

The Adventures of Don & Carol Croft – Parts 31 – 40

Episode 31

Beating The Felonius Feds' Surveillance Team & Psychics

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<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc31beatingfeloniousfeds22aug02.shtml>

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Carol and I went shopping on Monday to Spokane, which is 80 miles north of our little town, Moscow, Idaho.

The NSA, and sometimes also the CIA, watches us constantly due to our past successes in frustrating their wishes, or at least they try to monitor us. We keep a dedicated Succor Punch (SP) going on a 12v battery, 24/7, in the house so they can't listen to our conversations.

On & Off Fun

Usually, we 'make' a fed agent or two before we leave town, and though we didn't have any Holy Handgrenades or tower busters made up, they had to assume we were out to savage their agenda, as usual, so they sent the requisite number of ubiquitous white vehicles to track us after I turned on the Succor Punch just before reaching the first highway junction. When the SP is off, they simply track us by satellite.

I do that so that they'll have to send somebody up each road, since turning on the 15Hz Succor Punch blocks all the voice and satellite locator transponders in the vehicle, leaving visual surveillance as the only alternative.

Carol says we've gotten quite a reputation and that they all hate being assigned to watch us.

I turn it off when we reach a destination, then turn it on again at intervals designed to maximize their legwork. Try it yourself!

By 4PM they had given up trying to locate us. This was a first for us, and hopefully we're setting a trend that others can follow now.

The 15Hz Punch

I don't think it's widely known that you can block electronic surveillance. Wilhelm Muller, the actual inventor of the first successful magnet motor/generator, showed me how to block their mastering and transponders by just punching in 15Hz to a little frequency Box, which he got in Italy. I later got one that was made in Bosnia before the factory was demolished in that managed conflict, but the effects of the Succor Punch are far more powerful and apparently even satellite visual tracking is messed up by it-who knows how?

Although the Interpol spooks are more aggressive than the ones here (I'm waiting to hear if this is true in Switzerland, where folks are well armed) their attention spans have great lapses when one is depositing orgonite devices, and these guys are the direct descendents of the Gestapo, so you'd expect more out of them.

Let the Games Begin

The first fed we saw was the boss, the Special Agent in Charge. Carol knew they were waiting for us just south of Spokane on US 95.

He crossed the highway in front of us and I gave him a good look so he knew we'd made him. He was driving a very expensive 4WD truck with a large cab-shiny white.

Carol said the second guy was following about a quarter mile back, so I pulled over and waved at him as he passed in his shiny white car.

I sped up to tail him-he was driving REALLY fast-but we got off at the next exit to buy some gemstones. When we got to the store, a regular stop for us, a fed was there watching us. Carol sensed him, but we didn't see him till we came out and he was with a psychic female agent. They were staring at us when we came out of the store from across the boulevard, but when I waved to them they studiously avoided looking at me ;-)

The woman showed up later on.

I turned the Succor Punch on as we drove across town and turned it off when we stopped for lunch. A couple of feds were watching us from a quarter mile away through binoculars. Carol psychically saw what they were seeing, so we located them that way, and when we pulled out, SP still off, we doubled back after they'd pulled out to follow us, then easily lost them in heavy traffic, as they dared not get too close.

I turned it on again and we drove toward Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, 20 miles east on the Freeway. After we crossed the state line, I turned it off again, we went to the only store in this part of the world which sells organic snicker-doodle-flavored coffee, light roast, and timed it just right to meet the first fed to arrive from downtown Spokane. We faked them out with the SP virtuosity, so they were waiting for us in the other direction ;-)

Carol sensed the guy coming from about a mile away, so when his shiny white van came toward us on the other side of the freeway, I gave him a hearty wave and a smile.

That's the last we saw of the feds that day, though we were an hour and a half from home. For all they knew, we were out busting transmitters like bats out of hell.

Though I know that doing this without a telepath in attendance is not as productive, Jeff and I gave a good account of ourselves when we closed the two remaining predatory reptilian hive portals, etc., when Carol was in Paris last month, and if we can do it, so can you, most likely. I don't know if 32 Hz works for this, but I can try that in the Zapporium, since it has a multiple frequency generator hooked to the built-in mobius coil/crystal arrangement in that vehicle. I'll let you know. The SPs have our zapper circuit hooked up to them, so the frequency's not changeable.

The Empire Strikes Back

That night, Jenny was being psychically attacked by the female agent, so we hooked into that loop with the SP and got that the agent is one of six assigned to try to harm us and to spy on us astrally.

This one created a connection to Jenny's solar plexus through the ground, which Carol said is clever, and the intention was to sicken the teenager so that we'd have to stick around. Of course, the Terminator cures any real sickness aside from acute poisoning, so all that was left was the emotional component.

Carol was loath to do what needed doing because she's so keenly aware of the importance of doing no harm in her work. However, the agent was in the process of harming Carol's daughter, so it was okay to do enough to break the connection.

Federally trained psychics don't know how to defend themselves, as I mentioned. It may not be important why this is so, but it's good to know that it is. Predatory people like that are not vulnerable in the areas that they choose to attack others, that is, the head charkas, but they are easily manipulated through their lower charkas, which is where Carol directed me to focus the SP's energy with her.

All we had to do was to juice up her kundalini in the second and third charkas and she was on the floor in a fetal position, overcome with fear because she had no subsequent control over her mind. The body is always the boss, folks, no matter what anyone told you ;-). The feds show their spiritual stupidity for ignoring this simple truth, but of course to study the energies of the lower charkas in a balanced way requires integrity. Need I say more? People centered in their bodies aren't manipulable by head games, which may be why Africans are immune to mind control, for instance.

I got a flood of threatening mental images from the female agent. This is what I got from the Draconian that was the first target of my first Succor Punch. As with the mentally oriented Draconian, this person's efforts were pretty pitiful. I'm an in-the-body sort of fellow.

Wanted: Psychic Warriors

Almost a year ago, every psychic we knew or knew about was severely attacked by the fed psychics in an effort to warn them away from opposing the regime. This didn't seem to have much to do with the Cloudbuster effort, since it was just barely getting started. All of them we knew about got physically ill for a couple of weeks, except for the ones who had zappers, of course.

Some of them spun all sorts of fancy explanations for their failure to protect themselves, but most of them seem to know, at least, that they were targeted.

I hope more of them will come forward and use their talents, as Carol is, to oppose the predatory regime. I think it's going to happen pretty soon. Nobody likes the notion that they're going to get attacked arbitrarily by strangers, so my hope is that some of them will avail themselves of our protection/aggression devices and put these spooks in their places.

I've said this before, but Ed Dames presents his version of remote viewing as the ultimate spyware. In fact, it's the Model T of psychic spying tech. If you believe him, you'd believe that the battleship, Arizona, is state of the art naval power. The federal government's unlawful spy agencies, mainly NSA and CIA, are turning out psychics faster than we can estimate and they're all eager to prove themselves. They don't teach them much about universal law, apparently. Sort of like the police academies no longer mention the Constitution, but we know for sure that they can be held to account more or less instantly when they break those laws and try to harm us.

I guess the average Joe, since he's unaware of the existence of the larger aspects of his own existence, is completely defenseless against these predators, so they are always surprised and rather shocked when we identify them and put them on the SP 'spit' for a few turns. The woman agent was the first human to stay the course after that, but in her case we simply went after her boss, to whom she and the other five were assigned to block access by us. It was mighty easy to

get to him and we were both surprised to see that it was the same fellow we'd made earlier in the day. He's an accomplished mason, so this stuff is not new to him.

I energized his chakras with kundalini, starting from the base, and he was in pretty good shape, so when I got to his heart I wasn't surprised to find that he's essentially a loving person. Carol said at that point that all he wanted to do was quit, but he felt locked in because it was his livelihood. He appeared to be close to retirement age.

Since Jenny was free of the attachment at this point, we simply left them alone. I'd be very surprised if they try something like that again. Carol said the boss agent was made aware of the attempt to kill us last week, but wasn't connected with it. I've seen him at least once around here-the day that Jeff and I went to the Cascade Mountains, he was hanging out beside one of the transmitters we hadn't neutralized yet.

You can bet they're all reading this post. I'm told that about fifty feds read everything I write.

It's funny, but if anyone were to ask me to do anything requiring psychic perception, I'd have little or no confidence in my own advice, but when I'm doing this stuff it feels like I can't fail. Carol told me that until I was fifteen, I was being trained in the MK Ultra Program to be a spook. They canned me then because of integrity issues-I had it and they didn't. That might explain why I absolutely love tweaking them. I admit that I love it more than life itself. I suppose that as long as I enjoy playing for high stakes, it's better to do it this way than to turn into one of the zombies that one sees in Vegas.

Underlying everything, of course, is my faith that we're going to win this game, once and for all. This is absolutely the best time to be alive!

Don't try this at home unless you're willing to ride the tiger, okay? Otherwise, let your instincts guide you and don't hesitate to follow your hunches.

Don Croft

Episode 32

Successful Tower Busting 101

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<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc32towerbusting03sep02.shtml>

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I get the feeling that many folks have a hard time believing that 3 oz of orgonite in a little paper cup can neutralize the bad effects of a martial law transmitter. I admit that by evening, during the first four days of this expedition, I was feeling sort of like Don Quixote, tilting at windmills, but two things snapped me out of that little funk: a fed SAIC (Special Agent In Charge) visited me at a transmitter site in Blackfoot, Idaho, and after each day of busting regional networks, I contended with thunderstorms over precisely the area that had been neutralized. There had been little rain throughout the summer west of the parts of Idaho covered by cloudbusters, but I didn't know that at the time. A year ago, I had a hunch that something on the ground was being used to fight the effects of the cloudbusters. At first I thought it was just HAARP, but then I suspected that the vast network of new transmitters was producing sufficient dead orgone to keep the sky from assuming its pristine state consistently.

Dixie Hugs

I arrived at the little Dixie Cup solution after feeling some frustration at the thought of producing hundreds of HHGs to do the job that needed to be done on a large scale in my region of the country. After Carol and I tested the idea on some local transmitters, I remembered that we first got the notion that we could neutralize dead orgone sources this way when we were lying on a beach in South Florida a couple of years ago and she was astonished to see the nice orgone field that my Terminator was reaching out about twenty feet instead of three or four feet.

We discovered that afternoon that there's a nuke plant on the long, skinny island, about 20 miles south of where we'd been swimming. We first tested our theory that organite puts out more energy in the presence of a dead/deadly orgone source rather than getting polluted by it when we drove the Zapporium past the nuke plant north of Portland, Oregon a couple of months before that. This was the ultimate test to me, since orgone accumulators become toxic in the vicinity of any dead orgone source, and deadly within up to forty miles of a nuke reactor.

We made up our first HHg the next day and delivered it to the Florida nuke plant south of the swimming beach. That was the day after Carol noticed the orgone field of the Terminator enlarging and becoming more vital. This was in November 2000, four months before we made our first cloudbuster. After we put the four ounces of organite & two little quartz crystals in a Terminator box (1"x 2"x3") we drove out onto the island and put it in the bushes at the entrance to the nuke facility, about a half mile from the reactor itself. We stayed there while Carol watched what happened to the energy. Immediately, the dead/deadly orgone field shrunk from its beyond-sight limit to exactly where the HHg prototype was sitting and remained stable there. Both of us found our breathing easy and the oppressive, vaguely ominous feeling simply vanished outside that spherical field.

I know that a huge percentage of people who work at nuke facilities die of cancer, much too early in life. I fully agree with Dr. Reich's assessment that the real danger from nuke reactors is the dead/deadly orgone fields they produce, which can't be shielded, rather than from radiation itself, which can be shielded effectively. These transmitters all put out that nasty energy right now, which is a good reason not to wait to neutralize them all in your area, at least for your own sake.

Last night, I got back from my first large-scale campaign of neutralizing the new transmitters. After consulting with Jerry Morton, who lives east of Boise, Idaho, and who had neutralized (by that time) more than a hundred new transmitters and major arrays from thirty miles east of his home, westward to Oregon along the very wide, populous Snake River Valley, I committed to covering the entire valley from Twin Falls over to Wyoming, leaving the corridor from Pocatello to Utah to Jerry and his son, Ben.

Since most of the state is wilderness between that valley and our own home in Moscow, on the Idaho panhandle far to the north, that only leaves the populous region including Coeur d'Alene and Sand Point, north of the wilderness area, which Carol and I will finish off together. She'd worked for the Census Bureau in the north panhandle in 1999 so knows it better than most people. Also, she grew up sort of right next door to that area, on Mt. Spokane, in Washington State.

We used the transmitters for fifty miles around our own home to test the parameters of the Tower Busters. We used Holy Handgrenades on all of the arrays in this area (there are nine of those). We're seeing, by the way, that there's an average of one array per six or seven single and double towers, though of course cities larger than a hundred thousand people have more single

transmitters per array. For double towers, we put down two Tower Busters, for single ones, one is sufficient, no matter how much crap they've piled onto the tower.

I'll spare you the geographical details so you'll get a feel for the spirit of this exercise, which I dearly hope you'll replicate at least in your own immediate area, for your own sake if not for humanity's, since these damn things are minimizing the effects of your cloudbuster right now and stopping a lot of rain, in conjunction with the chemtrail program. We've all essentially castrated the latter program's biological weapons aspect, but they still have the capability of stopping most of the rain in cooperation with the dead orgone producing transmitters.

It's up to you to find out if you can repeat what I accomplished. I expect that your results will be even more dramatic, since none of the areas where I produced afternoon thunderstorms have cloudbusters.

If you're discouraged about being able to find vortices, don't be! The regime has mapped them all out for you by placing transmitter arrays in and around them. Any time you see more than two new transmitters within a quarter to a half-mile of each other, you will be in a major vortex if you stand in the middle of that. At this point, Carol and I are pretty sure that all of the other transmitters are located at least on ley lines. The regime does this to maximize the effects of their predatory apparatus. This isn't a new practice-it's been part of their occult modus operandi for millennia, which is why there are cathedrals built on the old pagan holy sites in Europe and large corporate headquarters and/or facilities in North America are built on ancient native holy places whenever possible.

The neatest part, to me, is that when one places an orgonite device anywhere near a transmitter, it not only transmutes the deadening energy of the transmitter (all of which are operating at low power right now) into life force and heals the lesion in the earth's energy field that the transmitter has produced.

An ancient principle in warfare is to use the enemy's own energy and information against him. Though the mention of war is repugnant to many of you who have cloudbusters and have also contributed magnificently to the effort of healing these transmitter lesions, the fact remains that the regime is making war on us and on the planet itself, so I'm not out of bounds in discussing our mutual work in this context.

The regime gives us information about the locations of vortices and ley lines simply by erecting their horrific transmitters and arrays. By putting orgonite devices in the vicinity of these sites, we create a condition in which there is more life force in those locations than would have been there if they hadn't put those towers there in the first place.

Los Angeles and New York City are the most challenging areas, since each place has thousands of individual transmitters and perhaps a hundred arrays. I recommend hitting the routes leading out of the city first, since these are apparently designed to prevent masses of well-armed people leaving the metropolitan areas, which would be untenable for even a vast, blue helmeted invading army. I guarantee that you can bust those towers a lot faster than they can put up new ones. I've seen the transmitters in the passes leading out of LA and a photo of these would be sufficient proof to anyone that this has nothing to do with cell phones. They put them on telephone poles about a quarter mile apart along the canyons, most of which are unpopulated. The San Francisco Bay area has the same phenomenon.

I noticed that all the major arrays had the little transmitters like this on phone poles among the much larger, more complex towers. I believe these are designed to stop people from sabotaging the array, nothing else-they're probably to be left on full blast for the duration of martial law so that the array need not have an occupying force. I guess they weren't counting on us, eh?

The first day in the trenches was problematic for me because it was the first time I'd ever covered a large area by myself. That involved a lot of driving along gravel and dirt roads, many of which aren't on the maps, in order to find my way to the major arrays, especially. By late afternoon the wind and rain were so intense that it was hard to keep the last major array in sight through the heavy downpour and dust clouds.

The reason I knew that this thunderstorm was produced by my own efforts is that I watched it form in a blue sky directly over Twin Falls, a city of 50,000, shortly after I'd neutralized the major arrays north and south of the city and all of the transmitters within the urban area between those two buttes. Blue sky and scattered, puffy white clouds surrounded the storm, so it was obviously not part of a frontal system.

This happened on the following two days over Pocatello and Idaho Falls, two cities of comparable size, in exactly the same way as I worked my way west and north.

My goal was to do this in a way that you can easily replicate, so I didn't focus on any of the more abstruse techniques that Carol and I are fond of but might be hard for you to relate to.

If you live in a city, just drive back and forth on parallel major streets, about a mile or so apart, and keep watching for the transmitters. Drop a Tower Buster in a river, into somebody's shrubbery, or other concealed spot not closer than a block from the transmitter, and move on to the next one you see. Remember that if you put it too close it may be discovered in a search. We don't bury these unless there's no other option. The Drive-By technique is fun and kind of romantic to us, pointing up how little effort is required to neutralize these costly apparatus. In that spirit, we put pennies on our zappers as electrodes, a comment on how quickly and cheaply one can cure 'incurable,' otherwise costly illnesses, such as cancer and AIDS.

Put a Holy Handgrenade (more than a pint is not necessary if you can get close) in the vicinity of all the arrays in the city or within sight of it in the outlying area. It's probably best to shallowly bury these as close as possible. If the arrays are in a restricted area and you don't feel confident in 'trespassing,' simply line two or three HHGs up, a quarter mile or so apart, aiming generally at the array. It might be a good idea to get an HHg on either side of that array, as close as you can safely get. The range of these devices can be quite significant if you vector them this way. If you're not confident in your dowsing ability for finding optimum HHg locations in this case, buy one of Ben's pendulums and get up to speed that way.

Here's how I found the first of the two underground bases:

The afternoon before taking on Pocatello, I took care of all the transmitters and arrays in the farming region north and west of the city, which is in a sort of 'pocket valley' leading off toward Utah from the much larger Snake River Valley.

By the time I reached the city of Blackfoot, 25 miles north of Pocatello, the feds had been tracking my progress by noting the sequence of neutralized transmitters. There were two towers just inside the city limits and within five minutes of busting the first one, a shiny, light brown

pickup truck with tinted windows showed up and parked beside that tower, which was close to the road.

Making sure the person in the truck didn't see what I did for the other tower, I drove over and parked beside him and rolled my window down. I had to get close to notice the four very thin, oddly shaped antennae on the roof of the cab.

The driver, a middle aged man with very short hair, rolled his window down and I said, 'Do you want to talk to me?' He said, 'No, sir,' but didn't look at me. He looked bemusedly at the lovely graphics that I'd painted on the side of the Zapporium while I scrutinized all the fancy radio equipment sticking out from his dashboard. That only lasted about five seconds before I drove away. I had the impression that he didn't want to talk much.

The following morning I was ready to take on Pocatello's challenges, and the huge, new conning tower at the small airport and the HAARP & transformer array, along with the town-sized pile of dirt beside it, both of which were across the interstate highway from the airport indicated the presence of a moderate-sized underground base. Zoe in Salt Lake City was the first to note the presence of HAARP transmitters in a major transformer complex, so I was watching for that. All transformer arrays have lightning rods that stick up twenty or thirty feet above the structure, but the transmitters are at least a hundred feet tall, usually much taller, and there are at least four of them. When you see one, bury an HHg nearby.

When you see a transmitter that looks like the top half of a bowling pin, put an HHg as close as you can to that one, too. We don't know what they're for, but sometimes they're at airports, sometimes out in the middle of nowhere. Carol says the energy coming off of them is extremely bad, though we haven't a clue what they're for. Pocatello Airport has one.

After I took care of the single martial law transmitter at the airport, near the terminal, early that morning, I noticed that an airport security vehicle was discretely parked and the driver was watching me meander the grounds looking for other targets. I didn't find any more, so I drove back over the interstate and parked by the overpass, facing the big dirt pile and transformer/HAARP array on the hillside at the edge of the valley. Before any major assaults, I like to park at a vantage point and scrutinize the enemy territory through my binoculars.

As I was doing that, a fed in a white car drove slowly past me, turned right and drove into a gas station nearby. She made the mistake of stopping in the middle of the lot for a few seconds before parking by the convenience store, where she was for several minutes, too long to get a snack and/or use the bathroom, so I drove down there myself, arrived and parked out of sight of whoever was in the store, and entered through the front door.

Surprise! ;-)

The woman quickly bypassed the counter and left, carrying two coffee cups to her car. There was nobody else in the car, but a young man in neat, nondescript civilian clothes and with a military haircut was still at the counter, while the clerk was trying to process his card, which I assumed he was trying to use to pay for the coffee. He apologized to me for taking so long, and I told him it was okay, I had all day. He wasn't in the car when she drove by me on the overpass.

When I looked at the card on the counter, he covered it with his hand, faced me and made some odd comment about county cards, passports, and '9/11 wouldn't have happened if blah, blah, blah.'

I said, 'Oh, come on-anyone who's been in the military knows that the feds blew up those building.' He gave me a very odd look and simply left. I followed him out after paying for my coffee. He had gotten in the driver seat of a cop car that was parked by the gas pumps. The real cop (I assumed) was sitting in the passenger seat with a bemused look on his face. Needless to say, I didn't see those folks again. I sincerely hope that I'm not getting them into too much trouble by writing this, but I thought you would want to know about it.

In case I've given the impression that I'm against police in general, I want to correct that now. I've found that most of the police I've met are just as self-sacrificing and service-oriented as you and I are, and just as much in love with the idea of personal freedom and responsibility. This may not be true in some of the major cities, of course, or out in Goiterville someplace, but I hope that none of us have taken the attitude that policemen are the enemy, per se, and the same is true for the military people I've known, here and abroad.

The NSA and CIA are not legitimate police agencies, nor are they serving any useful purpose as far as I can tell. They're awfully interested in these towers and underground bases, which represent a secret as well kept and potentially deadly as the Manhattan Project. We've never heard or seen evidence that the FBI are interested in what we're doing.

Felonious Feds

By the way, I'm not pleased with the fact that some feds have kept all of the wholesale zapper payments from being delivered to us in the past two weeks, but we'll find a way to stop that, too, I'm sure, just as I found a way to get my business email again after they tried to stop that in April. When I get more info about the latest transgression by the unlawful feds, I'll share that with you, too. The first assault on our livelihood by them came right after I shared instructions for neutralizing these very towers.

I think the regime sent that MK Ultra sap to kill us just on principle and the folks who arranged that are probably not connected with the ones doing this petty harassment. The killers' handlers really need to have some time-out or get their own heads removed, but I'd like to have a heart to heart talk with the folks who are just interfering with our livelihood. They need to at least realize that their interference has become an endorsement. I could still do this work even if I had to go back to living in my car and snapping sign jobs. I'm sure that Ivo-fellow sign-painter and Tower Buster extraordinaire in Connecticut-can relate.

Of course, anyone with a Succor Punch in the car will remain electronically invisible to the spies during the tower busting episodes, and having one turned on inside the house will ensure that their conversations at home won't be electronically monitored, unless they're online or on the phone. Otherwise, it's pretty easy to get the job done without been seen by the street level federal watchers.

I did trespass that day in order to get an HHg properly placed to vector that HAARP array, which was impossible to get close to. It was connected, energetically, to an extensive mountaintop array overlooking Pocatello. That road was hard to find!

If you decide to trespass on the regime's sanctum sanctorum this way, try to get a feel for how long it will take the guys with handcuffs to get to you. Do the deed and get out of there in that case. Honestly, I find this sort of gambling a lot more fun and rewarding than slot machines or blackjack (or baccarat with Blofeld?) but don't try this unless you are willing to take the consequences for failure. I've got my pit bull teeth in their pants right now, and I'm not letting go,

no matter what. Some more pit bulls out there besides the dozen or so who are doing what we're doing wouldn't be a bad idea in these days leading up to their wished-for martial law D-Day. Of course, just because an unlawful government puts 'no trespassing' signs up arbitrarily doesn't mean they own that land, and some county Sheriffs (the only law enforcers sanctioned by the US Constitution) in Arizona and Nevada proved that point by arresting armed 'federal' officers for attempting to stop them from traveling on 'their' land. That's our land, folks, not theirs.

The confirmation for neutralizing an underground base is in seeing the persistent smog above ground dissipate within hours. That's what happened there and over the much larger base in the desert west of Idaho Falls two days later. Of course, there isn't enough industry or population density to create such a smog field in those areas.

The underground base west of our home, under the Snake River Gorge in the unpopulated area downstream from Lewiston, had a persistent smog field, extending from the ground up into the higher clouds, that disappeared right after we put two HHgs on top of the base, close to the very big airstrip there.

The huge pulp mill a few miles upstream in Lewiston had maintained a dense, stinky field of smog up to the gorge's rim until we put a cloudbuster there in February. I dropped a HHg in the huge settling pond connected with that mill when I took a fortuitous wrong turn and ended up there on the first leg of my journey last week. I couldn't smell that settling pond at all yesterday when I drove past there on my way home. It had been the only part of that operation that had still stunk after the CB went up in Lewiston.

Always expect confirmation when you do this work. Otherwise, how could you expect your interest and enthusiasm to be maintained? Without the confirmations, I'd feel pretty foolish doing this. I hope you'll start small and see the immediate affects on the sky where you live, then decide if you want to extend the benefits to a wider area, which many of you will no doubt want to do after that.

I truly believe that we can get this into popular culture enough to completely dismantle the regime's worldwide genocide/tyranny apparatus, as we've done with their chemtrail plans already with our cloudbusters in less than a year.

We have faith that the Wingmakers are guiding this effort and protecting the participants. Actually, I believe that God's doing it, and that the Wingmakers are simply His/Her appointed agents.

Having said that, I know for a fact that it doesn't matter if you believe as I do and that you'll get the same results that I got no matter what you do or don't believe in. Faith has little to do with belief structures, after all. You'd need to have some faith in order to take anything I'm saying seriously enough to experiment with this stuff on your own, I think. Our faith is what unites us, not our beliefs.

Of course, there are major vortices that aren't adorned with transmitter arrays. We're noticing that there are many people showing up now with the ability to find these places and heal them with HHgs. Most of the earth's major vortices had been corrupted by the regime, which is essentially parasitic as well as predatory, so taking these back for humanity and our lovely planet deprives the regime of their dark chi, without which they can't operate effectively.

Here's what I saw after putting a single HHg in a single transmitter array that was located on flat ground on the edge of a small town:

There was an amorphous white mass of cloud that began spreading from the sky directly above that array, which was made up of four tall towers that bristled with every sort of panel, rod, dish and drum transmitter apparatus. There were no other transmitters within five miles of this array. The cloud formation assumed a sort of funnel shape in the center, which pointed down to the transmitters.

There was no wind associated with it and it remained very white throughout, unlike when a tornado is forming along a frontal system (I spent most of my early years in Arkansas' tornado zone, so I know what tornado weather looks like). It was surrounded by lovely blue sky and puffy clouds. Of course our friends, the Lemurians, were observing from their craft inside the little lenticular clouds under the other clouds.

I was watching this from about 15 miles away, where I had just neutralized another array on top of a butte. I remembered that the three previous days' thunderstorms over the cities I'd visited started out the same way, though on a much larger scale, of course.

Just as the rain-bearing cumulus cloud started forming over that amorphous mass, promising another rainstorm, a large, white, unmarked Boeing 747 flew across an edge of the amorphous part and laid a trail before turning south and flying away. Within minutes, the cumulus cloud shrunk and disappeared and the amorphous mass and white funnel shrank but didn't completely disappear or move downwind. That plane was flying at about ten thousand feet, much lower than I'd seen one fly for the past year or so.

I think that if there had been a cloudbuster in the region, the chemtrail wouldn't have been effective.

After I'd neutralized another principle butte-top array the next morning, clouds started forming from the northeast, which was downwind from the area from which rain normally arrives. I had to climb to the top of that butte, as my truck wouldn't have been able to negotiate the steep road, even if I wanted to gamble being arrested for trespassing there. I think it's safe to assume that any array that requires trespassing on alleged government land is an important one to the predatory agenda.

I didn't drive to the butte because feds were passing me on the road every five minutes or so and the dust cloud along the only dirt road leading to the butte would have given me away instantly.

For several hours, at least six chemtrail jets tried unsuccessfully to stop the windward advance of these high altitude moisture bearing clouds but they gave up around 2PM and the clouds kept advancing over the areas of the huge underground base in the desert that I was able to 'hug'. There were at least four nuke plants above ground around the perimeter of that base, though the densest part of the smog field was in the middle, which looked completely empty. There were two arrays on buttes near the north and south edges, within the restricted zone, the much larger south one having nineteen separate towers on a very high, steep volcanic cone.

Lines of dumped rock and soil can be seen along the road every quarter mile or so, and a huge pile of excavated dirt and rocks is near one of the nuke plants, giving away the presence of the underground base even more graphically than the smog field in the desert. These piles are often seen near the transmitter. They learned not to pile it too high, so you might have to look closely

for inexplicable piles of rock and soil in the vicinity of the new towers. Carol 'saw' many of them connected to underground networks and now she's telling me that most transmitters can be manually controlled from directly below ground.

This area is called Idaho National Engineering and Environmental Labs, so I assumed this is one of the places the regime uses to experiment with ways to engineer the destruction of our environment. The confirmation that this hunch was correct came within an hour or so of putting the last HHg in place around the restricted area, which is phenomenally large. I literally watched the darkening clouds extend over the area as the smog fields shrank into two lingering fields, and then disappeared. The very strong wind that had persisted all day diminished at the same time, another confirmation.

New Psi Games

On the drive home yesterday, I was subjected to a brand new (to me) sort of psychic assault which was apparently designed to get me to visualize the locations of the HHgs that I'd placed to neutralize that large array on the southern butte on INEEL.

I had to get home and work with Carol to neutralize that effort. She and Linda had been subjected to it since their visit to the underground base at Umatilla, Oregon, a couple of weeks before that, but had just discovered the source of it, since it's a lot more subtle than anything we'd encountered before, including the ET stuff, early on. This is strictly a human effort involving NSA/CIA psychics and some newer, high tech apparatus.

More on that later, after we get better data, but we're handling it fine, with Wingmaker assistance, and getting more info from the enemy in the meantime, of course.

I hope that the ground level NSA/CIA spooks and psychics won't be punished after we've all established real governments in North America, unless they've been involved in killing people, of course. I don't think the murderous agents have any illusions about working under lawful mandates, but the others probably do. I look forward to meeting some of the folks who have been assigned to spy on us and harass us and swap stories with them. Carol and I have gotten friendly waves from some of them after we recognized them, even before we noticed them a couple of times. Those are usually young people and/or people of color.

Talk to the Animals

The following is worth mentioning, but shouldn't be considered essential to this work. Whenever I needed to find the right farm road to get to a tower or array, I found that the behavior of hawks and doves was helpful, which is ironic considering my ongoing dialogue with cloudbuster aficionados who hate my warfare analogies. This might be a good time to refer to David Icke's assertion that the dove is a symbol of predatory aspects of the ancient world regime rather than to any association with peace, but I don't support or deny his claims about that.

Carol was the first one to point out and demonstrate to me that the behavior of birds and animals in general can be used to show us what to do. Lots of cloudbuster folks have noted anomalous behavior of birds around them, especially hawks and eagles.

Have you noticed that vultures are rarely seen in areas where there is a cloudbuster? We saw them a lot around here before putting a CB up and I only saw a half dozen or so in the area I visited in the last week, though it was hundreds of miles from the nearest known cloudbuster. I'm sure there

are no cloudbusters west of Jerry's in Idaho because the local thunderstorms had a lot of lightning and wind, characteristics that are almost entirely absent in T-storms when a CB is present. This is another proof that the concerns that we are doing harm with our version of the CB are unfounded.

At any rate, vultures love dead orgone fields and are apparently not comfortable in areas of strong, healthy orgone.

Chemtrails & Spook Busting

The chemtrails throughout Idaho are disappearing just about as fast as they can be squirted out, so the range of cloudbusters for this, at least, is vast in every case. I proved, at least to myself, that the chemtrails were heavily dependent on the dead orgone created by the worldwide network of martial law transmitters. A fast drive through the Los Angeles Basin would demonstrate this to anyone these days. You'd drive from blue, healthy sky, and as soon as you arrive in the Basin the sky is whited out at about 20,000 feet and it's blue again as you pass out of the metropolitan area in any direction. The density of transmitters there is many times greater than any place else I'm aware of. This whiteout is maintained by the transmitters, not by chemtrails. This contrast is most obvious when it's seen from a plane.

A fed, posing as a cellular phone tech, was waiting at one of the transmitters along my route, so after discretely depositing a Tower Buster under his unheeding nose, I stopped to chat with him. I was amused to hear him explain that this transmitter, which only had an array of vertical flat panels and was far from any town or highway, was for cell phones.

I noted that these costly erections, replete with buried fiber optic cable, independent power supplies, concrete prefab buildings, underground chambers, etc., are distributed in a ratio of one tower per one to three thousand people, and that it would probably take a hundred years for the tiny fraction of a penny per minute of cell phone use that he said was allotted for all of this to pay for them. No doubt all of this would be obsolete in a couple of years at current trends, anyway (I'm told that most actual cell phone traffic is handled by satellite right now, not ground transmitters), and although I consider that most folks who are corporate slaves are tacit, unquestioning supporters of top-heavy, predatory/parasitic agendas, the top fellows on the corporate dung heap are not stupid and they wouldn't waste billions of dollars on something that wasn't likely to phenomenally line their pockets and increase their own personal power. There is only one corporation on the planet in real terms, after all. Check out David Icke's assessment of the satanic symbols found in all the major corporate logos.

Sacramento has these about a half mile apart throughout the city and in the entire city of Santa Rosa, not far away, there are only two of them, I mentioned to him.

At the end of our conversation, that fellow had the same expression on his face, as did the fellow who was driving the cop car earlier that day.

In our travels, we've only seen one of these transmitters under construction, and in that case it was on a restricted road along the interstate in Nevada. Unmarked white vehicles were there. From now on, when I see anyone at these sites I'll make a point of speaking with them if possible. I hope you'll do the same and share your information with the rest of us.

I'm like anyone else in that investigating this aspect of reality feels like taking the bandage off a festering, maggot infested lesion, but that analogy holds up pretty well when you consider that not removing the bandage has even more unpleasant consequences. We're in a situation similar to

the one the German citizens found themselves in during the middle 1930's-something horrendous is being prepared for us all by the corporate elite, the very same families who created Hitler and put him into position (including the Bush family), but the implications are not fully overt yet. The difference, at least in the U.S., Switzerland and South Africa, is that these families have utterly failed to disarm the populace and the worldwide web is being used by folks like you and me to spread information quickly throughout the globe. Knowledge has always been more powerful than bullets, at any rate, but those civilian bullets are pretty daunting to the regime and America is their hoped-for prize, apparently.

Clinton, the former alleged leader of the American people, loathes the military (no small wonder), but I loathe violence in general, though I support the rank and file majority of well-intentioned men and women in our vastly diminished military, which represent a potent, immediate threat to the world regime once they've awakened to their true responsibility.

As Jerry says, we're pouring resin right now so that we won't have to pour lead later on.

Don Croft

Episode 33

American Towers Corp's New Role in Spokane, Washington

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc33spokanewashington14sep02.shtml>

September 14, 2002

American Towers Corporation, who own about a hundred and fifty or so entropy transmitters in Spokane are now responsible for creating and maintaining the healthiest citywide orgone field I've ever encountered, however involuntarily they fell into this job.

In an effort to bolster the Cloudbuster Forum's temporarily lagging image regarding this project's viability for Everyman, I was going to make tower busters with only orgonite and conquer the stalwart legion of entropy transmitters in the City of Spokane with them, alone.

I asked Carol for her opinion, and she said the Wingmakers told her that orgonite, alone, could bust a transmitter, but that I would have to use five ounces instead of three with a crystal. She passed the buck, in other words, so I still don't know what her opinion is ;-)

Laziness overcame my desire to prove this to you. Hopefully, you can find at least a bag of broken quartz crystals if our vendors are out of them or you're living in a country where getting packages from the US or Holland is like getting a root canal. I think we'll all sort that out soon, at any rate.

After about 150 drive-bys and plantings over the course of several visits by Carol and I (we did the arrays much earlier), the City of Spokane is now entropy-free. Here's what happened in the sky:

Blue Skies, Nothing But Blue Skies

As I reported on Monday, a huge blue hole opened up in the HAARP and spew remnant soup over the city after Carol and I did the downtown area. The spew had been disabled for over a year, thanks to Spokane's two cloudbusters, but there remained shreds and spots here and there in the HAARP-generated androgynous and spotty cloud cover over the city. We will soon fix those

HAARP generators and that enormous underground base a hundred miles west (upwind) of the city, but the contrast between their current boundary and the vibrant orgone field over the city is very instructive right now.

After about thirty Tower Busters were laid down in grid fashion, concealed in shrubberies and other spots, as available, every three blocks over the entire section of the city where there are tall buildings (every single building has some form of entropy-producing apparatus on top) all of that indeterminate cloud cover simply vanished in a few minutes, showing a rim. The hole was about ten miles in diameter.

Of course, we put an HHg by the huge Masonic Temple, which Carol says is used as an entrance to new underground facilities.

Driving over the low mountain pass, the whole city was visible to me in the early morning Tuesday when I arrived to finish the task. The blue hole was still there and the chemtrails were disappearing so fast there that I almost thought they were actual contrails (remember them?) but as soon as the jets flew into the surrounding HAARP-generated and entropy-transmitter sustained soup, the chemtrails lingered for up to half an hour.

One of the spewplane pilots even made a little half-loop in the soup for effect. I think that's taboo for them over populated areas because of the risk of waking up pajama people down below.

I did some of the suburbs first, then the upscale residential areas of the city, which have fewer towers than the places where folks are closer to having nothing to lose, so it wasn't until late afternoon that I got the nitty-gritty entropy zone covered.

A curious thing happened in the sky after our Sunday visit. Instead of appearing amorphous, the HAARP soup to the west, beyond the boundary of downtown Spokane's vibrant orgone field, took on an almost lovely aspect, hard to describe. I never saw that before. It was arranged in sine-wave rows, not unlike ocean waves, but the waves were side to side and sort of ephemeral, with a distinct edge to the upper surface, fading out underneath.

The edge of their pattern ended about twenty miles from the city in the morning, but after about eight hours of flying in and out of the edge by three spewplanes, the edge gradually extended to within about five miles of downtown. There are no HHgs or tower busters west of Spokane yet, but I counted four major new HAARP arrays out there recently, and I know there's an enormous base under Moses Lake, Washington, which is allegedly the cargo terminal for the Seattle airport, two hundred miles further west. I was working east of downtown, so I got a good view of the process.

After the last tower was busted in the city, the day was nearly over. Before sunset, I was treated to an awesome display of what the right-spinning orgone field was doing, because just then a spot of durable spew drifted over the city. As I watched, it started to spin around its center like water going down a drain. The nebula-shaped spinning spewcloud got more distinct, then simply vanished in about five minutes.

At that point, some overfed and redundant bureaucrat in the Department of HAARP probably told one of his sycophants, "Turn the damn thing off right now! We don't want any of those Pajama People to see what's happening to those phony clouds overhead!!!"

And sure enough, all of those lovely sine waves simply vanished within seconds then. Isn't there some Bible prophecy about signs in the heavens?

As I said, you can expect confirmation after you've busted enough transmitters in an area to get an effect in the sky. I saw that the first time when I busted all the transmitters in Twin Falls, Idaho, which is a hundred miles from the nearest cloudbuster.

Of course, I had to visit two arrays, one to the north and one to the south, both on buttes, therefore vortices, to get the full effect. One HHg at each array, about 12oz of orgonite each, took care of them. Not a bad investment in time and orgonite, eh?

I got a town-sized thunderstorm out of that day's work. Small, white fluffy clouds in a clear blue sky could be seen all around that little storm, though it was piled as high as any Kansas thunderbomber. The presence of a cloudbuster would have ensured that very little lightning would have struck the ground, by the way, and there wouldn't have been that strong wind.

The results are not always the same, but they seem to be dramatic each time, regardless.

There are about 30,000 people living there, and, sure enough, about twenty 'converted' entropy transmitters standing amongst them, all generating the purest, strongest healthy orgone imaginable. Thanks, American Tower Corporation!!! I think the ratio of entropy towers to people favors the towers more in Idaho, because more are needed in places where folks have demonstrated their will to defend their freedom. I mean that.

I like the fact that the NSA/CIA agents are not comfortable here in Idaho. They probably shouldn't get comfortable here, because those agencies are completely unlawful and not even remotely sanctioned by the US Constitution. The FBI have left us alone, pretty much, though they no doubt keep tabs on everyone who has the word 'cloudbuster' or 'holy-handgrenade' or even 'hug,' at this point, in their email or phone conversations. They probably know we're not going to harm anyone, and maybe after doing what they did to Randy Weaver's wife, they're a bit sensitive about their image regarding freedom-loving people in Idaho

Don Croft

Episode 34

Another Way to Kick Some HAARP Butt

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc34anotherwayhaarp22sep02.shtml>

September 22, 2002

We're still at home after a week of planning to get out and neutralize the rest of North Idaho's dead orgone transmitters. Carol had arranged to pick up Melody and attend a full moon ceremony in St. Maries, Idaho, so I tagged along after seeing this as the opportunity to put a Holy Handgrenade on top of nearby St. Joe Baldy Mountain, an extinct mile-high volcano that's the major vortex of the area.

I'd seen a couple of new transmitters on the mountain through binoculars, but Carol and Melody looked at the energy and told me it's a bit clouded, but still pretty strong and clean.

That morning the sky was almost completely whited out by chemtrails, which were being laid by a fleet of Boeing 747's. The striations in the phony cloud cover showed intense HAARP influence, and Carol told me that it was HAARP, from the huge new facility in Alaska, that was being used to affect our area of sky, assisted by the moon's own cycle and the time of year.

We didn't take it to heart, since we knew that it took an awful lot of energy just to affect a little bit of sky, and the edge of the area of influence was just a few miles north of St. Maries, which is about sixty miles directly north of Moscow, our town. Since most of the HAARP transmitters that were used to affect our sky locally have been neutralized, the more distant facility, we believe, has to use so much energy that it becomes counterproductive after a few hours.

Melody had brought along some of her Harmonizers and donated one for Mt. Baldy. For the Hootenists out there, I note that she included garnets, hematite, pyrite, magnetite and a pinch of sage with the tree resin and aluminum particles, and the 12 oz., cone shaped Harmonizer was wrapped with a copper coil and coated with beeswax.

It took me an hour and a half to get to the top of the mountain in the Zapporium and I decided to stick around for an hour or so to see if I could discern any effects.

After I got to the top, the whiteout spread several miles farther north, but within 20 minutes or so of burying the Harmonizer, a blue hole appeared in the mess directly overhead in which fresh chemtrails were disappearing within seconds. The other spew trails, some a couple of hours old, began disappearing around the edge of the hole and new spew trails farther from the hole began disappearing in seconds, too, and the hole expanded in all directions, accelerating until there was nothing but blue sky in all directions. There were still a lot of spewplanes at work, but the spew disappeared within about 4 seconds from each one in sight.

I had gotten back to the paved road on the way back to St. Maries by the time all of the HAARP effects and chemtrails were gone. Normally, after we do something special like that, we see at least one of the Lemurian craft not far above the horizon, but every time they've been far away and we only recognized them by the sequence of their bright flashes. Carol had seen an enormous Lemurian ship start to materialize a block from our house a few evenings ago, and the following night we saw a smaller craft streak down toward the near side of Moscow mountain a few miles east of our house, leaving a trail of luminous orgone, which faded out in a couple of seconds.

This time, as I was driving toward St. Maries to pick Carol and Melody up, I saw the sunlight reflect off of an enormous, slightly convex metal surface that was tilted about 10 degrees and was moving very slowly toward the south.

I lost sight of the craft after the road curved around the St. Joe Valley, but expected to see it again as I drove around the trees a little farther ahead. I did see it, but instead of being over the valley itself, it was still flying along the same course, but disappeared behind a mountain about five miles away. At first I thought it was about the size of an airliner, but distance is awfully hard to judge if you don't have something to relate to on the object. It must have been many times larger than a passenger jet.

Carol told me it's similar to the ship she saw hovering over our neighborhood silently—maybe the same one. When she saw the one from our house, she was telepathically told not to worry, that they weren't going to let it happen, the 'it' being taken to mean martial law.

I give these accounts to encourage others whom we know to talk openly about their own similar accounts instead of just telling us about them. I'd be disappointed if anyone accepts my reports without some corroborating accounts from other people and/or some legwork of their own.

We drove to Crystal Peak, which is another mile-high vortex a few miles south of Melody's place, and deposited another of her Harmonizers. This one had quartz from Montana, pyrite, magnetite and hematite.

The road shown on the map to get to the peak is no longer accessible, so we put the Harmonizer in a clearing right across the valley. Carol and Melody saw, right after it was in place, bright currents of energy coming up out of the top of the mountain and from the lesser peaks along the ridge leading up to it. They met in the sky some ways above the mountain and the lines formed a crystalline shape which stabilized. This is one of the mountains surrounding what has been called 'Ascension Valley' by some. A lot of sensitives have come to this valley to experience the unique energy. I don't understand all of that, but that's okay. I'm just glad that grunts like myself can play a hand in this game. Melody and Carol had made plans to do that on Crystal Peak, I took the opportunity their Saturday meeting to go to Mt. Baldy, and when I was on the mountain waiting to see what might happen, I traced the line on the state map between the vortices and got the 'Aha!' response.

I discovered, while studying the map, that these two mountains are in a perfect line with the vortex in Priest Lake, farther north, which I treated with an HHg a year ago and got a subsequent thunderstorm from, and with the concentration camp near Kooskia, Idaho, farther south, where I also left a holy handgrenade. We'll do more with this line of vortices, probably farther south along Ascension Valley in an old Indian sacred area. Somebody Who Knows Something once told me that if we can take back five vortices along just one ley line from the dark masters and their world empire, we can then more easily take back our whole planet from them.

The ley line which has gotten the most attention from Cbers, so far, includes the Oregon Vortex, Mt. Ashland, Mt. Shasta, Mt. Lassen and Mt. Palomar (it goes through the middle of San Bernardino, too, where there's a CB), so that one may be the first to be 'inherited by the meek.' Circumstances have led us to believe that this line of Idaho vortices are important, too.

I'm meek. Aren't you? Meek means 'humble,' not 'chump.' If you want to get a clue about the power of humility, read TAO TE CHING by Lao Tse. The book, without commentary, fills about the same size pamphlet as the U.S. CONSTITUTION and is every bit as easy to understand unless you've been institutionalized by too much formal education and are convinced that you can't really know anything for sure.

There are no transmitters on Crystal Peak. In fact the nearest transmitter of any kind to Melody's was in St. Maries, twenty-five miles northwest. Carol and I neutralized that one last month. The next nearest one is another twenty miles farther west.

This is probably why Melody has experienced none of the psyops aggression that most of us have had to contend with who live in the vicinity of the 'cell phone' transmitters. The range of these ELF weapons seems to be pretty short. I've been encouraging the more active of the Cloudbuster aficionados to neutralize all the towers within ten miles or so of their homes so that this personal nuisance can be eliminated. The NSA/CIA psyops agents won't likely bother folks who just have cloudbusters these days—the numbers make that unfeasible for the little psych espionage spy army to contend with. The Europeans Cbers are contending with Interpol or whatever unlawful

agencies are is in the business of hurting innocents there in the name of national security. It's all the same organization, as far as we're concerned.

These unlawful spook agencies apparently are mandated, world wide, to stop our grassroots effort in a manner that won't draw attention to their involvement. That's why you can expect to be targeted if you go out and bust the damned dead-orgone transmitters and HAARP arrays on a regular basis, or even just if you've told anyone you plan to do so.

You've read on the forum of people getting sick unaccountably, getting strong feelings of failure and foreboding just before going out to bust towers, being buzzed by low flying aircraft of every description, including the ubiquitous black helicopters and anti-gravity triangular craft. Consider these endorsements rather than intimidation, okay?

It would be nice to think that creating a tower-free zone around us would stop the low-grade interference and all-around pain in the neck of active surveillance every time we go out to buy bread and milk, but when one takes the initiative, it's just like riding a tiger: it's not a good idea to jump off just because you don't want to play that game any more. There's some incentive right there to expand our field of influence until every trace of these transmitters are gone, and you can bet there are millions of dollars being spent just to try to stop You, alone.

You may have noticed that our ranks are swelling week by week, so you can imagine how many will be doing this in a year. Many of the people doing this in metro areas, where the number of transmitters is far too great for one person to do alone, are coordinating their efforts now, for instance: LAARP, New York City, and the Toronto Tornadoes. Carol and I are the Moscow Grenadiers ;-)

The day when we can turn these monstrosities into birdhouses and amusement rides (or scrap) gets closer with each tower buster we toss out the car window but you can be sure they won't be leaving us alone, so we mustn't let them get us into a defensive position. When we're active and vocal about our victories, they're on the defensive, not us.

You've also read from the same committed people how this has caused them to be more determined than ever to win this spiritual war, no matter what. I credit the emerging paradigm and our temporal position in a vast solar cycle for the fact that so many folks, in so many countries, are independently deciding to do this good work. It could be the hundredth monkey principle at work, too, because I rarely meet a person who simply won't hear about these things. The press, other prostituted media, and our self-policing, pajama people family, friends and neighbors may try to convince themselves and each other that these new towers are for cell phones, but on some level everybody knows and physically feels what their true purpose is, so nobody's likely to laugh at us when we tell them about it in simple language.

I suppose it's worth mentioning that the only severe criticism I'm getting these days is from people who aren't actively engaged in this work for one reason or another. The rest of us who have CBs are more concerned with stopping and even healing real enemies than sniping at me or each other, and we're having a hell of a good time in the process and feeling a rather strong sense of purpose and self-worth. These are the good old days, as far as we're concerned!

The receding paradigm no longer has the power to hold up pajama people's belief structure, which took so long to create—some believe that this delusion/illusion's construction was begun many thousands of years ago by the very same families who own and operate the world regime right now. I lean toward that belief, but I don't have enough information to have an informed

opinion about it. I do know that one secret regime runs the planet, that it's parasitic and essentially exploitive, and that it has to be stopped before it destroys most of humanity. Parasites give no thought to the implications of destroying their host. It's simply not part of their nature to think that way. That goes for the bankers in the City of London and the dark masters of the regime who own and operate them, just as well as for a tapeworm, a pathological liar or a cancer tumor.

On a more cheerful note, we don't know what the full implications are for our easy victory over HAARP yesterday, but we are confident that these will become clearer as others repeat this experiment or a similar one and share their own observations with us all. That was, by far, the most dramatic effects I'd seen for so little effort.

Don Croft

Episode 35
Mount Baldy
Part 1

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc35mountbaldy27sep02.shtml>

September 27, 2002

After trying for a week to find an opportunity for Carol and I to go on the road together for a couple of days, but failing due to some conflicts with schools schedules, etc., we decided that it was prudent for me to get up north and try to finish off the towers in Idaho. We'll still try to get over to Central Washington together to neutralize the dead orgone network upwind of where we live.

After our Mt. Baldy victory, the Spew Administration has called out the Big Planes to dose us every day. Nothing's sticking over us, of course, but north of us the trails were lingering longer than I liked, so right before I left on the latest tower busting excursion, three days ago, Carol helped me turn Jumbo Funky, our outsized cloudbuster, so it pointed up into the northern sky. We generally keep it pointing west to prevent HAARP winds from blowing, which it does very well.

I drove north for eighty miles, so I had a good view of the subsequent process. First, all the new spew began disappearing within seconds. This was within a half hour. Then the existing spew remnants sort of shredded away to the north, though the prevailing wind at that altitude is from the west. All of it was gone within two hours. I later found that the field of influence spreads out in a cone. I don't know what the northern limit is, but a hundred miles to the north the width of that cone is about 140 miles.

For the politically squeamish, please jump to the report itself [Part 2]. What follows is some thoughts that I consider relevant, but you may not, and I don't want to exclude you from this beautiful process just because I have strong opinions.

As it turned out, a needful detour into Washington State made it impossible for me to get up to the remaining two small towns near the Canadian border in Idaho, but I'm confident that the Cbers in one of those towns can handle that. We would like to get to the next border crossing farther west and take care of the enormous new underground base we discovered last year there. I imagine it's part of the regime's invasion scenario, sort of like the way the N. Koreans tunnel under the demilitarized zone to get their agents into S. Korea. I'm now confident that the vast majority of

folks who work for the US and Canadian alleged governments, including the ones who are following you and I around on our tower busting crusade, would resist right now if they knew just what their employer was really up to.

I don't mean to give the impression that Canadians are tunneling into the U.S., of course. There's an Indian Reservation that borders Canada in W. Montana that has a lot of dirt roads. You Canadians can come across there if you don't like to deal with bureaucracy. I know some other spots, too.

It's funny how this has made me less suspicious of official-type folks rather than more so. The real culprits are at the top of the dunheap, after all. They don't know, as we do, that centralization is not a good idea, so they keep the lower echelons in the 'mushroom' mode. That's about to backfire on the ancient jerks, I think. A 'mushroom' is one who is kept in the dark and fed bull manure. Accepting that treatment is contrary to human nature and to universal law. I feel it's dead wrong to accept disrespect in any manner.

A business acquaintance of mine in Anacortes, Washington has a son who was one of the militia men who stopped the 'defunct' Russian Army from crossing into the U.S. from Canada north of Oroville, Washington (on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains), to occupy the North Cascades International 'Peace Park' in 1995. I was living on the western side of that area then and I remember when the only highway through the North Cascades National Park was closed to traffic by uniformed soldiers of indeterminate origin.

You may remember (although you may be programmed not to consider it significant) that the Russians who were in the Iron Curtain countries were not allowed to return home after the end of the Cold War. Where else would they go but here? 'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled underground masses, yearning for some fresh air.' Yikes. At least the countless thousands of Russian troops in the Eastern U.S. are out walking around on the military bases and in the closed-down national parks.

Just before that, an acquaintance of mine who was a longshoreman in Bellingham, Washington, the closest port to the national park, personally loaded manacles from a ship into a big, unmarked, white truck. It was so odd that he left work and followed the truck onto the dead end road leading into the heart of the North Cascades National Park, somewhere near Mt. Baker. I heard rumors at the time that a concentration camp was built there.

Do you remember the media telling about that 'peace park'? Did you ever wonder why no mention was made in the prostituted media any more of that 'International Peace Park?' Their plan, apparently, was to close it to all visitors and fill it with Russian combat troops, trained for urban warfare. The same thing was carried to completion in the Smokey Mountains National Park at the same time. I think they're way behind schedule for getting martial law, and that this is the reason they stuck their necks out ever further by erecting all those ugly towers. When you get to my account of what happened in Spokane yesterday, you might see another use for the dead orgone network they've created. The regime certainly gets points for their 'multi-use' modus operandi, at least.

When the word, 'God' is mentioned in Morals And Dogma, the Masonic bible, 'Lucifer,' their own mental construct of a devil, is inferred for the few who 'get it,' and the vast majority of Masons who warm pews on Sunday mornings are thereby mollified. When the regime's media whores speak about 'peace' it's not the same thing that you and I envision at all, but the Pajama People go contentedly back to sleep when that reassuring word is mentioned.

That reminds me of Lincoln's simile. He asked, 'If you call a donkey's tail a leg, how many legs does a donkey have?' Of course we immediately say, 'Five!' but he said, 'No, he still has four legs. Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it one.' Having studied the life of that dead President a bit, I personally think he used something besides a tail for that example, but this is a family forum.

Here may lie the crux of why we can all go out and commit mayhem on the cherished agenda of, arguably, the most powerful regime in recorded history, yet the worst that's happened to us, so far, is some petty larceny by the Men in Black and getting a couple of lawn ornaments pushed over.

Due to the requirements of the emerging paradigm, the reality that we can only be governed if we give our consent has been strengthened, so the world regime has had to bend over backward in recent times to maintain the illusion that they have power over us all. They actually don't, otherwise somebody would have suicided several of us long before now.

We are exercising real power; they're not, and they're definitely not going to draw any attention to what we're doing by harming or even threatening us in this crucial (for them) period, even though we're steadily taking away their territory.

Everything's based on energy. They know that better than most of us do. Any parasite has to first prepare the body before it can successfully invade. This is done by debilitating the body slowly, by degrees so the cause won't be discovered. This process has been accelerating in recent generations and it's reached a feverish pitch now because they're obviously behind schedule and are under time constraints, set by a universal cycle.

We're simply reversing that debilitating process, and pretty quickly, apparently. We do it where we live and move out from there and network with others in a grassroots manner.

Our success is guaranteed if we stay in motion and follow our instincts. As I see it, even if all freedom on the planet is ended on November 3, for instance, I'll at least die content in the knowledge that I gave it my best shot and dying is better than living as someone's chattel. What's wrong with dying, anyway? The regime's days will be done shortly no matter what any of us do, simply because the old farts at the top are now being called to account for their deeds. This house of cards, though they call it a fortress, is collapsing right now. The trick, in the end, may be to avoid standing under the falling debris.

In the receding paradigm, effort was only made in hope of reward or fear of punishment. In the new one, the effort is the reward and the punishment, as the case may be. The only thing of real value we can take with us from this life is our character, and virtue is the only thing that really develops character, not kneeling down or bending over for some chump clergyman.

The regime relies on the contagious nature of fear, suspicion, and personal doubt to maintain their fragile hegemony. We are experiencing the contagious nature of courage, love and certainty, and that process means a lot more than any political or economic considerations. In fact, any advance in the latter two is meaningless if the people haven't first gotten some courage and a sense of personal responsibility. If you're reading this, I don't think you fancy yourself well off if you're well-fed, well-appointed cattle.

Don Croft

Episode 36
Mount Baldy
Part 2

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc36mountbaldyB27sep02.shtml>

September 27, 2002

The Idaho Panhandle is eighty miles wide and about 150 miles long. It's mostly wilderness and the population is along the western edge, where the mountains turn into prairie, and in some long valleys. Interstate 90 goes from Spokane, the city in Washington that we freed from the dead orgone transmitters this month, to Western Montana, over the Continental Divide.

The towns along that route are very small, and there were very few dead orgone transmitters to speak of between Lake Coeur d'Alene, in the west, and Montana, and only one HAARP transmitter, which conveniently straddled the highway. I did that one with two Tower Busters, thrown out the passenger side window going east, then west on the return.

The only stop I made was at Cataldo Mission, 'The oldest standing building in Idaho.' In other words, that's the church complex that the Jesuits erected with forced Indian labor in 1853 in advance of their regime's pillagers and plunderers. Just as a tapeworm weakens the host in order to more easily steal its sustenance, missionaries sowed seeds of doubt, fear and mistrust among the tribes in order to make them easier to conquer a little bit later on.

There's a huge 'crowd stopper' near the mountain pass that's at the border of Idaho and Montana which was impossible to reach, so I vectored that one with three Tower Busters, a quarter mile apart.

It got dark after I crossed over the border, which I thought was pretty good timing.

The reason that dead-orgone transmitter was impossible to get to is that my steering coupler broke after I drove into Montana and I only had enough control to drive the truck along the highway far enough to reach an auto parts store in Kellogg, Idaho, forty miles west. That would have been farther in the other direction.

I'm not a mechanic, but I managed to replace the broken coupler. Kellogg is at the bottom of Silver Mountain, which is a major vortex and has a complex array of dead-orgone transmitters, of course, and perhaps even some communication equipment.

You may have found, on your tower busting excursions, that the high places are no longer accessible to the public. We may be led to assume that this is to ensure that our cell phones will keep working, no matter what threat is posed by bad Muslims, but here's one of the areas where the regime's illusion breaks down. There are already a lot of people in this country who resent not being allowed access to 'public lands' in the vicinity of new transmitter arrays and new underground bases with their expensive off road vehicles and pretty soon they're going to simply decide that this is an untenable situation, I think.

Mt. Baldy is the only mountaintop that I've been to recently to that isn't restricted. There's very little new stuff up there and it's 60 miles from the nearest city along very twisty roads.

The fact that I got such spectacular effects in the sky last Saturday just by putting a HHg there showed me the importance of reclaiming the major vortices, though. I hope to show you that it's

not necessary to risk confrontation with quasi-military Wackenhut Corporation guys with guns to get that done.

Of course, the easy ways up the mountain were closed off at the bottom, so I had to drive around to the backside, which was a ten-mile detour, and drive up the treacherous old logging roads as far as I could go. I was able to get within a couple of miles of the top before the risk of getting stuck was just too strong, so I managed to get the Zapporium turned around (barely) on a narrow switchback and put my biggest holy handgrenade there. I 'strung out' three tower busters along the road at intervals until the road came back to the creek near the bottom, and I put one more in the creek itself.

A fellow had piled dirt on the road in preparation for bulldozing it out, so I was stuck there for a half hour while he spread it out.

The Joe Cell had stopped working because the center pipe had corroded through and the water ran out. You need juvenile water for a Joe Cell, that is, spring water that's run downhill for some distance, so I filled an empty jug with that creek water, having noted that there's less iron at the higher altitudes on that mountain. The water I got for the Joe Cell closer to home is loaded with iron, so conducts electricity a little too well.

At least the motor had retained the 30% power boost the Joe Cell had given it. I think it was about to kick over to running on pure energy rather than fuel shortly before it broke because the motor had been running very rough. It ran smoother than ever after the mishap. Carol then asked me to take the top off and examine it because she no longer saw any energy coming from the Joe Cell. I'll have our local machinist make a new center pipe up for us shortly and get the JC back in action.

Of course, when I've achieved free energy success, I'll be completely vocal and strident about it. If the regime is concerned about having its towers and biological chemtrails busted, wait 'til they have to deal with a grassroots free energy promotion campaign, too, and I'm not 'selling shares' for some alleged future development, rather I will be demonstrating it to mechanics and machinists and selling the engineer plans to anyone via mail for \$17 a set.

It's been my life's dream of kicking the world regime squarely in it's sanctum sanctorum and I believe that free energy is the most magic of all the magic bullets, or boots, as the case may be.

Silver Mountain, which has a volcanic top just like Mt. Baldy, took half the day to rejuvenate. I quickly arrived at Lake Coeur d'Alene, where I'd seen one of those big, fake dead-orgone transmitting Sequoias towering over the fir trees and a new HAARP array nearby. The access to those two sites was also restricted. The fake tree was on private property—that's a huge hilltop estate of some rich chump—and the HAARP array is in a high meadow belonging to another one—there seems to be no shortage of stupid wealthy folks and farmers who are willing to take the bait. I got a Tower Buster within a quarter mile of the fake tree before getting to a 'private drive, no trespassing' sign and gate but the HAARP array took some finagling and vectoring with a HHG and a tower buster on either side along the public roads.

The city of Coeur d'Alene, which has about 30,000 people and about fifteen transmitters, is in one corner of an alluvial plain that's triangular with Post Falls on the left corner, fifteen miles west and Rathdrum and Athol in the top rounded corner, about 30 miles north. The center part is mostly farms.

I-90 goes along the south edge of the valley, which is the north shore of the lake, which is pretty big and very beautiful. The transmitters along the highway have a lot more panels and rods than if they were just for the town—again, it's the multi-use factor: stop travelers and disable the townsfolk at the same time.

Have you given any thought to what's being said in the British media in apology for these transmitters? The Brits notice them more than the Americans because Europeans, generally, care more about aesthetics and let's face it: these things are UGLY. They're being told that there are many towers because there are many cell phone companies, and each has its own network. They're told, furthermore, to expect even more transmitters closer to the users as the numbers of cell phone users increases in times to come.

What's wrong with this picture? By following that line of reasoning, we should be progressing from cars to horses; from planes back to trains in transportation technology.

I don't know if the Brits are swallowing that tower proliferation scenario. Maybe somebody will tell them, at least, that in areas where only one cell phone company operates, the ratio of the number of people 'served' per tower is exactly the same as in the areas where there are a dozen cell phone companies.

I know that the same media held a brief campaign a couple of years ago to discredit Dr. Hulda Clark and zappers in general, but our sales of zappers to Brits went up after that, so maybe there's hope for them in this case, too. If this were 1954 America, Dr. Clark's books would have been publicly burned and she would have been murdered in prison by now. Dr. Clark has been exonerated, hands down, even in our unlawful courts after repeated attempts by them to railroad her into prison on false charges. I've even found her books in public libraries, even though the AMA has made its intentions to destroy her quite clear.

They did that to Dr. Reich and many, many other reputable pioneers without even breaking a sweat in earlier times. This is one more piece of evidence of the subtle shift in power back to an informed public, no matter how few we are. The political base of support for arbitrary quasi-governmental agencies are dropping like flies now, thanks to Medicare, predatory Health Insurance (my current favorite oxymoron) scams and other backfires of national socialism, which is so lovingly cherished by the Depression Babies on whose backs it was set up in the first place.

Oops—I guess I slipped into a rant there. Sorry about that.

Hayden Lake is north of Coeur d'Alene. I was going to do that after doing Cd'A and Post Falls but it just felt too creepy there that day and it's going to have to wait because I ran out of Tower Busters. The water towers there are the weapon of choice apparently of the regime, though the biggest, meanest tower we ever saw is next to the area where the Nazis live, speaking of National Socialism. Carol and I did that one months ago when we were on some other business, but happened to have an HHg in the car.

Before I took on the valley, I decided to neutralize the butte-top/vortex array overlooking the valley from the east. I saw on the map that a forest service road went from the backside over the top to the town, so I went over to check that out. On the way to that road, I passed through some shimmering energy for about fifty feet. Carol said it's some sort of portal that was opening at the moment. I didn't experience that on the way back a half hour later.

I came back that way because, of course, the road was closed off to motorized vehicles.

The road on the other side was also closed off, ending effectively on private property, but I vectored an HHg and a couple of tower busters along the road on the way back down to the valley.

The west end of that valley meets the east end of Spokane Valley. The Spokane River goes from Lake Cd'A toward the Columbia River about forty miles to the northwest of the city.

When I was on a rise, I saw a vast field of water towers reaching from Post Falls to Spokane. There are about thirty of them, mostly in areas where there are very few people living, so of course I assumed there's some dirty business involved with that.

I still don't know what that's about, though there's apparently some underground base construction going on along the southern edge. This 'water tower farm' is the area where I encountered the most ground surveillance. Of course I keep a Succor Punch going all the time when I'm out and about so I can be sure that I won't be watched from space and it's much easier to deal with eyeballs on the ground, so to speak.

If I weren't more aware, I'd have to wonder why there was so much traffic on those lonely roads between nowhere and nowhere. You're probably like me at this point if you're an habitual tower buster; it's kind of fun to wave at them and try to engage them in conversation. I don't know about where you are, but here the locals almost all wave back and are usually happy to talk to you. The NSA/CIA agents so studiously avoid eye contact that you'd think this was Manhattan or Paris. You can be sure they're 'peripheral visionaries,' though, so when you look at them for more than two seconds, they know they've been 'made,' and are out of the game.

Wait until I tell you about yesterday's 'three way' encounter with the Feds [Part 3! That was fun; at least for me it was.

I started seeing a pattern to these towers. Some of them lined up perfectly, though I suspect they're all on the ley system, so putting Tower Busters by each one is probably getting some long-term benefits.

The spewplanes were hitting Spokane/Cd'A extra hard yesterday, and they were flying low. Boeing 747's, which have the most spewpower, were mostly being used, and I assume the least toxic stuff, perhaps barium salts, was being spewed.

Since we'd neutralized all of the HAARP facilities, the primary vortex arrays nearby, and all of the dead-orgone transmitters, they were only getting about 10% of the desired effect and the spew disappeared before spreading out, though they were able to achieve some fairly long trails.

I forgot to mention that on the way to I-90 from Moscow, my home, which is 80 miles south of Cd'A, I'd done some 'mopping up' of one remote transmitter that Carol and I had been unable to find the access road for and a butte-top, small array over the line in Washington which was also hard to reach.

Don Croft

Episode 37
Mount Baldy
Part 3

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc37mountbaldyC27sep02.shtml>
September 27, 2002

Mica Peak & Shasta Butte

A companion HAARP/dead-orgone array near Mica Peak, Spokane's worst vortex/mountain array to the south, is Shasta Butte. The access road to that ended at a new private estate, so I put one HHg as near as possible and left finishing it until later on. After I did the water tower farm, it was 'later on' and I found yet another mountaintop array, including HAARP, in line with Mica Peak and Shasta Butte at a lower elevation.

Having lost the rest of the NSA/CIA entourage along the mountain road leading up to the locked gate on the road to that ridge top, I found a good spot to put a second HHg to vector both Shasta Butte and partially take care of the third array. I had a sense some changes in the sky would soon be observable, so I hurried around the mountain to put the third HHg, the charmer, if you will. It happened to be near another, easier access road that wasn't marked on the map. I know it led to the array because a sign indicated buried cable and the gravel was new and thick—not even wealthy chumps with mountain estates could pay for that. Knowing wealthy folks as I do, the come on for them was probably really, really cheap land, sold to them by the alleged federal gov't, who didn't own it in the first place—as valid and lawful as a deal made in a Monopoly game. There was no sign denying access, but a couple of railroad ties were placed across the road, that's all.

You may have noticed that very thick fiber optic cables are buried along the access roads to arrays and even to remote individual towers. Yet one more extravagance to be paid for by you for only 2/10 of a penny per minute of cell phone use? Who says there's no free lunch!?! Gosh—maybe Big Brother really is our friend, after all.

I wonder what these guys are thinking. They watch me drive by a tower, then the 'power' winks out there without me having apparently done anything at all. I always make sure I'm not observed when I toss the Tower Busters out the window, and I guess they don't read my written reports or take them at face value. I let one of them have a good look inside the back of the Zapporium yesterday, but I'll get to that in a bit.

As expected, a distinct change was taking place in the sky, over not just this array and nearby Shasta Butte, but similarly over Mica Peak and spreading out.

First, all new chemtrails disappeared within three or four seconds, then the existing chemtrails sort of shredded and disappeared. A lovely, puffy white cloud formed over each array and remained distinct in spite of prevailing winds, though of course they were constantly forming—it wasn't the same clouds, per se.

This led to a concerted low altitude assault on the three clouds, which continued for hours, but had absolutely no effect on the clouds.

In those minutes, too, a very big, amorphous low altitude cloud began forming over the city itself, exactly the way I saw a thunderstorm develop over each city in SE Idaho after I busted the town towers and surrounding arrays. I think four jumbo jets at about 12,000 feet were on that one, as you probably guessed would happen. It didn't fare as well as the puffy clouds over the arrays did. Also, I could see it was getting hit very hard from the direction of Mt. Spokane, judging by the alignment of the ripples that started appearing.

I was off to the north, starting to work my way back toward Hayden Lake, when I noticed that HAARP action coming from Mt. Spokane, which is the area's premier vortex and has the biggest array. We hadn't given it much thought before because it's barely visible from the city, 20 miles to the northeast. I only noticed a few weeks ago that there's an array on top, and that was only when I was looking through powerful binoculars.

Picket Duty

As I was ruminating on the sky phenomena, an Idaho Highway Patrol car driven by a female cop drove slowly past me as I was pumping gas, and the driver gave me a slow, meaningful look, so I knew the feds were having all the cops keep tabs on me, too. I paid for the gas, got my coffee, then walked around toward the back of the gas station, and sure enough, she was hiding there and scooted out to the road when she knew I'd made her. She waited at the intersection as long as she comfortably could, looking at me, but I didn't move until she was out of sight. Wow—good thing she didn't notice that my license plates expired last month. I think my insurance ran out, too. God, do I hate National Socialism!

I was going to do Hayden Lake, but the fact that it felt so creepy there that day, my close encounter of the second kind with that cop, and my curiosity about what would happen if I did Mt. Spokane led me to decide to take the back roads to the latter, which I suspected was being closely monitored, and see if I could make some interesting things happen in the sky from there, too. I'll let Hayden Lake bask in the glow of that nice new orgone field for a bit, then I'll go back and finish the job there, hopefully with Carol, since she learned where some of the Nazi 'settlements' are when she took the census in the panhandle three years ago (which paid for her nice car). I want to grace each settlement with at least a tower buster. They must have a lot of money. That's a pretty ritzy area. Maybe the media has another picture painted about that. The Nazis hold a full dress parade in Cd'A each year, but otherwise are hermits, in fact. They probably shouldn't be that shy. After all, National Socialism has been fully embraced by many Americans, so it's fashionable again.

I earn a lot of points for evading the multi-jurisdictional (of course the only ones with any real jurisdiction are the Sheriff's departments) dragnet in my gaudy truck so often. I hope to win a prize someday, but that's not why I do this, of course.

Carol used to live on Mt. Spokane and spent a lot of time wandering all over the mountain in a jeep when she was in high school. There were no restricted areas then. There's a ski lodge with a huge paved parking lot near the top of the mountain, at the end of a well-maintained, paved two-lane highway.

When I saw a sign, fifteen miles from the ski lodge, saying that access to the remaining two miles was now cut off, I knew some extra measures were needed. I was going to simply put an HHg near the lodge, like Nova Scotia Jeff and I did on Mt. Rainier, but not getting within two miles was a problem.

On the road up the mountain, I tossed a Tower Buster out, one per mile. At the gate, which is at a former lodge, there were several vehicles parked, but I didn't see anyone, so I quickly turned around, drove downhill a way, and planted a holy handgrenade. I sensed that nobody saw me arrive.

Because of the tall trees and the narrow canyons on the drive down, I couldn't see much of the sky for about a half hour. I did see the new spew disappearing within seconds (of course they

sensed a shift, so sent several jumbo jets over to the skies over Mt. Spokane) and the new spew shredding as before.

By the time I got back to US Rte 2, north of Spokane, the entire sky was azure blue, though there were at least ten jumbo jets spewing like mad at low altitude over the entire area in a crisscross pattern. I could still see the clouds over each major array farther south, but the jets had decimated the amorphous potential rain cloud over the city by now and it wasn't reforming.

The McDonald Summit

I went into a McDonalds to use the facilities (that's mostly what I use McDonalds for) and when I came back out, a Fed in a white van was parked directly in front of the Zapporium, avoiding eye contact, and another Fed, probably the one in charge, drove by me slowly and gave me the 'I found you' look that only the bosses are allowed to do. I waved to him, he waved back and parked out of sight while a third Fed, in an unmarked white flatbed truck, parked beside me and wanted to know all about how I made the camper shell on the Zapporium.

I told him a bit about that and let him take a look in the back. After that, I pointed at a jumbo jet flying silently right over us at a low altitude and told him about the chemtrails. He didn't want to hear that, but he didn't leave, either. I said, 'Not only did I make those chemtrails disappear, the NSA is really mad about that and is following me around—there's one (pointing to the back of the hiding SAIC, who was still sitting in the car), and there's another one (pointing at the guy practically blocking my exit). The third one didn't want to hear about that, either. He didn't react at all to those statements, but changed the subject and started asking me about the zappers. I told him a bit and probably could have stayed there talking all day, but I told him it was time for me to go.

I wanted him to see that there was nothing in the back of the Zapporium—more points for me, I guess.

I only had a dozen tower busters left and four HHGs, so I decided to mop up the remainder of towers leading from Spokane to Idaho along US Rte. 2. Brian, Carols' brother, and his family live next to that road and we've been wanting to neutralize the transmitters they live within range of.

Once in Idaho again, I took the state highway south along the border. I had seen an array on Hoodoo Mountain, another major vortex with a bald volcanic top, like Mt. Spokane has, about fifteen miles to the southeast of Hwy 2, which goes east to Sand Point from where it enters Idaho. With a name like that, it's GOT to be a vortex, right?

Assuming that the road shown on the map no longer reached the top of the mountain as indicated, I put one HHG as close as I could get directly west of the summit and drove to the end of the public access road on the southern slope and put one there, too. I had used a very small HHG to neutralize a HAARP array along the highway several miles northwest of the mountain.

That left two Tower Busters and one HHG, so I drove east from Rathdrum to the spot on the north/south federal highway, US 95, where the ley line from Mt. Baldy and Crystal Peak crossed it and buried it there. By the way, along that five miles of rural highway east from Rathdrum are six enormous dead orgone transmitters, though the area is sparsely populated and the road is not heavily traveled. I suspect this makes up the northern array for the entire valley and of course we'll get those shortly.

We'll do some map work and put some more healing devices along that vortex farther south of Melody's place, which is also on that ley line. I wish I'd had one of her Harmonizers for the latest location.

I forgot to mention the other apparent reason for keeping the cities under a blanket of dead orgone. I believe it's simply the regime's way of making certain that the hundredth monkey effect of what we're engaged in, which is a 'little person's' way of taking power back from the parasitic/predatory regime, won't catch hold in the general population, though they might have already failed to stop it.

If this were mainly about rain suppression they wouldn't focus so heavily on the skies over the cities. The old jerks still won't give up that focus on the urban population, years after the Internet has conclusively demonstrated that decentralization is the wave of the present.

At least we few have eliminated the threat of biological assault from the jets. That stuff has the shortest life span in the presence of a cloudbuster, all of whose ranges are sufficient to encompass most of the population of North America now.

Don Croft

Episode 38

Fishing for Feds-Level Two

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc38fishingforfedsleveltwo01oct02.shtml>

October 1, 2002

Carol and I took 30 tower busters to finish off the valley north of Lake Coeur d'Alene yesterday afternoon. As usual, the fun started long before we got there.

Chumming

Carol had noticed that we are being actively surveilled less and less these days. She said it's because it's no longer cost effective because we always make the agents in the first few minutes of their surveillance and of course, none of the electronic surveillance measures work at all when a Succor Punch is turned on.

We were about five miles out of town when Carol, who was driving, said, 'There's something about that white SUV behind us'. Sure enough, the driver was keeping about a quarter mile back and pacing us.

She doesn't usually engage someone telepathically unless she feels that the person has less- than-honorable-intentions, so this was enough for her to read the fellow, who was, of course, a SAIC of the NSA-a new guy to our area. We believe that when one of them gets assigned to watch us, it's like a Frenchman getting sent to a desert outpost in Algeria in the colonial days.

She slowed way down so he had to pass and we waved at him happily. He didn't turn to look, but of course all agents are peripheral visionaries. An older woman was in the driver seat. She didn't turn, either. You can bet that if you behave that way toward anyone else, you'll get a response of some kind, probably annoyance if not a glance or a tentative wave.

He speeded up after that, but was stuck behind another car, so Carol maneuvered to pass him. We waved again and when he was behind us, closer than a quarter mile now, of course, because we'd made him--he was just looking for a graceful exit now-- I turned around and looked at him through binoculars. He remained stone-faced, but Carol said he wished to kill me at that point.

We let him pass not long after that and he went really fast until he was out of sight. Carol said he was cussing like a sailor into the radio to his co-workers and flunkies and that they were all having a good laugh because they set him up and didn't tell him about Carol's telepathy. They're not as kind to each other as we are to our fellow posters.

The woman with him was one of the NSA psychics. They get assigned to all the visual surveillance teams around us now to key into Carol. The woman was in on the prank, Carol said. I admire her for keeping that stone face throughout. I know I couldn't do that. Carol could, but she's part Indian.

We saw no more agents that day, though I often asked Carol to check on it.

This isn't the 'next level' aspect, though, even though it is refreshing not to have to look over our shoulders all the time.

Dark Waters

We did the towers in the C d'A valley and went along the river to the Big City (Spokane) to get resin and batteries, which we get in bulk for the zapper biz and the orgonite devices. Before we got to town, we saw two new towers being set up on a mountain northeast of the city, so we dutifully went off looking for the access road.

What followed was pretty weird, even by my standards. The access road ended on private property. It was paved up to that point and all of the properties around there had acreage and were well heeled. It was a mile from the array, but Carol said we could vector it with a tower buster there and on the other side of the mountain.

We had passed (barely) three pickups parked in the road about a tenth of a mile from the end. The men were cutting firewood on the bank above the road and they all glared at us, which we found rather odd.

We passed a little clearing on the way back from the end of the road, in which were a dozen or so big log sections, stools, I think, and a collection of antlers with masks, with black hoods attached, hanging on the tree trunks. I bet you can see what's coming.

Carol's face fell when we passed it and I immediately assumed she was seeing something there. We were close to the men again by the time she was able to stop. We wanted to drop a Tower Buster on the site, of course. As she backed up to the site, which wasn't visible to the men, they glared fiercely at us.

We did the deed and drove past the assembly again. The youngest man, who was standing on the bank, evincing the most hostility, gestured at Carol with a peace sign, which he quickly inverted to point toward the ground before we passed.

She said that the folks living around that cul de sac, including these 'lumberjacks,' are all regularly involved in human sacrifice, right there by the roadside. That's what she was seeing when she looked at the site.

There were no more targets to speak of. I was pleased to see that I remembered most of the targets we encountered on the way home.

Shark Attack

I got a hunch to go the longer way home, though Pullman, Washington, and Carol honored that. I wanted to visit the fake ponds that we neutralized last month with a single tower buster. Here's where Phase Two of the NSA assault on us materialized, and it relates to what we saw on the back road earlier north of Spokane, though the demonstration of that relationship was arranged by the nice guys, not by the regime.

This 'settling pond' is at a well-appointed rest area in a remote farming district where traffic along that secondary highway can't really justify the expense of a freeway-style rest area.

Last month, I had noted the high gravel berm there and the steel doors embedded in a concrete fascia leading underground, right beside it. When I casually tossed the Tower Buster into the water, the level was about ten feet below the line indicated as normal. The rectangular pit was divided into two, roughly square graded gravel pits and surrounded by a chain link fence. It wasn't on low ground, so it obviously wasn't related to water runoff, which would have been extraneous at any case, since there was nothing around except farm fields for miles and none of them are irrigated.

After I did that, we went off to look for access to a nearby tower. About 15 minutes later, we returned and the water level of that segment of the pond was up to the high line. The other part of the pond had remained at the higher level throughout. I hadn't tossed one in there, which is why I wanted to return yesterday to finish the job.

Carol said at the time that this was connected with an underground base, but she didn't look into it beyond that.

Yesterday, I walked up the bank and tossed another Tower Buster in, but there was no water at all and the 'divider' had been removed and the pond was lengthened considerably. The sun had set and I listened for the 'splash' but only heard the Tower Buster hit the dry ground at the bottom and bounce.

Carol told me that when the Tower Buster hit the ground, she immediately experienced a sharp pain in the back of her neck.

We drove toward home and the pain got more and more severe and the side of her head started burning. Of course, we knew this was from an NSA psyops agent or group of them, so we used the Succor Punch to return the favor. The pain gradually dissipated, but the determination and vindictiveness of the agents didn't lessen right away. I decided to go after the boss first, whose name Carol said is Henry Chapelle, then on to his boss, whose first name she told me is Morris. We didn't get the name of the psyops agent they were using, but we did get that he's an old timer, not one of the new graduates they'd been throwing at us for the past few months, nor were they using the dead spies in life-sign maintenance tanks.

The way they found us so fast after having lost us all day is that the 'rest area' is closely monitored by video cameras. There's even a sign saying that there. Also, they were extremely upset with us because that first tower buster had caused a nuclear reactor, located under the facility, to shut down when the water from the pond was brought in to cool it. The reason the

pond level came up so fast was that they expelled all of the offending water from the vicinity of the reactor in order to try to get it to start up again.

I don't think the commercial nukes rely so heavily on 'captured' water and I don't know if you'd shut one down this way. The ones we've seen are by open and running water. We routinely drop an HHg in water near them when opportunities present themselves, and Carol said that all this does is limit the field of the dead and deadly orgone escaping the containment facility. There's no way to shield that stuff, of course, which is why people and livestock mutate and drop like flies around the nuke plants until an organite device is deployed there.

What distinguishes that attack is that it was ritual-based; satanic, if you will. I'm still not clear on the connection with that particular site, which seems fairly minor to me. It could be that they're just fed up with us now and are calling in the big guns to deal with us, as it were. They've lately been working on Carol's daughter through her intimate energetic connection with a thoroughly manipulable pothead, who's in jail, but due to get out in three months. Carol's taken steps to alleviate that, but it's up to Jenny to cut the cord; nobody else can do it. We're confident that this will get resolved to the benefit of all concerned, and that no lasting harm will be done through it. Jenny is often favored with graphic protection reminders in the sky from the Lemurians and is generally pretty well balanced. Knowing who to open one's heart to is a lesson that most folks never learn, of course.

I started out opposing ritual dark magic and beating its performers in 1970, in Germany, so this is familiar territory for me and not particularly threatening. I've always maintained that the best a Satanist can aspire to is to be God's hand puppet. I'll play with them anytime they like. They always end up p-----g on their shoes instead of on me and mine.

Attention All Treasonous Thugs

Speaking of guns: we bought that .45 pistol last month, but haven't taken the time to familiarize ourselves with it. Neither of us had ever fired a pistol before and I hadn't fired a weapon since 1969 when I was in infantry training.

The feds didn't follow us out of town that day, but we turned on the SP so we wouldn't be tracked by satellite and then drove to a remote logging road and set up the metal target, which spins when you hit it.

Carol said we wouldn't be tracked unless one of us got an adrenaline rush, because that's what keys in the NSA/CIA psyops people who are tuned to us. I said, 'don't worry, dear, it's really not very exciting or fun to shoot a weapon. They're noisy and they kick.'

I stupidly forgot to put earplugs in and the first shot temporarily reduced my hearing by half, at least, for the rest of the day. That pistol is as loud as I remember the bazooka I fired long ago, though of course my ears are not as durable as before, which I hadn't taken into account. None of the other weapons I qualified on in the army were nearly as loud as that, as I remember. I hate to think of firing the damn thing off in the house.

Carol got a rush from it, though and within five minutes of her shooting session, we heard a plane flying around in the very low cloud cover above the forest, looking for us. They didn't spot us, of course, and the psychic had only been able to give an approximate location. I bet that the NSA/CIA pilot didn't like flying around the mountains in near-fog, no matter how fancy his instrumentation may be.

From now on, we'll go to an indoor firing range and wear those big earmuff things. I don't think I need any more work with it, thank Grid, but Carol needs to get closer to the target, she feels. I'm not fond of cleaning it, either, or smelling cordite on my hands.

I'd forgotten how much I don't like shooting guns. I'll go back to pellet rifles for fun and we'll just keep this one within reach, magazine removed, to protect our home, which is an act of sanity these days, contrary to what some folks' mental programming may dictate. The biggest deterrent the weapon provides is that unlawful gov't agents know we have it. I'm not aware of any threat that equals their arbitrary, reprehensible attacks on innocents like ourselves.

Without a trace of facetiousness, I can say that I love even these mind-controlled MK Ultra shooters and other network specialists, but that love won't be expressed by letting them harm me or my loved ones in our home.

I say, clearly, that I consider the National Security Agency and the Central Intelligence Agency treasonous and operating entirely and profoundly outside of any established or natural law.

I'm calling for their immediate disbandment and dissolution. I'm also calling for all culpable agents and bosses to be held accountable for their deeds in court; lawfully established or otherwise, in whatever nation they are operating in right now. They shouldn't be allowed to hide behind an American flag.

Don Croft

Episode 39

***When The Hunters Become The Hunted,
and Other Personal Power Considerations***

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc39whenhunterbecomes hunted05oct02.shtml>

October 5, 2002

This journal entry is dedicated to my good friend, Alan Yurko, who just got out of 30 days of solitary confinement for apparently encouraging his fellow inmates in a Florida prison to exercise their sovereign rights not to eat bad food. Of course, those inmates only took made their individual decisions with their own discretion. Alan only mentioned that he wouldn't be eating that stuff any more and followed through with that commitment. He never incited his fellow inmates to anything at all except to follow their higher instincts in life.

He's in prison in the first place because he's a reputable journalist who isn't afraid to lift the lid on the regime's predatory vaccination agenda, certainly not because he broke any real laws.

His latest work clearly shows that the 'Anthrax Cartel' (my terminology) is nothing but a scam based on a well-orchestrated fear campaign and that the official remedies, which involve billions of dollars in manufacturing and distribution, are not only ineffective; they're positively harmful. Even the FDA, the unlawful federal agency which is owned and operated by the same folks who are carrying out this campaign, refuses to approve the procedures. As far as I'm concerned, this research simply points out, once again, that the only terrorists operating in the United States right now are employed, directed and financed by the alleged US government, itself. I hope you aren't entertaining a notion to receive a vaccine shot for anything these days.

After reading some of my material on how Carol and I are dealing with the NSA/CIA agents who follow us around and sometimes try to intimidate us, Alan advised me to be more gentle with those agencies because there are good people in them who regularly and clandestinely throw wrenches into the cogs of their predatory/parasitic machinery.

This is written in reply to Alan, who is good-hearted to a fault, and in acknowledgement of his personal sacrifice and integrity.

Two days ago, after we had left an initial 60-mile long swath of disabled dead orgone transmitters and vortex-arrays, we were driving through Wilbur, Washington and I spotted three vehicles parked together on a side street with two of the drivers standing and conversing. We hadn't seen any feds since we left the vicinity of Fairchild Air Force Base along US Rte 2 a couple of hours earlier, so I was scanning for signs of them when I spotted these fellows.

The older looked directly at me and had that 'Oh, S-t!' expression I've come to enjoy so much, then I noticed that two of the small white cars had 'City Parcel' on the doors in big, nondescript red letters; no phone number or other graphics. Of course, there's no such business.

I turned around at the next available spot and went directly back to confront them. This is a departure from my usual hand-gesture-grin indications that I've made federal agents, but it just felt appropriate.

Of course, the other two cars had split instantly when the boss agent got made and they were trying to get into position again elsewhere, but the boss had gotten back into his car and was sitting, staring forward when I drove next to him and waved at close range.

Since he didn't respond, I made a quick U turn, drove back alongside his car and yelled, 'How Ya Doin'?' He still didn't turn to look at me, so I whistled so loud it hurt poor Carol's ears. Then he looked at me, but he wasn't smiling. I just waved and smiled as usual and drove off, but I could tell I had turned a corner in my relationship with these folks.

During the entire following day of our two-day tower busting patrol through central Washington, I only saw two agents, and they were making sure I wouldn't be getting close enough to exchange greetings.

I'm eager for the next opportunity to humiliate a boss field agent, just as I'm eager to find any helicopter within range of my pellet gun over my house. It's my way of 'counting coup,' which was the option that the more honorable, civilized Indian tribes used to settle disputes with neighboring tribes before the Whites came here.

In my view, since they have no lawful jurisdiction to follow me, keep our mail (they kept several thousand dollars in wholesale order payments for over a month before allowing them to be delivered by our postman last week, for instance, and most of those were sent by Priority Mail), knock over our lawn ornaments, cause our phone calls to be inaudible due to heavy electronic 'surveillance,' send physical agents to prowl inside our home at night through some arcane energy transfer tech or something (I wasn't home that night, of course), or otherwise insinuate themselves officially into our lives, they are Fair Game for my own version of harassment and interference.

As you can imagine, it wouldn't occur to me to drive next to a police car and behave that way. This may illustrate a point about personal power that I'd like to make here.

Lots of folks talk about personal power, give expensive seminars about it, sell books, and otherwise entice the gullible into getting an illusion or, at best, a distant glimpse of what personal power is, there's nothing quite like making a physical, 3D demonstration of one's personal sovereignty.

I gave back the slave number that was foisted on me. That was over six years ago. It was a good gesture and I don't regret it. I don't think it's necessary, though, for one to do that in order to experience personal sovereignty. I use a driver license, for instance, though I know some who get away without even having one of those or registering their vehicles. As with anything, it's probably outside the bounds of prudence to be a purist, not to mention the forced loneliness it implies. Expressing integrity in an intelligent way makes new friends and lets the false friends detach gracefully, though.

I consider hollering at that fed a moderate act, by the way, considering the profoundly unlawful mandate he's operating under that brought him to my attention. Citizen arrest would even have been appropriate, but I've been too lazy to learn the ins and outs of common law to pull that off. Maybe I'll buy some handcuffs and wave them in their faces.

I simply believe that one must express his/her personal sovereignty (my Canadian friends who did that have another name for it, but it's the same thing) in a personal way. Expressing it is an acknowledgement of the covenant under universal law that we all come into this world in tacit agreement with.

When we get in touch with personal power, we also get a boost in awareness concerning personal responsibility. The traditional notion of 'liberty' has always been suspect to me, as it implies anarchy and hedonism, both of which I consider self-destructive tendencies. I sometimes jokingly refer to myself as an 'essential anarchist' because that, to me, implies rejection of arbitrary authority, which we surely all can do well without.

True authority derives from our innate understanding and acknowledgment of universal law. The US Constitution's Bill of Rights is the guarantor of our protection under this unwritten, unwritable covenant, which is as pervasive and immutable as the law of the jungle, only a higher expression than that. Other countries have similar guarantees, or certainly should by now.

For those of us who find it convenient not to pay attention to our inner guidance concerning matters of law, there are written laws in force in every society to keep these people from easily violating the rights of others. I can envision a society in which police and courts are extraneous, but I haven't been to many places in the world where this is practicable. I must say I've visited places which have no apparent need for a formal system of law enforcement, notably a small, remote community in Yucatan and one or two islands in the Republic of Belau. That's not to say these folks don't have a practical way of exacting retribution for obvious crimes, of course.

What has come to be thought of (under the protocols of our current mental programming) as moderate is to keep the ego in a stranglehold. What most don't seem to realize is that this simply stops one from expressing personal power and from taking personal responsibility. As with other aspects of artificial programming, we are presented with two options: let the ego express fully (read: obnoxious, self-centered, predatory) or suppress it. Actually, the ego is like a fine stallion, or the tiger, if you will. When we engage the potential of the ego with a simple, humane bridle, it's going to take us places we wouldn't otherwise have experienced.

If you're reading this, you're most likely a person of conscience and integrity and I encourage you to stop beating your ego into submission with the club of artificial programming and let it join forces with your intuition and heart-felt desires. If you don't have a conscience or a sense of integrity, none of this will mean anything to you, and for your sakes, I say, 'Thank God for the US Constitution and whatever can adequately replace it in the future.'

This is a non sequitur, but it just occurred to me that Carol and I are enacting a higher expression of General Sherman's march to the sea in the US Civil War. We're marching to another sea, and we're harming nobody in the process, of course. In fact, instead of a trail of destruction and misery, we're leaving a trail of empowerment and awakened possibilities. He had an army, but at this point we're only two among a small handful of people. It's a good demonstration that a few committed, empowered people can undo what was done by a horde of predatory officials, sycophants, unwitting technicians, unlimited finances and the worst of all possible intentions. We're not only undoing it, we're causing it to work for us all. That's real power.

Yelling at NSA/CIA boss field agents is just a field tactic. If they get in trouble with their bosses while carrying out unlawful surveillance orders, that's really not our problem, is it? We still get occasional friendly waves from lower level operatives.

What endears Alan to me so much is his ability to turn every incident into a spiritual reward for himself and others. He's just as sweet and self-deprecating after thirty days in the hole, for instance, as he was the day he went in. A lesser person would have become bitter and depressed by these severe tests. I'm extremely gratified to know this fine exemplar. Hopefully, enough attention can be directed his way for him to get an unconditional pardon.

I'm betting that the Internet is more appropriate for this than any other media, since the really effective, powerful people in the world prefer this media over the rest.

Don Croft

Episode 40

Weather Domes & 'LORAN' Stations

Need Urgent Attention

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc40weatherballsloranstations10oct02.shtml>

October 10, 2002

There were four noteworthy events in our last tower busting patrol:

1. the weird atmospheric feature surrounding the US Weather Service (serving whom?) radar dome after we busted it,
2. finding and busting the regional US Coast Guard LORAN station,
3. the impromptu note we left at the locked gate across the access road to the remote butte-top array, and
4. confronting the boss of a small NSA/CIA surveillance unit in Wilbur, Washington.

Underground Bases, HAARP Arrays, & Radar Domes

We started out with a hundred tower busters and ten holy handgrenades, which normally keeps us busy for two days in rural areas. The route we took (we didn't decide that until we left the house) was the 300-mile loop from Spokane, along US Rte 2 to Coulee City, down through Ephrata to George, Washington (no kidding), over to Moses Lake, home of a key underground base, then up

Interstate 90 to Ritzville, where we ran out of ammo. That was a good stopping place, since it's where the road from the Tri-Cities to Spokane ends. The Tri-Cities of Central Washington are filthy right now with underground facilities, unbusted towers and several nukes on the surface and, we suspect, more than an average number of HAARP arrays. Sherry Elizabeth and we busted some major stuff there last winter before we realized that each tower needs to be busted individually.

We need to go back to Fairchild Air Force Base, which is 20 miles or so along Rte 2, northwest of Spokane because we felt it would eat into our ammo supply too much, and it can be easily done in a day trip from our home, combined with some Big City shopping. We did bust some of the peripheral towers, arrays and HAARP facilities in the vicinity, though, and while driving toward a distant HAARP array, we spotted the big radar dome on a secondary highway.

To get to it, we had to drive five miles along a gravel road, and along another gravel road on the way back to Rte 2. Though these roads were recently graded, the rhythmic 'bars' went uniformly across the road and it extended for miles from the radar dome. We've driven on a lot of gravel roads and one can always drive along the edge of the road or in the other lane to get away from those irritating washboard bumps, but not on these roads.

Carol said whatever is being transmitted from that dome is so strong that it created that effect on the gravel roads.

The energy was particularly bad around that big white dome and there was a smaller, older dome nearby that was also pumping out a huge volume of dead orgone. One tower buster each was all that was needed, though, according to my wife, who sees energy, like I see this computer screen.

We did some of the stuff around the airbase after that and weren't watching the sky much until the heavy overcast and rain cleared in a big hole overhead. We saw that the hole was centered over the distant radar dome, which was shrouded in a very dark mass of fog in the shape of a mushroom cloud, reaching a couple of thousand feet altitude. It wasn't moving much. To date, that's the freakiest atmospheric anomaly I've witnessed. It rates higher than any of the UFOs we've seen. Do, do , do, bust those radar domes!

USAF Intelligence

By then, we were on our way to Coulee City. We stopped to do a roadside tower and saw a young fellow with a crew cut in a Jeep Wagoneer behind us as we turned off the highway. We drove down the road a hundred yards or so to turn around and look for a good spot to toss the tower buster but that fellow drove onto the grounds of the tower itself and watched us. I sort of assumed he was an Air Force intelligence fellow, since he obviously knew something about us and went straight to the tower. Of course, he didn't see where Carol tossed the TB.

When we turned around, he drove out in front of us. I quickly got behind him as he was waiting to get on the highway, and when he was looking, I pointed my finger at him, smiled and did the thing with my thumb that mimics a pistol hammer. He didn't seem to think it was funny. Carol said he was an officer. I felt honored that they didn't send some grunt out to spy on us. Shame on you, Air Force guy, for unwittingly supporting this horrid world regime!

Counting coup on these spooks is just as much fun as busting their bosses' tower network. You really should try it! One of their two engine turboprop spy planes took off right after that and followed us around into the night. Another honor. Of course, the only thing they ever saw was me, waving at them.

Keystone Spooks

It was sixty miles away, in Wilbur, where we spotted the three little fed cars—two white ones and a red one—parked in a little cluster on a side street. Two had 'City Parcel' in nondescript, red vinyl (removable) letters on the doors—no phone number or other ID. The red one was the same sort of car, perhaps a Geo, and was red. The drivers of the white cars were standing, talking, and when I glanced at them (they had a good view of cars coming and going on the main road) the older of the two got that 'Oh, S--t!' look on his face that I've come to enjoy seeing so much.

Something sort of snapped in me and I decided to confront them this time. By the time I could turn around, though, only the older guy was there and he was sitting in his car, looking straight ahead by the time I got there. I shouted a greeting at him when I drove alongside, as his windows were closed. He didn't move his head, so I turned around up the street and drove alongside again, shouted and whistled until he looked at me. He looked pretty mad, but I felt awfully damn good.

Covert Psychics?

Carol said the red car belonged to the psychic of the group. I don't know how it is with you on your patrols, but every box (they wish) surveillance team that gets assigned to us has a psychic. They often pick red cars. Carol says it's an ego thing with them. I don't think their egos have much fun when they get assigned to us.

We're buying some handcuffs and we'll dangle them in view of all the spooks that are stupid enough to follow us from now on. They're making themselves pretty scarce these days around here as it is. I wonder how many big holes a box can have and still be called a box.

I think they put the newcomers on us without telling them about the hazards, just for fun. We like that game, too.

A coulee is a canyon in Washington. I don't know why they call them coulees—probably from the French. Without a topographical atlas, whoever busts towers in the Eastern half of Washington and the southern half of Idaho will find these coulees problematic (assuming there will be any towers left to bust there after November). You can be driving along in a gently rolling prairie and come to a thousand foot drop where a distant ice age lake emptied and carved a coulee on its rush toward the sea. The Columbia Gorge is where the coulees in Eastern Washington all lead.

We turned onto a gravel road that led toward an array that day and we could see the same apparent road going all the way to the towers, about five miles away, but in fact, we had to drive 15 miles to get there because a small coulee interrupted the road to there. Good thing we had that atlas! Your own state (assuming you're in the US) likely has its own version of De Lorme's ATLAS AND GAZETEER. We have them for Idaho, Washington and Northern California right now and will get Montana and Oregon as our tower busting hobby progresses.

Noted Gates

It's a good thing we discovered that arrays can be busted from remote locations by intelligently applying an HHg or two along with some tower busters, strung out from the HHg location. All of the access roads are being gated and locked now. I consider their new strategy of locking the gates leading to arrays their Maginot Line—too little, too late. We're like a little holy panzer division, doing an end run ;-)

Since I've come to assume that every crisis is an opportunity, as I was contemplating those redundant locks on the chain holding the gate to a butte-top array closed, it seemed like a fun idea

to leave a note for the NSA/CIA tucked in the chain, so I wrote one up on the back of an express mail receipt that had my name and address on it, signed it, rolled it up and tucked it in a chain link.

It was a short note, saying that we had just busted the array with a holy handgrenade and that we didn't need to go to the array in order to do it.

Here's what I'm going to run off a few hundred copies of at Kinko's shortly and start leaving on the gates at all the towers and arrays hereafter:

If you're reading this note, you're being informed that I, Don Croft, have placed an orgonite device, which I call a 'Tower Buster' in the vicinity of this tower. I did that to neutralize the considerable volume of deadly energy that it was transmitting. This effort is a small part of an ongoing international project designed to disable the harmful effects of these new transmitters.

As you're reading this, there are people on every continent of the globe who are busting the towers where they live, all acting on their own. Most of us make our own Tower Busters. If you're a technician who earns a livelihood working on these towers, be assured that we don't hold you responsible for the damage they're doing to the atmosphere and to the people who live within range of them.

What I did doesn't interfere with legitimate communication frequencies, but it has disabled specific extremely low frequencies and also the specific radio and microwave frequencies that are designed specifically to do harm. By the way, after busting these towers for nearly a year and reading all that's available on their technical aspects (which is next to nothing) I'm still unconvinced that they have anything at all to do with cell phones or legitimate communication technology. Disabling predatory energy is simply a feature of how orgonite works.

For information on this subject, study <http://forums.cloud-busters.com> and its resources, though of course you'd need to experiment on your own with this simple material in order to actually understand it. I sincerely hope you will do so. Please feel free to contact me personally, any time.

It's highly unlikely that you have any real information about what you've installed and/or are servicing. Perhaps, if you did you'd find other, less harmful, though less lucrative in the short term, employment. If you do know something about the harm this is doing, but are working here, anyway, shame on you!

If you're an intelligence operative and are reading this, you need to get another job now because you're closer to the core of this disgusting regime and that regime is about to go down. If you're farther up the ladder in the NSA/CIA, you probably already know that your unconstitutional job is about to be terminated by popular mandate.

It's inconceivable that you don't know something about its predatory agenda. That makes you, if not culpable, at least an accessory to the most reprehensible of criminal activity: treason. I suggest that you make other arrangement for your livelihood before this dinosaur of a world order comes crashing down on you, personally, in it's imminent death throes. I bet you already know that you've got no job security, even if you're just one of the box surveillance grunts who follow us around.

(signature here)

Don Croft
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I was thinking of composing this love letter for the past few days, but Georg in Johannesburg, who has <http://www.orgonize-africa.com>, is the first person to announce a similar plan on the forum. I'm particularly gratified to see that I'm not the only one who has conceived this strategy. By the way, I hope many people will deputize his efforts to bring rain to drought-stricken Zimbabwe and stop the process that's leading to famine there. He has the capability of revolutionizing the fortunes of the entire southern part of the continent and it would only take a modest (by US standards) amount of money to carry that to completion.

We found an array that may include some prototype dead orgone transmitting equipment. It overlooks the town of Quincy, Washington, which is fairly notorious for its high crime rate. The per capita concentration of towers in that town is twice as high as the average.

We spotted the huge LORAN (HAARP) array from Quincy and thought it was five miles away, based on the size of the usual 4-transmitter HAARP arrays that we routinely bust. Actually, it's at least twice as big as the latter. We finally arrived after reaching George, Washington. That's the little town on the edge of the Columbia Gorge, which hosts big concerts in the summer. There's a natural formation that's used as an amphitheater there, known in Seattle as 'The Gorge at George.'

We drove right up to the transmitter array, which was surrounded by a fence and had a gated entrance. The Coast Guard has buildings within the compound. We buried the single ordinary HHg not far from the road going in. Of course it's a HAARP facility. Perhaps it still has LORAN functions, perhaps not-who cares? There isn't much dead orgone produced by legitimate communication and navigation frequencies.

LORAN Stations

I'm sure these LORAN stations are major players in the electronic disruption of natural weather patterns in each region of the globe. GPS has made them entirely redundant for navigation. They're absolutely filthy with dead orgone production. Ordinary radio transmissions don't look like that, Carol tells me.

Jesse Zaloudek busted a major LORAN facility north of San Francisco and during that day he reported the heaviest ground surveillance of his array-busting career to date. Arrays are Jesse's specialty. I hope you'll try his new line of Hootenized Tower Busters and Holy Handgrenades. This will help you get a jump start if this is still unfamiliar to you and it will help Jesse get to more predatory arrays and take them out.

One of Jesse's confirmations is that he's one of the few road warriors in this project who's gotten overt interference from the fed spooks in the field. So far, Jesse, Jeff Baggaley, Carol, Melody and I are the only ones who have experienced that, as far as we know.

I consider it an endorsement, and telling about it not only provides protection for us, it lowers the overall chutzpah score for the felonious feds and reduces the fear factor in would-be road warriors, hopefully.

I've come to believe that the alleged harm being done to the planet by radio and microwave transmissions in general (aside from these overtly predatory tower networks), is mostly just Luddite hype and mental programming, designed to 'encourage' us to embrace a simpler (read:

toilsome) life style. That may be another of the regime's Maginot Lines, though, because (I truly believe) we're on the verge of adopting non-invasive, non-exploitive communication technology. As with the issue of 'pollution from evil automobiles' this 'Forward, into the past!' agenda is likely moot. I'm assuming you know that free energy technology is about to replace the petroleum industry, just as alternative healing is about to replace the medical/drug cartel. If you don't know that, why not give it some serious thought and investigation, not to mention experimentation?

Holy Moses!

Moses Lake has a big base underground, To camouflage the fact that half the town works there or is connected with it through the dozen or so huge corporations which have facilities around its fenced, patrolled perimeter, a Boeing 747 with 'Japan Airlines' markings on it does touch and go landings all day long, year in, year out, as does a C5-A from time to time. That's the biggest plane in the world and belongs to the US Air Force. There is no other air activity to speak of there, and we saw nothing happening on the ground at all. This enclosed, patrolled facility was proclaimed the 'Cargo Airport' auxiliary to SEATAC, which is the big air terminal between Seattle and Tacoma, 150 miles west of Moses Lake.

I remember seeing that JAL plane doing the same thing years ago, each time I drove from the Seattle area, where I had a sign business then, to visit my brother here in Idaho and I assumed I was seeing evidence of a very busy air terminal. The jet flies about ten miles away before turning around to land each time. So whoever is driving through the area would naturally make the same assumption. Are the people in Moses Lake all brain-dead or drugged?

It wasn't a workday when we were snooping around the perimeter of the base, looking for places to put our doomsday (for their nasty activities) devices, and there was little traffic. We were followed around by a gold Cadillac, which had four senior citizens inside, including the driver. Carol said the guy is a bigwig in town who 'knows something' about the activity underground and that he vaguely knew what we were up to. I assumed they'd just been to a steak house or a revival or something.

I pulled over, and he eventually drove slowly past. I smiled and waved and he did the same. I wouldn't have dangled handcuffs in his face, since he obviously wasn't a pro. Do I give the impression that I'm not discreet sometimes?

There are a large number of towers per capita in the town of Moses Lake, as there are in Quincy, which is in the same valley, about 20 miles to the northwest. It took us quite a while to bust them all because the town's divided by several parts of the lake and we didn't buy a city map. By the time we were done in the late afternoon, a huge, amorphous white cloud was developing over the base in the now-HAARP-free sky. It was typical of the new kind of clouds we've been seeing when we bust towers in a large area in a single day. There was a row of small, white lenticular clouds around the part of the perimeter of that new cloud that was closer to us.

The nearest HAARP transmitters were sixty miles away, we estimated; too far for the regime to get definitive results in their effort to destroy that potential thunderstorm, and Carol said the Lemurians had decided to anchor what we'd done on the ground and nurture the atmosphere over that base.

We had busted the smog fields all day by simply disabling the towers in them. Of course there's no logical explanation for smog in farming country (if you're using that old, broken-down logic they taught you at MIT, that is).

Lenticular 'Clouds'

The sun set as we continued our patrol, northeast along I-90 toward tower-free Spokane. I was astonished, then, to see that the lenticular clouds are apparently a lot denser than the higher, surrounding clouds. They look white from below during the day, but in the light of dusk they're dark.

Larry in Japan is the first person to tell me that he (and his wife) saw the pink and green rim around a light, low-altitude lenticular cloud. We didn't see that today, but it was nice to get that observation from somebody else, and from so far away. They're also seeing the very dark lenticular clouds, which Carol and I believe hide predatory reptilian craft. We don't see those in North America any more, now that the CB networkers have closed off their access to the surface world with some 'surgical' interventions.

I know it's hard for most of my readers to even contemplate the existence of reptilians, Lemurians and other groups we discuss here, but you really shouldn't take what I write to heart unless you have some corroborative evidence to back up what I'm telling you. If I can convince you to bust the towers where you live, my goal is accomplished. Why not adopt a 'wait and see' attitude toward the other things I mention now and then? We may soon see if I'm reporting viable information regarding unconventional races and species or I'm simply delusional about them. There's no denying the results we're getting with the orgonite devices at any rate, and anyone can replicate those results.

The first time we saw one of those pink and green rimmed lenticular clouds was in Eastern Oregon, west of Boise, Idaho, when we were going after some key HAARP facilities last summer in support of the Morton's tower busting campaign in Southern Idaho. That time, we drove under the cloud so that we would have been in its shadow. It cast no shadow on the ground at all, though the surrounding clouds, which looked to be the same consistency, did cast shadows.

It really pays to look up. I'm encouraging everyone to look carefully at the sky and smog conditions before and after a day of tower busting and to work systematically and report all of the observations on the forum for the sake of science, education and public record. Some successful tower busting folks seem to be afraid of looking like a kook, even though several people have reported the same results I've described so often.

The pattern and strategy will reveal itself to you early on in the day, don't worry. Just relax and consider it an outing. That's what we do. This is the only time that we spend entirely with each other these days, so we look forward to our patrols with something like yearning. If you do the above, you'll get the visual confirmations you deserve, don't worry.

Tower Busters

If you're in an average sized town, from 20 to 50,000 people and you don't feel like making your own Tower Busters, you can get them ready made. One batch will disable all of the towers you're living under the poisonous influence of right now and your life and those of everyone in your town will be sweeter within minutes of finishing that simple task, I guarantee. You can safely figure one Tower Buster for each 1,500 people in your town, and get three holy handgrenades to disable the arrays that will likely be easily seen on the town's outskirts. There are usually two: one on either side of town. If there are hills where you live, the arrays will be on top of them.