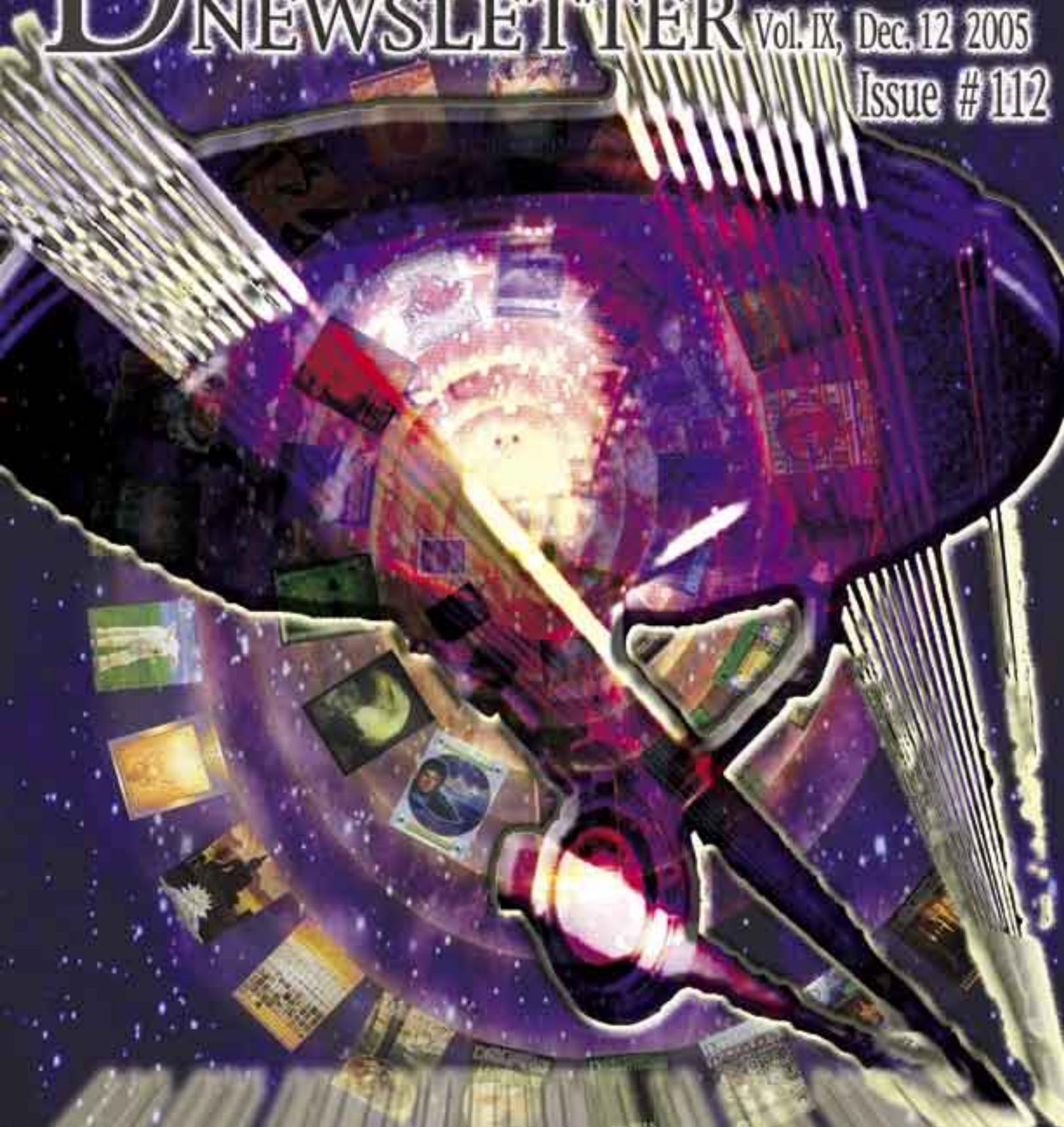


SEAN DAVID MORTON'S®

DELPHI ASSOCIATES NEWSLETTER

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Issue # 112



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STARFLEET COMMAND

"NOR THE SECOND HE,
THAT RODE SUBLIME
UPON THE SERAPH-WINGS OF ECSTASY,
THE SECRET OF THE ABYSS TO SPY.
HE PASS'D THE FLAMING BOUNDS
OF PLACE AND TIME:
THE LIVING THRONE,
THE SAPPHIRE-BLAZE,
WHERE ANGELS TREMBLE,
WHILE THEY GAZE,
HE SAW; BUT BLASTED
WITH EXCESS LIGHT,
CLOSED HIS EYES IN
THE ENDLESS NIGHT."

~THOMAS GREY~

"THE PROGRESS OF POESY"

* * * * *

"So..." my buddy Jeff went on as he drove, "every Wednesday we've been out here something weird usually happens. If it doesn't happen now we just come out again. It's like clockwork. They test on a timetable. We just have to come out here enough times to figure out what the time table is."

It was Wednesday night, February 27th, 1991. We were driving down Groom Lake Road heading away from AREA 51 in a ripping storm after having been warned to turn around by Sheriff Doug Lamoreau. It was the night that would change my life.

My head was getting cold from being wet, so I wedged the scanner down in the well by the emergency brake, unbuckled my seat belt, and twisted on my knees to rummage around in the back for my snow hat. I toggled the overhead light again forgetfully, and remembered that it was burnt out. It was hard to see in the dark, my flashlight had slid under the seat and Jeff was one of those guys whose car looked a lot like his mind, functional but untidy, and I was afraid some left over chocolate from a half eaten Three Musketeers would melt all over my hat and ruin it.

Then the overhead light went on.

My hat happily appeared, unsullied by evil goeey food stuffs! It had been a gift from my dear Irish Grandma, Ruth, (God Rest Her

Soul) and was lamb's wool on the inside, soft leather on the outside, and had two seamed hide horns on either side. A functional Viking Snow Hat. Good for the general adventurous occasion, the coldest Arctic weather, a Minnesota football game or any Norse party blow-out.

I turned around and dusted it off.

Jeff was confused and concerned, looking up at the overhead light like it was some great mystery or as if it was going to bite him.

"That...that's broken!" he said pointing at it.

"Well, not now." I smiled.

"No...I mean....That's broken!" he spat sharply.



"Chill out man. So what, you had a short. Maybe my messing around with it just reconnected the wire..."

"NO! It's broken! It's burnt out! It can't be...."

I was rather enjoying watching Jeff lose his composure over something as dumb as an overhead...

I looked down at the dashboard. I jerked slightly in surprise which made Jeff jump.

"What?"

I slowly pointed at the compass suction cupped to the dashboard. It was no longer bouncing like a happy duchess on a balloon ride in it's plastic shell faithfully pointing the way. It was spinning wildly like a Whirling Dervish on crack!

The radio burst to life, blasting an AM talk radio station playing a repeat of The Art Bell Show, and then the scanner resurrected with a squealing, ear rupturing screech like a Banshee back from hell to warn the living of their doom. The car began to shimmy and seemed to shake itself apart. I thought we may have picked up a nail in one of the tires.

The rain around us stopped completely.

Suddenly, the inside of the car and the entire landscape was filled with a brilliant, blinding orange light. An object the width of the road we were on shot down at a 45° angle about 15 feet in front of us.

Jeff slammed on the brakes and jammed the car hard to the right, trying to avoid the thing, which bashed my entire body into the dashboard and up into the window like a crash test dummy, as I was too focused on whatever it was to throw up my hands. A blue electric charge crackled around our bodies and the interior of the car. We both screamed in surprised pain as we got shocked by everything we touched trying to steady ourselves. I thought at first that we'd been struck by a bolt of lightning. But then I saw that the thing in front of us had shape and defining form inside the inchoate glow.

As quickly as it had jumped in front of us, it began a cartwheeling roll, like some huge, burning electric tumbleweed, and began to rise off the ground and fumble it's way out into the desert.

We skidded sideways, with Jeff frantically twisting and spinning the wheel, trying to manhandle it with sheer force of will and gritting his teeth against the electric shocks, until we came to a stop with a dull, slurping thud against the muddy shoulder.

The overhead light turned pale dirty brown, then went out. The squelch of the scanner dimmed to a dull cat-like whine, and Art Bell's deep baritone voice faded as if he were standing behind the car and then slowly walking into the distance. The compass on the dashboard slowed like a merry-go-round when the roustabout pulls the lever.

Jeff and I stared open mouthed at the bouncing blob of light as it juked like a fishing bob after hooking a lazy shark. I looked over at him just as he looked at me. We needed to silently confirm that we were both seeing what we thought we were seeing. Then we looked back, entranced and hypnotized. It didn't occur to me that this was something I had wanted to see all my life, or the culmination of any grand quest. I just remember staring slack jawed like a dead carp with my mind a complete blank, my brain not even having a space to file away information that it had no frame of reference for.

The object sputtered comically sideways and hit a Joshua tree which bent over and began to smoke in silent protest. It broke the spell. We turned and looked at each other with a sudden panicked realization.

"T H E CAMERAS!" we yelled at each other in unison! All of our camera equipment was with LA TIMES reporter Shannon Sands in the car ahead of us that was now speeding through the rain several miles ahead of us.

Jeff leaned on the horn and began to flash the car lights. I jumped out of the car and ran down the road waving my arms hopelessly at the car that was now far out of range!

"S H A N N O N ! S H A N N O N ! STOOOOOOPPPPP!"

I looked down the road, but still kept a rapid glancing eye on the object, not wanting to miss an instant. I gave one last half-hearted wave and yell at the car, begging them to stop and come back with all our stuff.

She drove on. Blissfully unaware of anything that was happening behind her. A bolt of fog then unraveled between us like a prophet's cloak, and she was gone.

I made a decision. I strode purposefully back to the car and threw open the door. Jeff was still in shock. I began to rummage in the back, grabbed my hat, and felt under the seat and pulled out my Mag-lite.

"We're going!"

Jeff shook his head and darted his eyes back and forth in confusion.

"We're....what? What do think you're?.... Ahhh, NO....!"

"We're going!" I commanded. "We're going after it!"

"But the cameras! We won't...."

"I've waited my whole life for this and I am not missing it!"

I pulled on my Viking snow hat, zipped up my coat, pulled on my gloves, ignited the Mag-lite by pressing the button on the cylinder and slammed the car door closed with a final decisive wham. I bounded over the muddy shoulder and started running into the desert.

"Ah, Jesus Christ in a cardigan sweater!" Jeff was cursing as he fumbled out of the car, catching his foot on the emergency brake falling into the mud. I heard rustling and the car door slamming. I took a quick glance behind me to see Jeff shambling after me,

just a little ways behind me.

It was a disk. About 30 to maybe 50 feet in diameter. I could only judge its size by the fact that it was approximately the width of the road. It looked like a cereal bowl on the bottom with a flattened tea cup on top of that. The cupola and lower section had what appeared to be a clear dividing line.

But the light that came from it! A red orange glow rotated and swirled around the outer rim of the ship like a dancing beacon.

It just hung there, like a kite at the end of some inverted string, and then it began to dance again like an Irish drunk doing a jig on



A craft photographed by Gary Schultz Dec.1990 maneuvering at impossible speeds and angles directly above Area 51, NV. It is exactly the same as the UFO which almost hit Sean Morton's car on Feb.26, '91. He and a friend got within 50 yards of it and were "sun-burned".

St. Patrick's day. It seemed to completely ignore, and have no respect at all for, the immutable laws of gravity. It began to wobble and swerve like a top kicked by an angry child. It made no sound, but then it got within about three feet of the earth, and the wet ground made a protesting hissing sound. Then suddenly, it seemed to disappear right before our eyes with an implosive "BAMF" and appeared about two hundred feet above us. I couldn't tell if it had moved faster than the eye could follow, or had miraculously teleported itself into the new location. But it began to gently come back to earth like a falling leaf.

I was so excited that I didn't realize how hard I had been punching Jeff in the arm and patting

chugging like a steam locomotive.

The object seemed to have stopped as we ran towards it, looking like some befuddled giant trying to find a place to step. We gained on it as we ran, and it even seemed to move back towards us.

I heard Jeff crash into something behind me and fall. He picked himself up and dusted himself off on the run, puffing "I'm okay! I'm okay!"

From his view, rushing into this other worldly light, the horns on my ridiculous snow hat, the steam pouring out of my nostrils into the cold night air, I must have looked like some crazed mad bull charging something demonic that had stepped into my pasture.

"Don't get to close to that thing!" Jeff yelled, sucking in gusts of air, "You might get your anus cored out!"

Finally I stopped. Distance is so hard to judge in the open desert, especially with the object moving towards, then away from us. But I was within 100 to 500 yards of it, and I stood there entranced with delight. Jeff came up and bent over with his hands on his knees gasping

him on the back shouting, "Can you believe this! Ohmygawd, Ohmygawd, ohmygawd!"

"Yes," he said, getting back his breath and his cool, folding his arms across his chest. "This is a particularly good sighting." I had forgotten that he had been out here a few times already and claimed to see this every time. I just grinned at him like a gargoyle. "Okay...." he admitted grudgingly, "it's the best sighting I've had....so far!"

Whoever was driving this thing looked like they did NOT know what they were doing. The ship got dangerously close to the ground, looking at one point like it might actually land. Then it would juke sideways, crash into a tree, then wobble up into the air again.

Maybe they were conducting some kind of "Cosmic Driver's Ed" and it made me laugh when I thought about it later. That maybe there was some nervous, gray haired, be speckled alien inside the UFO with a clipboard and his foot on a second brake pedal teaching one of our guys how to fly! If that was happening, this guy would flunk for sure!

I wanted to get as close to it as I could. Hell! I wanted to be inside the thing! Jeff tried to keep me back, absently grabbing my arm, but I kept inching forward. I broke away from him entirely and stumbled about 150 feet closer to it.

All at once, it rushed towards us, covering the distance in a flashing instant, then stopping, dead still. The twirling glow around the craft became solid and static as it began to grow larger and larger, lighting up the night like a sun going nova. Jeff and I stepped back, turning and half sideways jogging away from it, as it looked like it was going to explode!

Then, from the pulsing heart of this strange visitor, came a song. A high trill at first, that was joined by a chorus of harmonizing sound. It was what the Old Testament prophets must have heard when the heavens opened and the angels shouted "In Excelcibus Dieu!"

Jeff and I both stopped running, turned towards the sound and just gazed in blank, beatific, slack jawed wonder. It was like the song cut through every cell, DNA strand and atom of our bodies. It enraptured us with a joy that was also mixed with a horrible terror, but all coming in at once, and so fast, that we wouldn't even be able to fully experience the moment till months or even years later. The light grew, until it encompassed us, rolling over us like a tide. All I could see was bright gold and yellow and it was like standing at the heart of the sun.

Then all at once, the light and the sound...stopped. It stopped with a vacuum like WHOOSH, as if a great mouth had opened and inhaled, sucking it all back inside. Then deafening, total, silence.

The little saucer hung there humbling, it's reddish-orange glow rotating around it, giving no hint of it's previous glory from only a moment before.

The rim dipped slightly downward, like it was bowing or genuflecting to us. A sly tip of it's hat.

Then, like a drunken priest that had found eloquence in the bottle and given the greatest sermon of his life, it began to stagger away from us back into the mysterious desert. A prophet, leaving the world of men and fools, going back to commune with the Creator.

It was a hot August day during a perfect Hermosa Beach Summer in 1992. I was standing in my kitchen with a group of friends and we had just come in from the beach to get some drinks and snacks before heading back out to our makeshift beachhead bivouac of towels, umbrellas and folding chairs. We stopped talking all at once and craned our

heads for a moment like a herd of Thompson gazelle checking the rustling in the tall grass for a lion. We heard a deep, low, grumbling roar that changed the pressure in our ears. Then the house started to shake. Having been through enough earthquakes before, I was the first to notice that the quaking did not start with the ground trembling beneath us, but with the ceiling ABOVE us! Then the windows started to rattle like a metal box full of broken glass and then the floor began to jump beneath us. It was an earthquake, but in reverse. Like some barking mad giant had reached down from the sky and started to give my sturdy old house a good what for just because!

We turned on the TV to see what the news had to say. Bill Moyers on Channel 7 came on and explained that Southern California had

Tickaboo Valley toward Las Vegas.

It was at that moment that I heard the sound again. The same low, deep guttural ogre's roar that I had heard standing in the kitchen when the sky began to quake. But this time it built to an ear shattering ripping chorus that felt like the mountains around us were amplifying it. Then a concussive BOOM knocked us off our feet like the shockwave of an atom bomb. We fell hard to the ground, as the video camera tri-pod clattered down with us. There was a hard hail of sharp glass cascading around us, which took me a few moments to realize was the side window of the truck that had shattered from the impact.

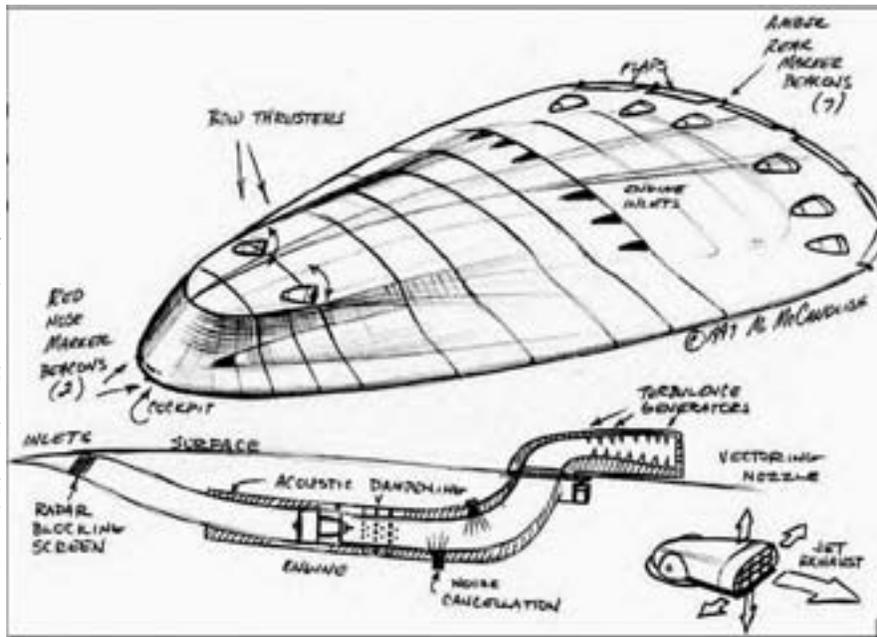
We got to our feet and John scrambled for the bi-nocs again, peering down the valley. Then I saw it too. What looked like a large group of lights floating towards us. As they got closer we could see that it was a group of helicopters acting as some sort of escort. But an escort for what?

I remember we both saw it at once and gasped and looked over at each other, eyes and mouths wide open like a pair of trout that had a particularly juicy worm dangled between them. John dove for the camera and desperately tried to get the tri-pod even and the video going, while all I could do was stare in amazement.

The craft was like a giant wedge with a blunt shovelnose, like two doorstops placed one atop the other. It appeared to be cut in half, with the bottom half black and the top section a dull white. At the pinnacle of the back of the wedge, the design of the ship tapered down and then flipped up like the tail end of a Corvette Stingray with three large glowing rockets at the rear. There were red lights on the nose and top and bottom of the hull.

But the size! The choppers looked like fairies escorting Queen Titania to the Mid-Summer's Night ball and we estimated later that it was at least 1600 feet from bow to stern. About the size of the USS ENTERPRISE, but FLYING. RIGHT OVER US! Even John stopped filming in awe as it was above our heads. It flew from out of the south and did one elegant, graceful sweeping turn at the north end of the valley, then moved behind the mountain range, gliding past Mt. Baldy, then, instead of coming in for a landing like a plane on a runway it hung in mid-air directly over the base at the far side of the hill. For what seemed like an eternity it hovered there until the stern began to slowly sink followed by its entire mass, like Moby Dick roiling beneath the surface, it dropped below the horizon.

We didn't have much time to think. Suddenly, a tiny light came on bouncing up



experienced what the experts were calling "A SKY QUAKE".

They said that two objects (they showed a map with a graphic of a brace of triangular diamond shaped ships) came in from space traveling at MACH 25. They had flown over SoCal and headed directly for Area 51, Nevada. A professor dweeble from CalTech came on and laughed it all off, but said that what ever it was made 3.0 magnitude quakes on the ground. Moyers returned with a hearty laugh and said that the Military has denied all knowledge of any such objects. "Ha-ha-ha! And now for the weather...."

A week later John Hadley and I stood by the side of his truck in the bracing 3:00 AM cold and pitch moonless blackness of the high mountains just off Highway 375, before it was named The Extraterrestrial Highway. The famous Black Mailbox by the 18-mile marker that had become the landmark as the entrance to Area 51 was just off to our left. John had a sixth sense for the weird. Like it could ring a bell in his head that only he could hear. He was peering into the blackness with his binoculars down the southern mouth of the

and down in the darkness against the floor of the valley. Then I saw and heard more vehicles moving towards us. It was the Wackenhut "Cammo Dudes", and whatever was going on they were pissed off. Usually they never spoke to or engaged "Civilians" much less chased us. I had had my own personal run-ins with these guys, but we had clearly seen and FILMED something no one was supposed to see.

We grabbed everything we could get our hands on and threw it in the back of the truck. John revved it up with his foot while he rummaged in a black nylon rucksack on the seat behind him and with one fluid motion pulled a set of night vision goggles onto his head. They made him look like a gigantic maniacal bug. He spun out of the alcove onto to the blacktop while his free hand toggled a switch that turned them on.

All I could do was hang on and scream as we hurtled into pitch-blackness, doing 120 miles per hour in a rickety Chevy truck, with no lights and God-Only-Knows-who out to kill us.

We made the 18 miles to The Little Ale'E'Inn in Rachel in the hair raising white-knuckle time it would take for a revolution on a Magic Mountain rollercoaster. John skidded the truck to a crashing stop by the side of a stacked woodpile. I slung the black rucksack over my shoulder, dove out of the truck and we took the blue plastic tarp off the wood, threw it over the truck and dashed full speed to our makeshift rented "motel room" which was a double wide-trailer in line with a row of others in the dirt where the townspeople actually lived. We grabbed the plaid orange couch and tossed it up against the door, then I tipped over the kitchen table. John and I put our backs against the wall facing the door, and reached into the sack. John filled his hand with a silver Colt .45 and I shakily pointed a .38 Detective Special. We sat there panting and sweating in the darkness, our hands trembling from nerves and the weight of the guns, ready to make our last stand like Butch and Sundance, staring at the windows and the door.

After awhile, searchlights swept the area and men on foot were outside the door. They tried the handle, found that it was locked, and without a word, we heard them get in their trucks and drive away. And that was it. After I checked the windows and saw the coast was clear, we both began to laugh uncontrollably and retell the night's adventure.

My friend John Hadley would be dead 2 years later. He had seen his dad through a long protracted death of cancer, inherited \$250,000. "I finally have the time, and the money and the resources to blow the lid off this thing once and for all!" he told me. He had bought equipment and a brand new Jeep Grand Cherokee for our future expeditions.

The story goes that at 1:45 PM John was washing his brand new Jeep and went back into his apartment, which was a Sacramento quad style that shared a staircase with 3 other apartments, and blew his brains out. No one heard a shot and his body wasn't found for a

week later. There was no serious inquiry into his death. He was my friend and he was gone.

For those who may have a naval or aerospace background, the gigantic craft we saw is just the tip of the iceberg. Think of the amount of support personnel that goes into building, launching and supporting a SINGLE fighting ship at sea, and now imagine all of that, the size of an aircraft carrier, in SPACE!

Years later while watching the DISCOVERY CHANNEL I saw a computer model that was similar to what we saw, and the program said that NASA was calling this enormous shuttle the X-60 and that it may be flying in the year 2025. We saw it fully operational in August, 1992.

This has now led me to the case of Gary McKinnon, a British computer expert who was hacking US Military computers looking for information about UFOs and UFO programs. He is the ONLY British Subject who is a non-Arab that the US Government has sought extradition for. The Feds also want to hold him WITHOUT TRIAL, and try him AS A TERRORIST under the new rules governing the USA PATRIOT ACT which would mean he would be extradited from England, held in secret, TRIED IN SECRET by a US Military Tribunal and if convicted, quite possibly spend the rest of his life in Guantanamo Bay at Camp X-Ray as a "Criminal Combatant". Sound like it can't happen in America? Read On:

* * * * *

THE NERD WHO SAW TOO MUCH

THE GUARDIAN Newspaper
United Kingdom, 15 July, 2005

Terrified Gary McKinnon says his forays into secret Pentagon networks were never politically motivated.

A computer geek faces 70 years in jail for hacking into the top levels of US defense. He tells Jon Ronson how, hooked and stoned, he landed himself in such hot water.

In 1983, when Gary McKinnon was 17, he went to see the movie War Games. In the film, a geeky computer whiz-kid hacks into a secret Pentagon network and, inadvertently, almost instigates World War III. Sitting in the cinema, the teenage McKinnon wondered if he, too, could be a hacker. "Really," I say to him now, "WarGames should have put you off hacking for life."

"Well," he replies, "I didn't mean it to actually come true."

WarGames ends with the Pentagon officials telling the young nerd how impressed they are with his technical acumen. He's probably going to grow up to have a brilliant career at NASA or the Department of Defense. This is an unlikely scenario for McKinnon. He faces 20 charges in the US, including stealing

computer files, obtaining secrets that might have been "useful to an enemy", intentionally causing damage to a protected computer, and interfering with maritime navigation equipment in New Jersey.

Last month he attended extradition proceedings at Bow Street Magistrates Court in London. He had, the US prosecutors said, perpetrated the "biggest military computer hack of all time". He "caused damage and impaired the integrity of information. The US military district of Washington became inoperable and the cost of repairing the shutdown was \$700,000 US." These hacking attacks occurred immediately after September 11, 2001, they said.

This is McKinnon's first interview. He called me out of the blue last week, just as I was screaming at my child to stop knocking on people's doors and running away. "Your son sounds like a hacker," he said. Then he invited me to his home in Bounds Green, north London.

He is good-looking, funny, slightly camp, nerdy, a chain-smoker - and terrified. "I'm walking down the road and I find I can't control my own legs," he says. "And I'm sitting up all night thinking about jail and about being arse f—ed. And, remember, according to them I was making Washington inoperable 'immediately after September 11'."

"I'm having all these visions of..." McKinnon puts on a redneck prisoner voice, "What you doing attacking our country, boy? Pick up that soap.' Yeah, it is absolutely f—ing terrifying!"

The sentence the US Justice Department is seeking - should McKinnon be extradited - is up to 70 years. What McKinnon was hunting for, as he snooped around NASA, and the Pentagon's network, was evidence of a UFO cover-up.

McKINNON was born in Glasgow in 1966. His parents separated when he was six and he moved to London with his mother and stepfather, a bit of a UFO buff. "He comes from Falkirk," McKinnon says, "and just outside Falkirk there's a place called Bonnybridge, which is the UFO capital of the world. When he lived there, he had a dream that he was walking around Bonnybridge seeing huge ships. He told me this and it inflamed my curiosity. He was a great science-fiction reader. So, him being my second father, I started reading science-fiction, too, and doing everything he did."

McKinnon read Isaac Asimov and Robert Heinlein - "the golden age of science-fiction". When he was 15 he joined Bufora, the British UFO Research Association, which describes itself as "a nationwide network of [about] 300 people who have a dedicated, non-cultist interest in understanding the wide-ranging extent of the UFO enigma".

Then he saw WarGames, and he thought: "Can you really do it? Can you really gain unauthorised access to incredibly interesting places? Surely it can't be that easy." And so, in

1995, he gave it a try.

He sat in his girlfriend, Tamsin's, aunt's house in Crouch End, and he began to hack. McKinnon was looking for - and found time and again - network administrators in high levels of the US government and military establishments who hadn't bothered to give themselves passwords. That's how he got in.

He did a few trial runs, hacking into Oxford University's network, for example, and he found the whole business "incredibly exciting. And then it got more exciting when I started going to places where I really shouldn't be."

"Like where?" I ask.

"The US Space Command," he says.

And so, for the next seven years, on and off, McKinnon sat in that aunt's house, a joint in the ashtray and a can of Foster's next to the mouse pad, and he snooped. From time to time, some NASA scientist sitting at his desk somewhere would see his cursor move for no apparent reason. On those occasions, McKinnon's connection would be cut. This would never fail to freak out the then-stoned McKinnon.

When I ask if he is brilliant, he says no. He's just an ordinary, self-taught techie. And, he says, he was never alone. "Once you're on the network, you can do a command called NetStat - Network Status - and it lists all the connections to that machine. There were hackers from Denmark, Italy, Germany, Turkey, Thailand."

"All on at once?" I ask. "You could see hackers from all over the world, snooping around, without the spaceniks or the military realizing?"

"Every night," he says.

"What's the most exciting thing you saw?"

"I found a list of officers' names," he says, "under the heading 'Non-Terrestrial Officers'. It doesn't mean little green men. What I think it means is not Earth-based. I found a list of 'fleet-to-fleet transfers', and a list of ship names. I looked them up. They weren't US Navy ships. What I saw made me believe they have some kind of spaceship, off-planet."

"The Americans have a secret spaceship?" I ask.

"That's what this trickle of evidence has led me to believe."

"What were the ship names?"

"I can't remember," he says. "I was smoking a lot of dope at the time. Not good for the intellect."

This was November 2000. By now, McKinnon was hooked. He quit his job as a systems administrator for a small business, "which hugely pissed off my girlfriend, Tamsin".

"It was the last straw," he says. "She dumped me and started seeing this other bloke because I was such a selfish waste of space. Poor Tamsin. And she was the one paying the phone bill because I didn't have a job. We

were still living together. God, have you ever tried living with someone after you've split up? It's bad."

So, while Tamsin was trying to get on with her new relationship, McKinnon was in the living room of her aunt's house, hacking. He snooped around all the forts - Fort Meade, Fort Benning, and others - reading internal court-martial reports of soldiers getting imprisoned for rape and murder and drug abuse.

"You end up lusting after more and more complex security measures," he says. "It was



like a game. I loved computer games. I still do. It was like a real game. It was addictive. Hugely addictive." It was never really politically motivated.

Yes, he was hacking immediately after September 11, 2001, but only because he wanted to see if there was a conspiracy. "Why did the building fall like a controlled series of explosions?" he asks. "I hate conspiracy theories, so I thought I'd find out for myself."

He strenuously denies the Justice Dept's charge that he caused the "US military district of Washington" to become "inoperable". Well, once, he admits - but only once - he inadvertently pressed the wrong button and may have deleted some government files.

"I thought, 'Ooh, bloody hell.' And that's when I stopped for a while. And then my friend told me about DARPA. And so I started again."

DARPA is the Defence Advanced Research Projects Agency, an intriguing

collection of brilliant military scientists, funded by the Pentagon. DARPA has been widely credited with inventing, among other things, the internet, the global positioning system, the computer mouse, and - somewhat more bone headedly - FutureMAP, an online futures market designed to predict assassinations and bombings by encouraging investor speculation in such crimes. The US Senate once described FutureMAP as "an unbelievably stupid idea". DARPA has long been of interest to conspiracy theorists because it is semi-secretive, bizarre and occupies that murky world that lies between science and war.

McKinnon was caught in November 2002. He says it was inevitable because he was "getting a bit sloppy". He pauses. "I'd never have envisaged this happening to myself, but I did get a bit megalomaniacal, as well. It got a bit silly. I ended up talking to people I hacked into - I'd instant-message them, using WordPad, with a bit of a political diatribe. You know, I'd leave a message on their desktop that read, 'Secret government is blah blah blah.'"

McKinnon was tracked down because he'd used his email address to download a hacking program called Remotely Anywhere. "God knows why I used my real email address," he says. "I suppose it means I'm not a secretive, sophisticated checking myself every-step-of-the-way type of hacker."

On the night before his arrest, McKinnon had been up playing games. "Maybe I'd been doing a bit of weak, fun hacking, too," he says. "I'd had one hour's sleep, and I woke up completely muddled, and suddenly at the bottom of my bed there was this voice: 'Hello, my name's Jeff Donson from the National High Tech Crime Unit. Gary McKinnon, you're under arrest.'"

"They put Tamsin and me in the meat wagon. They took my PC, Tamsin's PC, three other computers I was fixing for friends. They went upstairs and took my girlfriend's aunty's daughter's computer."

McKinnon was kept in a police station overnight. Then the Americans offered him a deal, via his British solicitor. "They said, 'If you incur the cost of the whole extradition process, be a good boy, come over here, we'll give you three or four years, rather than the whole sentence.'"

"I said, 'OK, give me that in writing.' They said, 'Oh, no, we can't do that.' So they were offering a secret trial, no right of appeal on the outcome, no comment to the newspapers, and nothing in writing. My solicitor, doing her job, advised me to take it, and when I said no, she was very 'Ooh, they're going to come down heavy.'"

In return, McKinnon offered a somewhat harebrained counter deal, via a Virginia public defender. "I made a sort of veiled threat to them. I said, 'You know the places I've been, so you know the stuff I've seen,' kind of thing." He pauses and blushes slightly.

"You know, the, uh, Non-Terrestrial Officers. The spaceships. The whole world

thinks it's co-operating in building the International Space Station, but you've already got a space-based army that you refer to as Non-Terrestrial Officers." There is a silence. "I had very little evidence. It's not a very good bargaining chip at all, really, is it?"

Given the Justice Department has announced the information McKinnon downloaded was not "classified", and he was stoned much of the time, perhaps we can assume NASA is not too worried about his "discoveries".

McKinnon hasn't spoken publicly before, but now, with the extradition proceedings, nothing is left open to him. For a while, he thought he might end up like the computer nerd from WarGames, having a brilliant career working for the Americans. "They need people like me," he says. "But that's not going to happen."

He and Tamsin have split. He no longer lives in Crouch End, but in the nearby, slightly more down-at-heel Bounds Green, and has given up smoking dope. He is not allowed near the internet, is not allowed a passport, and spends a lot of time reading and sitting in the pub, awaiting his fate.

Nothing much happened in the years since his arrest in 2002 under the Computer Misuse Act - no charges were brought against him in Britain. Then, on June 8, he found himself in front of Bow Street magistrates, the target of extradition proceedings. That's when the panic attacks kicked in again, the horror visions of life in a US jail. He had poked around, he says, but he hadn't broken anything, besides that one mistake. He thought he was going to get a year, max. Now they're talking about 70 years. "You know," he says. "everyone thinks this is fun or exciting. But it isn't exciting to me. It is terrifying."

~END STORY~

The tale of Gary McKinnon has finally given me some of the concrete evidence that I had been seeking for years to back up my sighting of the huge craft I saw that morning out at AREA 51 and that SOMEONE had the resources to place a FLEET of ships in space. I also felt that it would give my friend John Hadley's death some kind of meaning.

WHAT I AM ABOUT TO REVEAL HERE IS TOP SECRET CLASSIFIED INFORMATION. It is the kind of stuff they could put me on a plane and torture me a long time for. I reveal it here at great personal risk and with the caveat that TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR ALL OF US and that THE WORLD IS BEING SOLD OUT. That there are those out there living with a level of technology that could end all the problems we face on this planet but who are going to force us all into an extinction level event rather than lose that control.

I CANNOT TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT MY SOURCE. I call him DEEP SPACE for matters of reference. He is an advisor to the US SENATE and to The

President of the United States. He has been HEAD of massive Intelligence operations in Asia and Africa and is THE "heaviest" dude I have ever met in all my years in writing, and network TV reporting. I know him personally and very well and have vetted him out as a person and a source, and his credentials and information have been impeccable. He sought ME out as a friend, resource and confidant. I still don't really know why, but he has been an admirer from Coast To Coast and knows that I will do whatever it takes to get out the truth. He figures if the people in the Pentagon at Project Foresight can trust me, he can too. Here is what he told me:

* * * * *

Dear Sean,

I decided to call back east and talk to the members of "The Choir" and see what they could tell me about Gary McKinnon. And why all the hubbub about him. Here is the real story:

He was indicted by a Grand Jury in November 2002 in Alexandria, Virginia.

He was arrested by English Authorities and remanded to their custody, pending the extradition hearing set for the end of this month.

He did get into several systems, however the reason that everyone is so upset is that he used a system they thought they were protected against. Someone, wants to know why and how he modified it.

Each of his entrances were discovered and noted and the systems shut down before he could penetrate too far inside.

He used a software program named REMOTELY ANYWHERE, developed by O3AM Laboratories in Hungary, paid for by special funds from Russia.

He actually started in March of 2001. It is the first known entry into a system, by the hacker name "SOLO", McKinnon's handle.

He hit 97 systems.

The cash damage he caused was about \$700,000.

He deleted 1300 user accounts directly before and after 9-11-2001, and deleted critical systems for various global operations.

He installed unauthorized tools and backdoors virtually everywhere he went.

Here is a list of all known intrusions right from the system administrators logs:

- 6 times into Fort Myers.
- 7 times into Fort McNair
- 2 times into Fort Belvoir, Va.
- 13 times into CIA HQ.
- 2 times into Air Force Crystal City, Va. Complex.

- NASA hits:
 - 1 Hampton, VA.
 - 5 Houston, TX.
 - 3 Greenbelt, Maryland
 - 4 Moffet Field, CA

- Navy hits:
 - 14 Groton, Conn. Sub Fleet HQ.

Then these two that are really interesting

to see show up:

1 TOBIN INTERNATIONAL 1 FRONTLINE SOLUTIONS

Both private U.S. contractors. I know you are into the stock markets so this might be a real good pair of companies to watch for future profit margins.

This is not for the public, but use it wisely. If I find out anymore I will let you know:

* * * * *

So I wrote him back:

As I understand it, THE US SPACE COMMAND is under MOSTLY Navy authority, with their central base underneath KING'S PEAK, UTAH about 100m outside of Salt Lake in a national forest.

They command a fleet of craft that run missions from advanced bases on the Moon, Mars and moons near Jupiter. Apparently we are also being lied to about the ability of planets in our solar system to sustain life.

My personal experience of this was speaking to a scientist who claimed he was at the JANET facility(Area 51) in NV in the early 1970s and that he worked on a large jet-style space craft with "Extra Solar Capabilities", with skin on it "that was rubbery, like a dolphin."

My own experience was back in '92, SEEING with my own eyes, a huge shuttle-like craft, about 1600 ft. long, surrounded by a helicopter escort, LAND out at A-51. It was shovel nosed, white on top, black on the bottom, wide in the middle and scooped up at the back like a Corvette with three afterburners.

This was the same time that something was creating SKYQUAKES that were being reported in the news, and they even reported that it was coming in at MACH 25 from space, OVER MY HOUSE IN SO CAL, then landing at A-51. YEARS later I saw a DISCOVERY special that had a graphic of a similar craft they called the X-60, that would be flying in 2025. I was wondering if you could make a STRICTLY THEORETICAL/HYPOTHETICAL assumption about some of this info. Speaking STRICTLY THEORETICALLY/HYPOTHETICALLY.

DEEP SPACE RESPONDED:

Now as far as the STRICTLY THEORETICAL/HYPOTHETICAL stuff, let me assure you that all I know is what I read in Marvel Comic Books and on the inside wrapper of Bubble Gum packages. Plus I wear a tin foil hat to keep the rays from getting to my brain. Enough of the plausible deniability stuff. All of this information should be used very carefully and with judgement, since a lot of this is above Black on that very special scale that some folks use.

1) U.S.S.C. is an Air Force controlled operation. It entails the monitoring of three levels of space itself. The first is what is referred to as local area detection. That is from the

earth surface to about two hundred miles up. This includes, all ground based monitoring on projects from space, by a series of very special camera equipped vehicles. Looking down to watch what others are doing on the surface and below the surface. The second area of expertise is La Grange monitoring. Half way between the earth and moon. A group of fifteen highly advance satellites are watching the approach area to the earth. The third area is deep space. A series of cameras and sensors are placed beyond the moons orbit to watch specific targeted areas in space where "gadgets" come in and out of space. These three systems have been developed since the eighties, when the cowboy-cum-actor became President and was paranoid as hell about what he thought was going to be an impending invasion.

2) During the Carter Administration, everything in the space program (the real one) almost folded up, because of budget cuts, oversight and his stupidity about the reality of our hostile neighbors. When Dutch came into office and saw the shambles that Jimmy had left behind him, he kicked everything into high gear. One example was the Hubble Telescope. Not the one everyone knows about, but the other three, that were built and deployed very quietly. One pointed at earth and the other two that are out there monitoring "specific" pieces of empty space that we watch constantly for entry by those that we really don't want in our environment.

3) As an aside, the Navy question is one that takes a little longer to explain. Suffice to say that JFK had his fears, which were founded in reality. So by special, hidden Executive Order, he established a part of the Navy's Office of Naval Intelligence, as the safety valve on all space borne operations outside the two mile limit. The E.O. granted special entitlements that also clearly stated that the E.O. could not be abrogated for seventy-five years. They (the Navy) has used that power to force their way into several projects that no one wanted them to get into. But it was one big chip in the great Washington poker game and they have used it, for better or worse. The jury is still out on that one. The one experimental program they still control is the Time Runner another above Black program that deals with the movement of objects through fields of time. It is located at Fallon Naval Air Station, Fallon, Nevada, in a bunker complex that is about six stories deep.

4) The King's Peak facility is where all of the equipment from Five-One was shipped when folks like you and Lazar made it difficult for advance testing to continue over Groom. Part of the old Dugway Proving Grounds is used as well as the No-Fly Zone to the north and south. I can promise you that no one can get within thirty miles of the main area where testing is going on.

Is there a craft that can take off from the

earth's surface and enter zero-gravity space, then continue on into deep space? Of course there is.

Several of them, making routine runs to our closest neighbor. We have tens of thousand of people working at NASA and yet we are publicly only addressing the Shuttle Program and ISS, which is a floating piece of junk by the way. All of the latest Space Rover Programs have come out of JPL and nobody has bothered to ask what all the folks working for NASA are doing, hasn't anyone ever thought that was a little bit funny.

Six major centers around the United States that are conducting, compartmentalized research, on bits and pieces of equipment that are assembled in a highly secret location. The people working inside of NASA don't even know a lot of the truth

5) There are several types of ETS (earth to space) crafts flying in USSC fleet. The small ones are equipped with the Advanced THOR-FOUR (T-F) electromagnetic pulsed cannon, which is designed for mounting, in an internal bay and deploys above 100,000 feet ASL. It can direct a "whack" up to ten miles directional, which will scramble the electronics on any kind of craft that uses circuits. This includes our little bitty buddies from out there. Anyone or thing in a "hard craft" is fair game. It was last used over South Africa and completed its task successfully somewhere above 189,000 feet ASL. The intermediate size craft are for maintenance and deployment of space borne packages that are not launched from VanDenBerg or Kennedy.

This way they are kept off the record and no one really knows how many or what kind of birds these craft have deployed, but there are a bunch.

6) The government, (the real one) has a wonderful way of doubling name projects, so that you can try to follow one and finally get a hold of the documentation, only to learn that the code name was used for a project that is monitoring the flight path of mosquitoes carrying West Nile Virus. The other project by the same name is so deep inside the Black field that only select and limited people ever know about it. This is the case of Aurora.

The general outside knowledge and pundits think this is the replacement for SR-71. There are two of them and they are flown over now and then to get noticed. Then they wrap them back up and push them to the back of the hanger for another year or so. A scram jet technology that works very well, does high speeds and looks great. But it is the "magicians" misdirection.

The real program is a set of large black ETS that are constantly in transit to and from a base located on the dark side of the moon. The base is used for deep space monitoring and is designed also for a fail safe evacuation point for certain high ranking officials of this government if and when that needs arises.

"Lightside" antennas farms have been deployed to make sure that constant communications can be carried out, between "LB-1" and the earth, but if anyone monitors them it will appear to be coming off a satellite in high orbit. Digital transmission arranged in burst patterns, not only encrypted but segmented out of normal order. "Escalon" down stations are used for monitoring tied into the main and dedicated covert government data processing network that has less than one hundred nodes and is constantly monitored for intrusion by the "Lumata System". This system is hacker proof from anyone, except someone that is actually logged onto the system.

7) The last item I will tell you about, is the material you asked about in your letter, the dolphin like material on the outside of the airframe. It is a highly dense composite of synthetic materials that is designed as a super effective heat shield and radar nullifier. Originally developed by Dupont under a government contract it has been refined and up graded to provide maximum protection from heat as well as imbedded in it is a Faraday cage system that limits the amount of radioactive particles that can penetrate the craft. Long exposures during space travel has been one the dangers to the pilot and crews of most craft, since bone density lost is a primary concern while the operating crews are "on station".

All I can say after re-reading this fantasy, is that it should not all come out at one time, otherwise you and I are going to know where Jimmy Hoffa is buried.

Remember this is hypothetical as hell...

Too bad about the English guy, I hope he has a lot of soap!!!! Ugh!

In Their Service (ITS):

~DEEP SPACE~

**UPDATE: Gary McKinnon
November 24, 2005**

Gary McKinnon's next extradition hearing is set for Feb. 14th, 2006. Will the Government have a heart on Valentine's Day?

Gary McKinnon's court appearance today was "very short and to the point" and "dealt only with the upcoming dates."

"There were journalists and photographers phoning and hanging around but they left when told that there weren't any decisions being made today apart from dates being set."

The new hearing is set for Tuesday February 14th 2006 i.e. Valentines Day "so hopefully they'll have a heart".

"The government has to respond to Gary's extradition defence by the middle of January."

N.B. this defense is purely on points of extradition law, and does not involve the opportunity to have any of the alleged evidence against him examined by a British court.

Next Friday, Gary's legal team is going to ask for the bail conditions to be relaxed over the Christmas and New Year period.

THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

GOLD! SILVER! GREEN! AND THE FUTURE OF FUEL!

By Nicholas Winton
 December 10, 2005

Born in Johannesburg, South Africa, Nicholas is a Toronto-based educational consultant, investment writer and stock researcher. A graduate of The University of Toronto, he's studied the Ancient World, Semiotics, and Literature at The University of Toronto, rubbed shoulders with the real-life Indiana Jones, Dr. Vendyl Jones, and once toured the hidden underground of Jerusalem's Old City, alongside a mysterious Rabbi with a Black Belt in Kung Fu.

Nicholas is a self-taught investment researcher. He believes we can benefit from observing market trends that can prepare us both for our investment future and our world's future. His strategy uses technical and



"Mr. Fantastic"
Nicholas Winton

fundamental analysis, contrarian-thinking, as well as monitoring insider purchases and sales of stocks.

At Marketocracy.com, his top-quartile ranked Hedgehog Fund (a virtual mutual fund seeded with an virtual \$1 million bankroll) has racked up a blistering 126.4% gain over its 34 month existence, while conforming to strict real-life mutual fund restrictions. Marketocracy.com is a groundbreaking experiment to be involved in, since the site's top performing portfolios trigger actual buys and sells within a real-life mutual fund called The Masters 100 Fund (symbol: MOFQX) that has beaten the S&P 500 by over 60% since its inception in November 2001!



EUREKA! EUREKA! At long last, the fever is here. And I'm not referring to the holiday flu or a FEVER that can only be cured by MORE COWBELL! I'm talking 'bout THE GOLD BUG! Since our fevered BUY recommendation on gold at \$420 in the July issue of The Delphi Newsletter, or Sean telling you a YEAR ago, the treasure of Kings soared over \$80 or 20% to a new 18-year high of \$510. per ounce!

Meanwhile, **SILVER**, which I theorized was also headed to stardom, scorched its own path to multi-year highs, moving up 21% from \$7 to \$8.54 an ounce! Sean's projection for silver at \$9.00 per Oz. by January, '06 was remarkable, and frankly I thought it was premature, but now both gold and silver are both on track for EXACTLY where and when he projected them to be. And he made these predictions almost a year ago! **For anyone that has any familiarity with global markets, this is, quite simply, astounding, even though Sean makes it all look easy.**

That's one major precious metals rally, and one more fantastic call for Team Delphi! This is a DOUBLE WHAMMY of stunning and unprecedented accuracy that quite frankly puts EVERY Wall Street analyst, and hell even Uri Geller, the Amazing Kreskin or any other psychic you can name, to shame. And Sean has done this OVER and OVER and OVER again, making fortunes for those that have LISTENED and taken his advice on when to buy, when to sell and WHAT to buy and sell. In fact NO ONE, and I MEAN NO ONE, anywhere, at ANY

TIME, over the last 13 years this newsletter has been in publication or since Sean has been a guest on Coast To Coast AM since 1991, has called the Stock Market, the NASDAQ, the S&P and the ups and downs of the economy of the United States of America, or the World for that matter, with greater accuracy than Sean David Morton. RESPECT, people!!R-E-S-P-E-C-T! Time to give the man his DUE!

Many gold debunkers believed gold's powerful rally since 2001 was solely a reaction to the US dollar's weakness, since gold and the dollar traditionally move in opposite directions. Gold, they said, was simply another world currency. This month, that notion was violently disproved!

First of all, not only is gold rising faster than the US dollar, but its torrid 5 month 20 % bonanza has seen it outperform the major world

currencies. In fact, gold recently broke through the psychologically significant 400 Euro level. What's even more interesting is that gold is now rising alongside a rebounding US dollar. All of this means that gold is not simply being bid higher by people running screaming from a falling dollar, but rather by savvy buyers who simply want to own gold as an investment. That clearly indicates gold is in full-blown Commodity BULL mode and is moving higher, regardless of world currency trends!

Here's the best part, Delphi Readers. I believe this is just the beginning of

gold's ferocious ascent. Conditions are indeed ripe for far greater gold price appreciation.

In addition, it's actually a positive development for gold that the dollar is now rising. For the higher the greenback rises, the greater the upside explosion we'll see in gold when the dollar resumes its multi-year decline. A final dollar plunge would likely incite huge numbers of people to buy gold, sending it higher, in a bid to shield their savings from a crumbling currency.

Speaking of currency ills, another catalyst to gold's future rise was the shocking news a week ago that the Fed will no longer provide data on 'M3', also known as money supply. 'Money supply' tells the public how much money the government has in circulation. If we no longer have access to this information, we no longer have an idea how many dollars the government is printing, or in other words, how badly the US dollar is being diluted and victimized. Such a lack of transparency does not inspire confidence in an already debased currency. The move sets a huge black mark against the dollar, a declining asset in failing health, and is one more reason gold, a rising asset with ever-improving fundamentals, becomes even more attractive to own.

In the near term, precious metals are technically overbought and



could pull back to \$480 (or worst case, \$450), barring a massive short squeeze that would prolong this rally and place short players on heated pincushions (ouch!). Seasonally, the period from September until February is the strongest for gold and silver. After that, we could run into a few months of seasonal corrections, particularly, I believe, if the broader markets pull back sharply. In the bigger picture, as long as gold holds above its rising 200-day support line, currently at \$440, the gold/silver bull market is intact and metal shares should continue to rise, albeit with continued price swings and volatility.

Indeed, while many of us gold investors are basking in the warm glow of gold's fantastic voyage, rising gold prices often portend bad news for the economy. The price of gold appears to be predicting that inflation will rise and that steep interest rate hikes will follow. Truly, when gold rises, there's not much good news on the way – pay heed, that is, unless you happen to own physical precious metals, or precious metal stocks! Having at least a small position of gold and silver in your portfolio (5%-10%) provides one with excellent disaster insurance in the event of a severe dollar or economic meltdown.

Fed Playing 'Doctor Feelgood' With Your Dollars -- Bad Idea?

How's this for warm Wall Street welcome? In late October, when the Fed announced Dr. Benjamin Bernanke would be taking over for retiring US Fed Governor Alan Greenspan, uncertainty-loathing traders threw the dollar off a cliff and the price of gold promptly bolted up \$7 overnight! The stock market, which had initially rallied on the news, suddenly developed a frightful case of monetary indigestion, and the troika of major indices (Dow Jones, Nasdaq and S&P) fell steeply in a vicious torrent of selling. The selection of Bernanke who once commented, "I would drop money from helicopters to stimulate the economy if necessary," ensures he will continue Greenspan's policy of currency devaluation. Monetary dilution is like adding tap water into a chilled decanter of fancy French wine. In either case, you're left with a second-rate product and a bad taste in your mouth, to boot. Yuck!

Since markets don't perform well (and that's putting it mildly) during periods of great change and uncertainty, it will be interesting to see how the markets and the dollar react in January when Bernanke assumes the role of Fed Chairman, one of the most powerful financial offices in the world. At the very least, we should expect to see lots of volatility and wild activity across the board!

Since our last update 6 weeks ago, the US dollar has mounted a striking rebound. The dollar broke up through the 90-91 dollar level that it had failed to break on 6 previous occasions. This hard-fought breakthrough indicates significant dollar strength and a possible short term trend change.

The Canadian dollar, backed by a strong resource-based market, has been quite strong and trades at \$1.17 US. Last month, we briefly

saw the US dollar trade as low as \$1.16 per \$1 Canadian. In 2002 by comparison, it took \$1.62 CDN to buy a US dollar.

TECHNICALS: The dollar looks like it may rise further if it can bust through the fairly weak 92 resistance line shown on my chart (the dark line, below, er, our friend Frankenstein). Any dollar rise is most likely a powerful bear market rally, powered by too much dollar negativity (contrarianism always wins), speculation and a large short squeeze among dollar traders. In my opinion, however, fundamentals do not support the idea of dollar strength beyond the next year or so. What's important to note, is that gold hasn't weakened AT ALL despite the dollar's fierce rally. When gold moves up in tandem with the dollar, it is a clear sign of gold's strength. Hurrah!

What's more, there are a plethora of bullish factors behind gold's momentum this year and beyond. And with all apologies to David Letterman, here is my:

TOP 10 LIST OF REASONS PRECIOUS METALS WILL RISE

(Drumroll here Paul Schaffer!)

1. The Fed vows to print more money, hoping foreign countries will continue to hold their noses and buy a fast-devaluing currency for its interest rate.
2. An emerging economic and military superpower, China, has legalized purchase of gold by its wealth-seeking citizens.
3. India, an increasingly more affluent country with a new massive middle class, sees demand for gold sharply rising
4. Gold strikes in South Africa have weakened supply.
5. Silver should explode upwards, finally keeping pace with gold (20 to 1) if a silver-backed ETF is approved.
6. China to float its Yuan even higher against the US\$
7. Hostile oil nations may one day refuse the US\$ as payment and switch to an Arab gold backed based currency.
8. US Inflation likely to skyrocket due to Fed Chairman dropping money from helicopters, benefiting precious metals
9. All fiat (that is, 'paper') currencies eventually collapse.
10. Gold and Silver survived the rise and fall of countless rulers and great empires.

Nick's De Old Delphi *Gold & Silver Portfolio* **(Prices Updated December 2, 2005)**

GLD	Rec'd 42.05.	Now \$50.17.	+19%
NEM	Rec'd 37.00.	Now \$47.27.	+28 %
GG	Rec'd \$15.24.	Now \$21.06	+38 %
KGC	Rec'd \$6.05.	Now \$7.80.	+29 %
CDE	Rec'd \$3.41.	Now \$4.49.	+32 %



BGO Rec'd \$2.20 Now \$2.97. +35 %
 NG Rec'd \$7.54 Now \$9.37. +24 %
 PAAS Rec'd \$14.60 Now \$19.86. +36%
 SSRI Rec'd \$11.31 Now \$15.65. +38%

**TEAM DELPHI Total 5 MONTH GAINS =
 An Incredible +279%!!!**

(Average Gain per Stock of 31%)

TRUE STORY: Please remember that this is in an age where the best Financial News Network and Wall St. analysts were pitted against a MONKEY throwing DARTS at the stock pages..and the MONKEY WON! And speaking of monkeys...

WILL WALL STREET'S 'GREEN' GOBLINS JINX GOLD?

I must admit, I was initially concerned when I found out mainstream investment guru Jim Cramer, the host of television's Mad Money (think 'call-in investment advice' meets speed-dating) had actually written a pro-Gold article about ten days ago. I thought, "Great, I hope that's not the 'kiss of death' for our gold rally!"

My concern was genuine, since as some have noted, Mr. Cramer, like many talking heads on CNBC, has an impressive record of being on the wrong end of many trends. It has to drive his audience bananas. Here's what I mean:

In 2004, he told readers of his Street.com internet column that iPods were a fad and a gimmick. That's quite a prediction, since an astonishing 6+ million iPods were sold during Apple's last quarter! Cramer also said that Apple was overvalued at \$30 (the same time Sean was pounding the table for you to buy it!). The madman then watched Apple shares erupt and shoot all the way UP to \$80. Undaunted, Cramer then told his audience to buy Apple RIGHT before its next earnings call. Apple's results were good but not good enough for zealous investors who'd rabidly bid the stock up, and Apple soon dropped DOWN to \$65. Cramer then declared Apple was fully-valued and threw up his hands in defeat, only to watch Apple charge all the way, yes, UP, to \$140.00! All along this guru has been telling everyone to buy computer maker Dell, a discount mass-seller of PC computers, a company completely devoid of innovation. During Apple's remarkable 400% run, Dell fell 30% from \$40 to a low of \$28. And truly, while anybody can make a few bad calls, this proliferation of untimely advice is, for most investors, completely unwelcome.

Here's another example. In 2000, Cramer once loved a company, called JDS Uniphase, so much that he said J-D-S stood for "Just Don't Sell" even as the stock plunged from a tech bubble high of \$150 down through \$50 and lower. Incredibly, years later, he's still telling people to buy it at ... \$2 because it could hit \$2.50. Yikes! Mad money, indeed.

Then there's the fact that, over the last three years, Mr. Cramer wrote numerous vicious articles attacking the fast growing business of XM Radio, as its stock rose from \$3 to \$40 per share. During that time, he was recommending traditional radio stocks on the decline, like Clear Channel and Cumulus Media, stocks that got positively SMASHED due to disappearing listeners (too many annoying commercials!) and earnings disappointments. Recently, things got weirder on this front. Out of the blue, several weeks ago, Mr. Cramer announces he likes XM stock and gives a thumbs down to competitor Sirius! Not even one

week later, AFTER XM shares fall 10% on baseless rumours, he does a complete 180 degree turn and switches allegiances. XM investors should thank their stars they no longer have 'the support' of Jim Cramer to weigh down their fortunes.

As I return to my original concern about Cramer's interest in gold, I should also relate that I found Cramer's article surprising, since not six months ago I watched him tell his TV viewers it was foolish to buy gold because of rising interest rates! In the end, yes, interest rates did rise, but as we well know, so did gold. And another Cramer caper entered the annals of investing infamy! To quote noted U.S. economist Homer J. Simpson: "D'OH!!!!!"

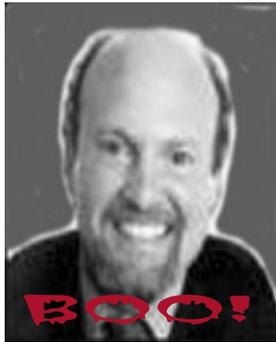
Clearly, Cramer represents those market barkers that chase trends and whose opinions change with the wind. They recommend dozens, even hundreds of stock picks, in whatever sector appears hot, and hope a few winners stick. So, it seems at least reasonable that we reevaluate our long position on precious metals when we detect even the first footsteps of mainstream coverage.

In other words, 'Are we at a top in gold and metal stocks?' In my opinion, the answer is a joyous "No way, Josie (and the Pussy Cats)!" In fact, I think gold's most recent rise to 18 year highs was bound to wake up even the sleepest of Wall Street tea-leaf readers. Cramer's comments are, however, surprisingly helpful, since they likely indicate that the second stage of this gold bull market has begun. Stage two of a bull market is typically when sluggish market analysts FINALLY recognize a well-defined trend and gingerly dip their hairy, curled-up toes into the water.

Gold and Silver Bulls can also take comfort that most analysts amazingly still don't appreciate the vast upside that metal stocks provide. The mainstreamers, to this point, have only embraced a small handful of the larger precious metals stocks (such as Newmont Mining and Barrick Gold) and have shunned the rest. That's fine. Latecomers will discover the entire gold and silver stock universe soon enough, and when they finally dive in, they will send the tiny market caps of mining shares spinning much, much higher! That's how I see it happening, anyway.

INVASION OF THE SILVER SNATCHERS

Silver did march to multi-year highs at \$8.54 but more importantly, vital news emerged concerning the metal, often dubbed gold's 'weak sister.' Last month, silver investors finally received validation of their long-held belief that the world's supply of silver is a) extremely tight, and that b) silver's price could explode on the slightest demand increase. On November 7th, CBS Marketwatch reported "[a] group representing companies that use silver for industrial purposes is seeking to block the launch of an exchange-traded fund [ETF] tied to the precious metal." The unruly mob, er, group, known as The Silver Users Association (SUA), declared they were working to deny Barclay's Global Investors' application for a silver ETF as it would disrupt an "orderly" silver market. They claim a silver ETF (a stock that tracks the price of silver) would "create a price squeeze in the metal because the fund would have to buy a large amount of silver to back the fund's shares prior to the launch." Good grief. How presumptuous for someone to think an orderly market involves being able to purchase an asset of legal tender! Is it so hard to understand that some people want to have exposure to silver, but don't want to lug those darn heavy silver bars around? In any event, the SUA blew its runny nose into a tissue and claimed a "silver ETF would only exaggerate silver's illiquidity given the sheer volume of physical silver needed to be shipped and stored." Sounds darn bullish to me. Got silver?



And Now a Scene from:

"Alternative Energy Theatre circa 2085:"

[Scene: Mortonville, California. A lady 'drives' up to a gas pump attendant at the local Ethanol Fill Station situated on the grounds of The Mortonville Town Dump.]

Uhura: "Hi Scotty, nice to see you. Be a dear and fill up the tank of my Pleidian Hover-Car. And don't skimp on the banana peels, wood chips, rotten tomatoes or corn stalks! I've got a really long warp-drive ahead."

Scotty: "Damn it, Uhura! But this wee, loveable Scotsman just canna manage it. Our Etho-Station is all out of high-octane rotten to-MAA-toes. Still, iffen ya must insist, I suppose I canna gas 'er up with a potent combination of fish-heads and chicken feet from the landfill."

Alright. I know what you're thinking. "Noooo, I haven't drunk too much cold medication this week!" Not yet, anyway. I'm simply positing, that ethanol, a fuel made from discarded household organic waste could one day lessen the world's dependence on expensive and perhaps, declining stocks of crude oil.

Both alternative energy stocks mentioned last issue (the first: ethanol, the other: hybrid electric/diesel) saw some major developments and are poised to move higher this year, even as crude oil has pulled 'all the way' back to \$58 per barrel.

THE STAGE IS SET – FFI: MAJOR FINANCING NEWS ANNOUNCED!
NUCLEAR SOLUTIONS (NSOL.OB)

PRICE: \$1.05, MARKET CAP \$40 MILLION.

Nuclear Solutions is small, speculative and lacks an earnings history. Most people would glance at that evaluation and take a pass on it. The truth is, that's only part of their story. First, some basic background info. Prior to September, NSOL was strictly a homeland defense play that was focused on water tritiation and shielded nuclear weapon detection. Nuclear Solutions has since formed a renewable fuels subsidiary called Future Fuels Inc, a company that aims to build a revolutionary ethanol plant in New Jersey that will turn ordinary household trash into clean-burning ethanol.

FFI's interim president Jack Young, who is also VP of Development at Nuclear Solutions, has extensive consulting experience in the fields of energy and engineering, including overseeing plant construction while working at the Atomic Energy Commission.

News Flash #1: In mid-September, NSOL announced a truly ambitious business plan:

"[FFI has] signed a confidential, non-binding letter of intent with

multiple business entities to acquire technology, land, permits, feedstock, and management expertise to facilitate the design, construction and operation of a waste-to-ethanol production facility in the northeast United States. This letter of intent creates a solid framework for continuing negotiations and completing the necessary due diligence to reach a mutually-acceptable agreement that could potentially lead to the

opening of a production facility." This was the last information published in your Delphi Associates Newsletter.

News Flash

#2 Since your last issue, FFI announced it completed one of its September goals when it "signed a lease option and environmental permit agreement in another step toward constructing its first proposed waste-to-ethanol production facility in the northeast United States. According to the terms of the lease option/permit agreement, FFI has the exclusive option to enter into a fifteen-year lease,

renewable in ten-year increments, for development of an approximate six-acre site for the facility's construction. It has until December 1, 2005 to exercise the option."

News Flash #3

In that same press release, FFI announced the mind-blowing news that they had obtained "pre-approved state and local environmental permits to operate a proposed 52 million gallon waste-to-ethanol production facility." This saves investors an estimated 3-5 years of waiting on new permits, and saves the company tens of millions in cash burn.

News Flash #4

FFI then managed to negotiate access to free feedstock (garbage that will later be turned into ethanol) that will also be accessible on-site! The company explains: "Production costs at traditional ethanol production plants can vary due to fluctuations in the price of agriculturally derived feedstock, such as corn, resulting from changing weather conditions, seasonality and transportation logistics. The on-site, immediately available feedstock source for the proposed FFI waste-to-ethanol facility would all but eliminate such costs associated with feedstock acquisition and would make the plant's economic model practically immune to the uncertainties of weather, seasonality and transportation variables. Since feedstock is a major cost component in the overall process of producing ethanol at traditional facilities, FFI's approach would significantly minimize this cost center." This was a great deal for FFI and a major milestone in the company's short history!

NOVEMBER 15TH,

MAJOR FINANCING NEWS ANNOUNCED!

Future Fuels, Inc. Receives Approval for \$84 million in Bond Financing from New Jersey Economic Development Authority



“WASHINGTON, Nov. 15, 2005 (PRIMEZONE) -- Future Fuels, Inc. (FFI), a subsidiary of Nuclear Solutions, Inc. (OTC BB:NSOL.OB - News), announced today that it has received preliminary approval for \$84 million in tax-exempt bond financing by the New Jersey Economic Development Authority (NJEDA), subject to the statutory 10 day review period by the Governor's office, for the construction of the first-of-its-kind 52 million gallon waste-to-ethanol production facility in aToms River, New Jersey. Such financing will be used for the facility's design, construction and initial start-up operations.”

Again, this was an excellent deal for FFI/NSOL since no shares were sold or diluted. They negotiated a strictly interest-bearing loan.

In related news, a second small Ethanol company raised funds today. Pacific Ethanol (Symbol: PEIX) sold over 10.5 million shares to raise \$84 million dollars (a seemingly odd coincidence). The stake was bought by Cascade, an investment group owned by Bill Gates. So clearly, big money is taking a hard look at alternative energy and trash to ethanol conversion, in particular. To see what NSOL/FFI has achieved since its September debut, consider this. Pacific Ethanol began in 2003. Yet, Future Fuels find themselves drawn even with PEIX, as both players are on the verge of building their first major ethanol plant. NSOL has a far smaller market cap and thus, greater upside, however.

Further validation for ethanol's potential arrived several weeks ago, when \$15 billion dollar commodities transportation and storage firm Archer Daniels Midland announced it will invest \$1 billion into increasing ethanol production and biodegradable plastics over just the next TWO years.

Finally, it's common knowledge that billionaire Richard Branson of Virgin Airlines fame, has invested in building his own Ethanol company, targeting the jet fuel market. Clearly, Ethanol is now on the map where savvy, wealthy, future-thinking investors are concerned!

FUTURE FUEL'S SEXY STATS:

Once running at full capacity, FFI's plant could sell 52 million gallons at \$2.40 per gallon. Now, add the government's \$0.51 per gallon credit for renewable fuel. And a \$1.5 million producer credit for plants under 60 million gallons in capacity (10 cents per gallon up to the first 15 million gallons). Subtract the cost of interest bearing loans and other expenses. And a fully utilized plant once in operation could theoretically net FFI somewhere between \$130-150 million per year!

It's clear that FFI are taking a smart approach to this project: seeking and obtaining a fast track to Ethanol plant permits, obtaining free feedstock, avoiding feedstock transport costs, and realizing financing on excellent terms (no share dilution). What's even more exciting is that,

given New Jersey's support and enthusiasm, the possibility that deals for more potentially lucrative trash to Ethanol production sites may yet be executed.

Within the next 10 working days, the New Jersey governor should decide yea or nay on FFI's funding, which would equate to an EXTRA \$2 per share in cash for NSOL. (Yes, I realize it's crazy that NSOL is still trading at less than a dollar when it might be worth \$3 or more in coming weeks.)

Finally, in non-energy news, NSOL reported the filing of an International patent for its Nuclear Weapons Detection Technology. The technology can detect shielded nuclear weapons and smuggled nuclear materials without looking for radiation, something the company claims can be easily hidden or masked. The patent, according to CEO Patrick Herda

“could lead to the development of a highly sensitive, portable and low-cost detection system. There are conceivably wide applications for the proposed detection system, including screening ocean-bound shipping containers that could be used to transport smuggled nuclear materials.”

Sean tells me that if all NSOL's plans succeed, then Nuclear Solutions/FFI has the potential to be the biggest gainer he's picked in some time!

AZURE DYNAMICS \$1.24

(AZD.TO on the TSX & ADC on the LSE)

Azure is a world leader and developer of highly fuel efficient hybrid/electric and electric powertrains (a vehicle's engine and related functions) for commercial and military vehicles. This stock has gone on a wild roller-coaster ride, climbing 68% from September to October as crude oil spiked to \$70. It has given back much of its gains with oil's retreat. Currently, the share price discounts the major sales and partnerships that Azure has secured, as well as the follow-on deals that will likely follow:

In September, after many months of testing Azure's hybrid powertrain in their delivery trucks, Purolator Courier placed their first order for 115 Azure hybrid delivery vans. They reported excellent fuel efficiency and an engine so quiet one driver wasn't sure if the vehicle was switched on. As a result of their success, Purolator intends to replace their entire 2000 vehicle fleet with Azure hybrids gradually during the next 3-4 years.

In October, Azure received a CDN\$10.5 million order for components from Engineered Air Systems, Inc. a subsidiary of Engineered Support Systems, Inc. (Nasdaq: [EASI](#)). The 152 kits purchased will allow EASI to integrate advanced power electronics into their Chemical Biological Protective Shelter (“CBPS-M2”) that provides a clean medical shelter environment in chemically or biologically contaminated areas.



The order follows an earlier \$5 million order with EASI. In addition, Azure and EASI have made a joint proposal to the military to produce 1000 more kits, an order that would spell a quantum leap forward for Azure's financials.

Thanks to government grants from the New York Power Authority, Azure received orders for four 20-seat hybrid/electric shuttle buses AND two new zero-emission all-electric two-ton minivans to the US Postal Service to improve air quality and to lower fuel costs. Its shuttle buses improve fuel efficiency by an amazing 40% and reduce emissions by 90%! Each Azure minivan that replaces a diesel truck on the road removes a massive 5,000 pounds of carbon dioxide and 32 pounds of nitrogen a year. Green is good!

Many schools are looking at their powertrains since Azure's school bus technology improves fuel efficiency of the gas guzzlers up to a remarkable 50%!

One school in Atlanta shut down during the most recent oil and gasoline spike due to excessive fuel costs. It's unthinkable. But it DID happen.

More and larger orders are likely, since Azure powertrains are currently still being evaluated by the US military for Army Hummers, US Postal Service, Canada Post, and London Taxi. And due to the initial success seen in the orders of shuttle buses, delivery vans and military applications, I think we've only seen tip of the iceberg. Several 'one million share' blocks traded over the last month as the shares rose higher and but were not sold as oil dropped and Azure shares slipped back. It's clear that some big funds invested are willing to be patient. I wouldn't be surprised if shares have doubled in a year's time, once some major orders come in. And that's if no larger company snaps up Azure and its impressive lean, green technology!

DELPHI STOCK MARKET ROUND-UP

General Market Commentary: Stocks sold off severely about a month ago thanks to a fearful market and due to record low levels of cash held by fund managers. A massive sell-off in crude oil (dropping from \$70 to \$56) and oil stocks also made investors skittish about putting money anywhere. It's that contrarian's delight of pent up fear and doubt that initially sent stocks surging through long-term resistance levels. Following this powerful first act, it appears new cash from sidelined investors and performance-obsessed hedge funds has been entering the market, in time for the strongest historical months for stocks (November to January). As long as the S&P can hold ABOVE 1245, the Dow ABOVE 10300, and the Nasdaq ABOVE 2100 the market is in decent shape. That said, I think the market is vulnerable to a swift decline in late December or early January. If the indices fall from their current heights down below these support levels, the bear market in stocks that began in 2001 could reassert itself. Closer to mid-December and early January (a volatile time since the new Fed chairman takes office - indeed, will the markets react with panic?), you may wish to initiate or raise your stops

to protect your hard-won gains lest there be a sharp and sudden sell-off. Remember, the market DID DROP steeply in both January 2004 and January 2005, completely wiping out the gains from each of those years. Enjoy the current market run, but remain vigilant and safe!

Is The Cat Coming Back?

Caterpillar (CAT) \$59. One seriously-loaded exec thinks so. Caterpillar director Peter Magowan spends nearly \$8 million dollars to buy 150,000 Caterpillar shares after the stock tumbles from its \$60 highs down to \$50. This insider purchase is a significant statement since it brings his total holdings up to 206,584 shares. It's looking good so far for Magowan, as he's now up a sweet \$1.35 million on that trade! Now you know why it's good to follow insider activity. Sean originally recommended Caterpillar in the mid-\$40 range in June and his pick is up a pleasantly plump 30% so far.



All Umbrella Drinks are on Bernie! Canada's Petrokazakhstan (PKZ) Sold for \$55! On Oct. 27 2005, The Canadian Press reports:

"CALGARY -- An Alberta court has approved the \$4.2-

billion (U.S) takeover bid for PetroKazakhstan Inc. by China National Petroleum Corp. -- China's biggest offshore acquisition yet. The written decision handed down by Justice Neil Wittmann of the Alberta Court of Queen's Bench ends a tug of war between China and Russia over the Canadian company, all of whose operations are in the central Asian republic of Kazakhstan.

"We're pleased with the decision of the courts in support of the transaction and we're eagerly looking forward to closing the deal," said Ihor Wasylkiw, vice-president of investor relations for Calgary-based PetroKaz."

PKZ was a great story all around. Recently retired PKZ CEO Bernard Isautier originally took a near-bankrupt oil company (trading under a dollar) and transformed it into one of the most efficient, well-run oil companies in the world, ultimately selling it for \$55 per share in a heated international bidding war. Well done, Bernie!

PKZ shareholders who voted 99% in favour of the deal (on Oct 18th) and CNPC are the big winners. That leaves Indian oil company ONGC out of black gold, and Russian company Lukoil begging for scraps in the Siberian cold. It's hard to imagine anyone at Petrokaz is unhappy, in particular, with the Russian firm's lukewarm result. This summer, Lukoil began on an aggressive (a diplomatic way of putting it) campaign of lawsuits, threats, and news releases, a set of tactics that quickly sliced PKZ's share price from near \$40 to the low \$20 range. It now appears Lukoil did this so they could scoop up Petrokaz on the cheap. Nice try, but it looks like the GOOD guys win by T-K-O (or is it, P-K-Z?). And happily, Sean was able to get a lot of Delphi Associates readers into PKZ for an amazing 50% gain in 3 months or less!

BZZZ-T! Analyst Short-Circuit:

XM Satellite (XMSR). \$30.07.

The satellite radio company beat earnings estimates by 6 cents and reaffirmed guidance for over 6 million subscribers at year-end. But news that GM may provide a smaller than expected increase in XM-installed cars scared some short-sighted fund managers into selling near quarter's end. Several analysts also conveniently also forgot that XM's mega partners, Honda and Toyota, will be picking up any OEM slack with their aggressively ramping factory install programs. Brokerage house Stifel Nicolaus which recently upgraded XM shares, demonstrates the true value of their research by downgrading those same shares two weeks later. Finally, slippery flip-flopper Jim Cramer who finally jumped on the XM bandwagon at two weeks ago at \$35 after 3 years of mud-slinging, jumped off at \$28. Following the path of Hyundai, Nissan makes a new, major commitment to installing XM but not Sirius. And still, our moribund analysts snooze. Oh well. With XM shares sitting only \$4-6 above the price where insiders bought 17,000 shares during late 2003 and 2004, and quite a bit below where big fish like TCW Group, Wellington Asset Management, Fidelity and Apollo bought tens of millions of shares, it looks like a great time to kick back and listen to some crisp tunes on a My-Fi Satellite Walkman, while clutching a fistful of shares. (Note: Apollo, a major stockholder of Sirius Satellite is dumping Sirius as if it'd contracted a nasty case of Montezuma's Revenge! Apollo has liquidated more than half of their Sirius position or 63 million shares, worth nearly half a billion dollars in just the last few weeks!) In addition, Sirius Chairman Joe Clayton has sold more than 31 million shares in the last year, and continues to dump all over eternally-gleeful Sirius shareholders on a monthly basis. Surely, Apollo and Clayton's stock purges don't signify concern over the fiscal responsibility of handing Howard Stern \$500mm to interview the retarded, leer at porn stars and tell fart jokes?

A GOO-GOO DOLL!

GOOGLE (GOOG). \$414.21.

Boy, O BOY, this stock's been a real stinker since Sean recommended it! (Just kidding!) But he should know since Eric Schmidt, the owner and founder of Google, lives next door to Sean's mom in Atherton, Calif. Internet search firm Google has astounded countless analyst drones (at least 20 brokerage houses originally had STRONG SELL, SELL or HOLD ratings on the stock) on the way to a 400% gain from its \$85 IPO to an all-time high of \$431.50!! The Google juggernaut now threatens to take over the internet universe, if only in a warm and fuzzy way. Schmidt now has plans to Wi-Fi the entire city of San Francisco for FREE and is moving into China. During the recent quarter, Google took in as many greenbacks as the New York Times advertising department rakes in over a full year!

Magna 'Comes Louder!'

Magna Entertainment (MECA). \$7.61.

And the hits keep coming for Sean David Morton! The high intrinsic value within Magna Entertainment I noted in the July DAN is slowly

being unlocked and is, more importantly, being recognized by investors. Leading up to its recent share run-up, Magna sold off The Meadows, one of their many valuable track properties. The sale strengthens their financials and allows them to focus on their more profitable tracks, including their pride and joy, the newly renovated Gulfstream Park, which opens in January. A stock Sean picked at \$5 in 2004, MECA gained 58% on its way to a recent high of \$7.91. Both Sean and I see MECA heading much higher in years to come.

Share Spinoff! IAC Interactive (IAC). \$28.39.

IAC, which acquired search engine AskJeeves.com in July, finally spun off freebie Expedia shares to happy shareholders. In addition, one major institution proposed that IAC is looking to buy back as much as 61% of its shares, a catalyst that would send its valuation much higher.

Dear readers, until next time, I leave you with these sage words:

"You have a choice between the natural stability of gold and the honesty and intelligence of the members of government. And with all due respect for those gentlemen, I advise you, as long as the capitalist system lasts, vote for gold."

~George Bernard Shaw~

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* * * * *

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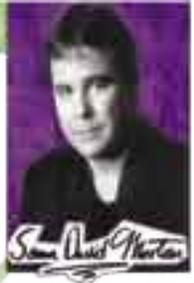
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PETER DORSETT is a journalist, former military intelligence officer and Viet Nam infantry veteran. He is a pioneer of "No martial protest", Constitutional scholar and leads a weekly cross-country UCC Redemption Networking Conference call. He is one of the leading researchers on pro-active application of law in the current Admiralty Martial law state of emergency that we live in today.

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BEST PICTURE

NEW YORK
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WINNER
BEST PICTURE
BEST DIRECTOR
(Sean David Morton)

LOS ANGELES
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JOE MILLIONAIRE

A MAN YOU'D JUST DIE FOR

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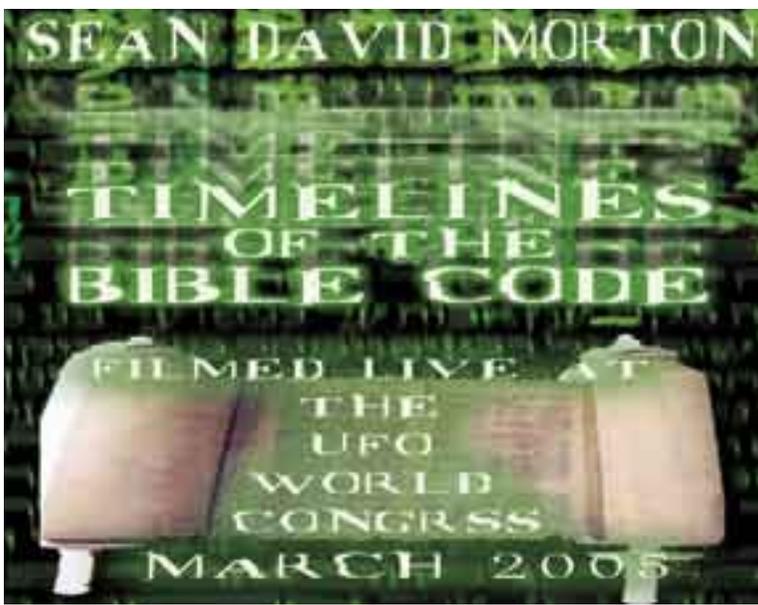
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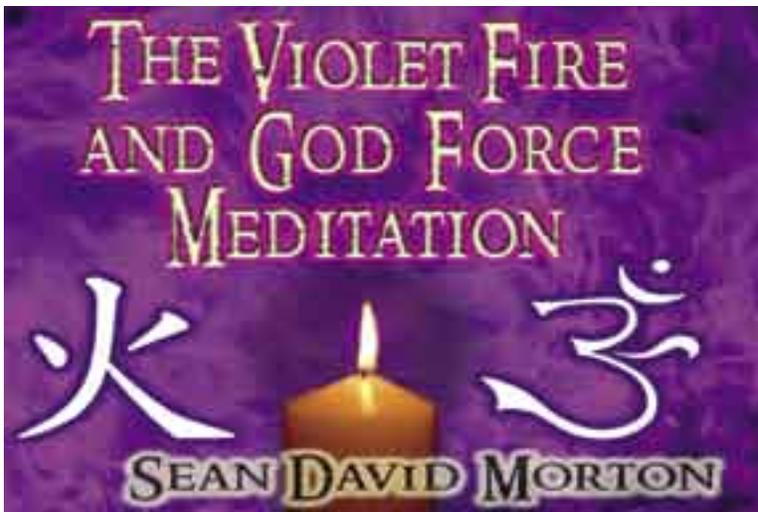
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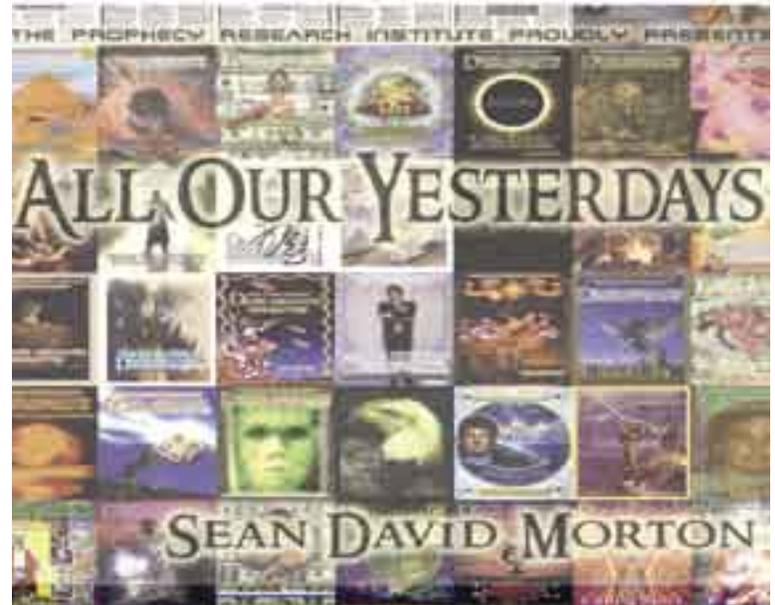
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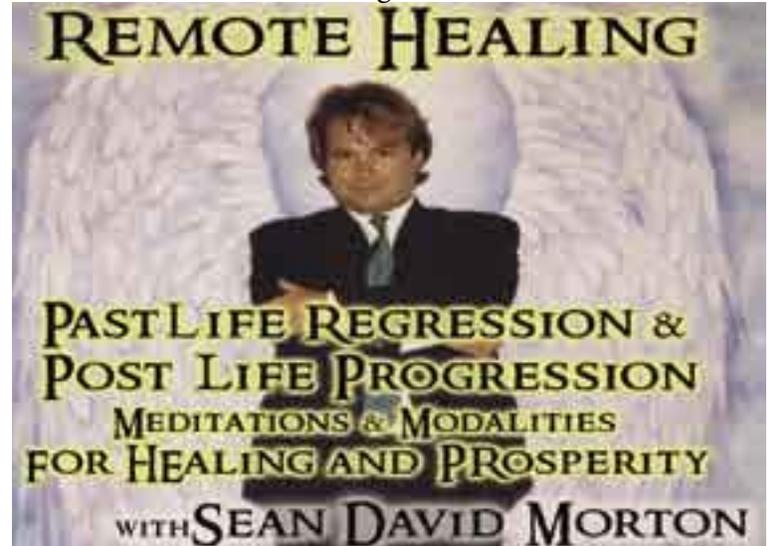
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Dearest Delphinians,

I would like to humbly apologize for the delays in getting The Delphi Associates Newsletter out.(Our last issue was Sept. 26) I know you look forward to it and depend on it and I have appreciated your letters and E-mails wondering where it was. My mother has been very, very sick and I have had to help her and arrange for her care. Then Melissa and I both came down with this horrible flu, with mind numbing effects, that has put us both out of commission for weeks. But we are now back up in the harness and I am working on getting another issue out to you in the next ten days to make up for the delays. Then January will bring our 2 part PREDICTIONS ISSUE, as 2006 will be earth shattering!

Again, I thank you for your love, patience and concern.

Blessings,

Jean David Morton