, it's led to some very good developments. The first forum had become heavily infiltrated with agent provocateurs in the absence of a moderator. From this ordeal, I learned how to get my mail without having to worry about interference by the feds (they had erased all of my business orders and left the other email alone).

Yesterday, Carol and I drove by the remaining martial law transmitter in our county which has not been neutralized and she tossed the tower buster into the brush by the side of the road. That's our 'drive by' technique. We weren't close enough to the enclosure to risk detection of the device--we feel certain that anywhere within a quarter mile (slightly less than .3 kilometer, 440 yards, or 4½ football fields) is sufficient, and it's best to shallowly bury it. If the Borg scrambles at some point

to find these things, the distance, combined with the 'braincloud,' a la the Wingmakers' effect on the minds and eyes of the searchers, will pretty much ensure that the tower busters won't be discovered and removed.

#### Hematite

Even though Carol advised me after I'd made the first prototype that four hematite beads would have made it work better, I opted to test the one I'd made, since many of you don't have easy access to hematite beads. She says this grounds the energy faster so that the orgone field will build up more quickly in case the transmitter gets turned on full blast right away.

She did allow, though, that the field was instantly sufficient to cancel out the nasty energy coming out of that transmitter, which is a primary one, by the way, apparently controlled through a satellite, and that it would easily eat up the stuff even if/when the traitorous feds turn it on full blast this fall.

#### Feedback

Many folks are saying that the orgonite devices all seem to be operating intelligently, and I got an uncharacteristic telepathic message concerning that first tower buster that went something like this, 'Don't worry about it, Bub, I can handle it.'

As you probably guessed, the reason I did this is so that more towers will get busted in time to prevent the high treason being referred to as 'martial law' from being attempted at all. Though the regime can be characterized by extreme cunning, which sometimes approximates intelligence, and extreme arrogance, which is probably why they refused to consider all of us threats until long after it was feasible to suicide us, they aren't so stupid that they'll commit millions of Russians and Chinese, along with whatever other mercenaries they can con into risking life and limb for them, to invade and subdue Europe, North America and beyond, in the face of a limitless guerrilla force, even in part of one nation, and we've all cleared a lot of 'parts' of several nations of these damn transmitters already, as they well know.

#### Call to Action

I admit that the prospect of making 300 HHGs next week, which is what will be needed to neutralize all of the primary transmitters, HAARP arrays, underground bases, etc, in my part of the country, was daunting, but I can easily make 250 Tower Busters and 50 HHGs (for hard targets). I found four brand new HAARP arrays along the interstate on my last trip to Seattle from Spokane-300 miles.

I can make sure that the invited invaders will give Northern Idaho, Northern Washington and Northwestern Montana a very wide berth, since there are enough potential guerrilla fighters, including yours truly, to make this counterproductive for them. It's probably worth mentioning that since the attrition of our armed forces after Desert Storm the ground troop force of the US is only numerous enough to control Rhode Island, so they are not a threat, even if the rank and file were willing to kill their unarmed Countrymen, which they are not. All the fancy military hardware in the world wouldn't do much good to an occupying force, which is why the poorer-equipped but nearly uncountable Chinese and Russians are more appropriate. You can bet that most of our military folks will exercise their oaths to defend the constitution if martial law gets implemented, so they'd be on our side if they were to somehow make it back to the US from their far-flung outposts.

Of course, if my region is a bad military risk that means that the mercenaries are more likely to show up where you are, zip cuff you when your local transmitter has thrown you and your

neighbors to the ground, and haul you off to the guillotine, so I hope to God I've given you some incentive to match the efforts of Jesse, Dragon Al, Texas Jeff, Secret Buddy, Tara, Kam Wong, Carlo, Nova Scotia Jeff & Angela, Tillie, Kolina & Lisa, Carol & I, and many anonymous others out there and simply prevent that possibility in your region, too.

Imagine how nice the world's going to be after we've faced down the arrogant bullies pretty soon and exposed their ages-old transgressions and genocidal agenda! Dare we think of the possibilities, too, after the Pajama People all around us have found it expedient to dress for the day and assume some of their responsibilities, as we have? The regime would have us all believe that, if given half a chance to manage its own affairs, humanity would turn into a raging, anarchic mob, but I believe that this would be the exception, not the rule.

Most of the world already live their lives with very little interference or 'help' from centralized national governments because those governments simply lack the infrastructure and massive funding required to maintain the sort of tyranny and mind control that's found in Europe, North America and developed Asian nations, so we who live in the developed nations may have to study and be taught by our less-industrialized neighbors how to get along in our local communities without being micromanaged by ethically-challenged strangers, thousands of miles away.

The internet has amply demonstrated that the trend in the emerging paradigm is away from centralized power toward more responsibility and freedom for the individual and each community is a montage of elegantly unique individuals with boundless potential.

It's Now or Never

We've got a little more than a month, perhaps less, to get the tower-busting job done, according to many grounded people's reckonings. Now that the towers are completed in my part of the nation, I'm about to finish the job this month. To state the obvious, pretty soon the PJ folk will realize that these new transmitters have nothing at all to do with communication, since most of them are pretty well glued to their cell phones and will recognize at some point that the coverage is still just as spotty as ever even though a forest of transmitters just went up this year in and around their locale. This is the point at which the regime will have lost the initiative altogether if they haven't found it feasible to initiate their genocidal agenda yet, since every population would be unmanageable once the true nature of these transmitters is even hinted at.

We are probably close to the 'hundredth p.j. monkey' situation right now. Not to denigrate the PJ folk, of course. Scratch the surface of most of them and you'll find a golden individual who wants what's best for his fellows. That's why I don't insult them with the term, 'sheeple.'

History shows that tyranny relies 90% on voluntary compliance and 10% on threat of force and that means the populace has to be conned into policing each other. Who can imagine that those old tactics are going to work in the emerging paradigm? It worked in America when the feds got the WWII vets (commendable for their self-sacrifice, but reproachable for their 'go along to get along' striving to conform) and their friends to burn Dr. Reich's books and cheer as he was railroaded into prison, where he was murdered in the early 1950s.

Most of the American people aren't falling for this criminal regime's latest fear-mongering, race-hatred campaign aimed at the people of the Middle East. Now that the more malleable whites in America are no longer the overwhelming majority and race hatred has become unfashionable, these blatant attempts at mind control and patriotic mob incitement are falling short of their mark, causing thinking people to distrust their alleged government even more. Contrast this with the xenophobia and blood lust that swept the nation after the world regime tricked Saddam into

taking Kuwait only ten years ago. Of course, the Internet wasn't around then. Even the peace-loving liberals bought into that feeding frenzy.

As consolation to those who fundamentally hate to look at evil and are inclined to punish those of us who do, the presence of so many orgonite devices, spread across the landscape at each primary transmitter location, will uplift humanity in these regions for two reasons: 1) they are synergistically neutralizing a primary producer of dead orgone; 2) they are spinning the good orgone out into the atmosphere in direct proportion to the feds' efforts to produce the bad, ugly stuff. Of course, the fonts of dead orgone are all operating at about 15% now to keep everyone from integrating the emerging paradigm information, so I guess that would be reason number three to bust them right now. It really doesn't matter what terminology is used as long as the deed gets done. Go ahead and turn the spiritual warrior, Archangel Michael, into an interior decorator if you want.

Since this is a worldwide phenomenon, as far as we can see, I sincerely hope that if you're living in a nation in which armed resistance is not an option anymore (all developed countries, aside from the US, Switzerland and South Africa) you'll at least consider the latter as prime motivating factors to put these transmitters out of commission.

These are NOT for communication, folks, so I think it's prudent to exercise good neurolinguistics and stop calling them 'cell towers.'

The main reason for these transmitters is to enforce compliance to the planned, potentially imminent worldwide tyranny, which is determined decimate the world's population back to the numbers that existed before the industrial revolution so that they can more efficiently manage humanity, whom they have always considered their chattel.

#### Towers Are Bad News

This stuff is worse than the darkest future scenarios that science fiction writers have been capable of inventing--in fact it's so horrid and unthinkable that nobody who would dare to write it as fiction would be able to sell it.

Nobody wants to think about an overt, global tyranny that would make Hitler, Robespierre, Stalin, Mao and Pol Pot pale into historical insignificance, but this has been the cherished hope of the Illuminati for perhaps six millennia, in the studied opinions of some people. Let's deprive those old farts in the White Brotherhood of their long-cherished goals, okay? After that, we'll be looking at a very bright future, beyond our fondest hopes.

I feel that it's important to state that globalism is not inherently bad. In fact, it's the next logical step in the maturing process of our species. We just don't need it crammed down our throat this way, that's all. We really are better than that, in spite of what the CIA spin artists in the universities and media want us to believe.

Another reminder is that it's still important to use the holy handgrenades to restore the compromised vortices, neutralize locations of predatory institutions, and sweeten our neighborhoods and cities, so the Tower Busters are in no way meant to make the HHGs extraneous.

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That's right-I said, 'White Brotherhood.' Why do you think Lucis Trust (formerly Lucifer Trust) is the only institution that refers officially to them as the 'saviors and benevolent guides' of humanity. Yikes. Have you ever read some of the UN literature written and published by that trust? If you do, you're in for a rough ride if you have a tender heart. They're the official publishers for the United Nations, which now formally promotes a 'population reduction' policy instead of its former 'zero population growth' recommendations. Actually, only the terminology has changed, becoming more blatant and revealing lately. The policy has always been the same as it is now.

Don't most people realize that the AIDS 'epidemic' in Africa, for instance, was created and is maintained by the World Health (?) Organization. I was shocked to learn that the UN has forced all African governments to punish traditional healers for treating AIDS sufferers and only UN-sanctioned drugs are allowed to be used for that. Thank God most of the traditional healers, the majority of whom are women, are not intimidated by this threat, nor are most of the men who would have to enforce these alleged laws keen on offending these powerful witches. I don't think these women would bother calling the cops if they felt personally threatened, if you catch my meaning. The voodoo guys are scared of them.

The Lucis Trust's other big interest is the new age movement, which it claims to foster and shepherd. Can you see why I cringe a bit every time someone signs a note to me with 'Love and Light?' I tried signing my return notes, 'Lust and Darkness,' in an attempt to balance it out a bit, but I quickly abandoned that when I realized that some were taking it as a sexual come-on. Words are important and revealing, no matter how enlightened and holy we believe we are.

#### Turning the Tide

Let's see if anyone comes forward to defend those genocidal old jerks now. Carol tells me that they're already scouting around for the ratlines so they can abandon their berthed, sinking ship when the time comes, pretty soon. All we need to do is minimize the mayhem they wish to commit in their spitefulness and frustration as they scurry along to keep up with their receding paradigm-sort of like the way the Nazi's tried to blow up Paris at the end of their visit there in 1945.

What we're doing right now with our Tower Busters and Holy Handgrenades can be compared to turning the Nazis' high explosives around Paris into chocolate or delicious, stinky cheese. Can you imagine a more fun and rewarding pastime than this one? It might be a good time now to start thinking about what we'll do with these useless transmitters. I'd like to make a kind of tree house in one next summer. No doubt the free energy electrical generators that are at many of these transmitters, underground, will come in pretty handy for us all. You'll notice that many of them are not connected to the power grid.

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I hope that Mark & Suze, Ben & Jerry, Kristina, Kees & Eric, Oroville Dave, Stanly, Secret Buddy, Moonreaderman, Vancouver Steve, Kam Wong and the rest of the orgone pioneers will continue developing their fine, improved CBs and other devices and keep us all posted on their

progress! There's certainly room for us all and many more in this new field of service to humanity.

Don Croft