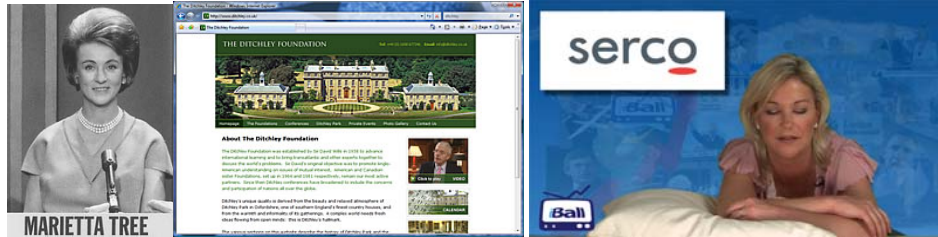


Chapter 15

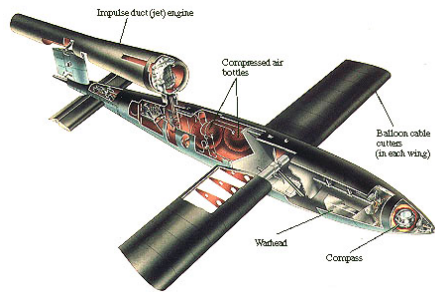
Family Tree of Ditchley, Field – Serco Murder for Hire Spying wives tied snuff-film bonds to wireless, camera, incendiary bombs



<http://www.archives.upenn.edu/img/20040220018x180.jpg>

<http://www.butler-valetschool.co.uk/Images/ditchley.jpg>

<http://a.images.blip.tv/Interactiveinvestor-SercoPicSRP303.jpg>



<http://hydrogencommerce.com/zeplins/recruit.jpg>

http://b-29s-over-korea.com/kennedy_story/images/buzz-bomb.jpg

http://www.bollyn.com/public/American_Holocaust.jpg

Chips referenced a coded message to Virgin Atlantic, Polish LOT and the other 3 airlines on aviation hits loosely connected to the Weather Underground. He mentions Al Gore's Green BS which causes large swings in airline stocks prices like Hillary's 1978 cattle trades. Voice of Ramey sends a Flash Clipper 'All Gold-members to be inserted near Blairmore House in parish of Glass; look for clue; brass plate that used to be attached to a safe that survived the Great Fire of Chicago of 1871; others to transfer to Kelmarsh Gardens near Northampton for further forward deployment to Crickhowell, Wales' Hamish briefs team on Nancy Tree, former wife of Ronald Tree (heir through his mother to a fortune also derived from Marshall FIELD), whom she married in 1920. They bought Ditchley in Oxfordshire where Winston Churchill used to spend his weekends during WWII, when the danger of bombing prevented him going to Chequers or Chartwell VD Clippers Gold Team on Mrs. Clegg's links to Beijing Ethics Network conspiracy at Boeing's Office apparently to write unwritten rules for trade in stolen nukes. Team finds safe below Ditchley Park; a dusty old 'audit copy' with front cover dated 11 November, 1945 and five names: McCain, McConnell and three nearly illegible; also three reels of film in steel canisters and a briefing "MOSQUITO GETS KENNEDY". Hamish led the way out of the Churchill Weather Underground 'safe-room'; two unknown riders approaching Ditchley on foot. Hamish, Thrasher and Tupelov rejoined others. Staccato of apparent gunfire heard outside. In safe room Natalya Antonov called 'switch'.

.....

“Emerson nice tits Corazon” whispered Chips as he continued to hammer home his message that Corazon was gratefully taking in.

“Excuse me Chips, while I admire outboard motors and long shaft Johnsons I do not appreciate such disrespectful terms for female body parts, although I am delighted at your assay of my assets, en espanol, in English, or in Polish which I enjoy a LOT.”

Chips understood her steganographic reference to the Polish Airline as well as Polish Sausage, which she often compared him to as did Natalya Antonov, Chips’ handler from Krakow who was quite an asset.



Natalya Antonov, Agent Chips, Krakow Bierhaus 23 April 2010, Polish LOT trip.jpg

“Negative my juicy cumquat. I was sending a coded message to Virgin Atlantic, Polish LOT and the other 3 airlines committed to the highest degree of safety who are following our revelation of aviation hits loosely connected to the Weather Underground. They are in quite a bind because some bad guys on their boards of directors are espousing Al Gore’s Green BS which causes large swings in airline stocks prices much like the predicted and predictable massive drops post 9/11 which were known by complicit insiders at American and United who through Chicago based short selling windfall profits made Hillary’s 1978 cattle trading prowess look dunce-like, which of course is what any prowess on her part would look like if the MSM would report the truth instead of the swill and speaking of swill I could sure go for a Captain Sherlock Martini when you pour your first Jameson Neat eye opener while we await the opening of the eyes of the voters in Pearson’s UK and Petraeus’s USA. My message which I whispered into my hot-mic

AQFB-27W Clipper Squirt Gun was in 'fighter pilot brevity' format and those on the other end, at the listening posts in Vancouver, Taldykorgan, Phoenix, Trondheim and Japan's SDF HQ with call forwarding to Banzai Pipeline understood the brevity. I was responding to the three concussive blasts and I could tell by their sonic signature that these were "turbine inlet temperature (TIT) blasts emanating from Nice, France as authorized by David Emerson of RCA-MDA-BFD. I did not mean any disrespect to your Mi Corazon para siempre in Spanish, Navajo, Arabic or your native tongue, forgive me."

"Chips, you are forgiven and that 'your native tongue' quip has given me an idea" and to Chips her idea was plain to see, plain as his nose on his face, as it were. Corazon's plans for Chips' nose and face were soon achieved, much to their mutual satisfaction not to bring up any of the Rolling Stones songs from the 60s such as Agent Jam's favorite which, for security purposes, will not be revealed in the same veil of secrecy which allows Abel Danger to talk about Curtis Brown without fingering Cherie Blair, capeche? When Mick Jagger sang 'Hey you, get offa my cloud' he wasn't singing about a Rolls Royce, but we will put that off until Chapter 16 just to keep the Bullingdon Pole Dancers off their timing as their paranoia and infighting intensify in the months leading up to the Obama October Surprise which Hardware Hank or this thick congressthing would probably abbreviate OSS but alas I digress. Let's listen to one of the 'human teleprompters' speak for the Alien Resident and his sellout to R & R and this alludes not to rest and relaxation such as was provided to soldiers in Viet-Nam but rather Rothy and Rocky who are admittedly trying to destroy the sovereign United States of America; to Rocky and Rothy Chips responds BULLWINKLE you PFers:

In their own words...wmv. ~ <http://captainsherlock.com/Olympic-Debt-2/InTheirOwnWords3.wmv>

When signaled to 'saddle up' by Agent Corazon Dulce Chips obliged and he could sense from her internal temperature that she was soon to cross the finish line and he, always the consummating gentleman, allowed her to cross first by a whisker. Excuse me, according to proof reader Marquis d'Cartier that should be 'consummate gentleman', so noted, agreed and stipulated to out of court which is exactly where Abel Danger has landed the KSM trial as Eric and Boo Boo rethink the lunacy of trying to again tell Americans that a bunch of 19 year old Camel Drivers with no flying time could hit precise 5 coordinate locations with QRS 11, SMACsonic and thermate/theremite while their supposed Commander-in-Sheep wonders aloud who Algorithm is thinking it must be a dunce with a lisp.



http://2.bp.blogspot.com/_Jo7IJoQhtjw/SwRV-wPMH0I/AAAAAAAAALf0/21Zs4ta-YXk/s400/Obama+third-eye.jpg

Chips and Corazon had just exploculated when the dancing light of a 4 D cell Magnalite in Thailand blue steel was flitting around the Lorry cab just as in the last chapter some Abel Danger folks had been dancing in the dark and setting off sparks in Chicago that let an old gnarly goat know his deeds would not go unpunished by some Annapolis men faithful to their oaths as opposed to Chicago whores of both genders faithful only to the greed and ego; stronger message to follow however while Name Dropper is polishing his balls, Abel Danger Comm Group and it's leader, the Voice of Ramey, suggest that the Old Goat has eternal fire to look forward to, see video clip here and then consider the words of Hebrews 10:26,27 and turn away from your evil ways and seek the face of my Lord, who has your eternal life in His hands, capeche?

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ItQ5wAnjZdM> USNA Marines toasting SS Minow

26 If we deliberately keep on sinning after we have received the knowledge of the truth, no sacrifice for sins is left, 2 7but only a fearful expectation of judgment and of raging fire that will consume the enemies of God.

The Marines have a brief message for SS, 'we're gonna kick your MFA' and that is not an advanced degree for sale at Occidental, Columbia, Harvard, Georgetown or worst of all cases Kellogg School of Management, capeche you POS scum bag? It appears that in 1981 Columbia had a remote campus in Pakistani, perhaps the Brzezinski-Soetero campus.

Above all things, Marines are Obedient and Faithful. Also always on the giving side of fair. Here's fair warning in the form of a five paragraph order crafted by Mad Baxter, Name Dropper and Agent Chips [google SMEAC and Marines for understanding]. There are Marines who brief in SMEAC and there are candy ass college boys WMFs who brief in gerbil-ese, for lack of a more polite term. SS Minow, you might listen up and learn the difference between SMEAC and SMAC you greasy smack; we are coming for you.

Prior to giving our 5 paragraph order to Abel Danger Agents AFIELD in the UK, let's review some musical history of America from the perspective of a Bugle Boy who grew up to be a Whistleblower. Follow along you vapid humps in empty suits:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hXXrfWqNJ8I>

As Bugle Boy Chips has now 'blown the horn/blown the whistle' on 9-11 and Volcanic Dust, the little people around the globe are waking up, greasing up and getting ready to 'kick ass' a la Sha Na Na. Look out Chicago and City of London, the jig is up.

SMEAC = Situation, Mission, Execution, Admin & Logistics, Command and Control.

Situation: In Civil Case 3:07-cv-24 Chips issued his first call as in this bugle message:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SGnZxcS7VKA>

While those on Capitol Hill, perhaps soon to be wishing for Boot Hill, in their empty suits didn't recognize the message in the bugler's call, Patriots, Christians and those loyal to the Constitution and the Creator did recognize the call and are answering and preparing for a Showdown, not to be confused with ELO's monster hit SHOWDOWN or the recent event in Searchlight, Nevada where a sissy girl was given his early retirement form to fill out. The turnout by the Tea Party was enough to make Nancy's FACE DROP again, or excuse me, from Marquis d'Cartier in MDA's technical library in Vancouver comes news that the cliché is Jaw Drop. The Chicago Rectum is so afraid of the Tea Party grannies that it would not surprise Abel Danger if Boo Boo called out the SWAT teams to protect 'candy ass'. Pissonya.

In the 90 days following the First Call and Reveille our nation's veterans, Christians, constitutionalists, and militia members responded IN SPADES and on 1 May, 2007 our strength and network was sufficiently virile to file the May Day Lawsuit also known as Civil Case 3:07-49 "Hawks CAFE v. The Global Guardians" which after our dogged pursuit of their doggy-faced lying spying wives has culminated in what Eric Holder will be dealing with immediately after his announcement that the KSM Trial is cancelled. On May Day, 2007 our Abel Danger Agent some refer to as The Bugle Boy showed our true "colors" as to wit I educate you self serving non-erudites thusly:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vSEVv9JfXaw>

Once we showed our colors, unlike the maritime cowards who inspired the Global Guardians were prone to do in SHOWING FALSE COLORS, our vibrant red, white and blue caused some Depends undergarments worn by the geriatric SES-FCI-KMA crowd to turn a rather vivid color of yellow, as it were. Perhaps our Abel Danger Urologist Dr. Les Libideaux of Bossier City, Louisiana could help with the incontinence causing your true colors to be shown as well as the dysfunction your sexual perversions make most evident to our enquiring minds, capeche?

We would continue with more SMEAC explanations, however, in an urgent update from Abel Danger's Global Operations Director come news that Abel Danger is to move out from Brize Norton in a tri-lateral deployment forward not to be confused with the Tri-Laminar attack of 9/11 that we warned ALPA, USDOJ and DoD of on 11 December, 2006 and that was prior to the following Weather Underground sponsored aviation events [Adam Air 574, Kenya 507, Colgan 3407, Air France 447, OOS] for re-insurance and the silencing or suppressing of the truth. The cowards infesting our highest offices FBO Rothschild's OCTOpus and Rockefeller's NWO will never suppress the truth of Isaiah 55:11. Look it up you worthless humps in the City of London and your effluence impersonators in the Chicago Rectum.

"11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

A word to the wise from the Book of Matthew 6:33:

"33 But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well."



<http://www.historic-uk.com/HistoryUK/Kelmarsh2006/KelmarshHallRedcoats-big.jpg>

Chips and Corazon had just become presentable when the Voice of Ramey came over their Clippers with a Flash Clipper: “All Gold-members report to the London Cab on the left side of the Lorry in which Chips has recently completed a security probe. All Red team hunter killers board the 17 passenger crew bus to return to your C27 aircraft to be inserted near Blairmore House in the parish of Glass, Aberdeenshire [Latitude, Longitude 57.445576N, 2.939878W]. The clue there is a brass plate that used to be attached to a safe that had been brought back from America and installed in the house by Alexander Geddes. The plate has an inscription to the effect that it had survived the Great Fire of Chicago of 1871. The safe has been sold for scrap but the inscription reads, "Had it not been for this safe, I would have gone bankrupt". The smoker-stroker Green Team please repair to the large tour bus with Virgin Atlantic on the left side and Polish Airlines LOT on the right side for your transfer to Kelmarsh Gardens near Northampton for a wet-whistle stop prior to further forward deployment ostensibly to Crickhowell, Wales.. Move out smartly. Agent DJ VOR”



<http://aff.bstatic.com/images/hotel/org/121/1213808.jpg>

Chips and Corazon embraced prior to her heading to the Red Team Hunter-Killer C27 and Chips heading off to the Virgin Atlantic/Polish LOT Green Team bus. As Chips was heading for the tour bus Agent Jameson Neat of Abel Danger St. James Gate intercepted Chips, gave him a status check for security and ID purposes and commented “Sometimes you feel like a nut, Peter Paul Mounds don’t” and so Chips understood who was in disguise posing as Agent Jameson Neat as he mentally googled the jingle from Peter Paul Candy not to be confused with Peter Paul and Mary or Paul Pelosi who would certainly not be Almond Joy materiel, if you known where my head’s at.

<http://captainsherlock.com/Olympic-Debt-2/05%20Peter%20Paul.mp3>

“Chips, as you see from my t-shirt I am Jameson Neat, you’ve been transferred to Team Gold and I am your security blanket, so to speak. We are to travel with Hamish and Thrasher and everyone here except the 4 of us think we are heading to the Magic Circle Jerks in the City of London” as she gave him another TI check finding him both like a Mound and yet possessing features which qualified him as an Almond Joy. As Jameson Neat took Chips’ hand and led him to the London Taxi, a Leyland, John Galt, Marquis d’Cartier, Hamish, and Mattress Thrasher filled the other seats while Agents Homi and James Crosby crawled into the boot, which is English for trunk, where upon Homi would provide security while James Crosby would manage the communications suite and defense electronic gear not dissimilar to the DEW that killed the Marines in a Blackhawk Chopper FBO Slick Willy and his Lying Spying cling-on with a left wing, small breasts and thick thighs, might I suggest laconically thunder-thighs, cause to be ‘vaporized’ near Quantico MCB, Virginia in 1993 where first responders noted that the Marines had been ‘cooked’ even though their Nomex flight suits had not been burned nor melted, hmmmhhh.

“19 May 1993 Four servicemen are killed on an inspection flight when their Blackhawk helicopter crashes in the woods near Quantico, Virginia. Maj. William Barclay, SSgt. Brian Haney, Capt. Scott Reynolds, and Marine Sgt. Timothy Sabel had flown President [Bill Clinton](#) to the USS Theodore Roosevelt during his visit to the aircraft carrier two

months prior. Hence, the men qualify as former "Clinton bodyguards" and their untimely deaths should be interpreted as evidence that they were killed simply because they knew too much."



<http://img199.imageshack.us/i/hillarykfc.jpg/>

As Chips and Agent Jameson Neat crawled into the front seat next to the driver, Chips put his hand under the Jameson Neat t-shirt to prove up the identity of his Gold team mate and when it comes to mating, Chips is certainly a member of the Gold Team according to Sting of U2 not to be confused with the U2 aircraft Abel Danger provided to Borinquen CGAS in March of 2010 prior to it's support staff meeting with Chips, James Crosby, Doc Fish-Hook and the Voice of Ramey DJ at the Comfort Inn on 13 April of this year, assuming you are reading this in 2010 AD with the AD indicating time after the birth of Christ Jesus.



72nd C4ISR Wing Chips and James Crosby identify March, 2010 U2 Ramey overfly.jpg

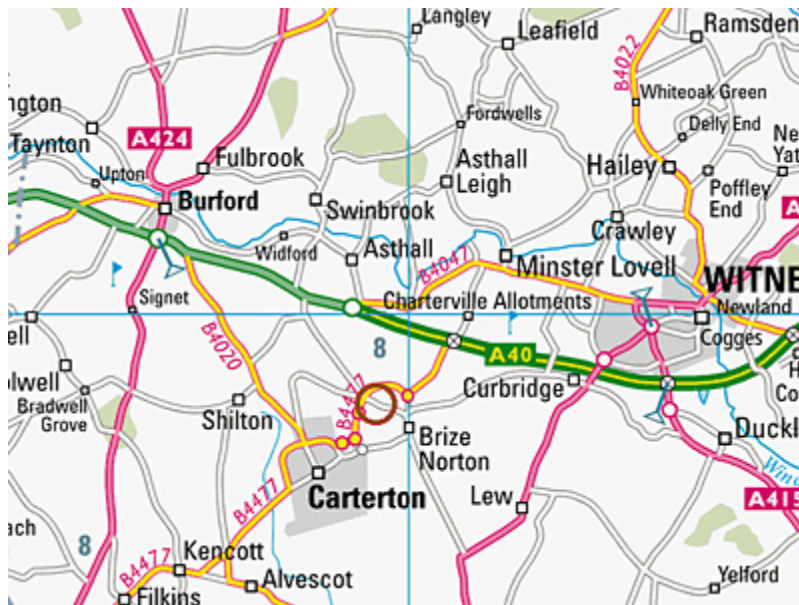
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rCNJBopK25I>

How fitting the FIELDS of Gold is performed by Sting as the surname FIELD is related to a Gold Team principal through Marshal Field, Virginia, Kelmarsh and a Tree. And of course Field's family tree may be subject to booth review prior to the USDOJ ending their fascination of American Idle and the NFL...Not For Long. As FIELDS of Gold was being replayed via Chips' Clipper Squirt Gun the moisture index of the woman posing as Agent Jameson Neal was increasing and it was plain to see, and sense, that Jameson was getting in the mood to discharge, I say again, discharge the promise of the 0:43 portion of the song as it pertains to FIELD and Barley as she handed Chips a Guinness beer which Chips couldn't accept as he was performing a digital moisture exam [DME] on the TA. DME to most pilots is 'distance measuring equipment' and TA would be 'terrain alert' to any Airbus geek, pardon the redundancy. However, to Natalya Antonov and Chips DME and TA always meant something more pleasant, as they were intent on reminding each other at their earliest opportunity. As the 6'4" Taxi driver placed the taxi in motion, Jameson Neat saw the similar features facial in the driver and the drivee seated next to her and still invading her space, in a manner of speaking.



http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/1/18/London_taxi.jpg

As Stone left the Brize Norton Jagger's club in his dust, he handed a Rand McNally route map to Agent Jameson Neal as his father Chips had his hands full, so to speak, much to her delight.



<http://www.willowsbrizenorton.co.uk/map.jpg>

A voice from the boot commented through the AM radio modified for AQFB-27-X communications facility, "Chips, I got your back and Homi reports all clear, standby for briefing from Otto Pilot aboard Norski 02, select 780 AM for the Voice of Ramey".

Agent DJ is startled by 1966 Intelligence papers recovered by Agent PMcC that revealed coconuts disappearing from Puerto Rico were being stolen by two demented men known only as Peter and Paul. Acquaintances of them said of their mental stability, "Sometimes they feel like a nut, sometimes they don't."



Agent DJ is startled by 1966 Intelligence papers recovered by Agent PMcC that revealed coconuts disappearing from Puerto Rico were being stolen by two demented men known only as Peter and Paul. Acquaintances of them said of their mental stability, "Sometimes they feel like a nut, sometimes they don't."

This photo is not from Maxwell Air Force Base archives due security issues, Ramey AFB, 1967

“Chips, Natalya, Stone, Mattress Thrasher, Hamish, Marquis d’Cartier and John Galt. You have been hand selected for the penetration, I say again, penetration of the Magic Circle and according to UCMJ ‘penetration however slight is sufficient to complete the act’ although our Swordsman Chips and ‘however slight’ should never be considered in the same book never mind sentence but alas I digress in a very non-laconic fashion unlike our man Chips. Uncle Ray and Banzai Pipeline have rerouted you due to the appearance of a ringer in the Magic Circle. By now your driver should have provided route maps from Brize Norton to you new destination where John Huston and a hard Tree once broke a bed into matchsticks not to be confused with the Beatles song or the lack of matchsticks when Dick and Lynn visited the same home on a Halliburton trip in the year prior to the Magic Circle-City of London-Emerson-Chicago Rectum Operation Global Guardian which took Chips and Hamish only minutes to see through as memorialized in this Beatles Classic from Rubber Soul not that Chips would know anything about rubbers and not that the Global Guardians would know anything about or care for any souls :

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5nGVaLkCQAg>

This explains how Chips could see through a member of his family tree, think of a branch and not a branch with many buds.....SOCIABLE.”

The Voice of Ramey Agent DJ had a mental facility where when any word or word root, I say again root, made him think of alcohol he would blurt out SOCIABLE just like Dr. Strangelove played by Peter Sellers used to spontaneously sig heil, which brings us back to the Columbia Pollock who deployed the Kenyan puppet for CIA in Pakistan while on paper the young schmuck was enrolled at Columbia University although no students or faculty recall seeing the chain-smoking Indonesian Muslim who is thought to have graduated from Agent Chips' High School, Punahou in any class room, dorm room or men's room at Columbia University, a known source of disloyal agitators see also ACORN and recall that both ACORN and QRS 11 Gyro Chips were birthed in Arkansas during the attack of the ugly woman patent lawyers strike force [UWPLSF] now headquartered in Chicago just like Boeing.

While Slick Willy, Hot Air A1, Thunder Thighs, Rudy Protrudi and Hot Head A4 were phucing around in 1964, Agents Chips, Hamish, Name Dropper, VOR DJ and Corazon were watching this film at the air conditioned Warner Theater on Ramey AFB while their fathers or themselves served the United States of America, one nation, Under God. See those last two words you despicable PFers while we watch Peter Sellers educate the masses:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A9ihKq34Ozc&feature=related>

Just as Dr. Strangelove had great difficulty suppressing his urge to show honor to Hitler, so it is with the Weather Underground [started at Ditchley, it seems, between 1945 and 1953] who cannot wean themselves from the taking down of airliners for political and financial gain. The list grows longer as the circle grows smaller according to Gordon Lightfoot who knows a lot about early morning rain, a knowledge not learned in City of London or London School of Economics but more likely in LaCrosse, Wisconsin whose airport is KLSE and is the former home of Gottlieb Heilemen Brewing whose Special Export beer was the top seller in Chicago and which, when abbreviated by North Central Flight Attendants was rendered SEX while coffee was C, coffee with cream was C+, and coffee with cream and sugar was C++.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qo0CYdZDQs&feature=PlayList&p=11CE794D3C703557&playnext_from=PL&playnext=1&index=52

The Weather Underground hits on airliners seems to have been born in 1972 in Chicago with the voyeuristic hit on N9031U, United 553, The City of Lincoln, and has gone on to include Arrow Air Flight MF1285R, Korean 007, Pan Am 103, TWA 800, Egypt 880, the 4 9-11 jets and 3 of the 4 9-11 drones the surviving exception being the Drone UA93 that landed at Cleveland Hopkins and taxied into the NASA hangar on the northwest corner of the airport after all witness had been evacuated from the KCLE airport property, Adam Air 574, Kenya 507, Colgan 3407, Air France 447 and the upcoming 'OOS incident' involving QRS11, SMACsonic, KU band and Boeing Uninterruptible Autopilots. And the beat goes on. Google this quartet of clues and see who appears to be the 'only game in town' when it comes to Aviation Safety:

Boeing Uninterruptible Autopilot + QRS 11 + KU band + Smacsonic

While the United States Department of Justice has not been quick to enhance aviation safety, Abel Danger's Global Agents will attempt a Polish Heart Attack which is a 4 dimensional fighter section, or two ship, maneuver wherein the two cooperating attackers are in different turning circles and at 450 knots the circle is not as small as the Magic Circle in City of London that may or may not include a Bunch of Bullingdons and Curtis Brown who is not to be confused with Cherie Blair whoever she may be or the much more lovely Cherie Amour as seen by Detroit's own not so little Stevie Wonder.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=shwwvSsHz5w>

As the taxi got onto the motorway and Stone set the speed at 71 mph, Hamish took out his Clipper Sherlock Holmes pipe and put on his thinking cap as he catered to the mantra that it was incumbent on all to think hard, excepting Bullingons, Chicago Rectums and other proponets of depopulation who are the archetypical hypocrites in that they fail to depopulate themselves first therein leading by example. As Hamish thought 'depopulation' Agent Natalya thought she picked up 'd copulation' and started sudsing like a Maytag as she often did within olfactory range of the pleasant smell of Our Man Chips who often wore cologne named 'Come to Me' a fragrance he discovered in a light hearted conversation with Captain Hoss prior to his retirement from flying, officially. Hamish turned his Clipper onto ADAC, Abel Danger all-call, and commenced a briefing, with some images to match to wit:



http://thepeerage.com/118483_001.jpg

http://3.bp.blogspot.com/_jAui5OTsRU/SzANXwvBMzI/AAAAAAAAAChE/OQcnOk7QpOY/S1600-R/empire.jpg

http://i.telegraph.co.uk/telegraph/multimedia/archive/01461/nancy_1461552c.jpg

“Fellow Abel Danger Agents, regarding our favorite FIELD, Nancy Tree, she was born Nancy Perkins in 1897, the daughter of Moncure Perkins of Richmond, Virginia. Educated in France, she first visited England before the First World War, staying with her formidable aunt Nancy Astor at Cliveden. In 1917 Miss Perkins married Henry FIELD, grandson of Marshall FIELD, the Chicago department store magnate, but was widowed within a year. There is no relationship between these FIELDS and Eugene FIELD the poet (Little Boy Blue) or FIELD Harris the USNA 1917 graduate Marine Corps Lt. General who inspired the first name of another FIELD from USNA 1971. Two

years later she met Ronald Tree (heir through his mother to a fortune also derived from Marshall FIELD), whom she married in 1920. Ronnie Tree bought her Mirador, the beautiful house in Virginia that had belonged to her grandfather, and together they restored it. In 1926 the Trees returned to England and soon afterwards rented Kelmarsh in Northamptonshire, a house by James Gibbs, which they also refurbished. Kelmarsh is the beautiful property near Northampton to which Agent Chips has been often as a member of the British White Cattle Society and has been offered the right wing as a writing studio by a friend surnamed Lancaster. It was at Ditchley in Oxfordshire, which the Trees bought from Viscount Dillon in 1933, that Nancy Tree came into her own. She and her husband made of that vast Palladian pile one of the most comfortable of country houses, with central heating and en suite bathrooms. Winston Churchill used to spend his weekends there during the Second World War, when the danger of bombing prevented him going to Chequers or Chartwell. But the Trees' marriage was dissolved in 1947, and their idyll at Ditchley came to an end. The next year she married Lt-Col Claude Lancaster, MP, the owner of Kelmarsh; they soon separated. It seems this TREE-FIELD had a hard time breaking her Kelmarsh infatuation just as the Sidley Sows and Bullingdons have a hard time breaking their addiction to reinsurance profits spawned by the 4 weapons exposed in Civil Case 1:08-1600 (RMC) and now being reviewed by Turkish Air Line Pilots, Virgin Atlantic Airlines as well as a LOT of others.”

Google again : Boeing Uninterruptible Auto Pilot + QRS 11 + KU band + Smacsonic

“Hamish, Fire House TMI, please give us briefer briefings so that at some point Chips can give me a debriefing that I sorely pine for” implored Agent Jameson Neat whose MI was beyond anxious as the TI exceeded ‘sufficient to complete the act’ as per UCMJ which did not apply to future Commander-in-Chief Slick Willy whilst he was sloughing off at Oxford prior to his expulsion wishing he could delay exploculation for 4 hours such as Our Man Chips is famous for, for if he had he might have prevented the video taping of Operation Bleu Dress wherein TT gained a blackmail weapon to use against her master.

(2) who has not attained the age of sixteen years, is guilty of carnal knowledge and shall be punished as a court-martial may direct.

(c) Penetration, however slight, is sufficient to complete either of these offenses.

www.usmilitary.about.com/od/punitivarticles/a/mcm120.htm

Hamish noticed that Stone took a turn which would not be helpful in arriving at the City of London where it was thought that Team Gold was being deployed to. As he expressed his concern to Stone Agent John Galt pulled out a PDA and showed Hamish the route and the new destination, Kelmarsh, apparently to have a joint social with the Green Team Smokers and Stokers.

As Hamish seemed perplexed as to the destination of Kelmarsh he continued briefing his audience at ADAC on the Clipper.

“The government is funding industry work to develop Staffed Virtual Towers (SVT). They’re paying to develop our replacement. The old school, on site, legacy towers with windows will be referred to as OTW facilities (out the windows). The virtual facilities will replace the 90-something split OTW Towers that were contracted out to Midwest ATC, RVA, Serco and the like. We think RCA and Serco are a major threat to the survivability of the United States and therefore the world. When virtual towers are introduced, operation of the virtual towers will move from the Mom-and-Pops (Midwest, RVA, Serco) to the Big Leagues (Raytheon, Boeing ATC, LockMart). The plan is not to move a Virtual Tower into each airport. The plan is to install the sensor systems at each airport, and remote the airport workstation to some other location just as on 9/11 the control was remotored to two NATO AWACS orbiting off NYC and WDC with the blessing of General Maurice Baril whom General Henry Shelton trusted to provide for the sovereignty of the United States Airspace on 9/11; poor choice. Almost all the communications in a Virtual Tower will be over datalink, although there will be a voice channel for minimally equipped aircraft. The AVT will have a voice synthesizer to interact with, if necessary. All the technology to do this exists today, and it is being battlefield tested in Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Somalia, and Yemen. The same Industry that is going to run the Virtual Towers has changed the military to the point that stateside drone pilots stationed at Hector FIELD in Fargo are operating aircraft in Afghanistan, and combat commanders are seeing the whole battlespace on laptop computer screens .. The phrase, “Staffed Virtual Tower” has just recently started morphing into “Staffed NextGen Tower.....”



http://i83.photobucket.com/albums/j288/cleverus/Jameson_Whiskey.jpg

Hamish was interrupted by the Voice of Ramey not because any word synonymous with alcohol had been spoken but Hamish's droning on with TMI was putting the audience at Abel Danger to sleep as much of this information was 'old hat' to the white hats at Abel Danger rooting out the black hats in City of London sewers and Chicago's Rectum. To visualize a Chicago Rectum consider Elvi-Blago or the old Goat set to burn as Obama's Senate seat that was once up for sale to the highest bidder is set to be won by a Republican as the Democratic 'plant' has just lost his family bank due to some issues with Blago, Rezko and Boo Boo.

During the 'sociable' Agent Jameson Neat pulled out a fifth of Jameson and shared sips with Chips and Stone before taking a second long pull herself as Chips looked forward to her taking a long pull on him ASAP. As the London Taxi approached Kelmarsh, Hamish droned on ad nauseam as had been his MO for a seemingly interminable time.

"Abel Danger is mulling this recent posting in a publication much read by ATC professionals: STAFFED NEXTGEN TOWER (SNT) SYSTEM ENGINEERING & CONCEPT EVALUATION" .. Technological change is never neutral, it's always influenced by the agenda of those who wield the change. All the changes they want to implement in the next five years will be wrapped in two labels: Next-Gen and Carbon Footprint. They don't really care about either, but it's a very effective marketing tool. In five years, they'll shift to new marketing terms. In fact, I'd like to predict a new term: I think Next-Gen and Green will merge into Next-Gren. You heard it here first. Again, this is just my opinion. I think we're going to lose one-third of government Terminal controller jobs because they're going to split all but the busiest terminals, contract out those towers, consolidate the Approach Controls, and replace the contract OTW towers with Staffed Virtual Towers (SVT) and Automated Virtual Towers (AVT). Those terms are being replaced with Staffed NextGen Towers (SNT) and Automated NextGen Towers (ANT). With the loss of those towers, we lose power and influence, and our Competitors gain business and credibility. Each of those towers was a place where we had a member of Congress who cared about his District, twenty constituents who could influence them, and a newspaper that would cover the story. Our profession will lose the human touch. On the midnight shifts, or when the opening daylight controller calls sick, the Automated NextGen Tower will be on duty, all by itself. That's the death knell of a once vibrant profession. A death knell that visited SERCO's Willie Card immediately following 9/11 in the same way Daniel Lewin was silenced along with the Raytheon management folks aboard American Flight 11 on the morning where it's Drone Replacement NPR flying vehicle flew into one of the Twin Towers while the Naudet Brothers got some good snuff flick footage FBO of Thomas Barnett, City of London's Magic Circle Jerks and the Chicago Rectum that forced Boeings move to the Chitty City and arranged the untimely demise of Dr. Thomas Hale who was Chips' Navajo instructor prior to disservice at Harvard, which is a disservice to America at the end of the day, or country....."

Hamish was interrupted as Stone was pulling over due to flashing blue lights behind their London Taxi. As Stone stopped and rolled the window down a non-uniformed law

enforcement official, LEO, walked up to the open window which Stone was looking through.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RLgeY3LR9JQ>

As the Hollies sang about looking through any window, in Scotland the government tried to run from complicit negligence in the Hollie Grieg abuse case while the pedophile riddled Vatican refused to extradite from India a perp who boned a kid in Minnesota while Natalya offered Chips a 'window' to look through which had an item of clothing in pastel magenta at the limit of his vision where he would love to place some plum pudding if he could find a pie eyed piper to perform the plum piping.



<http://www.kaboodle.com/reviews/magenta-thong-bikini-with-plum-piping>

“Philip Ackroyd believes that a ‘Jameson Neat’ might be in this taxi, assuming the plates 561 BMK are assigned to this Leyland Taxi, if that is the case please identify yourself.”

As Natalya Antonov turned to expose the front of her t-shirt Chips could see a pair of circuit breakers popping. “I am Jameson Neat, sir” responded Agent Natalya Antonov who enjoyed sitting on Chips’ lap more than discussing drivel with a law enforcement officer while she held a fifth of Jameson in the hand behind her back.

“Jameson, a J. Lancaster in Northampton has asked Philip Ackroyd to let you and your mates know that the Kelmarsh Orangery Option is removed due to technology similar to SVT, he said you’d understand. He has suggested you and your party proceed immediately to this alternate RON venue another country home that has been much loved by Tree and FIELD” as he handed Jameson a map with present position and a highlight route to Ditchley House outlined in magenta but with no plum pudding or piping.

“Thank you officer, I will have our driver turn around and proceed directly to Ditchley House and the 8 of us thank you a great deal for your efforts, Godspeed”.

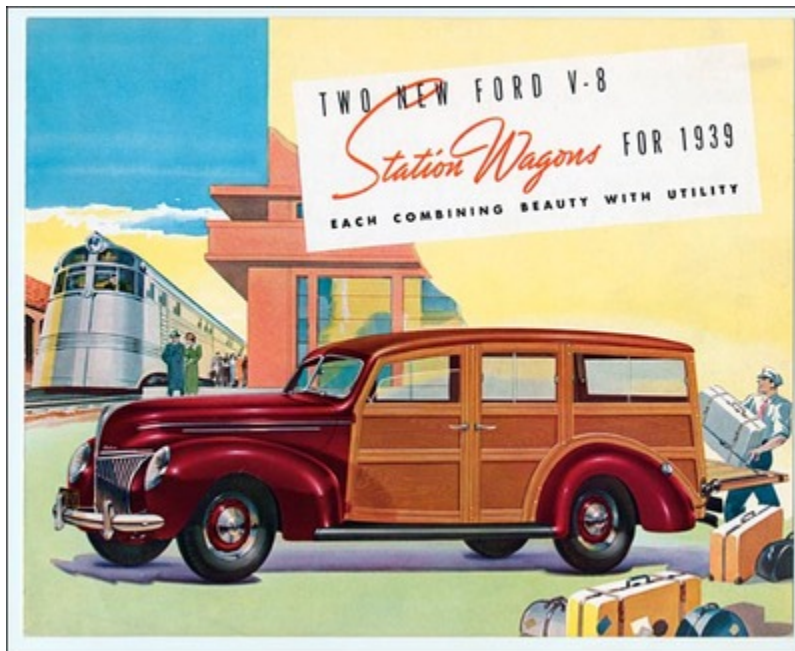
“Jameson, you said 8 but I see only 6, do you have anyone in the boot, per chance?”

“No sir, it was a slip of the tongue. We have only Grolsch Beer, Smoked Oysters, Rodney Baldinger NDSU Extend-o-peters and 12 dozen pastel thongs in the boot.”

“Thank you Jameson, please proceed to Ditchley and we have disabled the speed cameras along the motorway so in deference to Agent Mattress Thrasher who I believe is amongst you, you may ‘let ‘er rip, potato chip’ as you yanks are often saying.”

“Thank you officer, however, I am a Pole, not a yank, but the gentleman seated next to me is a yank in both senses of the word and that is coming from a Pole who is a good dancer. Good day”.

As the officer indicated to Stone that a U-turn was okay, Chips was thinking about Poles and dances and getting a very good idea. Apparently Jameson was also as her next question to Chips, whispered into his good ear, was “Do you still have the biggest woody in Minnesota Chips?”



<http://bigpicture.typepad.com/writing/images/woody.jpg>

“Judge for yourself Jameson, let me whip it out and show you” as he removed from his wallet a 3 by 5 glossy photo of his super trick and piss wicked 1939 Woodie, an oldie but a goodie, built in the same year the "The Wizard of Oz" and "Gone With the Wind" were filmed in color as Chips pictured the color pastel magenta in his mind, which had no effect on the Woodie in the photo.

“Chips, I certainly have never seen a bigger woody especially one with such a nice purple tip and I note it has a Surf Broad Rack to which I’d like to be tied for some four

poster rodeo sex sometime as Agent Stevie R. Gowray tells me you and Dropper and Madam Ovary have planned for March, 2011 at Officer's Beach at Ramey".

"Thanks, I don't get many complaints about my Woodie, it has a straight stick".

Stone set the London Taxi right on 85 miles per hour as Hamish resumed the updating of Abel Danger with some currents projects as Chips was projecting something into a warm and soft hand of a Pole dancer from Krakow who worked near St. James Gate although that was not the first gate Chips wished to go through.



http://copiaguechamber.org/MicheleGrande/marconi_sign.jpg
<http://schubincave.com/files/2009/08/RCA-Hawkeye1.jpg>
http://www.meldrum.co.uk/mhp/continuity/exp_colour/exp_col_4.jpg

"Regarding the earlier cameras they using were Marconi BD848 models, with three 3" image orthicon tubes supplying the picture. The camera was based on the RCA TK41 design. The camera itself was pretty unwieldy and ran hot. Colours shifted constantly. Marconi had not many customers for the camera with the exception of the BBC (1956), and medical supplier Smith Kline and French who loaned an ob van with two cameras for relaying operations. The van also went to an Eistedford and was run by ITV company TWW as a demonstrator. Subsequent upgrades of the camera were used by Intertel for simultaneous shooting of ITV shows for resale (in colour) to the USA. One such camera has now been revived and is in the collection of the Bradford-based museum of Photography, Film and Television. Once we arrive at our alternate RON venue the first order of business will be for James Crosby and Homi to scour the entire house to ensure there are no functioning cameras installed, especially in bedrooms C and H where two pairs of Agents will perform the tensile strength tests known as Operation Matchstick or in Churchill's Weather Underground Office which is generally off limits except for heads of state or those with insatiable libidos".

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hhb9vBISWPU>

"Chips, is there any chance Hamish erred and the Operation will be Match Box instead?"

"Regardless of what Hamish may have said I can assure you that if you continue to shake my tree indicating to my satisfaction that you want my peaches, I will be your big dog as the little Bullingdon poodles and Chicago sissies run for cover as 9/11 and VD sound a death knell for the OCTOpussies, many of whom are listed as defendants in Civil Case 3:07-cv-49 my svelte and juicy kumquat and this is all prior to the take down of

Goldman Sachs which is being initiated by our Athens, Greece, folks who 35 years ago were student pilots in Beeville, Texas before serving both the Singapore Air Force and Singapore Air Lines, one of the 5 safest according to current Abel Danger intel. It seems the Goldman Goons and the R&R Raiders haven't read pages 305 and 306 of Descent into Slavery by Des Griffin, ISBN: 0-941380-01-7".

"One such individual is David Rockefeller, the super-capitalist whose family donated the land (valued at \$7,000,000 in 1945) on which the United Nations headquarters in New York is built. He is also the man who has for many years supported numerous Socialist and Communist causes. At the 1991 Bilderberg meeting in Europe, Rockefeller stated: "We are grateful to the Washington Post, the New York Times, Time magazine and other great publications whose directors have attended our meetings and respected their promises of discretion for almost forty years. It would have been impossible for us to develop our plan for the world if we had been subjected to the lights of publicity during those years. But, the world is now more sophisticated and prepared to march towards a world government. The supranational sovereignty of an intellectual elite [THE ILLUMINATED ONES!] and world bankers is surely preferable to the national autodetermination practiced in past centuries. Eleven years later in his 2002 Memoirs (Random House), Mr. Rockefeller apparently saw no further need to hide behind a screen of secrecy in his 'plan for the world...(and the) march towards a world government. For more than a century ideological extremists...have seized upon well publicized incidents such as my encounter with Castro to attack the Rockefeller family for the inordinate influence they claim we wield over American political and economic institutions. Some even believe we are part of a secret [Chicago rectum?] cabal working against the best interests of the United States, characterizing my family and me as 'internationalists' and of conspiring with others around the world to build a more integrated global political and economic structure – one world, if you will. If that's the charge, I STAND GUILTY, and I am proud of it."

R&R blinded by II Corinthians 4:4 *4 The god of this age has blinded the minds of unbelievers, so that they cannot see the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God.*

Satan motivated to displace God Isaiah 14:14: *14 I will ascend above the tops of the clouds; I will make myself like the Most High.*

Battle between Global Depopulationists and We The Little People of God: *Ephesians 6:12: 12 For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.*

Will Rockefeller and the "intellectual elite" succeed in their plans to gain "supranational sovereignty" worldwide -- thus creating their New World Order? As was the case in Nimrod's Babylon, they will fail in their efforts ... and be sent babbling into oblivion. They perhaps should have read Proverbs 21:31, Revelation 18:4, I Timothy 1:11, Romans 16:20, Revelation 17:9-14 and 19:11-16. .

Stone looked down at the GPS display on the AQFB-27-X AM radio insert and saw they had less than 10 minutes prior to arriving at the Ditchley Destination not to be confused with Mystole House, Kelmars Hall or the Gliffaes House in Powys, Crickhowell, Wales where Agent Natalya Antonov and Chips first exchanged pleasantries and heavenly bodily fluids in November, 1999 while thought to be at a meeting of the British White Cattle Society.



<http://www.britishwhite.org/archives/field.htm>

Stone sensed that the drivel from Hamish had bored his fellow Agents into a semi catatonic state, much like Holder's USDOJ which takes orders from Boeing Beagles, DLA Piper Pikers and USDOJ Pride, and so he impersonated Agent DJ, the Voice of Ramey, and called for a SOCIABLE while his mind wandered off wondering what the last image Captain Gerald DeConto saw prior to the Magic Circle brokered Raytheon Sky Warrior modified at Ft Collins, Colorado [google Skurich] flying into his window at the US Navy Command center on 9/11 apparently flown by some young Muslims who had boarded Chips' college classmate Captain Chic Burlingame's American 77, the parts of which were not found in the Pentagon debris field but rather a rectangular fuselage section, an air refueling probe, and a turbine wheel from a J52-P8 engine such as hung below the wings of Sky Warriors operated by Raytheon Corporation in 2001. While Stone realized the air refueling probe [10 o'clock position from center of radome] was not obvious to boneheads with JDs, he hoped he could envision a side shot of the air refueling probe attached to the Raytheon A-3 Sky Warrior retrieved from the debris where a B757 never was and the FBI video tape with the 'missing 3 frames' can prove this to be true.



Head-on aspect of Raytheon Sky Warriorlast aircraft seen by Capt DeConto Skurich.jpg



[Side profile of Raytheon Sky Warrior AR Probe found at Wedge 1 DeConto office.jpg](#)

As Stone drained a Grolsch and Agent Jameson Neat took a long pull on her 5th of Jameson, Chips completed a brief digital exam beneath the Jameson Neat logo and then accepted the offer of Irish Whiskey from his fellow Agent while she conducted a TI update. Somewhere enroute to Wales the Voice of Ramey had enjoyed so many sociables that he appeared to be the star of Airplane who had the drinking problem who would be sweating profusely at the prospect of having to land a B707 after having eaten the fish, not to be confused with Abel Danger Agent Fish [Captain Gerald DeConto, USNA 1979] or his replacement Agent Doc Fish-Hook after the original Fish had been gaffed and I refer not to Rudy Protrudi's undergarment when dressed in drag. For any Bullingdons or Chicago Rectums not fluent in English let me define GAFF for you morons:

Gaff could refer to ([fishing](#)) A [tool](#) consisting of a large metal [hook](#) with a handle or pole, used to pull in large [fish](#) such as found in the Magic Circle of City of London or (British slang) A place of residence, or ([nautical](#)) the upper [spar](#) used to control a gaff-rigged [sail](#), or a minor error or [faux pas](#), or a [trick](#) or [con](#), or in the case of Rudy Protudi when dressed in drag trying to escape complicity for the human teeth piled with the garbage in Fresh Kills hills 1 and 9, a garment worn to hide the [genitals](#) by male [transvestites](#).

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qaXvFT_UyI8

As the GPS, a Garmin model once built in Fargo, indicated that the London Taxi was arriving at Ditchley House both Stone and Chips realized how well hidden the driveway

was due to dense deciduous trees and realized that Churchill could easily have camped out at this location to escape the buzz bombs and V rockets of WWII, not to mention swill gin and imagine himself a Swordsman such as our affable Agent Chips. Stone drove by the main residence and carriage house and parked on the lawn, in plain sight not to be confused with the DVKDVD disinfo piece IN PLANE SITE. As Hamish, Mattress Thrasher, Jameson Neat, Chips, Marquis d'Cartier and John Galt sat still and quiet, from the boot via Clipper came the 'all clear' as James Crosby and Homi had sampled the location electronically, optically and with infared and found no threats. Overhead a blacked out Norwegian C130, Norski 02, with transponder off and no filed flight plan provided a lower comm. and optical link at 14,500 feet to complement the Joint Stars orbiting above at FL370. C130s flying low over England and Wales occurred in November, 1999, while Chips and Natalya were hammering away at the Gliffaes House in hopes of saving America and Poland, to wit:

"After a quick 5 hours of not sleeping Chips and Natalya Antonov left to return to London's Gatwick airport but not before attending Mr. Mick Wright's production sale at Crickhowell, Wales. The sale was prompt, well financed and enjoyed good weather as well. As a side note, two RAF C130 Hercules planes passed low over the sale enroute to honor the bride (nanny of Princes Harry and William) who was being married at the Gliffaes Hotel. The animals forward included no disappointments with several pairs or heifers and two bulls being judged superior."

<http://www.britishwhite.org/archives/field.htm>

"All clear Norski" was followed by "Secure Brumhilde" as Stone gave the head nod to signal his concurrence it was safe to leave the taxi. As Stone kept his right hand on his Glock Jameson Neat released her right handed grip on a similar sounding item with one less letter not to be confused with the Magic Circle Law Firms Layer, Field, Chance, Slaughter and Ovary.

Hamish made straight for the back door where 'The Stranger' had signaled 3 short flashes with a green LED shrouded by a Wellington overshoe so only the intended azimuth could see the 'all clear' signal. Hamish greeted 'The Stranger' introducing himself as "Greg Dyke, BBC" to which 'Curtis Brown' responded "just call me Richard".

"We are delighted to meet you, Richard and our Board of Directors as well as Nicholas Miller, CEO of AirPatrol, (wireless security provider to Fortune 100 companies and high profile government agencies) respect your distinguished background in the industry, combined with his deep knowledge of information privacy and security, will make you an invaluable advisor Abel Danger as we focus our energy on Magic Circle and Chicago Rectum."

Jameson's Neat Agent heard the brief conversation between Hamish and The Stranger and thought he looked more like a dick than a Richard. Be that as it may Agent Natalya Antonov's Clipper went off with an Immediate Clipper from Agent Kaya embedded in Team Green as opposed to Agent Natalya who wished to be embedded with Agent Chips.



Sheikh yur-Buti (Chips) Agent Natalya Antonov, Istanbul 22 April 2010, TALPA meet.jpg

*“VD Expert Witness Kaya Immediate Clipper relay from Agent Corazon Dulce to Abel Danger Gold Team: “Natalya, you must get Chips away from the crowd into a private place and update him with this classified intel gleaned by Corazon Dulce from her ICE coworkers at the Law Firm that straddles North Carolina and Madrid: Miriam González Durántez (born May 1968) is a partner of international legal practice [DLA Piper](#) and the wife of UK [Liberal Democrat](#) party leader [Nick Clegg](#). She was born in [Spain](#) and has Spanish nationality, but lives and works in the United Kingdom with her husband and children .. Having previously worked as an advisor on trade law, economic relations and the [Middle East](#) to both the [European Union](#) and the British Government, González Durántez now works as a partner of [DLA Piper](#). She is the head of International Trade Law. She is considered an expert on EU law and co-authored the book *Regulatory Aspects of the WTO Telecoms Agreements*. She is the one that DLA Piper Phoenix alluded to when Chips and Ralph G met in February at Bobby G’s in Phoenix, later at Eli’s in Scottsdale where Songbird’s wife sells beer. [<http://elisbar.com/>] VD. Mrs. Clegg is linked to a ‘Beijing Ethics Network’ conspiracy at Boeing’s Office, apparently to write unwritten rules for trade in stolen nukes. Agent Kaya, Abel Danger Green Stroker”*

Natalya recognized the legitimacy of the message as Kaya had written it in Kazak, not her usual Russian or English. She immediately grabbed Chips by the hand and brushed past Richard and Greg Dyke excusing themselves enroute.

“Richard and Greg, pardon our urgency but I have just received a cel call indicating that my father is in hospital and quite ill. Is there a private setting where I could return the call away for the others so as not to burden you with my tears?”



<http://images.alibris.com/isbn/9780870211577.gif>

“Yes, please by all means, you may both take the stairs down and then to the end of the hall. The book case on the left with the Dutton’s Navigation volume in top center row is actually a secure door to a private area once used by Churchill. Take all the time you need and when you feel composed please join us for High Tea and cakes if you wish. Take this remote along dear.”

Stone handed his father two small leather bags both from Mumbai with essentials for Chips and Natalya. Down the stairs, down the hall, left side book case and as Natalya went to try and open it, Chips pointed at the remote. Natalya pressed the upper left button and a high volume exhaust fan energized causing small shutters to open and great volumes of air to move from the secret chamber outward into the basement hall. She tried the upper right button and secondary battery powered flood lights illuminated. Third time was the charm when she selected middle center button and the book case opened quietly. As the two Agents entered the hidden room she hit the middle center button again as Chips was reaching for her middle center button as well. As the bookcase closed and latched securely a soft green light indicated secure as a second red light indicated ‘Fire Exit’ just to the left of a wet bar. Chips pressed the left lower button on the remote and a Murphy bed rotated down from its previously hidden wall unit. Chips moved to the wet bar to the left and prepared himself a Captain Sherlock Martini being careful to shake and not stir. In the reflection in the bar mirror he could see Natalya disrobing and he noted the color du jour, pastel magenta and plum piping. He found a cocktail tooth pick in matching color and speared two stuffed queens. He glanced in the mirror and saw that Natalya had her quart of Jameson placed under her fluffy pillow apparently thinking that after she had her way with Chips she could finish off the lengthy portion of Jameson.

“Something to drink my dear?” asked Chips, ever the affable yet not flappable attender to all things female, especially plumbing.

“Thinking back to our last enduro in Istanbul, second only to the mother of all enduros

during the Tortola drug run, perhaps the icebox has an EFES for me to taste' giving Chips a playful look that was just as stimulating in a mirror as it would be face to face. As Chips put the two drinks on either side of the Murphy bed he was changing into his birthday suit and was set to remove the final item of clothing when Natalya cooed:

“Oh Chips, let me help you free the monster as your hands must be cold from the Martini and Efes.” As the Oscar de La Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster in pastel magenta was removed an item rotated down and away from Chips just as the Murphy bed had rotated down and away from the wall.

Chips and Natalya both set their Clippers to FLASH MESSAGE ONLY as Chips selected C240 and F4 on his Clipper Squirt Gun. Knowing Natalya liked to start slow for the first 4 hours Chips had selected a song by Van Morrison which reminded him of someone exactly like her, someone he'd been seeking as he traveled the world marching to the beat of a different drum, not to be confused with Linda Ronstadt's killer hit from 1967, Different Drum, when she was backed by Stone Poney later to morph into The Eagles, The Monkees or some other animal band but not the Animals featuring Eric Burdon whose monster hit from 1965 often played at Ramey High Rallies at the Roxy Theater where Agent DJ was projectionist “We Gotta Get Out of This Place”.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L_kvQfOeqMw

As Chips saddled up he noted that Natalya had placed an 18 ounce tin of Smoked Oysters and a 3 geltab bubble wraps of Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters next to his 32 ounce Captain Sherlock Martini suspending two stuffed queens as Chips was stuffing a queen also, in a manner of speaking. While the lovemonsters wrestled as one for the first four hours perhaps you'd enjoy seeing what the Senator Byron Dorgan, USDOJ and ALPA think of Airline Safety as delivered by Captain Carlin, of Abel Danger Beyond.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GFW6NHbWX0E&playnext_from=TL&videos=220Cgc6-d50&feature=rec-LGOUT-exp_fresh%2Bdiv-1r-8-HM

As Chips passed the 4 hour mark with neither of the two ADuc Agents exploculating he hit 'replay' as in his mind he heard another bugle call and then he realized it wasn't his mind at all but the ring-tone on Agent Natalya's Clipper Jameson bottle and the bugle call seemed to spur Natalya into a run for the roses and he stepped up in to stirrups as if he was Charles EMERSON Winchester aboard Pegasus in the final turn, not David EMERSON whose MDA may have manipulated the final turns of Drones 175 and 11 in front of the Naudet cameras with parallel laser target designators casting lasers directed on the drone targets of 9-11, AON Corporation and Cantor Fitzgerald two corporations that needed to disappear so the Magic Circle Jerks and their clients could inherit the windfall profits not made in the NY-Chicago short-selling fraud that netted \$1.5 trillion:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sE1huPYerp0>

Agent Natalya, though a Pole, believed her paternal grandmother had been from eastern Russia whence the Khazars had settled after Genghis Khan finished charm school and completed anger management training as ordered by Boeing Beagles, DLA Piper and USDOJ Pride's forerunners in the 16th century, AD. She pulled out a leather riding crop and slapped Chips' buttocks causing him to expoculate first just to show him who the world champion Pole sitter was, in a manner of speaking. Once she joined him in post coital fluid sharing, she answered her Clipper in a professional yet sultry voice as Chips stared starry eyed into a pair of 1939 La Salle headlights, or something mighty close as he recalled the lyrics to "Night Moves".....'she had points of her own sitting way up high, way up firm and high'. Bob Seger and the Silver Bullit Band may someday be working with Abel Danger, if they are not already.



http://www.conceptcarz.com/view/photo/234285,10097/1939-LaSalle-Series-50_photo.aspx

“Abel Danger Natalya Antonov, Secure Clipper, Go”

“Antonov, this is Tupelov, I am upstairs at Ditchley. How is your father, I hear he is not well. Please tell me he's alright.”

“Natalya, my father in Warsaw is fine, we used that excuse to do some security down in Churchill's Weather Underground, CWU not to be confused with CRU who set up Al Gore and Michael Mann of Penn State or the Communications Worker's of America who helped the bad guys wire, perhaps, the buildings known as David and Nelson so they could use control demolitions after steering Darleen Drunyen's Drone into laser designated targets while Naudet cameras got the money shot for Thomas Barnett who would later boast of the world's "first live mass snuff flick". Chips is down here if you can sneak away for a brief update”.

“I will we right down, I know the drill and will give the secret Abel Danger knocker, oh, pardon me, knock. I have some important info about a Virgin Butch, see you in 60 seconds.”

Natalya Antonov hastily got dressed beginning with pastel orange which she had hope to be changing into hours before at the Kelmarsh Orangery where Tree's FIELD had some hard wood. She placed two more tins of Chicken of the Sea Smoked Oysters, in the 18 ounce tins, next to Chips and poured him another Captain Sherlock Martini. Seconds after becoming presentable she heard the Abel Danger knocker with a pair of Kazak knockers and she let her tag-team player in.

"Tupelov, tell Chips the news, I need to visit with Hamish and Thrasher for a few minutes and have a spot of tea. Give me a hour and I should be back."

"No rush, Antonov," replied Tupelov as she spied the empty Oyster tins and saw what appeared to be oyster juice on Chips' face. As Antonov left, Chips used the remote to close and latch the hidden book case as Tupelov removed her blue jeans, sweater, and a matched set in pastel cucumber as she saw the outline of something similar below the comforter. In her mind she pictured a stallion once sung about by Dan Fogleberg in "Run For the Roses" and she was hoping that the strength of the stud would be sufficient to satisfy a fiery mare, and she wasn't horsing around.

Tupelov assumed a position that reminded him of the old 'rabbit ear' TV antennae from the 1950 as he honored her gambit and crawled into the saddle harking back to "I Got The Hoss If You've Got The Saddle" from Chapter 14. Knowing this Kazak beauty liked to start fast and end slow, he selected C240 and F4 on his Clipper Squirt Gun as he played a song to reflect their business (flying) and the Union of Soviet States in which they had first had security debriefings in Taldykorgan, 1988 after sharing numerous Ukrainian Vodka Captain Sherlock Martinis prior to her first revealing her big mountains prior to his explorations down south, in a manner of speaking.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kHD5nd3QLTg>

Two hours and 37 minutes into the enduro, 7 minutes after the 4th 'switch' call, Natalya Tupelov and Agent Chips missed an immediate clipper as they both had their Clippers on FLASH ONLY-no vibrate. The missed Clipper was from an avid supporter of Abel Danger in Norway.

"VD Agent Otto to VD revealer Chips, Hamish, Name Dropper and Voice of Ramey DJ, copy Banzai: "Chips et al, the Boeing Beagles and USDOJ Pride have been outted by DLA Piper's straight man in Phoenix who in turn supplied the following to the blogosphere. Please call ASAP:

<http://blogs.telegraph.co.uk/news/jamesdelingpole/100036763/but-gays-arent-normal/>"

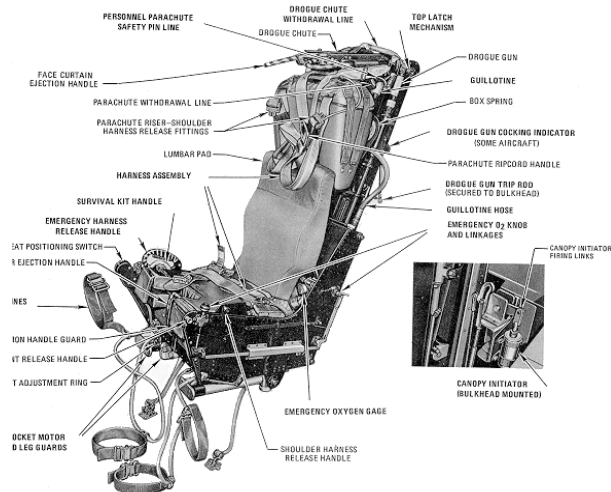


[Chips, Natalya Tupelov, Line Brew Safe House Talkydorgan Kstan, Feb 14 '88.jpg](#)

Agent Chips was feeling like an early exploculation might occur so he pictured a Butch Lawyer from Chicago. That caused an over reaction to which Chips remedied with mentally picturing Agent Natalya Tupelov and her original deflowering ceremony to receive her into Abel Danger service, and she loved to be serviced. Chips could sense that she was nearing climax, as is this chapter, and as she quivered and launched Chips did the same while suddenly all was quiet and dark. Chips thought he'd died in the saddle like a good cowboy should, that is until the battery powered lights flickered on and an urgent Abel Danger Knocker was heard at the door to the CWU.

As Tupelov and Chips hastily dressed in the dark they heard the bookcase door swing open, apparently electronically triggered by the Abel Danger Knocker. Following a 14 inch 4 D cell Magnalite in Thailand Steel blue was Agent Natalya Antonov, Hamish and Mattress Thrasher.

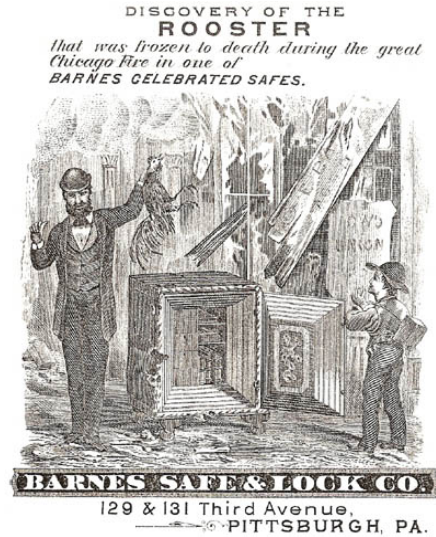
Chips hit the remote button which caused emergency battery flood lights to illuminate the room. "Chips, Thrasher and I were performing a stress test on the bed once broken by John Huston and a Tree woman and when Thrasher exploculated she broke the bed into smithereens. Being a good Cambridge alum I doubled my stroke to finish up and when I exploculated I drove Thrasher's bum through the wooden floor, which caused the electrical failure. As we looked through the hole in the floor with her 14 inch, I say again, 14 inch Thailand Blue Steeler, we saw an old safe in the corner of a room just to the west of the wall with the wet bar, do you see an entrance?"



<http://www.ejectionseat.com/ejectpic/f4seatL.gif>

As Chips finished stuffing the monster into Pastel Orange, not an easy job pre-flaccid, he grabbed the blue flashlight and focused the beam up to the ceiling where it met the west wall, which allowed Tupelov to finish dressing. Towards the corner of the west and north walls he saw a yellow and black diagonally striped 'ejection handle' from a 1964 Martin Baker ejection seat. As he crawled on top of a dresser to reach the handle, he gave Hamish the flashlight asking him to hold it steady. In the beam of light Chips gripped the handle and slowly pulled, hoping he would not be ejected although he had recently been ejaculated by a Kazakh with Kazakh true physical feature that would allow Gennifer Flowers to ID her as a Kazakh woman as she once identified strange physical abnormalities of the known Oxford rapist with a bent gadget.

As the ejection handle reached full travel, a floor length mirror rotated ninety degrees. Hamish led the way with the flashlight, followed by Chips and Antonov who kept Chips' bits and pieces cupped in her warm hands to protect the family jewels. The room was very musky, dusty and for the most part empty. In the far left corner was a woman's cocktail dress in Bleu with a label from Rochefort, France. It was the equivalent of a U.S. size 14. Underneath the cocktail dress was a lavender merkin, a sequined glove and they were all resting on an old safe.



http://www.officemuseum.com/IMagesWWW/1871_Barnes_Safe_Lock_Co_Chicago_Fire_Rooster.jpg

Hamish got closer to the safe and saw there was a 4 by 6 inch area of discoloration where it appeared that a plaque had once been attached.

"Chips, I think we found it. This may be the Geddes safe that was reported 'scrapped' by the Cameron ancestors whose fortune was saved from the Chicago Fire of 1871 thus preventing a bankruptcy. Is it open?"

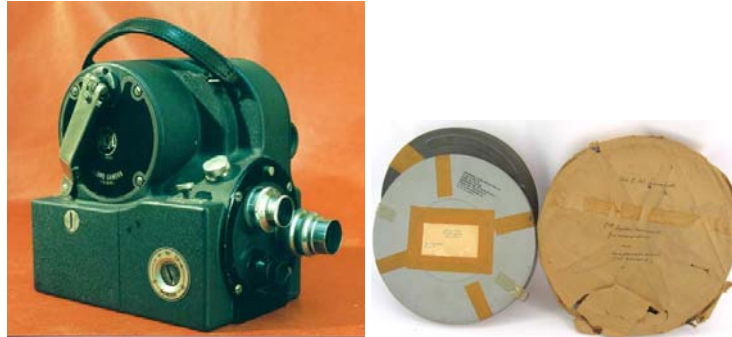
Chips found the combination tumbler and determined it was locked.

"Chips, if we can open it, and if it is the Geddes 1871 Chicago Fire survivor we may find the list of Nazis from Camp O who were programmed and sent to the US in Operation Paper Clip. Can you get into it Chips?"

Natalya Antonov gave a smug look with her cap pulled down over one eye and commented, accurately, "Chips can get into anything hot and hollow from a stove pipe to an old boot, capeche?"

Chips eyed the tumbler, then listened with his good ear, and then tried the combination 9-11-01 to no avail. Next he tried 7-7-05, again no luck. As Natalya Antonov put more pressure on his bits and pieces he thought of her and tried 38-24-34. As the cylinder engaged, Antonov started a cycling motion with her cupped hands. Chips was enjoying her manual manipulation as an anxious Hamish looked into the safe. It was empty except for a dusty old 'audit copy' dated 1872. In handwritten notes on the front cover dated 11 November, 1945 were five names: McCain, McConnell and three that were nearly illegible and with a smear of lubricating grease obscuring them. On further inspection Hamish found three reels of film in steel canisters and briefing notes for QB7 Fortress and BQ8 Liberator/Privateer aircraft. He knew he would need a 16mm projector to find out what was in the reels but they looked like military 16mm film. Chips was reminded of some gun camera footage he had seen of a radio-controlled B-17 drone being blown up during 1950's missile tests and WWII stuff where short gun camera footage from

individual dog fights was compiled into longer films for a particular fighter group with each segment ID'ed by a title card that had dates, pilot names, mission objective, targets damaged, etc; the squadrons used to get a copy so that their pilots could study tactics, good and bad. Written in French at the bottom of the briefing note was: "MOSQUITO GETS KENNEDY".



<http://www.xs4all.nl/~wichm/rca.jpg>

<http://hudsonmilitaria.com/jonesy/filmlarge.jpg>

<http://www.aade.com/tubepedia/1collection/tubepedia.htm>

"This find could re-write history, we need a pair of Abel Danger Agents to provide 24/7 security for this safe until Agents Diehard, Sluggo and Corazon can scour the ravines near the ancestral home in Scotland. I want one of you lady agents to throw your hat in the ring and volunteer to selflessly provide security 24/7 until we get the report the the Red Team Hunter Killers deploying from RAF Kinloss, as we speak."



Agent Natalya Antonov prepares to throw her hat in the ring April 2010 Ditchley.jpg



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/94th_Fighter_Squadron

The beauty from Poland demonstrated commitment in "I will throw my hat in the ring". As she leaned back to symbolically throw her hat in the ring she missed the circular rug on the floor of the CWU safe room and it landed on Chips' head.

"Looks like we have a winner, Chips and Natalya will provide security, while we four have tea and cakes and communicate with Team Red and Team Green." As Hamish led the way out of the Churchill Weather Underground 'safe-room' he spoke into his Sherlock Holmes Clipper Pipe "Banzai, big picture brief".

All in the room heard Banzai report via Clipper "Negative KU, negative ECM, however, infra red shows two unknown riders approaching Ditchley on foot and it appears they are heading directly to power pole where the electrical service to the Manor home is delivered. Standby"

As Hamish, Thrasher and Tupelov rejoined Agents John Galt, Marquis d'Cartier and the others, all power to Ditchley Park again went black as the staccato of apparent gunfire was heard outside. In the safe room Natalya Antonov called 'switch'.