



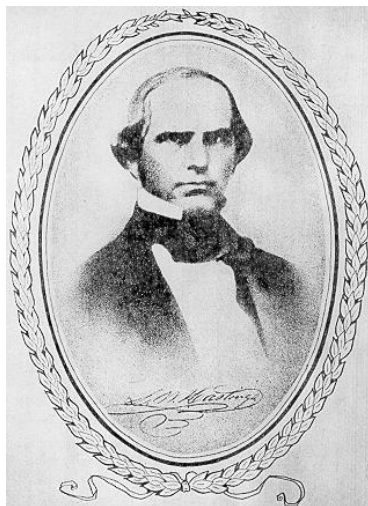
The Donner Party Was a Hoax

By Noel Joshua Hadley

7/1/2020

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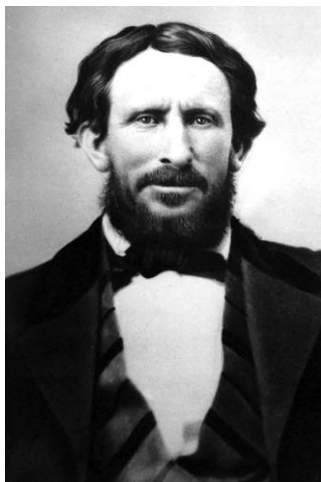
PART ONE

The Royal House of Hastings

THE first lesson of the Donner Party is to *never* take a short cut. Stay off the grass. Follow the leader. Do as you're told. Don't stick your nose where it doesn't belong. Keep as far away from Antarctica as is humanly possible. It's cold and miserable and there's nothing to film there but penguin documentaries and Buzz Aldrin photo ops. Everyone is welcome, but if you try for it, men with snorkel gear and guns will greet you because the Antarctic Treaty made the outer lands off limits but come anyways. In the case of the Bermuda Triangle, you may just end up watching a NASA rocket *arch* into the ocean, and that's a naughty *no-no* for the space program hoax. If you ever find yourself being chased down by shirtless Caribbeans wielding a single harpoon canon and semi-automatics, but they're not Disney animatronics, then it was nice knowing you. We will be sure to remind everyone that you were never suicidal. The

Donner's screwed up, royally. And so, the answer on the test is cannibalism.

Do you remember that Twilight Zone episode where actor-astronauts were indoctrinated and gullible enough to believe they've crashed landed on an asteroid, despite oxygen and an earthen blue sky? One crew member kills everyone off, hoping for the last drop of water, and then discovers telephone poles. Cue Rod Serling's cigarette-toting voice. For all I know, the Donner Party hoax was intended to keep people away from Highway 80 and the Union-Pacific Railroad. And telephone poles. Also, everyone needed to arrive at a fully formed San Francisco right on schedule.



That would be a reference to my paper, the [1849 California Gold Rush Hoax](#). In it, I explored the events surrounding the Manifest Destiny push to re-populate California. Specifically, San Francisco, which was an inherited Millennial Kingdom city. I specifically detailed how the M.M.M., the Mormons and the Masons and the Military, were involved in the propaganda, and I've barely begun to peel back the onion layers on that one. It was actually during the dig that I stumbled upon a rather interesting factoid. Donner Party member **James Reed** showed up at Sutter's Fort in October of **1846**. He was a **Freemason**. Then again, **John Sutter** was a **Freemason**, as **was James Marshall**, but we've covered those clowns already. And in case you're curious, the founders of the Mormon church, like San Franciscan **Newspaper** man **Samuel Brannan**, were **Freemasons**. They all were.

As I was saying, James Reed was a member of the Donner Party. We shall deal more closely with the events of the Donner-Reed hoax a little later

down the road, because much like the Donner's, I've taken a detour. I have stuck my nose where it doesn't belong and that's bad for business, should I ever care to work in the history department at any accredited Luciferian University. I immediately asked myself where the Donner-Reed Party began. The answer is easy and can be found in the most basic and straightforward Intel-net reconnaissance mission. Independence, Missouri.

I called a fellow sleuth up on the phone, a Missouri man, and he responded: "Lots of giants in Missouri. **Cannibal** giants."

Makes sense, I shrugged. When it came to their latest psyop, the Missouri Mormons had to pull their creative ideas from somewhere.

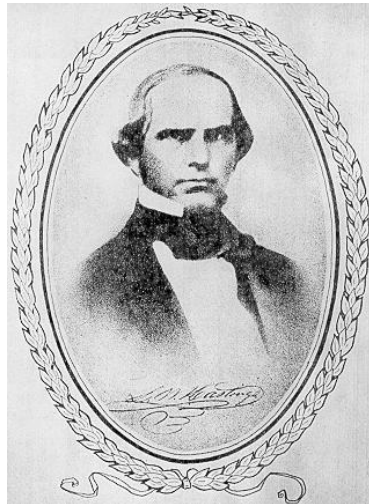
"Cannibal *giants*," he once more reminded me, putting an added emphasis on the giants this time around.

Sure, but the media isn't interested in giants. They're only interested in making News about average-height cannibals, played by actors. We have before us yet another example of how the Truth is inverted, and a good indicator for when Intel communities are invested. Our Controllers likes to remind us of their psyops every five to ten years, mostly for nostalgia purposes, much like Disney pulling an animated movie out of their vault. Every so often they like to spin the narrative. It's for our entertainment but mostly just to prolong the expiration date, Keep it fresh or relevant.



The Smithsonian Institution, though it will always be the ‘Institute’ to me, was founded by **Jesuits** and other participants on August 10, **1846**, in Washington DC, just in time for Manifest Destiny. Though have you seen the Smithsonian Castle as of late? Totally inherited. Almost immediately we discover them showing up on random farms to haul off the man-eating red-headed giant bones being dug up, while elsewhere the media simultaneously calls over the loudspeakers: “Reservation for Donner Party on Truckee Lake! Report to agent Lansford at Fort Bridger, Wyoming!”

I’ve already given too much away. Just know that the Donner Party started out on the Oregon Trail. The moral of this story is to remain on the Oregon Trail until the government tells you they’ve finally gotten around to building the ‘I-80’ over Donner Pass. That being said, I wanted to know why they veered from the established route of a perfectly good floppy disk PC game and who was responsible for leading them there. That’s where a man named **Lansford Hastings**



and a shortcut called Hastings Cutoff comes in. Even the name sounds like a proverbial cliff. We might easily imagine agent Hastings making the *sspppp* sound with a wave of his wormy finger from some seedy alleyway in Fort Bridger, Wyoming. But that’s not what we’re told actually happened. Lansford Hastings left post-it notes in the desert. *Yup*, post-it notes, suggesting that Oregon Trail waggoners entrust him with his newly discovered trail, thereby avoiding the established route and altogether arriving to California weeks ahead of schedule. Donner and Reed took the advice of a piece of paper on a rock. *Sounds legit*. The rest is history.

Lansford Warren Hastings (1819–1870) was an American explorer and **Confederate** soldier. He is best remembered as the developer of **Hastings Cutoff**, a claimed shortcut to California across what is now the state of **Utah**, a factor in the **Donner Party** disaster of 1846. He was a Major in the **Confederate States Army** during the **American Civil War**.

I am offering you yet another reminder that Wikipedia likes to deliver the important accomplishments of their spooks in the opening sentence of each bio. Lansford Hasting has a [page](#) on the top of the search results, and it is there where we immediately learn that he “was a white supremacist, American explorer, and Confederate soldier.” *Oh dear.* Talk about having absolutely no redeeming value as a spook.

[6/21/23 **EDIT**: Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me. See, this is why I take the time to photograph the Intel-net and then take the scissors to it. My FBI Agent is a fan of my work. He reads each paper and then re-writes the Wiki articles just to screw with me. It even happened after I wrote the first edition of my [Jim Morrison](#) paper. I apparently came too close to the Truth because they rewrote nearly the entire article afterwards. And here again, I give you a direct quote from the opening line of Wiki and it no longer states he was a white supremacist. His-Story has been scrubbed yet again because of one of my papers, you’re welcome.] If you tell me he was also an American explorer and at least had that going for him, Wiki then states: “He is best remembered as the developer of Hastings Cutoff, a claimed shortcut to California across what is now the state of Utah, a factor in the Donner Party disaster of 1846.” Take a mental note of that. Hastings made a name for himself giving crappy roadside directions to cannibals.

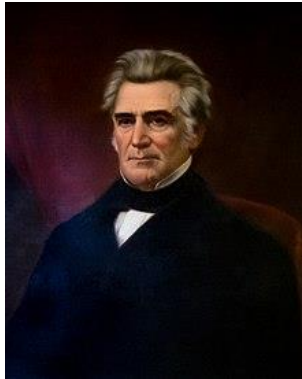
Hastings. Hastings. The name sounds familiar, doesn’t it? Where have we heard that before? **Reed Hastings** is the co-founder, chairman, and CEO of **Netflix**. Are they related? I *checked*. Lansford and Reed are kissing



cousins. But that is only the tip of the iceberg. You see, Lansford and Reed Hastings, though nearly two centuries removed, aren’t any old ordinary Hastings. No, they derive from the **royal house of Hastings**. Even more illustrious than their noble birthright is the fact that their family tree includes the **Earl of Huntington** line. *Also*, as true royals, they’re related to **King John**. That’s only slightly confusing, since King

John was the villain in **Robin Hood**, and the very first Earl of Huntington is often believed by some to be Robin Hood.

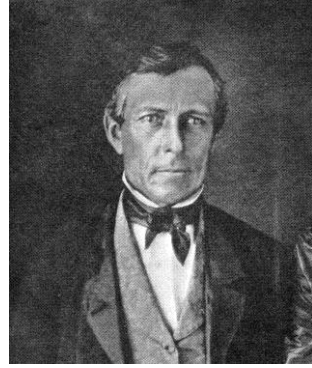
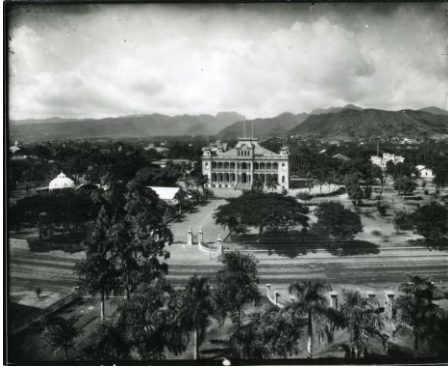
With that little tidbit of information, let's look at some notable Americans related to the Hasting family tree, shall we? The long list includes inventors, governors, educators, university presidents, congressmen, justices of the supreme court, and reforming ministers of the Unitarian church. Basically, the entire Luciferian system which, thanks to papers such as this, will never employ me ever again. And here's a few to boot.



Lemuel Hastings Arnold (January 29, 1792 – June 27, 1852) was the 12th **Governor** of the State of Rhode Island and a member of the U.S. **House of Representatives**.

But then we have **James R. Mead** (May 3, 1836 – March 31, 1910), a founder of Wichita, Kansas, and **state legislator**.

Lastly, **Eliakim Hastings Moore** (June 19, 1812 – April 4, 1900) was a **U.S. Representative** from Ohio. Though I am only just getting started.



Gerrit Parmele Judd (April 23, 1803 – July 12, 1873) was an American physician and [missionary](#) to the [Kingdom of Hawaii](#) who later renounced his American citizenship and became a trusted advisor and cabinet minister to King [Kamehameha III](#).

He married missionary and historian [Laura Fish Judd](#) in 1827.

The Hastings have a long history in the Hawaiian Islands, though there they are the Judd branch of the family. **Gerrit Parmele Judd** (April 23, 1803 – July 12, 1873) was a physician and missionary, arriving to the Kingdom of Hawaii in **1827**, though they were then known as the Sandwich Islands. He later renounced his American citizenship in order to become a “trusted advisor” and cabinet minister to **King Kamehameha III**. Quite the advancement for your poor and lowly missionary. Take a note of that. Already, the path to American enslavement is being paved for the Pacific islander.

Gerrit Judd had two sons, and they were **Colonel Charles Hastings Judd** (September 8, 1835 – April 18, 1890) and **Albert Francis Judd** (January 7, 1838 – May 20, 1900). Hastings was the middle name of the first, and he became a full-fledged Colonel, telling us that Gerrit hadn’t forgotten his royal roots after all. Colonel of what, exactly? Charles Hastings Judd served as Chamberlain and Colonel of the military staff of **King Kalākaua**. Already Kalākaua is sounding very much like a puppet. And as we know, Kalākaua was the last king of Hawaii. So, there you go.

Albert Francis Judd (January 7, 1838 – May 20, 1900) was a judge of the [Kingdom of Hawaii](#) who served as [Chief Justice of the Supreme Court](#) through its transition into part of the [United States](#).

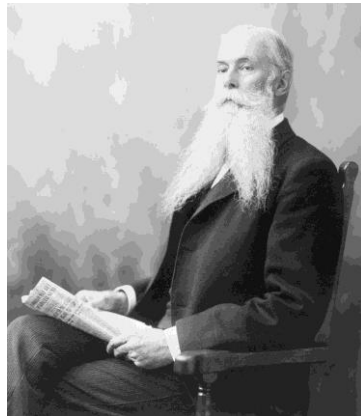


This makes sibling Albert Francis Judd all the more interesting. He was a judge of the Kingdom of Hawaii, serving as **Chief Justice of the Supreme Court**. If big titles don't impress you, it's the little details that count. [Wikipedia](#) describes his role with the following opening statement:

“He was a stabilizing influence throughout the turbulent overthrow of the Kingdom of Hawaii in 1893, Provisional Government of Hawaii, Republic of Hawaii, and finally formation of the Territory of Hawaii in 1898.”

[6/21/23 **EDIT**: You see, it happened again. My FBI agent went all out and completely scrubbed the sentence I was quoting from. When I went back to take a picture for my second edition, the entire article had changed. Thanks a lot, Carl Winslow. If we're being honest though, I know why he is doing it. My FBI agent. He is a great admirer of my work and wants me to up my game. Well, back to the regularly scheduled program then.]

Sanford Ballard Dole (April 23, 1844 – June 9, 1926) was an American-Hawaiian lawyer and jurist. He lived through the periods when Hawaii was a [kingdom](#), [protectorate](#), [republic](#), and [territory](#). A Hawaiian-born descendant of the American missionary community in Hawaii, Dole advocated the [westernization](#) of Hawaiian government and culture. After the [overthrow of the monarchy](#), he served as the [President of the Republic of Hawaii](#) until his government secured Hawaii's [annexation](#) by the [United States](#).^[1]



This current paper is all about rabbit trails. Moving forward, we shall find a few connections between the house of Hastings and the World Fairs, and here's the first. **Sanford B. Dole** (April 23, 1844 – June 9, 1926) is reportedly responsible for declaring Hawaii an independent republic. *Yeah*, the pineapple guy. Once again, Wiki states:

“Spurred by the nationalism aroused by the Spanish-American War, the United States annexed Hawaii in 1898 at the urging of President William McKinley. Hawaii was made a territory in 1900, and Dole became its first governor.”

[6/21/23 **EDIT**: As you can see, not even close. Carl Winslow has been working weekends.] The Spanish-American War is now sounding a lot like the Mexican American War. And guess who followed Dole, but Albert Francis Judd. Both were missionary kids. Is that a coincidence? Maybe. Probably not. How many of the Imperialist and Victorian-era missionaries, tasked with fulfilling the great commission, do you suppose were in actuality spooks? I don't know about you, but I'm sensing a clearer understanding of how denominations were structuring church money. They were in actuality sending off special interests' groups.



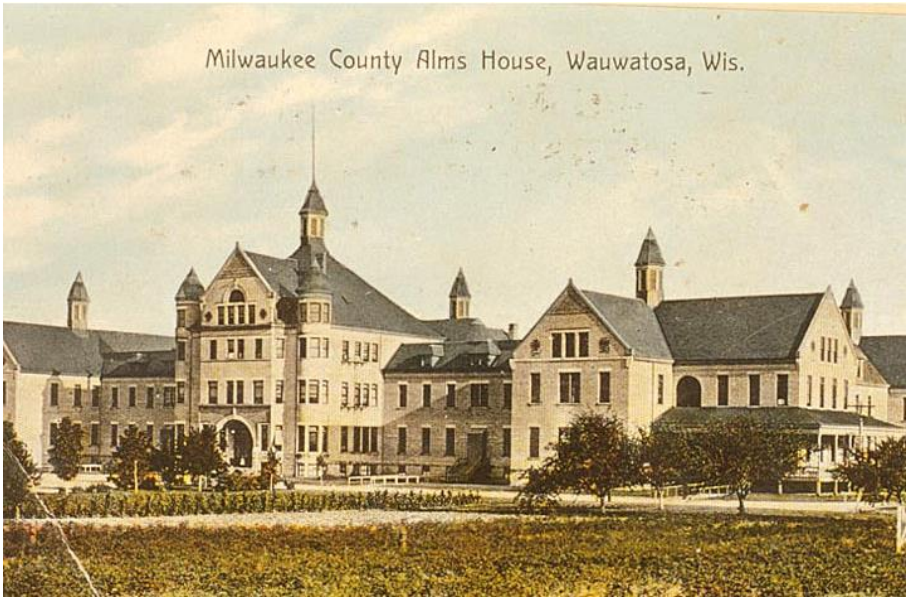
George Robert Carter (December 28, 1866 – February 11, 1933) was the second **Territorial Governor** of Hawaii, *also* related to the Hastings. But it's **Lawrence McCully Judd** (March 20, 1887 – October 4, 1968) who I want to spend a little time with. Lawrence McCully Judd was a politician of the Territory of Hawaii, serving as the seventh **Territorial Governor**. Well, here's something interesting, and entirely related that I learned along the way. After **Grace Hubbard Fortescue** and her daughter, Pearl Harbor Navy wife **Thalia Massie**, were convicted of manslaughter in the death of prizefighter **Koseph Kahahawai**, her **1932** trial became the

focus of worldwide press coverage, something called ‘the Massie Affair’. It also put Pearl Harbor on the map ten years before *the fact*.



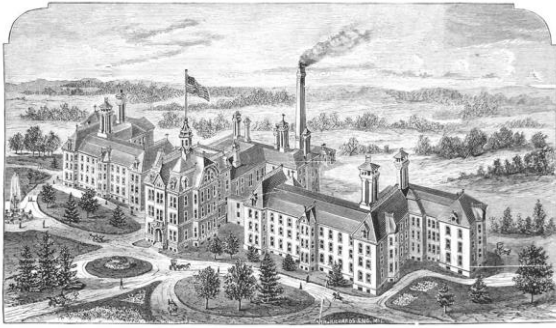
There is Grace Hubbard Fortescue and her daughter Thalia Massie with the Navy husband. What are they doing? Reading important paperwork, obviously. Try not to forget that the Media isn't concerned with real murders and their resulting murder trials. It is the job of the Military-Industrial Complex to create News and then invest in their own stories. The world is a stage and we're expected to take the bait, so as to be reeled into a never-ending gauntlet of psychodramatic episodes. Case in point, Grace Hubbard Fortescue was the niece of **Alexander Graham Bell**, as if that's inconvenient. She was also the granddaughter of **Gardiner Greene Hubbard**, the first **president** of the **National Geographic Society**. *Ridiculous*. They're all members of the same club.

Fortescue furthermore hired defense attorney **Clearance Darrow**. Oh, come on. This is the same guy who was brought into the **Scopes-Monkey** trial to combat **William Jennings Bryan**, all staged. You will tell me that Darrow lost the Scopes-Monkey trial. That's because it was a conquer and divide operation. Darrow lost the Massie trial too. But here's where it gets really good. Massie's sentence of ten years in prison was whittled down to one solitary hour while visiting **Lawrence McCully Judd** in the governor's chambers at Iolani Palace. It was all a hoax, hoax, hoax. They let her off, probably just to screw with everyone caught up in the drama. And the Judd branch of the Hastings family tree was behind it all.

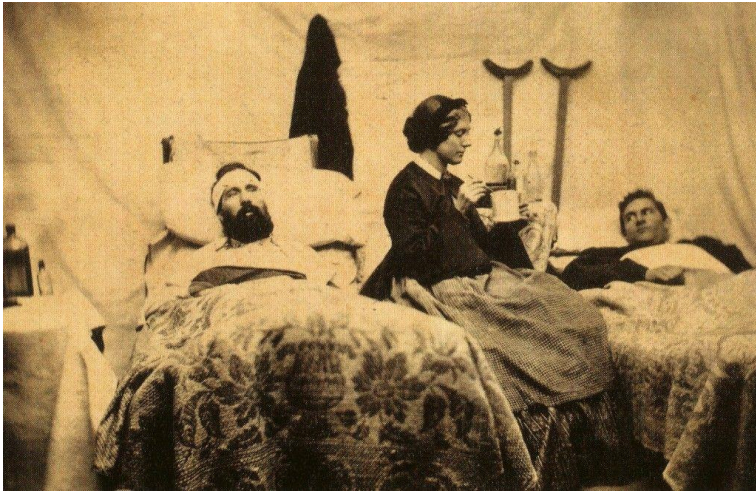


Next on the Earl of Huntington line we have everybody's favorite hot-for-teacher Nurse, Little Miss Agent **Dorothea Dix** (April 4, 1802 – July 17, 1887). Why am I not including a picture of her? I probably will. Until then, enjoy her handywork. Dix was assigned the

role of creating America's first-generation mental institutions. And so, I will ask, what do those look like to you? Repurposed buildings if you want my take on it. So many buildings needing repurposed for one thing or another, so as to make the timeline in the Illuminati history books work. And with all the emerging cases of *naughty*, which is my way of saying people sticking their noses where they don't belong, looks like insane asylums it is.

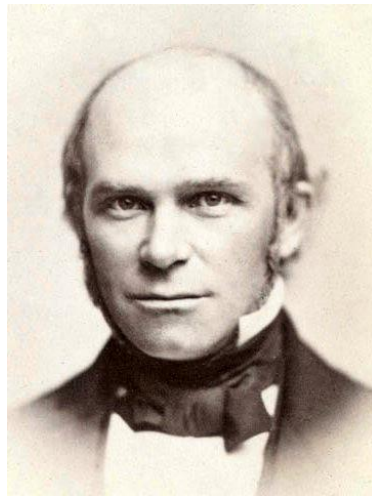


Milwaukee in particular had no shortage of reeducation camps. *Oh*, excuse me, “mental institutions.” Because they are places of learning for the sick, you know. Here we see Sanctuary Woods as was proposed to look *then* and as it currently stands *now*. Only a staircase remains. Incredible. They built a luxury resort in 1850 to house the influx of mentally deranged only to be torn down again after their statement was made.



During the American Civil War, Dorothea served as a Superintendent of Army Nurses. I've included a picture of agent Dix giving two men a proper dosage of medicine. A spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down you know. Hey, I have a thought. What if the Civil War was a staged hoax and our Controllers were sick and sadistic enough to carve up the fellows who were deemed too careless with their talk? Because loose lips

sink ships, as you know. Well, it's just a thought. But let me ask you something. Does Dix really look like a 60 something year-old woman in that photo? She was born in 1802. The Civil War started in 1861. I'm sorry, that's nobody's grandma. She looks 30. Probably even has a date lined up in a couple of hours with Lieutenant Colonel. Maybe even a Second Lieutenant if she's feeling especially feisty and wants to rock the cradle. That is, after she lops off the arms and legs of another hundred men. All in a day's work.



Theodore Parker (August 24, 1810 – May 10, 1860) was an American [transcendentalist](#) and [reforming minister](#) of the [Unitarian](#) church. A reformer and [abolitionist](#), his words and popular quotations would later inspire speeches by [Abraham Lincoln](#) and [Martin Luther King Jr.](#)

Looks like the royal house of Hastings had many talents, theosophy being one of them. Which just so happens to be what **Theodore Parker** (1810–1860) was, a card-carrying **theosophist**. Here is what we glean from Wikipedia.

“Theodore Parker was an American Transcendentalist and reforming minister of the Unitarian church. A reformer and abolitionist, his words and popular quotations would later inspire speeches by **Abraham Lincoln** and **Martin Luther King, Jr.**”

[6/21/23 **EDIT**: Well, well, well, Carl Winslow didn't scrub all of my quotations after all. Because Wiki and my quote are still identical. Must have gotten distracted. Or he figured nobody would believe me when I reminded the reader that blood is thicker than water, and the Rothschild-owned, like MLKJ, like to quote from their own.]

If I haven't already, I should probably let you in on the news. The Transcendentalists were spooks. Then again, so were the abolitionists. Parker was in deep with **Ralph Waldo Emerson**, **Amos Bronson Alcott**, and **Henry David Thoreau**. *Spooks*. Agent Emerson was effectively launched at the **first Boston Masonic Temple** in **1835**, and he lectured there repeatedly for many years. So, what does that tell you? Shepherd of the sheep, indeed. If Emerson, Thoreau, and their ilk found a captive audience, it's because the *spook* community made it so. That's how the world works, you know. *Spooks* sell you on *spooks* and make it seem like it was your idea in the first place. Theodore Parker devoted himself to this idea.

Parker gradually introduced Transcendentalist ideas into his sermons. He tempered his radicalism with diplomacy and discretion, however. "I preach abundant heresies," he wrote to a friend, "and they all go down—for the listeners do not know how heretical they are."^[28] For years he had wrestled with the factuality of the Hebrew Scriptures, and by 1837 he was wishing "some wise man would now write a book...and show up the absurdity of...the Old Testament miracles, prophecies, dreams, miraculous births, etc." He was hardly alone. "What shall we do with the Old Testament?" asked fellow Unitarian James Walker in 1838. "That question is of such frequent recurrence among laymen as well as clergymen, that any well-considered attempt to answer it, or supply the means of answering it, is almost sure of hearty welcome."^[29] Questions regarding biblical realism and meaning, and the answers clergy increasingly found through the German-based **higher criticism**, formed the basis of **liberal Christianity** as it emerged and developed throughout the nineteenth century.

Some of the paragraphs in Parker's resume are loaded guns of information. It's difficult not sharing the entire article, but this juicy snippet will have to do. Read it and weep. "Parker gradually introduced Transcendentalist ideas into his sermons. He tempered his radicalism with diplomacy and discretion, however. 'I preach abundant heresies,' he wrote to a friend, 'and they all go down—for the listeners do not know how heretical they are.'" We have already seen cosplay in action with the Judd wing of the Hastings, Intel agents dressed up like missionaries. Well, the Theosophists did the same. They played make-believe as pulpit pastors, laboring to promote the divine in the world around them as well as within while simultaneously casting doubt upon Yahuah's Testimony as a divine

being. How many churches do you suspect these Theosophist vermin infiltrated?



Here's an interesting member from the royal house of Hastings. **Susannah Willard Johnson** (1729/30 – 1810) was captured with her family during an Abenaki Indian raid on Charlestown, New Hampshire in August **1754**. This was undoubtedly done in order to help fuel propaganda for the French and Indian War, probably as a staged hoax. It also helped to launch the captivity narrative genre. Though not the first, her account was the most widely analyzed and read. If you're asking why that is, it's because Intel communities like to invest in their own, obviously.

The capture and rescue of **Jemima Boone** was likely a faked storyline too. In **July of 1776** (grand timing), **Daniel Boone** rides in like a punk and takes his daughter back from Cherokee-Shawnee raiders. As one captor was shot, Jemima yells, "That's Father's gun!" Save it for the movie, kid. Much like Susannah Willard Johnson's episode, the Boone event likely helped motivate colonists to enter the Revolution, and **James Fenimore Cooper** later created a fictionalized version of the episode in

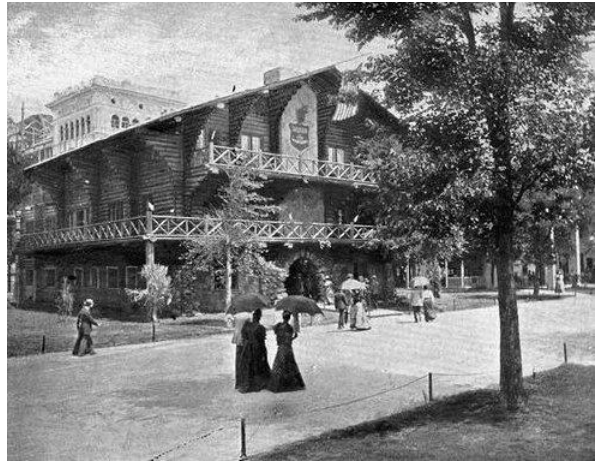
his 1826 novel, 'The Last of the Mohicans', because I keep telling you this, *spooks* like to invest in their own.



Speaking of which, we find yet another kidnapping story in the royal house of Hastings, because dusting off an old script is a favorite tactic of the Intel communities. **Anne Morrow Lindbergh** (1906 – 2001), once again of the **Earl of Huntington's**, married **Charles Augustus Lindbergh** (1902 – 1974) and he was a *spoooooooooooook*. Just in case you're wondering, the Lindbergh kidnapping was a Media hoax.

Moving on, **Frederick S. Coolidge** (1841 – 1906) of the Coolidge family was also of the royal house of Hastings, becoming a **U.S. Representative** from Massachusetts and the father of **United States Senator Marcus Aurelius Coolidge** (1865 – 1947). Both Frederick and Marcus brings us back to **President Calvin Coolidge**, and once again, to every other United States President through the one and only, **King John**.

I stumbled upon a certain **Paul Hastings**, founder of 'Paul, Hastings, Janofsky & Walker LLP'. His firm serves a diverse client base that includes many of the top financial institutions and **Fortune 500 companies**. Talk about having your paws in the cookie jar. Was the Judd wing even this influential? With everything we've so far learned, that may indeed be an alphabet agency front, for all I know.



Next, I found two architects in the Hastings family and wasn't disappointed. **Thomas Hastings** (1860 – 1929) designed the Tower of Jewels and Fountain of Energy for the **1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition** in San Francisco. Plant a red flag on that one.

Kirtland Cutter (1860 – 1939) I have written about. He was also an architect, designing the Idaho Building for the **1893 World's Columbian Exposition** in Chicago, which you can read about here. [Chicago World Fair](#). And my conclusion is *thus*. The 1893 World Fair in Chicago introduced America to the ancient Millennial Kingdom city of Chilaga, because essentially nobody on the roster built it. They could only invite Americans to watch them claim to build it and then quite literally destroy it. The irony here is that Kirtland Cutter's design looks to be one of the very few buildings that was actually slapped together for the Fair. Either way, he was in on it.

After learning that the house of Hastings had two architects directly involved in the World Fair psyops, I then discovered that the family invested prominently in railroads. This is not at all surprising, and in fact expected, since the railroads likely already existed long before they claim to have built them, and the *very reason* for agent Lansford Hastings bad directions. **Frederick H. Billings** (1823 – 1890) was **President** of the **Northern Pacific Railway**. There's a doozy. **Paul Pardee Hastings** (1872 – 1947) was a prominent **executive** of the **Atchison, Topeka, and**

Santa Fe Railroad. Daniel Willard has a city named after him and was an executive of the **Baltimore** and **Ohio Railroad** from 1910 to 1941. For the record, the B&O is my favorite Monopoly railroad.



Our final member from the royal house of Hastings is the one and only **Carole Lombard** (1908 – 1942), *aka* Jane Alice Peters. If you’ve ever wondered how Carole Lombard managed to become the highest paid actor in Hollywood in the 1930’s, now you have been given a good indicator. She may have been a pretty face, but being an **Earl of Huntington**, like Anne Morrow Lindbergh, probably helped her pedigree. As an added bonus, she married **Clark Gable**. They don’t call them Hollywood royalty for nothing. It kind of makes you wonder about the plane crash that supposedly ended her life. The year was **1942**. America had just entered the Second World War. Lombard was **33** years old. According to Wiki: “The cause of the crash was determined to be linked to the pilot and crew’s inability to properly navigate over the mountains surrounding Las Vegas.” *Mm-hmm*, that’s probably it. The Hastings have a habit of initiating wars with hoax kidnappings or deaths, but that’s probably none of my business.

You notice how celebrities never seem to die from rollercoasters, tall ladders, lightning, bee stings, shark or hippo attacks, or fireworks. *I checked.* They're all more likely than dying in an airplane. Even death from falling out of bed is more likely. So few people die in a plane crash that odds are barely calculable. That's how few people end up falling out of the sky. And yet, Hollywood royalty make it a dirty habit like the casting couch. Ritchie Valens, Buddy Holly, Ricky Nelson, Otis Redding, Rocky Marciano, Glenn Miller, James Horner, David Angell, Aliyah, all died in plane crashes. And I've yet to deal with the dozens upon dozens of politicians, rulers, sports stars, astronauts, and the like who met the same fate. I will leave it up to you to theorize or make sense of that. But like Kobe's helicopter crash, another probable which appears to have kicked off COVID-1984, it does not surprise me that Lombard went down with her mother, **Bess Peters**. It's for the exact same reason that **Carolyn Beset-Kennedy** went down with her sister, **Lauren Beset**. Why not take a loved one with you while living the rest of your life in solitude?

Thus concludes our first lesson in the Donner-Reed Party narrative. Never veer to the left nor the right of the narrative. Also, the interstate. Your Slave Masters have provided every gas station, hotel, and coffee diner for your convenience at the following exit. If you need an added thrill, then keep to the fast lane. And if you do wander off beyond the horizon, just know there's electric fences or men with guns to greet you and absolutely nothing interesting to see beyond those two hills over there. I've *barely* dug into the Earl of Huntington's, and we haven't even touched upon the European dynasty. With such an easily accessed list (you too can hunt these names down on the Intel-net) I can only suspect that many key agents are scrubbed from nobility.

After serving as a captain in the **California Battalion** during the **Mexican War**, Hastings again took up the practice of law. He married Charlotte Toler in 1848 and was a delegate to the **1849 California Constitutional Convention**. In the late 1850s he moved his family to **Yuma, Arizona**, where he served as postmaster and as a territorial judge.

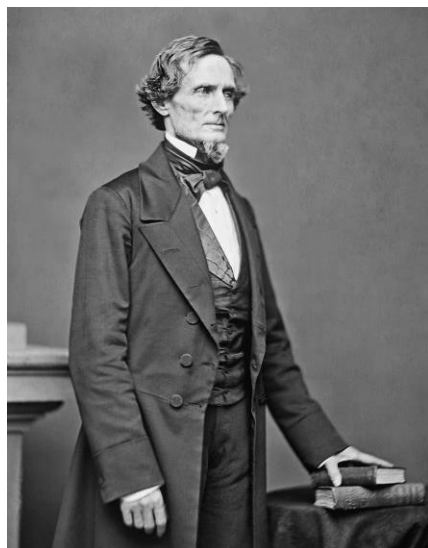
Now, considering everyone we've looked at, I admit, Lansford Hastings received the crappiest job of them all. He's the guy who went down in history as giving out the sort of directions which led to cannibalism. I mean, Carole Lombard, right? Unfortunately, Agent Hastings work was not yet done. But before we get to that, I find it interesting that he not

only served as a captain in the California Battalion during the Mexican War, but he was also a delegate to the **1849 California Constitutional Convention**. If you recall my Gold Rush Hoax paper, the Convention was a **Freemason** affair. Who would possibly want to hire Lansford Hastings for something like that? *Oh*, that's right. Hastings is *one of the boys*. After securing California for the union, he then moved his family to Yuma, Arizona and served as a postmaster and territorial judge. Perhaps I will look further into that sometime.

During the **Civil War**, Hastings sided with the **South**. In 1864, he travelled to **Richmond, Virginia**, where he met with Confederate President **Jefferson Davis** to gain his support for a plan to separate California from the Union and unite it with the Confederacy.^[3] Upon meeting him, President Davis promoted Hastings to the rank of Major in the **Confederate States Army**, and asked him to assemble a military unit in Arizona, with the aim of defending California.^[3] However, the so-called Hastings Plot came to little, as the war ended early the following year.^[3]

After the end of the war, many disgruntled former **Confederates** left the United States to establish colonies in **Brazil**. Hastings visited the region, made arrangements with the Brazilian government, and wrote *The Emigrant's Guide to Brazil* (1867) to attract potential colonists. He died at **St. Thomas** in the **Virgin Islands** in 1870, possibly of **yellow fever**, while conducting a shipload of settlers to his colony at **Santarém**.

We next find him traveling to Richmond, Virginia, in **1864**, for a private audience with **Confederate President Jefferson Davis**. Perhaps I'm missing something here, but that's kind of a big deal for a guy who sells crappy maps in the desert. The plan, we are told, was to separate California from the Union. Keep in mind this is 1864. The war would be over with the Abraham Lincoln assassination hoax in April of 65. But apparently, at one point during the War, this was in the stack of cards. They were going to extend the franchise with a California spin-off. It's kind of like the original draft to *Back to the Future II*, where writer Bob Gale had Marty McFly traveling back to 1969 rather than 1955. Originally, Darth Vader was never intended to be Luke Skywalker's father in *The Empire Strikes*



Back, or Leia his sister in Return of the Jedi. Script changes happen. It's all a part of the creative process.

The unused Confederate-California plotline was to be called the Hastings Plot, LOL. Kind of like Hastings Cutoff. *Cute*. Actually, Hastings Plot was technically rebranded. Agent Hastings began colonizing Confederates in Brazil. In 1867, he even wrote a book about it. 'The Emigrant's Guide to Brazil'. Had the Corporate States of America decided to milk this commercial property, would it have ended like the Alamo false flag event or the Donner-Reed Party? We shall never know.

It's a script which would once again be dusted off the shelf some seventy years later. This time for the Nazis.



PART TWO

Reed, Graves, & Pike: More Family Relations

THE story we are given is that **James Frazier Reed** quarreled with teamster **John Snyder** somewhere along the Humboldt River after Snyder began beating his oxen with a whip handle. The days were hot, tempers short, and winter was soon upon them. It was **October 6, 1846**. When Reed intervened, Snyder slashed him across the forehead with the butt of his whip. Reed drew a knife. Within half an hour, perhaps even fifteen minutes, the young man was dead. Most members of the Donner-Reed Party had become so vehemently opposed to their co-founder that they proposed a death by hanging. **Lewis Keseberg** offered his own wagon as a hanging plank. Reed's wife, **Margret**, pleaded that they let her husband live. The Donner's finally agreed to banish him. James Reed initially refused but eventually rode ahead, some four-hundred miles over the Sierra Nevada's, seeking supplies. The rest is history.

We then find Reed emerging at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, on **October 26**, some three weeks later, and just ahead of the snow. We are told he pleaded with **Colonel John C. Fremont** for men, with the hopes of forming a search party, but Fremont's personnel were occupied at that precise moment conquering Santa Barbara. Because a war was currently being waged. Yeah, the Donner-Reed Party started in the direction of a war zone in a foreign country, currently occupied by another occupier; battlelines which spanned hundreds and thousands of miles. The Mexican American War began on **April 25, 1846**. The Donner Party did not set out from Independence, Missouri, until **May 12**.

Even from the propaganda standpoint of *official* history, the establishment of California can barely hide the fact that it was a "Triple M" operation. Mormon, Mason, and Military. Well, the Donner Party was likewise no exception to the rule. Mormons and Masons filled their ranks. Also, American royalty. I will assume you've already seen some of my findings in the genealogy of Lansford Hastings, the man who was handing out pamphlets in the desert, and know he has all the birthmarks of a spook. But not just any spook. Hastings derives from the royal house of Hastings, and even more importantly, the Earl of Huntington's. We're talking one long, seemingly endless line of royal spooks. After taking *Mr. Toad's Wild Ride* through the Earl of Huntington dynasty, I decided to turn my attention upon James Frazier Reed, co-founder of the Donner-Reed hoax, and wasn't disappointed.

James Frazier Reed was born on **11/14/1800**, in County Armagh, Ireland. The bad news is that his family lineage is scrubbed. Regardless, here's something I noticed along the way. Reed was a **Freemason**. But not just any Freemason. From what I've been able to glean throughout my various reconnaissance missions



in the Matrix, Freemasons love to point out that James Frazier Reed was in fact a card-carrying Freemason. *Wink-wink*. I take that to mean Freemasons are proud of the bloke's work. What else did he accomplish other than taking part in the road trip from hell? We aren't told. Reed

personally made it known that he was of noble Polish extraction, royal blood, Reednoski being his original family name. That is dandy and all, but I have yet to find one historian who has met anything for his efforts other than speed bumps, potholes, and dead ends. The most I was able to glean, *officially*, was that his family chose exile rather than life under the rule of the Czar of Russia. In a world where nothing is as it seems, take that at face value. Moving on.



The other thing you'll want to notice is the "Frazier" in his name. His father's name was **Frazier Reed**, though oddly enough, his mother was a Frazier. *Hub...?* It is assumed that his mother and father were related, but personally, I can't help but wonder if his father is a ghost. Anyhow, the Clan Frazier began in Scotland when **Simon Fraser** arrived from French Normandy in about 1160. Some five generations later, another **Simon Fraser** volleyed back and forth fighting for **Robert the Bruce** and then for **Edward I** of England. Which side of the William Wallace

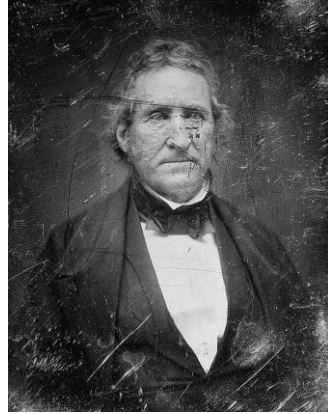
choo-choo was this guy on, exactly? According to history, his land was snatched and then returned to him; rinse and repeat; until it was finally destroyed, and he was executed shortly after Wallace in 1306. Both heads ended up on a pole on Tower Bridge. Simon's cousin was **Alexander Fraser** of Cowie, Bruce's personal chamberlain. Alexander Fraser married Bruce's sister **Mary**. His younger brother was another **Sir Simon Fraser**, from whom the chiefs of the **Clan Fraser of Lovat** are descended. So, the Fraser's became a Bruce. Incidentally, Robert the Bruce played a crucial role in the Knights Templar Friday the 13th fiasco, another hoax. That's something I have covered in *this* paper. [The Last Templar](#). So many tangled webs.

Historians all seem to agree that James Frazier Reed arrived in America with his pockets filled. Reed was well financed. And as late as the spring

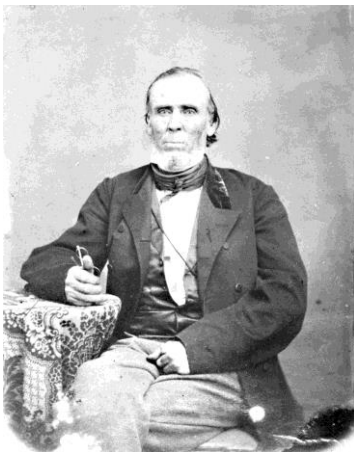
of 1846, we find Reed in correspondence with another Frazier. A certain William Frazier (1812-1885), the son of Irish immigrant James Anderson Frazier (1780-1846) and Martha Rankin (1790-1869). At the time, William Frazier was in the Virginia State Legislator, serving in both the House of Delegates and the Senate.

Born in County Armagh, United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland (now Northern Ireland), Reed claimed to be of noble Polish stock.^[citation needed] After the death of his father, he emigrated with his mother to the United States. Once there, his mother sent him to live with a family member in Virginia, where he worked as a clerk in the family store. In about 1825, Reed moved to Illinois, where he took an interest in mining. While living there, Reed ran several businesses and took part in the Black Hawk War^[1] of 1832, serving with Abraham Lincoln.

On James Frazier Reed's Wiki page, we are told that Reed and Abraham Lincoln served together in the Black Hawk War of 1832. Small world. Stephen A. Douglas was a member of his lodge. *Wink-wink*. We are also told and expected to believe that Reed was ill-prepared to deal with the "hostile Indians" on his journey, despite being a war veteran, but more on that in a moment. One of Reed's chief sources was the very mysterious James M. Maxey, a supply store owner in Independence, Missouri. I checked. Maxey was a Freemason. Independence was the eastern Terminal for Santa Fe and Oregon Trail departures. Together they poured over maps of John C. Fremont's recent government sponsored 1842 and 1843 expeditions, which had only recently been published by Congress, and with much fanfare, in 1845. *Mm-hmm*, this is the same Fremont whom Reed met up with at Sutter's Fort. In 1856, Fremont would become the first Republican candidate for U.S. President. Again, small world, and getting smaller by the minute. Reed then spent the rest of his winter in San Jose, just south of San Francisco. Though we are told he was attempting to spread stories as to the Donner Party's dreadful condition, and I have no reason to doubt it, I find it curious that Reed later attempted to make San Jose the capital of the new California state.



Apparently, in 1843, John C. Fremont experienced a winter of such deep snow along the Truckee River that he and his men resorted to eating mule and dog for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Nobody died. Except for the dogs. In other news, **Thomas Hart Benton** (March 14, 1782 – April 10, 1858) was a **United States Senator** from Missouri and a **Freemason**. Both Benton and Reed appear to be highly respected and ranked, and more than likely corresponded. Several years earlier, Benton invited John C. Fremont to his Washington home. It is there where Fremont met Benton's 16-year-old daughter, **Jessie Benton**. The two eloped. Though Benton was reportedly furious at their marriage, he ultimately became Fremont's financier. This is important to the California narrative, since Benton was a powerful chairman of the **Senate Committee on Military Affairs**.



Getting back to the ox beating incident with John Snyder. Reed's altercation with Snyder was first chronicled in **1849** by **Newspaper** man **Jesse Quinn Thornton**. The title of his book was 'Oregon and California in 1848', and he probably had good reason for writing about it. Though Thornton had initially started out in Independence, Missouri with members of the Donner-Reed Party, his wagon train did not follow the strange and obscure post-it notes left behind in the desert by a certain

Lansford Hastings, which led the Donner's to destruction. Thornton's party also chose to veer off course on another path called the Applegate Trail, named for brothers **Jesse** and **Lindsay Applegate**. They arrived safely at Sutter's Fort.

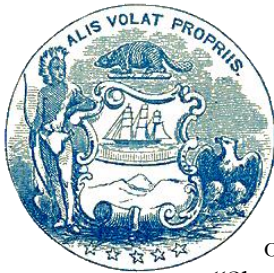


According to Thornton's telling, Reed drew a knife without attempting to use it. Snyder told him he'd whip him anyhow and gave Reed a severe blow upon the head. Reed then cut "a little below the collar bone, cutting off the first rib, and driving the knife through the left lung." Snyder turned his bullwhip upon Margaret Reed's head, managing two more blows upon James Frazier Reed before finally falling to his knees.

By 1877, survivor **William C. Graves**, whose wagon John Snyder was driving, had dramatically escalated the incident in his own memoir to read:

Reed started toward him, and jumping over the wagon tongue, said "you are a damned liar, and I'll cut your heart out!" Snider pulled his clothes open on his breast and said, "Cut away." Reed ran to him and stuck a large six-inch butcher's knife into his heart and cut off two ribs. Snider then turned the butt-end of his whip stock and struck him three times, but missed him the third and hit Mrs. Reed, who had in the meantime got hold of her husband.

LOL. That's precisely what we should come to expect of crisis actors. A journalist looks for a story, and the actor is most willing to reenact the incident by way of improv, often adding his own flourishes for effect. Steve McQueen knew how to steal a scene in the testosterone heavy 'The Magnificent Seven' by thumbing around with his hat, even while standing in the background. It's how eyes are pulled from Brynner, Bronson, and Coburn. Likewise, the Donner Party has no shortage of embellishments. It is only with the publication of butterfly farmer **Charles Fayette McGlashan's** 1879 book, 'History of the Donner Party', that writers and Donner Party survivors alike dutifully identified Gravelly Ford as the fight and burial location of John Snyder. And yet, despite a myriad of trail researchers and Donner Party aficionados in the following decades, including an expedition to Gravelly Ford by a certain **Captain Charles E. Davis** in 1929, going so far as to offer his own burial marker, no proof has ever been found, and why is that do you suppose?



Fun with facts. Jesse Quinn Thornton was personally acquainted with senators Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, whom we have already encountered, and **Stephen Douglas**, the man who ran against Lincoln in 1860 and lost. Thornton went on to become a Judge among other roles, but then this one goes out to all my Oregon friends. The phrase "She Flies With Her Own Wings," or *Alis Volat Propria* in Latin, was written by Jessie Quinn Thornton for Oregon's territorial seal and has since become the official state motto.

After James Frazier Reed's departure on horseback, everyone remaining in the Donner Party was then instructed to walk, including a 70-year-old man whose feet had split open from swelling. We know him only as **Mr. Hardkoop**, a Belgian. Lewis Keseberg wanted him removed from his wagon in order to lighten the load, and so told him to get out and walk or die. Not surprisingly, the old man managed both. He disappeared after resting by the stream and was never seen again. By now the Paiute Indians had relieved the Donner's of 100 oxen, cattle, and much of their supplies. The Paiute were blamed for Mr. Hardkoop's fate but you and I both know, if salvage Indians wanted them dead, the Donner's never would have lived to see snowfall.

Case in point. At about the same time, a Donner party member who is simply identified to us as **Wolfinger** stopped to fix his wagon. Two men likewise identified as **Augustus Spitzer** and **Joseph Reinhardt** stayed behind to help, but later returned without him. They initially reported that Indians had come down out of the hills and killed Wolfinger, but Reinhardt later confessed to having murdered him while hunkering down at the Alder Creek camp for the winter with the Donner's. Then again, **Jacob** and **George Donner** died that winter, as did Spitzer and Reinhardt. So, who told of his confession, the Donner children? More *improv.* And stranger still, despite the numerous historians who've investigated the Donner-Reed Party incident over nearly two centuries, Augustus Spitzer and Joseph Reinhardt's identities have never been uncovered. They may be ghosts.

I decided to look into John Snyder, the man whom Reed stuck with a knife, but his birth is unknown. His parents are unknown. Very little is known of John Snyder except that somebody who went by the name served as driver for the Graves only to be buried in an unmarked grave. I tried searching any available genealogy on Snyder and it appears as though he's completely scrubbed. Or he too never existed at all. So, Snyder was a wash. But the Graves family did not disappoint.



Franklin Ward Graves (1789 – 25 December 1846) was the child of **Zenas Graves** (1751-1820) and a woman named Hannah. [WikiTree](#) has completely scrubbed Hannah's date of birth and maiden name. She's probably important. Try to follow along anyways. Zenas, however, had another wife, an **Abigail Ward** (1754-?). Their union produced a daughter

named **Sarah Graves**. Sarah became a **Coolidge**. Abigail Ward has **Esther Franklin** (1728-1810) listed for a mother. So, to clarify, Franklin Ward Graves half-sister was undoubtedly a “Franklin,” but also became a “Coolidge.” His stepmother, Abigail Ward, is yet another gem. She links the Graves family to American governors and statesmen, and a not so distant relative in the decades to come, **Julia Ward Howe** (May 27, 1819



– October 17, 1910). Julia Ward Howe was a Unitarian and Abolitionist who wrote ‘Battle Hymn of the Republic’ after visiting Abraham Lincoln in the White House in November of 1861 and being so inspired by him. Though even that inspiration ran only so deep as her ability to unashamedly rip off the tune to ‘John Brown’s Body’.

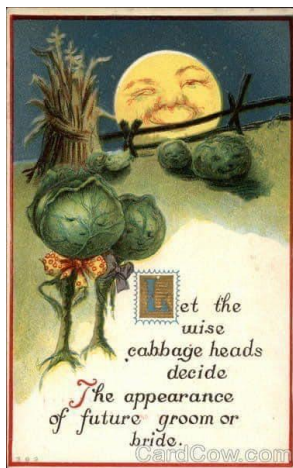
It is through Julia Ward Howe that I was able to crack open the oyster shell because she is quite a pearl. Though I was only capable of finding two **Magna Carta Sureties** in her lineage, **19th great-grandfather William Malet** and **20th great-grandfather William de Huntingfield**, those two men link her directly to the typical **royals**, **24th great-grandfather William the Conqueror**, **27th great-grandfather King Robert I**, **31st great-grandfather Alfred the Great**, and **32nd great-grandfather Charlemagne**. From there, her list of cousins fan out to include the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, the Beach Boys, Queen Elizabeth II, and too many US Presidents to count. She’s part of *that* family, as are the Graves.

Turning now to Franklin’s father. Zenas Graves was the son of **John Graves** (1706-?) and **Mary Bush Graves** (1708-?). Once again, Mary Bush has been scrubbed. Why am I not surprised? Need I remind you that the Bush family is perhaps the most powerful dynasty in American history. My guess is, we can place Mary Bush somewhere in the whereabouts of **Richard Bush** (1696-1732), the **fifth great-grandfather of CIA Director and President Timberwolf**, though most simply know him as **George H.W. Bush**. And if so, this would directly link Franklin Ward Graves to **Mayflower passengers John Howland** and **Elizabeth Tilley**, Plymouth Colony governor **Thomas Hinckley**, as well as **John**

Rolfe and **Pocahontas**, **Wild Bill Hickock**, **Douglas MacArthur** (as well as **John MacArthur**), and **Louisa May Alcott** are all linked to the Bush clan by way of blood, as well as a host of others, far too many to name. **Mary Parker** is too. You may recognize Mary Parker as the woman tried and hung during the Salem Witch hoax. The Bush family has a long history of spiritual and material Agents.

Though if spooks aren't really your thing, then let's put it in slightly different terms. Franklin Ward Graves was *American royalty*.

Catching up, Snyder is murdered. Reed and three other guys ride off. Paiute Indians are ruining everything. An old man who goes by the name of Mr. Hardkoop is left to die in the desert. Paiute Indians are further blamed for the death of somebody named Wolfinger. And the Sierra Nevada's haven't even been reached yet. Did I mention his mother-in-law died too? Hopefully, I haven't left anyone out. Who is next on our death list?



The first of winters snowfall litters the ground while **William Montgomery Pike** is buried in Truckee Canyon. *Nice touch*. The date is **October 30th**. Devil's Night. Mischief Night. Though another popular name is **Cabbage Night**. The name apparently originates among young women and couples in Scotland and Ireland who would pull up cabbages the evening before Halloween to divine their romantic future. After the cabbage foretold their fate, the ceremony would continue by throwing the plucked cabbages, some of them rotten, at random houses. Call it what you will. It's the day before

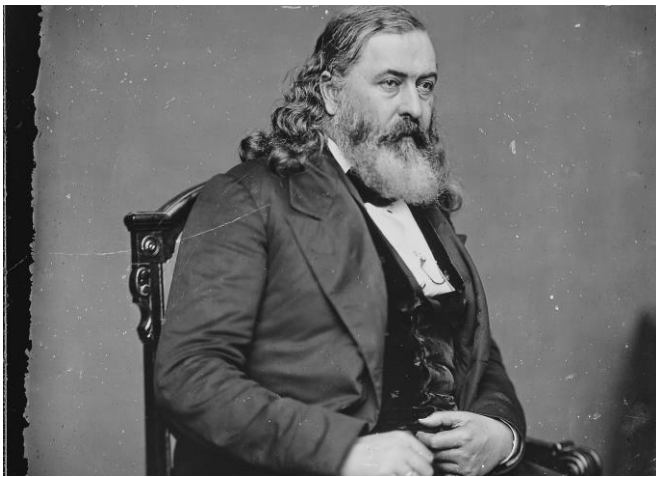
Halloween, and mischief is afoot.

Speaking of which, George Donner will badly injure himself on Halloween while fixing a broken wagon axle. The snowfall, which I presume has continued accumulating since the moment of Pike's burial, will reach several feet in depth before nightfall. George and Jacob Donner decide to lag behind while the others move on ahead. Within one week and only 150 miles removed from Sutter's Fort, the Donner Party will

make the decision to hunker down for the winter. Donner's injury will become gangrenous and eventually lead to his death.

The killing of William Montgomery Pike however can be attributed to **William McFadden Foster**. Gun shot. We are *told* it was an accident, but then again, we're told a lot of things.

I wanted to know more about William Foster and William Pike, and as it turns out, they were besties long before becoming brothers-in-law. Apparently, Foster and Pike had been working on a riverboat sometime in **1842**, in route to Tennessee, when it was trapped in ice. *Because poetry rhymes*. That's also precisely when Foster and Pike met the Murphy sisters. **Harriet Francis Murphy** and **Sarah Murphy**. It was love at first sight. Both couples were married before the ice had a chance to thaw. Or *so* the story goes. The date was **December 29, 1842**. Harriet was only 14. Sarah 16.



But then there is the matter of Pike. Pike. *Pike*. Why is that name familiar? *Oh, yes*, **Albert Pike**, **Brigadier General** of the American Confederate States. **33-Degree Mason**, Albert Pike. Luciferian, Albert Pike. The one and only. I *checked*. William and Albert Pike *are* related, first through the Revolutionary War officer **Zebulon Pike**. Supposing you want to know if Zeb was a **Freemason** or not, I *checked*, he was. He also happened to serve under everybody's favorite **Freemason**, **George Washington**. And then there is his son, Brigadier General **Zebulon**

Montgomery Pike Jr., for whom Colorado's Pike Peak is named. The Pike's actually have a county named after them in Pennsylvania as well. I hope we all realize that they don't simply hand out counties to families. Long before Albert Pike, the Pike name meant something.

James Brown Pike was William Montgomery Pike's father and Zebulon Montgomery Pike Jr.'s younger brother, which technically makes Zebulon an uncle. What's important to note about **Zebulon Montgomery Pike Jr.** (William's cousin), an obvious **Freemason**, is that he led two expeditions under the authority of President **Thomas Jefferson** through the new Louisiana Purchase territory in **1805-1807**, both of which coincided with the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and *also* something about Sacagawea. Afterwards, **Meriwether Lewis** was either murdered or committed suicide. Most likely the first option. The man who spoke openly about giants, blue-eyed white natives, and lost civilizations, died of gunshot wounds at Grinder's Stand, an inn on the Natchez Trace some seventy miles southwest of Nashville. Many of these Jefferson mandated endeavors deserve further exploration. As a land surveyor, Zebulon would have been a colossal contributor to the Old World Tartarian deception, and it only makes sense that another Pike, nephew-cousin William Montgomery Pike, would have a hand in the narrative.



Returning to Harriet Murphy, William Pike's 14-year-old wife. I haven't forgotten about her. If I'm doing my math right, she was only 19 during the Donner endeavor. I've seen sad 19th-century photos before, but could you possibly frown any less for the photographer? I get it. Your sister's husband shot your husband on The Big Move to California, but then again, maybe she's sad at the fact that she's a Pike and knows the family secret but can't tell anybody about it. You never really know with these things.

Harriet was born in South Carolina to **Jeremiah Burns Murphy** and **Levinah W. Jackson Murphy**. Take a note of *Jackson*. Sometime around 1832, while Harriet was but five years-old, the Murphy family moved to Tennessee, and by **1836** they had converted to **Mormonism**. This is where their story gets particularly interesting, as if it wasn't already. After Jeremiah Murphy died, Levinah *Jackson* Murphy took their children to the Mormon capital at Nauvoo, Illinois, for the roundabout of two years. It is upon their return to Tennessee on a steamship that William Pike is said to arrive at the narrative of her life.

Levinah Jackson Murphy is the daughter of a certain **Frederick Jackson** (1775-1836) and **Charlotte Vinson**, from Union County, South Carolina. President Andrew Jackson was born on **March 15, 1767**, which would only make Frederick Jackson eight years his younger. I wanted to know if Frederick and the President were related. Frederick Jackson's heritage is mostly scrubbed. He was, however, born in Cross Keys, Union, South Carolina to parents **Ralph Alexander Jackson** (1715-1783) and **Delilah Murphy** (1757-1834). There's the name again. *Murphy*. Are Harriet's parents' kissing cousins? That is unimportant. Andrew Jackson was born in the Waxhaws, whereas Frederick was born in Union County. The Waxhaws is a geographical area straddling the borders of North and South Carolina. I *checked*. Union County *also* straddles the North and South Carolina border. And only 60 miles removed. I'm willing to bet Harriet Murphy Pike was *also* close kin of the President.



Anywho, sisters Harriet and Sarah met their dreamboats while trapped in ice and were married before the river had a chance to thaw. That's the official narrative, anyhow. I am reminded of how Bill Clinton met Hillary Rodham while studying in the Yale Law Library in 1971. We are often fed these romantic *chance meeting* stories when in fact Hillary Rodham Clinton is closer related to King John than Bill Clinton. Clearly, they are both royalty and their marriage was arranged.

Here's another odd Pike connection, though I am uncertain if it is directly important to the Donner-Reed Party. A certain **Elizabeth Pike** (1872-1941) later married into the **Booth** family. **Abraham Valentine Booth** (1867-1933), whose father, **Abraham Booth** (1815-1902), migrated from England, much like **John Wilkes Booth**'s father, **Junius Brutus Booth** (May 1, 1796 – November 30, 1852). They appear to be related.

That is all for now. I have shown you the royal house of Hastings as well as the Fraser clan, the Graves, and the Pikes. All contributors to the Donner Party hoax. But then here are some other things to consider before closing the shop for the day. Manifest Destiny. The Mormon exodus. The Alamo false flag event. The Mexican American War land grab. The Donner-Reed Party. The Gold Rush hoax. California and the inherited city of San Francisco. The Smithsonian. It's all one big fat juicy psyop. Everything and *everyone* is connected.



PART THREE

Forlorn Hope: A Party of Cannibals

6/28/23

DIFFICULT to believe but three entire years have passed since I set out to cover the Donner Party hoax, all of which was a rather obvious extension of California's M.M.M. psyop, and never once did I cover the part which is synonymous with the Donners. *Cannibalism*. To my credit, it was the summer of 2020, and nearly everyone was scurrying around standing six feet apart from the other sheeple, suffocating in face diapers. Which is to say, I was enlisted in the trenches, fighting against the Media's fake COVID-1984 psychodrama. That and a hundred other psyops were simultaneously assaulting my senses. They also required my tending to. Give me a break, will you? There is only one of me. I can't cover everything at once. See, I think what ultimately happened is, I had all my research on the Donner's and cannibalism spread out before me until the moment when I didn't, and like NASA and the moon missions, the technology was lost. Sometimes it's too painful to build back up again.

Well, I'm back at it again. The fake Media isn't slowing down any time soon either. And so, I might as well get right into it, the cannibalism claims, before they roll out the next thing. Starting out, you may be wondering who that handsome gentleman is in the photo. His name is **Samuel Brannan**. He is **Newspaperman** and a **Freemason** as well as a

high-ranking **Mormon** though wasn't a cannibal from what I can tell. Ring any bells? I covered him in my [1849 California Gold Rush Hoax](#) paper. Not just any newspaperman or Mormon though. The man was personally affiliated with **Joseph Smith** and ran the **Mormon Newspaper** "The Prophet" before opening up "The California Star" in San Francisco, the first ever California newspaper.



Fun fact. Brannan became California's **first millionaire**. Just look at him in his top hat and three-piece vested suit, enjoying all that money. You might be wondering how he managed to accomplish that feat. It wasn't because he was lining his pockets with gold after staking a claim. No, like Marshall and Sutter, Brannan never once panned a single nugget from the stream. After his newspaper ran with the gold rush story for its **6/10/1848**

edition, Brannan established a general store near Sutter's Fort. In the earliest days of the Gold Rush, which he is directly credited for popularizing, his was the only store between Gold Country and San Francisco. How convenient. But then, afterwards, he also invested in the quote-unquote "laying down" of the California **railroads**. This guy is a soggy diaper, dripping with the aroma of psyop. Everything he touched seemed to be part of the deception.



There is something else you should know about him. Samuel Brannan is exclusively responsible for introducing the world to the Donner Party. Read all about it. In article called [Distressing News](#), you'll find the entire episode spelled out as part of his **2/13/1847** edition. Nearly every gruesome detail. Only the crisis actors would remain, each giving their independent and often contradictory versions of their snow-bound winter in the Sierras. That much is to be expected though. We are often told that

the Donner's are synonymous with cannibalism but very few accredited the same tantamount with the Masonic Media, without which we would never be having this discussion.



The Donner debacle may not have made front page news, but the 2/13/1847 edition is only four pages thick, and Brannan's tales of frosty toes and cannibalism fills one of them entirely. None of its dozen plus articles manages to do that. I was thinking of copying the entire script but then again I have already dropped a link. You can read it there for yourself. Here is the gist of its opening.

By Capt. J. A. Sutter's Launch which arrived here a few days since from Fort Sacramento — We received a letter from a friend at that place, containing the most distressing account of the situation of the emigrants in the mountains, who

were prevented from crossing them by the snow, – and of a party of eleven who attempted to come into the valley on foot. The writer who is well qualified to judge, is of the opinion that the whole party might have reached the California valley before the first fall of snow, if the men had exerted themselves as they should have done. Nothing but a contrary and contentious disposition on the part of some of the men belonging to the party prevented them from getting in as soon as any of the first companies.

A letter from a friend is dispatched from **Captain John Sutter** at Sutter's Fort, which is here called **Sacramento**. My first thought was to plant a red flag on that one, seeing as how Sutter's Fort was not named Sacramento until either **1848** or **1849**, some two years after Brannan penned his article. Hold that thought. We are furthermore not told who this friend is, though seeing as how Captain Sutter was a card-carrying **Freemason** and in league with **James Marshall**, another **Freemason**, as well as the Masonic Media, I am willing to bet his friend is one of them. I decided to snoop around in the Matrix, seeking out more information on Sacramento's founding, and guess what I learned? Read it for yourself.

The **history of Sacramento, California**, began with its founding by **Samuel Brannan** and **John Augustus Sutter, Jr.** in 1848 around an **embarcadero** that his father, **John Sutter, Sr.** constructed at the confluence of the **American** and **Sacramento Rivers** a few years prior.

Well, *well*, well. Sacramento was founded by Sutter's son, Junior Sutter, and the one and only Newspaperman **Samuel Brannan**. There's yet another astounding accomplishment to tack onto his meddlesome resume. My only thought is that Brannan was either making a push for a Sutter's Fort name change in his Newspaper column or once again the timeline doesn't stack up quite right. In and of itself, Sacramento is a fascinating name. It is a Spanish word for sacrament, indicating a religious ceremony or ritual, such as a baptism, held to be a means of divine grace or to be a sign or symbol of a spiritual reality. Interesting choice of name, Brannan.

Also, I didn't perform a background check this time around, but if Sutter Jr. isn't a Freemason, then call me a monkey's uncle.



After gold was discovered at [Sutter's Mill](#) (also owned by John Sutter) in [Coloma](#) on January 24, 1848, the fort was abandoned.^{[1][4]} The [adobe](#) structure has been restored to its original condition ([38.5723°N 121.4712°W](#)) and is now administered by [California Department of Parks and Recreation](#). It was designated a [National Historic Landmark](#) in 1961.^{[5]:42}

Another scrumptious tidbit, which can be found on Wiki's [Sacramento](#) page, has Sutter's Fort being completely abandoned soon after Marshall discovered gold in **1848**. This I did not know. San Francisco was *also* abandoned after gold was discovered. That I was fully aware of. Some of you still aren't putting the pieces together and are shrugging out a *whoop-de-doo* right about now. It's because I am claiming San Francisco was a preexistent Millennial Kingdom city, but then again, the same might be said of Sacramento. Though certainly, the latter was nowhere near as grand. The cartoon drawing by the way is a representation of what Sacramento was *supposed* to look like in the whereabouts of 1846 and was published by **Media man Frederick Gleason**, who was working out of Boston, not California. Well, look at what else Wiki says. The adobe structure was eventually quote-unquote "restored" to its original condition. This deserved closer examination.

In 1891, the Native Sons of the Golden West spearheaded restoration efforts, rebuilding the walls of Sutter's Fort. Completed in 1893, this restoration effort makes Sutter's Fort the oldest restored Fort in the United States.



Turns out, Sutter's Fort wasn't "rebuilt" until **1893**, and by **Native Sons of the Golden West**, a **Federal** frat

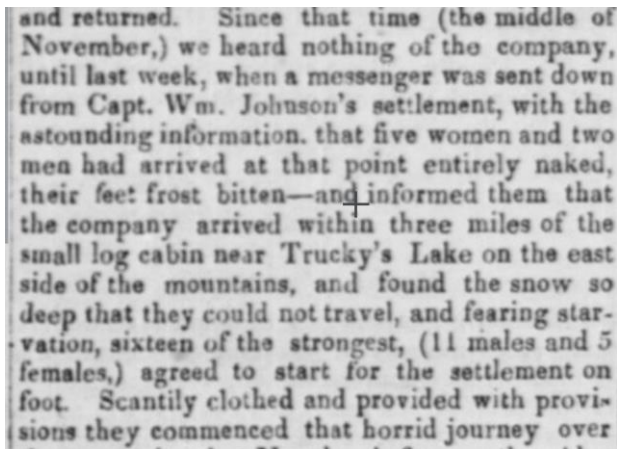
boys club tasked with slapping over a thousand monument markers across

the state of California to, you know, tell stories. They're probably Freemasons, every last one of them. It doesn't help my suspicions that their little Auburn clubhouse happens to be a former **Masonic Hall**. I'm sure it's all a coincidence though.



What are the chances that the California State Capitol building was actually constructed when they said it was? **1860** is the year they give us, which would place its completion only **12** years after Sutter's Fort was abandoned. I'm of the mind that it's much older than that. Hundreds of years probably. But then there are a scant few construction photos floating around online to prove me wrong. I'm showing one of them to you now. And so, I will ask, what is wrong with the photo? I spy several. The sky is completely bleached out, for starters. But then the horse and the two construction workers (or maybe they're the foremen) have thick white lines around them. Glows of radiation, maybe? That's not healthy. Obvious indicators that they've been cropped in. The same can be said of the equipment in the foreground as well. More cropping, making this a composite rather than an actual photo. The planks of wood on the left

don't even look real. Are those ink lines? Cartoons. I knew it. That is a cartoon if ever I've seen one. Somebody has gone to great lengths to deceive us.



and returned. Since that time (the middle of November,) we heard nothing of the company, until last week, when a messenger was sent down from Capt. Wm. Johnson's settlement, with the astounding information, that five women and two men had arrived at that point entirely naked, their feet frost bitten—and informed them that the company arrived within three miles of the small log cabin near Trucky's Lake on the east side of the mountains, and found the snow so deep that they could not travel, and fearing starvation, sixteen of the strongest, (11 males and 5 females,) agreed to start for the settlement on foot. Scantily clothed and provided with provisions they commenced that horrid journey over

Since that time (the middle of November,) we heard nothing of the company, until last week, when a messenger was sent down from Capt. Wm. Johnson's settlement, with the astounding information, that **five women and two men had arrived at that point entirely naked**, their feet frost bitten — and informed them that the company arrived within three miles of the small log cabin near Trucky's Lake on the east side of the mountains, and found the snow so deep that they could not travel, and fearing starvation, **sixteen** of the strongest, (11 males and 5 females,) agreed to start for the settlement on foot.

Continuing with Brannan's Donner Party article, we are told of **five naked women** and **two naked men** who arrived at the house of **Captain Johnson**. *Say what?* They were naked, and that is no small detail. Were they so hungry that they ate their clothes, starting with their coats and then moving on down to their belts, underwear, and shoes? In all my years, I have never heard anything like that. I have even wasted countless

hours scouring for more information on these naked people trekking through the wintery snow, any information and all, and can find nothing. *Nada*. They did not exist except for Brannan's colorful mention of them. That is a common attribute to these Intel psyops. We are often fed information which we are then expected to drop, sometimes due to last-minute script revisions, though also because of crisis actors.

On December 16, 1846, more than a month after they became snowbound, 15 of the strongest members of the Donner Party strapped on makeshift snowshoes and tried to walk out of the mountains to find help. Apr 14, 2016

My only conclusion is that the Snowshoe Party is being described for us in Brannan's article. They would later become known by Donner Party storytellers as the **Forlorn Hope**. Johnson's Ranch is some **100 miles** from Donner's Pass. Sacramento is another 50 miles to the west. Long march for seven naked people, even in the summer months, but I digress. They originally left Camp Donner on **December 16** and did not arrive at Johnson's Ranch until **January 17**, though official history now claims there were only **15** of them rather than the **16** which Brannan mentions according to his Sacramento source. So, there is another error. Actually, there are many errors. So many errors that we are never once given the same details twice.

I am about to give you three separate sources regarding the Snowshoe Parties arrival at Johnson's Ranch on January 17, none of which agree. The first derives from James Frazier Reed, the man whom you will recall had earlier killed teamster John Snyder with a knife and then rode on ahead to Sutter's Fort and beyond, seeking help. Reed apparently got his hands on the journal of Snowshoe Party member **William H. Eddy**. Rather than handing that diary over to the Media, and having no proof that he'd even acquired it, he simply delivered a synopsis of the *said* diary to **Newspaperman J.H. Merryman** for the article, 'Of a Company of Emigrants in the Mountains of California,' which was printed in the Illinois Journal on **December 9, 1847**. And this is what he said.

And on the 17th, Mr. Eddy arrived at Johnson's, leaving the rest of the party at an Indian village.

James Reed has William Eddy arriving totally alone at Johnson's Ranch on the 17th. The other surviving members of the Snowshoe Party he says have stayed behind at an Indian village. Well then, take a look at the *next* statement.

John Sinclair, **Alcalde of the Sacramento district** from **1846** to **1849**, had earlier been a **Newspaper** man in **Hawaii** of all places, which hints heavily at and in fact suggests his direct **Masonic** connections. He is specifically recorded as being friendly with the Reed family, so what does that tell you? Also, he is **claimed** to have officiated the marriage of 5 Donner members. In **February** of **1847**, he wrote a statement which was based directly upon several conversations with the survivors, though he once again pulled from the notes handed to him by William H. Eddy. Now that I am thinking about it, John Sinclair may very well be the friend whom Brannan spoke of. In turn, Sinclair handed off his notes to **Newspaper** man **Edwin Bryant** for his 1848 book, 'What I Saw in California.'

Bryant stayed in California until June 1847, venturing as far south as San Diego and returning to San Francisco, where he was appointed the second alcalde (mayor) of the city by General Stephen W. Kearney. During the five months he served as alcalde, Bryant arranged to sell 450 publicly-owned waterfront lots to private buyers. He purchased 14 for himself for \$4,000 and sold them in 1849 for \$100,000. Today, there is a street named for him in downtown San Francisco.



I want to get to Bryant's quote, but it is difficult passing up the opportunity to highlight the man who has a **street is named after him** in San Francisco. Here is some of what I gleaned. Bryant set out from Independence, Missouri for California with the Donner Party but then heeded the warnings of **James Clyman** [a professional guide of the American West] and avoided Hasting's cutoff along with seven other men. He arrived safely at Sutter's Fort on September 1, 1846, which is also another one of Brennan's observations. That 'the Donner's' should have arrived months earlier had they taken the correct route. I didn't quote that part, but it is there if you take the time to read it. Afterwards, Bryant was rewarded for his efforts in becoming the **second Alcalde of San Francisco**. During his five-month stint as Alcalde, Bryant arranged to sell **450** publicly owned waterfront lots to private buyers. I talk about the post mud flood

inheritors often and the dude was literally one of them. He also had incredible insight into the gold that was about to be discovered, seeing as how he purchased 14 homes for himself for \$4,000 and then sold them in 1849 for a whopping \$100,000.

Getting back to Sinclair's statement in Bryant's book, *this* is what we read.

The seventeenth, after walking two or three miles, with an Indian for a pilot, Mr. Foster and the women gave out, their feet being swollen to such a degree that they could go no further. Mr. Eddy, who it appears stood the fatigue of the journey better than any of them, here left them; and assisted by two Indians, that evening reached the settlement on Bear Creek. The inhabitants, on being informed of the situation of the party behind, immediately started with provisions on foot, and reached them that night about twelve o'clock.

The Mr. Foster mentioned in John Sinclair's report is none other than William McFadden Foster, the man who married one of the two Murphy sisters on the riverboat along with William Montgomery Pike. Sinclair has Eddy arriving at Johnson's Ranch on the seventeenth though he is assisted by two Indians this time around rather than arriving alone, whereas Foster and the women do not stay behind at the Indian village, as Reed recalled. Their journey on ahead some two or three miles with an Indian for a guide and then collapse in the snow due to swollen feet, which is it?

The third retelling derives from Newspaper man Jesse Quinn Thornton, whom I have already quoted from as a source of improv in his book, 'Oregon and California in 1848'. He also pulled his sources from Eddy's notes, just as the other two had, and here is what he claims.

The chief accompanied them during the day with many of his tribe, an Indian being on either side of each of the sufferers, supporting them, and assisting them forward. They thus continued from day to day until the morning of the 17th, the chief

from one village accompanied by some of his men, supporting them to the next.... **they arrived at the house of Col. M.D. Richey**, about half an hour before sunset, having traveled eighteen miles. **The last six miles of the way were marked by the blood from Mr. Eddy's feet.**

Now we read that two Indians accompanied each of the seven surviving Snowshoe Party members and that the Chief was among them. Nobody was left behind in the village. Nobody fell down in the snow. He says 'they' when speaking of Eddy's arrival at Johnson's Ranch, whom he here identifies as the house of Colonel **Matthew Dill Ritchie**. Thornton doesn't even bother to spell his name correctly, nor does he seem aware of Johnson's Ranch. By the way, Ritchie was only so much a Colonel as Colonel Sanders or Colonel Tom Parker and his cabin was near Johnson's Ranch, from what I can make out, but not a part of it. He then adds that the **six miles** leading up to Ritchie's home was paved in blood. Eddy alone was bleeding out, it seems, and nobody else. The only way such a feat would be humanly possible from a starving, naked cannibal is if he had two Indians to carry him, but you and I know the Donner Party storytellers were making this crap up as they went along.

foot. Scantily clothed and provided with provisions they commenced that horrid journey over the mountains that Napoleon's fete on the Alps was child's play compared with it. After wandering about a number of days bewildered in the snow, their provisions gave out, and long hunger made it necessary to resort to that horrid recourse casting lots to see who should give up life, that their bodies might be used for food for the remainder. But at this time the weaker began to die which rendered it unnecessary to take life, and as they died the company went into camp and made meat of the dead bodies of their companions. After travelling thirty days, 7 out of the 16 arrived within 15 miles of Capt. Johnson's, the first house of the California settlements; and most singular to relate, all the females that started, 5 women came in safe, and but two of the men, and one of them was brought in on the back of an Indian. Nine of the men died and seven of them were eaten by their companions.— The first person that died was Mr. C. S. Stanton, the young man who so generously returned to the company with Capt Sutter's Baqueros and provisions; his body was left on the snow. The last two that died was Capt Sutter's two Indian baqueros and their bodies were used as food by

Returning once more to Brannan's article, I am not asking you to pull out the magnifying glass which many of my serial readers have purchased in the past. Yes, I make a dedicated effort of taking the scissors and glue stick to these historical documents, thanks again Carl Winslow. But that is not to say that I haven't taken the additional time in transcribing the article for you.

Scantily clothed and provided with provisions they commenced that horrid journey over the mountains that Napoleon's fete on the Alps was child's play compared with it.

Pause. It is at least nice to know that they began their journey with *some* clothes on. Just ask their mother though. Had they started out with an additional coat and a beanie, maybe even a shawl or two from the wagon, you figure they would have had a more varied palette of culinary delight to choose from, as fabric is concerned, before turning to people. But then Brannan never outright explains the Snowshoe Party's nakedness to be a result of their wardrobe consumption. Best not to assume. *Continuing.*

After wandering about a number of days bewildered in the snow, their provisions gave out, and **long hunger made it necessary to resort to that horrid recourse casting lots to see who should give up life, that their bodies might be used for food for the remainder.** But at this time the weaker began to die which rendered it unnecessary to take life, and as they died the company went into camp and made meat of the dead bodies of their companions. After travelling thirty days, 7 out of the 16 arrived within 15 miles of Capt. Johnson's, the first house of the California settlements; and most singular to relate, all the females that started, 5 women came in safe, and but two of the men, and **one of them was brought in on the back of an Indian. Nine of the men died and seven of them were eaten by their companions.** The first person that died was Mr. C. S. Stanton, the young man who

so generously returned to the company with Capt. Sutter's Baqueros and provisions; his body was left on the snow. **The last two that died was Capt. Sutter's two Indian baqueros and their bodies were used as food by the seven that came in.**

And so, begins Brannan's account of cannibalism, but more on that in a moment. I couldn't help but notice that one of the seven surviving Snowshoe Party members managed to be carried upon the back of an Indian. I am once again *assuming*—a naughty no-no in these crisis actor situations—but I take him to be William McFadden Foster, which would furthermore give us yet another variation to the tale. Well, which is it? Did he stay behind in the Indian village, fall down in the snow only to be retrieved by a late-night rescue party, get propped up and escorted by two Indians holding an arm, or did one simply carry him on his back? Nobody seems to know the correct version.

The claim is that **9** members of the 16 Snowshoers died and that a whopping **7** of them were eaten by their companions. Brennan is being specific about his numbers, even though later accounts claim there were only 15 in the party. Most historians aren't even willing to commit to the seven eaten. All that seems to be agreed upon are the two Indians. They get eaten in every scenario.



The one person mentioned who didn't get a fork stuck into him was **Charles Tyler Stanton**. Stanton left the Donner's at an earlier date, presumed on September 12, 1846, and arrived at Sutter's Fort only to return with seven mules and two Miwok Indians. He also happened to be the first to die among the Snowshoers. The name **'Tyler'** immediately nabs my attention because Masonic lodges originally met in inns or taverns, and Tyler is an Old English word for "the keeper of an inn door." That's an interesting coincidence in the

name given that he appears to be orchestrating the narrative. I wanted to know why he wasn't eaten but also why Brannan was so sure of that fact,

seeing as how he went out of his way to mention him, and this is what I learned.



• **December 21, 1846:** About this date, the snowshoers' rations run out. Charles Stanton, too weak to leave camp in the morning, sits in the snow, smoking his pipe, and tells the rest of the Hope to go on.

Wiki is kind enough to give us a [timeline](#) of dates and it appears as though Stanton wasn't eaten because the thought hadn't yet crossed anyone's mind when he lit a pipe in the snow, telling his 15 other companions to go on and leave him be. The date was **December 21**. Nobody officially saw him again. We are never told of an injury either. The person with the food pantry simply told his companions that they'd eaten the very last morsel of bread and Stanton, having crisscrossed the Sierra's three times in three months, thought the best outcome was to sit down in the snow and give up. Smoke a pipe while he was at it.

December 25,
1846

Blizzard(December 25 to December 29, 1846)

Between December 25 and December 29, 1846, a blizzard caught the "Forlorn Hope" group in the open. Several individuals died, and the survivors resorted to cannibalism.

The cannibal lifestyle is said to have begun on the whereabouts of Christmas day. Well, there's a celebration of Winter Solstice if ever I've seen one—death and resurrection and all that among the firs. The problem I am having is in tracking down the specifics. I am showing you another timeline, this time from the [school curriculum](#), and we are only given vague assumptions. Between the dates of December 25 and 29, it

says “several individuals died, and the survivors resorted to cannibalism.” How many is several, what are their names, and who among them was cannibalized? We aren’t outright told. Probably because many historians don’t even buy it. Back to Wiki for answers, then.

Snowshoers: At "Camp of Death" Patrick Dolan and young Lemuel Murphy die.

- **December 26, 1846:** The snowshoers resort to cannibalism, "averting their faces from one another and weeping."

Finally, we’re given a couple of names to work with. **Patrick Dolan** and **Lemuel Murphy** die on Christmas day. On **December 26**, the following day, the snowshoers take up the cannibal lifestyle. There’s two down the pie hole. Five more to go.

- **December 30, 1846:** About this date, the Forlorn Hope's human meat is gone. William Foster suggests that Luis and Salvador be killed for food; William Eddy disagrees, and tells Foster's idea to the Indians, who initially are incredulous, then vanish into the woods.

Jumping forward four days and nobody else among the snowshoers is recorded as having kicked the frozen bucket, telling me that “the several” is yet another exaggeration, but who is expected to notice? It is on December 30 that the last morsels of Dolan and Murphy are digested, and William Foster has grown an appetite. He wants the Indians. Eddy slyly tells the Miwoks about it, thereby ruining his plans. Though initially doubtful, they vanish into the woods, leaving Foster to his lust for flesh.

- **January 7, 1847:** Snowshoers: About this time, William Eddy kills a deer, but too late to save Jay Fosdick, who dies in the night.

On January 7, William Eddy manages to kill a deer. Finally, there is some truth to the story. The Forlorn Hope had deer to eat and plenty of it. And not just one deer. I know that’s what it says, but I am here to tell you that they were perfectly capable of shooting a great deal more of them. I’m not simply talking out of my butt this time around, either. Even the Donner’s hunted deer, despite being told a different story. I will show you, but you’ll also have to wait around until I get to the camp at Donner Pass. Anywho, **Jay Fosdick** dies. Apparently, the deer is sufficient enough that nobody invites Jay to dinner. And so, I am under the impression that he would be the other uneaten soul in Brannan’s editorial

piece. We have two of them. Jay Fosdick and Charles Stanton. That leaves 7 more out of the 9 who *were* eaten, according to the report, and need to be accounted for. The Indians split. I'm only counting Dolan and Murphy on my fingers.

[EDIT: It wasn't easy finding the first eaten individual. Somebody whom we only know as **Antonio the Mexican** was the second to die, right after Charles Stanton, and the first to be cannibalized, but there is hardly ever a mention of him. Nobody seems to know who



ANTONIO

AGE: 23. BORN: Mexico

- Lilburn W. Boggs referenced him as "the Spaniard"
- Started emigration with Boggs party
- Eliza Farnham described as, "Mexican who joined emigrants at Fort Laramie."
- George Stewart speculated he was hired to "herd the loose cattle of the more prosperous emigrants."
- d. COD 24th December 1846
- His body was used for sustenance

he was and why he was included among the Donner Party to begin with or if he even existed at all. It took me a while, but I was able to track down an account of his death. Though it doesn't even come to us *via* the historian and novelist **George R. Stewart** until a hundred years after the fact.

Antonio the Mexican, who had followed the train as herdsman of the cattle, lay by the fire sleeping in a heavy stupor. He breathed difficultly and unnaturally. Once as he moved in his sleep, he threw out an arm so that his hand fell into the fire. Eddy, lying nearby and awake, himself exhausted, saw what had happened, but supposed that the pain would arouse the sleeper, and in any case if Antonio were not aroused—so much the better. But the hand doubled up and shriveled with the heat, and finally Eddy, arousing himself, drew it from the fire. Eddy lay down, but Antonio's breathing became a rattling sound and he flung out his arm again; the watcher, realizing that nothing mattered any longer for Antonio, saw the hand shrivel in the flame until it burned to a coal. Cold, fatigue, and

hunger had done their work. Again there was food in camp.

Well, that was colorful. Antonio the Mexican flings his hand into the flames. Eddy just lays there watching it cook, all the while salivating from the mouth. Oh, he eventually got around to removing the shriveled hand for courtesy purposes, don't want to overcook it. But then Antonio throws it right back in again. There is your origins story of cannibalism, right there. Antonio the Mexican literally prepared himself as the main course. The only part of the story that Stewart left out is where Eddy hallucinates and sees a sweating sausage or fat juicy steak where the Mexican lay.



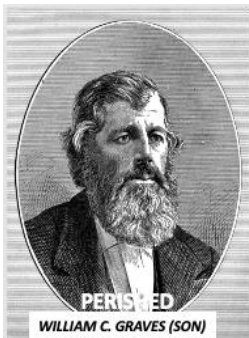
JAY FOSDICK

AGE: 23. BORN: New York State

- Moved with family to IL in 1836
- Eldest of 4 children (2 boys and 2 girls)
- Played the violin
- Courted Sarah Graves; married just before emigration west
- Married Sarah Graves, 1846
- Fell behind with Sarah, heard Eddy rifle, exclaimed, "There! Eddy killed a deer. Now if I can only get to him, I shall live!"
- Died in Sarah's arms
- Body was used as sustenance for others
- d. beyond COD Jan 5th 1847 (23)

What!?! Jay Fosdick was eaten also!?! Wiki has been holding back on me. Get to it, Carl Winslow. Apparently, Fosdick heard Eddy's rifle shot and exclaimed: "There! Eddy killed a deer. Now if I can only get to him, I shall live!" He then died in the arms of his wife, **Sarah Graves Fosdick**, and his body

was used for sustenance. Famous last words, apparently. I don't know about you, but I have heard gunshots in the woods and can imagine a great number of scenarios. How did Fosdick know it was a deer as opposed to, *say*, quail or a rabbit, and who is writing this stuff?



FRANKLIN WARD GRAVES

AGE: 57. BORN: Wells, Rutland Co., VT

- Backwoodsman and pioneer, farmer
- Good natured, kind and hospitable
- Farmed in IL for 15 yrs
- Married Elizabeth Cooper, 1820
- 10 children; all amazingly survived
- Wife – Elizabeth, d. at Starved Camp, 1847
- Teamster John Snyder killed by James Reed in scuffle on trail
- Built double cabin at Lake; share w/ Reeds
- W/ Stanton built snowshoes for FH
- Oldest member of FH
- d. COD, 24th December 1846 (57)
- Knowing he'd perish, told Sarah and Mary to use his body for sustenance

Yet another Winter Solstice death is assigned to Franklin Ward Graves. You will have to refer back to the names I pulled from the Graves genealogy. The man was American royalty. Apparently, he told his two daughters Sarah Graves Fosdick and Mary Ann Graves to cook him up and eat him

after he'd gone, *sure*, which is precisely what they did. The origins of

cannibalism explained, yet again. His final will and testament appears to explain another line or two from Brannan's report when he writes:

I could state several most horrid circumstances connected with this affair: such as **one of the women being obliged to eat part of the body of her father and brother, another saw her husband's heart cooked**, which would be more suitable for a hangman's journal than the column of a family newspaper.

The woman obliged to eat the body of her father is probably a reference to either Mary or Sarah in reference to Franklin. Not sure where he's pulling the information on the brother though. Brother-in-law, maybe, Jay Fosdick is likely the husband who had his heart cooked. Anywho, there are 5 of the 7 mentioned by Sammuel Brannan as being eaten. Dolan, Murphy, Fosdick, Graves, and the Mexican. Continuing on to discover the identity of the final two.]

- **January 9, 1847:** Snowshoers: About this time, the surviving snowshoers come upon Luis and Salvador, lying exhausted and near death. William Foster shoots them, believing their flesh was the rest of the group's last hope of avoiding imminent death from starvation.

Bummer. The Indians didn't make it. The only two people I was rooting for. William Foster came upon **Luis** and **Salvador**, lying exhausted in the woods, and shot them. Those aren't even their real names, you know. Luis is a Spanish name meaning "famous warrior," and Salvador is of Mexican origins, meaning "Savior." Historians have had their work cut out for them seeking records, especially since they were employed for Sutter, and the consensus is that Luis and Salvador could have been anybody. They may have re-emerged as Manuel and Enrique, for all I know.

- **January 12, 1847:** The snowshoers reach an Indian village, whose inhabitants share their meager supplies, chiefly acorn bread.

Luis and Salvador are the last of the cannibalized among the snowshoers because, within the matter of another three days, they reach an Indian village, where everyone indulges in a feast of acorns—a nice change of pace. And so, the final tally consisting of **9 dead** and **7 eaten** in Brannan's

report is a match, even if the stories don't all line up quite right. It wasn't even that difficult to find inconsistencies. They were usually in the first place that I looked. I imagine I could devote an entire year to the Donner Party, tracking down every conceivable account, and discover a Class 6 Gauntlet of contradiction around nearly every bend or turn, which I am told is the highest Class available, as rapids go. What seems certain is that the victims of bad roadside directions were already decided upon from the very beginning of this M.M.M. operation, at least as far as the members of Forlorn Hope are concerned. Not surprising. But then you should know, I haven't even gotten to Camp Donner quite yet. And boy, did they have stories to tell. Gotta love Improv actors.



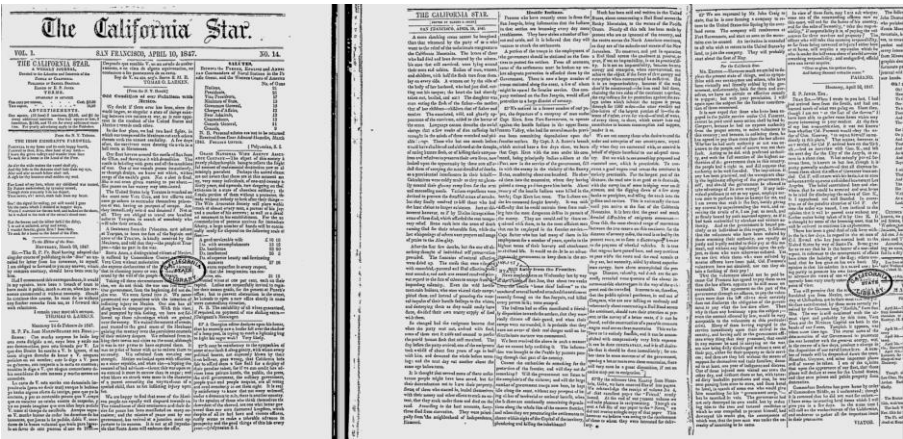
PART FOUR

The Hoaxers of Truckee Lake and Alder Creek

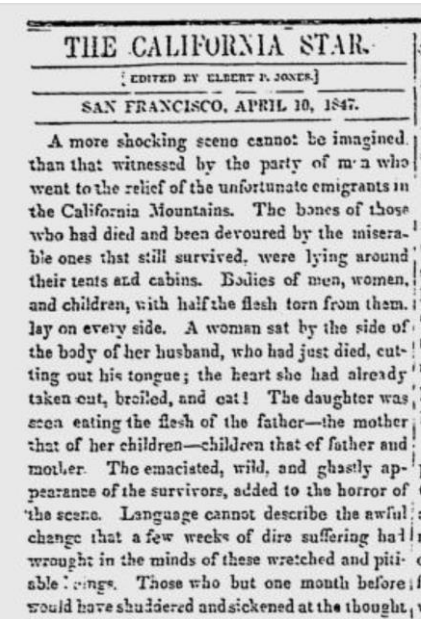
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REGARDING those rumors of cannibalism and other innuendos, there is something that you should know. It was all made up by actors in bed with the Masonic Media. Perhaps there were people in the California mountains who got snug for the winter. They ate oxen. They ate deer. Warmed themselves by the fire. Believe it or not, there were horses that survived the season, telling us that starvation wasn't an issue, but the official narrative doesn't let you in on that rather inconvenient fact. Archeology as a scientific study is only 150 years old though the Donner psyop is older than that. Nobody thought to plant any incriminating evidence into the thawing snow at the time, which is a shame for them, because absolutely no evidence whatsoever of human remains has been discovered at Donner's Pass or anywhere else in the whereabouts when there should have been had their ridiculous story been true. What's more,

there is not even evidence to support that anyone died. As usual, I will take you through it.



I'm guessing that one or two of you read my critical comments on The California Star's February 13 issue, as it pertained to the cannibal lifestyle of winter snowshoers and didn't share in the skepticism. There is always one person in the crowd who boasts of their ability not to be swayed against their old friend and ally, The News, because why would they lie? I didn't say I was done commenting upon the Media coverage quite yet. I took it upon myself to track down and read through Brannan's columns, week by week, month for month while they dragged out the psychodrama, and what I can confirm is that it gets worse. *Way worse*. Did I tell you about the **April 10** issue? It's a [hatchet job](#). Before taking you through it though, I will give you a warning. Try not to roll your eyes. They may get stuck like that.



A more shocking scene cannot be imagined, than that witnessed by the party of men who went to the relief of the unfortunate emigrants in the California Mountains. The bones of those who had died and been devoured by the miserable ones that still survived were lying around their tents and cabins. Bodies of men, women, and children, with half the flesh torn from them, lay on every side. A woman sat by the body of her husband, who had just died, eating out his tongue; the heart she had already taken out, broiled, and eat! The daughter was seen eating the flesh of the father—the mother, that of her children—children that of father and mother. The emaciated, wild, and ghastly appearance of the survivors added to the horror of the scene.

In review, Sutter's rescue party arrive at the camp to a scene of horror. Sheer horror, I tell you. There are skeletal remains strewn about like gnawed upon chicken bones. The half-eaten bodies of men, women, and children form boundary markers for the four corners of the camp. A woman sits by her husband's corpse, eating out his tongue raw as the second course, the first being his boiled heart. Elsewhere in the camp, a daughter works on her father while a mother consumes her children and naughty children devour their parents. Did you get all of that? *Right*. Not even the Brother's Grimm were this fanciful. Had they rescued Hansel and Gretel from a gingerbread house, I would have found that more believable. If only Samuel Brannan had ended there. No, the article keeps hammering in the nails into its own coffin.

So changed had the emigrants become that when the party sent out, arrived with food, some of them cast it aside and seemed to prefer the putrid human flesh that still remained. The day before the party arrived, one of the emigrants took a child of about four years of age in bed with him and devoured the whole before morning; and the next day eat another about the same age before noon.

Normally I am not a swearing man but OMGG. The extra 'G' is for *Golly*, as in *Oh My Golly Gosh*, because how in the world am I supposed to read something like this without spitting my coffee out all over the computer screen? They almost had me going at the wife eating her husband's heart and liver with fava beans and a nice Chianti out of sheer necessity, but then passing up on Sacramento groceries because Mommy and Daddys raw putrid carcass tastes better? Forget what I told you earlier. I'm making an exception and will risk the pendulum of my eyes. It's no wonder why they dropped this plot point. Also, I will remind you that the February 13 as well as the April 10 issues of *The California Star* was how the Donner's were introduced to the world. I have stated in the past, specifically in my [Charles Manson hoax](#) paper, that horror movies are Intel movies and in fact they appear to have created the genre. Clearly, the Donner Party is one of them.



Regarding the emigrant who took a four-year-old to bed and then devoured him before morning, that would be a reference to Lewis Keseberg, the German. How the hell do you devour an entire child in bed? Did he spit the bones out too? I might understand someone eating a sandwich in bed, or maybe crinkling a bag of chips in bed, but then who has ever heard of someone leading a heifer to the mattress only to slaughter and eat it raw on the sheets and the pillow where they sleep? If I'm reading this right, Keseberg had such an insatiable appetite that he devoured another child on the following morning before noon. The *California Star* left out the part where he was licking his fingers and burping when the rescue party arrived.

It gets worse. You're probably thinking we've scrapped the bottom of the barrel but then you would be wrong about that. The [June 5, 1847](#) edition of the California Star features yet another firsthand account from a Sacramento rescuer arriving at the Donner's, and Lewis Keseberg the German plays a prominent role in the story.

April 17th. Reached the Cabins between 12 and 1 o'clock. Expected to find some of the sufferers alive. Mrs. Donner and Kiesburg in particular. Entered the cabins and a horrible scene presented itself— human bodies terribly mutilated, legs, arms, and skulls scattered in every direction. One body, supposed to be that of Mrs. Eddy, lay near the entrance, the limbs severed off and a frightful gash in the skull. The flesh from the bones was nearly consumed and a painful silence pervaded the place.

Notice the date given to us. **April 17.** That is the date when the individual who refers to himself as **Captain Fellun**, probably a fictional character, arrives at Truckee Lake. Mind you, the scene before us does not involve the first responders featured in the April 10 issue. The Donner Party was initially rescued on **February 19.** We saw that scene of horror already. This is another one entirely, two months after the first, and still the cannibalism continues. The bodies of the dead are exhumed all over again and mutilated, legs and arms strewn about in every direction. Mrs. Eddy would be **Eleanor Eddy**, the wife of William Eddy of the Snowshoe Party. She is listed in official journals as having died on **February 7**, two weeks before the rescue, and then being buried in the snow on the 9. Two months have passed and now she is depicted as having her limbs severed off, the flesh nearly picked clean from her bones. The frightful gash in the skull is an inuendo of murder. Mrs. Eddy had received a blunt blow to the head with the intent of being eaten. Nope, official History didn't go with that one, either.



George Donner, the one and only of the Donner Party fame was murdered too, you know. It's all outlined in the same June 5 California Star article, wherein we read of Captain Fellun's continued journey eight miles onwards to Camp Donner. And *this* is what he found.

At the mouth of the tent stood a large iron kettle, filled with human flesh cut up, it was from the body of George Donner, the head had been split open, and the brains extracted therefrom, and to the appearance, he had not been long dead, not over three or four days at the most.

The fate of George Donner is that he was cut up, stuffed into a cooking pot, and his brains were eaten out. Eleanor Eddy is murdered. George Donner is murdered. Who is the killer? Detective Fellun is on the case and it is time to find out. *Continuing.*

Knowing the Donners had a considerable sum of money, we searched diligently but were unsuccessful. The party for the cabins were unable to keep the trail of the mysterious personage owing to the rapid melting of the snow, they therefore went directly for the cabins, and upon entering discovered **Kiesburg lying down amidst**

the human bones and beside him a large pan full of fresh liver and lights. They asked him what had become of his companions, whether they were alive, and what had become of Mrs. Donner. He answered them by stating they were all dead; Mrs. Donner, he said, had in attempting to cross from one cabin to another, missed the trail, and slept out one night; that she came to his camp the next night very much fatigued, he made her a cup of coffee, placed her in bed and rolled her well in the blankets, but the next morning found her dead; he eat her body and found her flesh the best he had ever tasted! he further stated that he obtained from her body at least four pounds of fat! No traces of her person could be found, nor the body of Mrs. Murphy either. When the last company left the camp, three weeks previous, Mrs. Donner was in perfect health though unwilling to come and leave her husband there, and offered \$500, to any person or persons who could come out and bring them in, saying this in the presence of Kiesburg, and she had plenty of tea and coffee, we suspected that it was her who had taken the piece from the shoulder of beef in the chair before mentioned. In the cabin with Kiesburg was found two kettles of human blood, in all supposed to be over one gallon. Rhodes asked him where he had got the blood, he answered, "there is blood in dead bodies."

Lewis Keseberg had the most impressive eating habits, more like an insatiable appetite. Capable of luring a child into his bed by night and leaving only the bones, come morning, he was then capable of devouring another child whole before lunchtime. Now, Eleanor Eddy is exhumed from her grave while, eight miles up the road, Mr. Donner's in a cooking

pot, and contrarily, no traces of Mrs. Murphy can be found, *ub-ob*. Mrs. Donner though, it looks as though he was able to fatten her up a little before making his move. Who invited this ogre? But then, seeing as how he was drinking blood from the kettle, over a gallon by the looks of it, he was also a vampire. If you stop to think about it though, it must work up an appetite, having to walk back and forth between two camps eight miles apart, seeking victims. There are stories out there regarding the neighbor from hell and just when you thought you'd heard them all this one takes the icing on the cake.

After further investigation, I think I discovered the identity of the child from the April 10 issue as well. One of them, at least. For that, we will have to return to the Donner's Wiki article, which I have linked on one page or another, but [here it is](#) again. You will have to scroll down to the section titled **'Third relief'** to see what I see. Follow along.

Third relief [edit]

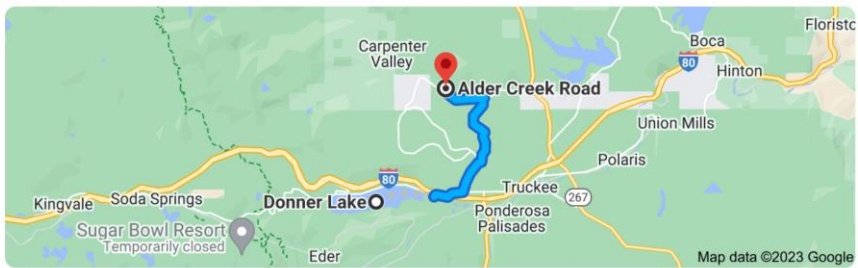
Foster and Eddy finally arrived at Truckee Lake on March 14, where they found their children dead. Keseberg told Eddy that he had eaten the remains of Eddy's son; Eddy swore to murder Keseberg if they ever met in California.^[154] George Donner and one of Jacob Donner's children were still alive at Alder Creek. Tamsen Donner had just arrived at the Murphy cabin to see to her daughters. She could have walked out alone but chose to return to her husband, even though she was informed that no other relief party was likely to be coming soon. Foster and Eddy and the rest of the third relief left with the Donner girls, young Simon Murphy, Trudeau, and Clark. Levinah Murphy was too weak to leave and Keseberg refused.^{[155][156]}

The child belonged to William Eddy of the Snowshoe Party. Upon arriving to Truckee Lake on March 14, Keseberg, the German Ogre, told Eddy that he had eaten the remains of his son. Eddy then threatened to murder Keseberg, and the two little girls of the Donner's were quickly evacuated out of the camp. **Tamsen Donner**, however, remained behind so as to keep an eye on her husband, hoping nobody would cook him. Then again, Keseberg stayed too. Keseberg had his eye on

George, but also, as we have come to learn, on Tamsen. He was simply waiting for the right opportunity. Also, he would exact his revenge upon William Eddy by exhuming the body of his wife eight miles up the road.



Was it a marked grave? We aren't told. Keseberg must have had the nose of a California Grizzly. I bet you never thought the Donner Party narrative was so dramatic.



12 min (5.5 mi) via Schussing Way



About 3/4 of the Donner Party camped at Donner Lake, while the George and Jacob Donner families and a few others camped about six miles away, at Alder Creek, just north of present-day Truckee.

 Truckee Chamber of Commerce
<https://business.truckee.com/list/member/historical-s...>
Historical Site - Donner Camp Trail at Alder Creek

Even more painfully obvious is that Alder Creek is not eight miles away from Truckee Lake. It is something like **six miles** away. Most of the Donner Party camped at Donner Lake, whereas George and Jacob Donner and their families stayed back at Alder Creek due to broken wagon wheel issues. A rescue party walking back and forth through the snow would recognize the difference between six miles and eight miles. I'm not at all convinced that this Captain Fellun fellow ever made it out to any location, except for maybe the neighborhood of make-believe, as he can't even get the mileage right. *Continuing* to the next paragraph.

Two more relief parties were mustered to evacuate any adults who might still be alive. Both turned back before getting to Bear Valley, and no further attempts were made. On April 10, almost a month since the third relief had left Truckee Lake, the *alcalde* near Sutter's Fort organized a salvage party to recover what they could of the Donners' belongings. Those would be sold, with part of the proceeds used to support the orphaned Donner children. The salvage party found the Alder Creek tents empty except for the body of George Donner, who had died only days earlier. On their way back to Truckee Lake, they found Lewis Keseberg alive. According to him, Mrs. Murphy had died a week after the departure of the third relief. Some weeks later, Tamsen Donner had arrived at his cabin on her way over the pass, soaked and visibly upset. Keseberg said he put a blanket around her and told her to start out in the morning, but she died during the night. The salvage party were suspicious of Keseberg's story, and found a pot full of human flesh in the cabin along with George Donner's pistols, jewelry, and \$250 in gold. They threatened to lynch Keseberg, who confessed that he had cached \$273 of the Donners' money, at Tamsen's suggestion, so that it could one day benefit her children.^{[157][158]}

If anything, Wiki has to tone the original reports down considerably hoping that nobody realized how obviously invented the entire storyline is, slapped together by the Yerba Buena Lodge brothers. Even Wiki can't seem to evade the human flesh in the pot story though. They don't outright tell you it was George Donner, but it is heavily implied in that they are sourcing the June 5 'California Star' article, obviously. I have linked you to that one too and won't be doing it again. Keep reading to discover the part where Captain Fellun and co. discover George Donner's pistols, jewelry, and \$250 in gold and then recall how Tamsen had offered a reward of \$500 to anyone who could successfully evacuate her husband. There was money missing. Somebody had stolen the Donner fortune. But not before first murdering and eating them and then sitting around in his cabin with buckets of blood.

Memories and rumors of cannibalism [edit]

Although some survivors disputed the accounts of cannibalism, Charles McGlashan, who corresponded with many of the survivors over a 40-year period, documented many recollections that it occurred. Some correspondents were not forthcoming, approaching their participation with shame, but others eventually spoke about it freely. McGlashan in his 1879 book *History of the*

The Media psyop is so ridiculous that Wiki is notably particular in their words when claiming there were only "memories" and "rumors" of cannibalism, and what does that tell you? Even the memories may have been based upon rumors. They are



furthermore pressed to admit there were many among the Donner's who rejected the cannibalism narrative altogether. Well, thank God for Charles McGlashan then, the Truckee **Media** man and butterfly farmer. Charles McGlashan was the glue that held the unraveling psyop together in so much that he organize the narrative among pro-cannibal participants in his 1879 novel, 'History of the Donner Party.' I *checked*. No mention on whether or not McGlashan was a Freemason, though he propped up the **Ku Klux Klan** in his Newspaper, indicating that he was one of them. As if his role as a gatekeeper and a Controller couldn't be any more obvious,

I am showing you a picture of McGlashan Point. Mm-hmm, that's what it reads on the plaque. What is that body of water in the valley below? It is Truckee Lake. McGlashan Point is named after the man who oversaw the cannibalism narrative at the lake.

relief. He also neglected to mention any cannibalism at Alder Creek.^{[199][200]} The same year McGlashan's book was published, Georgia Donner wrote to him to clarify some points, saying that human flesh was prepared for people in both tents at Alder Creek, but to her recollection (she was four years old during the winter of 1846–1847) it was given only to the youngest children: "Father was crying and did not look at us the entire time, and we little ones felt we could not help it. There was nothing else." She also remembered that Elizabeth Donner, Jacob's wife, announced one morning that she had cooked the arm of Samuel Shoemaker, a 25-year-old teamster.^[201] Eliza Donner Houghton, in her 1911 account of the ordeal, did not mention any cannibalism at Alder Creek.



The same year that McGlashan's book was published, an aged **Georgia Donner**, one of the two Donner daughters who managed to leave in with the relief, wrote to McGlashan to reprimand him for neglecting to mention the cannibalism which she claims to have experienced at Alder Creek. Wait, wasn't Lewis Keseberg camped at Alder Creek with the Donner's? *He was*. Well, that's awkward. Apparently, McGlashan totally snubbed the Keseberg fable. But then again, so did Georgia Donner. According to Georgia, cannibalism was a thing at Alder Creek but only amongst the children, and Keseberg last I checked wasn't a child. The adults were feeding it to them but not partaking. Her father fed them the flesh of an unidentified person and in another instance, **Elizabeth Donner**, Jacob's wife, cooked up the arm of **Samuel Shoemaker**, presumably as food for the children. I'm thinking Georgia Donner really did believe she ate human flesh even if McGlashan failed to see it her way. The reason I say that is because the sickos orchestrating the Donner psyop may have convinced the children that it was legitimate when in fact they were likely eating dog or even deer flesh.

If the sheer amount of cannibalism is dizzying, and it should be, I will attempt to make sense of the situation for you. The Snowshoe Party departed Truckee Lake for Sutter's Fort, and within a matter of days, took up cannibalism. Meanwhile, the Donner's at Alder Creek, knowing nothing of the Snowshoe Party's cannibalism, took up cannibalism. And then finally, the larger party at Truckee Lake, also knowing nothing of the Snowshoe Party and six miles removed from the Donner's, did the same.

Count that up on your fingers and we're dealing with three separate accounts of cannibalism. The only thing they held in common was that they had all taken Hasting's Cutoff together. Why three separate instances? Because the storytellers were flinging everything at the wall and hoping that one of them stuck.

Eliza Farnham's 1856 account of the Donner Party was based largely on an interview with Margaret Breen. Her version details the ordeals of the Graves and Breen families after James Reed and the second relief left them in the snow pit. According to Farnham, seven-year-old Mary Donner suggested to the others that they should eat Isaac Donner, Franklin Graves Jr., and Elizabeth Graves, because the Donners had already begun eating the others at Alder Creek, including Mary's father Jacob. Margaret Breen insisted that she and her family did not cannibalize the dead, but Kristin Johnson, Ethan Rarick, and Joseph King—whose account is sympathetic to the Breen family—do not consider it credible that the Breens, who had been without food for nine days, would have been able to survive without eating human flesh. King suggests Farnham included this in her account independently of Margaret Breen.^{[204][205]}

Speaking of the adults in the party, **Margaret Breen** accused the Donner girls of being quite the little cannibals. Seven-year-old **Mary Donner** in particular had an appetite for brother **Isaac Donner** as well as Franklin Graves Jr., and Elizabeth Graves. Apparently, there was a whole lot of “Pass the leg!” and “More please!” going around among the wee people. It's like I said, the adults were the ones feeding the information to the more susceptible of the bunch. Not only that, but then they were also reminding them of their deed years thereafter, like the true Controllers they were. In turn, a host of others accused Margaret Breen of not playing her part, because according to her, she was not one of them. Margaret Breen ate nobody. But then, in turn, look at her host of accusers, claiming that *she* was the one who ate fellow members of the wagon train.



All told, roughly half of the Donner Party's survivors eventually resorted to eating human flesh. Apr 14, 2016

 History Channel
<https://www.history.com> › Topics › 19th Century ›

According to the History Channel, only half of the Donner Party survivors resorted to cannibalism. I haven't the faintest clue how they came to that conclusion with all the “he said—she said” floating around. Seems to me like everyone is suspect. Still though, of the **81** original

members, 45 personified the *California* in ‘California or Bust.’ Those who *busted* were up for grabs. But then half of that number implies 22 or 23 persons who didn’t share in the barbecue ribs. Why couldn’t Margaret have been one of them? I figure she overstepped her bounds in fingering the Donner daughters and didn’t follow through with her pre-arranged role because her accusers are making an exception to the rule and claiming she couldn’t possibly have forsaken a winter without some warmed up bum biscuits.

According to an account published by H. A. Wise in 1847, Jean Baptiste Trudeau boasted of his own heroism, but also spoke in lurid detail of eating Jacob Donner, and said he had eaten a baby raw.^[206] Many years later, Trudeau met Eliza Donner Houghton and denied cannibalizing anyone. He reiterated that in an interview with a St. Louis newspaper in 1891, when he was 60 years old. Houghton and the other Donner children were fond of Trudeau, and he of them, despite their circumstances and the fact that he eventually left Tamsen Donner alone. Author George Stewart considers Trudeau’s accounting to Wise more accurate than what he told Houghton in 1884, and asserted that he deserted the Donners.^[207]



It seems as though many of the participants were backpedaling on their claims, and the bicycle wouldn’t even become popular until the 1880’s. Anyone whose read anything about secret societies knows the volte-face routine is a naughty no-no. You sign your soul over to the Big Boy and then live with that decision. Well, Jean Baptiste Trudeau might as well-worn flip-flops around the California coast, because he was one of them. He started out as a cannibal. Duh, duh, duh. Except for when he didn’t want to show up at the Masonic conventions anymore, signing signatures at the cannibal booth, and flipped the script on the entire story.

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Look at how Wiki phrases it. Trudeau boasted of his own heroism to H.A. Wise in 1847. 1847 would be the very year of the psyop. He went on and on in lurid detail regarding his menu selections, which included

Jacob Donner and also a baby which came as a sushi option, sounding very much as a crisis actor would. Fast forward and he admitted to **Eliza Donner Houghton**, one of the two George Donner daughters, that the entire scenario was invented by the Media, and that he was complacent in it. I know Wiki doesn't outright state that. They choose their words carefully, claiming that he was living in denial, but what would you expect? It's all a projection. Given the obvious, it is the storytellers who think you need protected from the Truth. The clean-up crew has had a field day taking the mop out on these people.

The person assigned with the task of telling Trudeau's tale in an 1847 book was **Henry Augustus Wise**. Here is his [Wiki article](#). Look into him. He was a **Navy** man, seeing action in the Gulf of California during the War with Mexico. And then later he played a vital part in the destruction of his own home state of Virginia under orders from Mr. Lincoln. He was also an author, writing under the pen name of '**Harry Gringo**,' as if that's not suspicious. There is more of your M.M.M. connection. The Media may be a wing of the Military-industrial complex but the first Donner Party hoaxer, Harry Gringo, aka Henry Wise, *was* the Military.



The Alder Creek excavations, conducted in 2003 and 2004, turned up more than 16,000 bone fragments in all, including the remains of rodents, rabbits, deer, horses, oxen and cattle. They also found canine bones, supporting accounts by survivors that they ate their pet dogs.

The entire Donner Party narrative came crashing down upon its own head in 2003 and 2004, though very few if anyone seemed to notice. Kelly Dixon from the University of Montana and Julie Schablitsky from the University of Oregon Museum led an excavation of the Donner family's Alder Creek campsite and uncovered thousands of tiny, burned fragments of bone. You can read all about it [here](#). They analyzed the bones. Among them, there were 250 large bones that showed evidence of cutting, chopping, and boiling. The question of the day was whether or not they were human. They were not. There was not one human bone identified among them. So much for the Donner daughters eating the dead. So much for Keseberg the vampire, also. It was all invented. That's not even the whole of it though.

So, what did the Donner family eat during that winter? Robbins' team identified the remains as cattle, deer, horse and dog. While the historical record had indicated that cattle were the principle means of subsistence during that winter, there was previously no record that the Donner family also successfully hunted deer despite the 20 to 30 feet of snow on the ground that winter. The historical record does indicate that relief parties in February brought horses to the camps and that a few were left behind. There was no record of the horses being consumed and no mention of eating dog.

Remember when I told you the Snowshoers were perfectly capable of hunting more than one deer even though they only admitted to one? The Donner's ate their own fair share of deer. Try not to let that little nugget of information escape you. Nestled among the fragments of cattle, horse, and dog were deer, which baffled Robbin's team, mostly because there is no prior mention of the Donner's hunting deer in the record books. That little inconvenient tidbit was left out of the diaries, telling us that truth telling wasn't the selling feature of the operation.

The archaeological record provides a new picture of the party's activities. In the trash and debris left around the hearth in the spring of 1847, archaeologists found pieces of slate and shards of broken china. These pieces of slate and crockery around the hearth suggest an attempt to maintain a sense of a "normal life," a family intent on maintaining a routine of lessons, to preserve the dignified manners from another time and place, a refusal to accept the harsh reality of the moment, and a hope that the future was coming.

Robbins's research will be published in the July issue of the journal *American Antiquity*. The archaeology team also is finishing a book manuscript for University of Oklahoma Press to be released in 2011.

Excavators found pieces of slate and crockery around the hearth, including shards of broken China, all of which was left behind by winter of 47 participants. And who was the last of them, according to the Media? Keseberg. Their conclusions paint a very different picture than what the diary writers as well as the Media and its contributing crisis actors would have us believe. Children were schooled at Alder Creek. Teatime was likely a thing.

Another piece of incriminating evidence against the script writers were the bodies, all of which were notably absent in their archeological excavation. I know they make no mention of not finding them but it's likely because cognitive dissonance is a real condition. I have scoured various articles on their finds and am seeing no mention anywhere of skull fragments, teeth, or femur bones. If the Donner's didn't eat the dead, then surely, they buried them, but then where are they? Dixon and Schablitsky and the work crew dug up bones, no? Archeologists take the garden trowel to bones all the time and can easily identify them. Three years ago, I wrote about how the gravesite of John Snyder was never located because the entire story in which James Reed cut his heart out with a knife was a Media concoction, as per the Lake Truckee butterfly farmer. There are no bodies. What conclusion does that lead you to?