

Me and Walter Cronkite



By Anna von Reitz

We got a real television (not the hopelessly grainy eyeball model) when I was four years old. This black and white picture was also grainy, but you could see the faces clearly. One of the first faces I became familiar with as a toddler and young child was Walter Cronkite.

While other four year-olds were watching Huckleberry Hound and Mighty Mouse with religious devotion, I watched Walter. Every night. Without fail. I'd put on my Dale Evans cowgirl hat and red leather cowboy boots and mount my hobby horse sitting in front of the television and watch with morbid fascination.

I remember the Nixon v. Kennedy Debates and there aren't too many people my age who have a clear recollection of that.

Like many Americans, I loved Walter. He had such a comforting voice and his dark, serious, but often gently amused eyes seemed to be looking straight into mine on many important occasions.

Of course, I trusted Walter. Who didn't? So it came as a terrible shock to learn that he was lying to me! Yes, Walter Cronkite was lying about all sorts of things and when I first discovered that, well, it was worse than learning the truth about Santa Claus. Much worse.

It was worse because Santa was just a fictional character. Walter Cronkite was real.

And he was lying about what happened to President Kennedy.

Any fool, even a seven year-old, knew what happened in Dallas that day in November, 1963. Anyone who saw the television footage of the assassination knew what direction the bullet was coming from and nobody needed the Warren Commission to tell us any more lies about it.

We didn't need the scapegoat, Lee Harvey Oswald. We didn't need Jack Ruby doing his final mafia hit.

LBJ and his cronies killed JFK to make way for the war profiteering of Vietnam, the seduction of the States with "federal block grants", to spool up the reign of the oil industry, and keep the central banks happy.

And there was Walter Cronkite, speaking in his calm, deliberate, serious, caring way, lying through his teeth about what was perfectly obvious to the naked eye. I was confused. Heart-broken. Severely disillusioned. I was seven and one of my heroes was revealed to be a fraud.

So when 911 happened, the first words out of my mouth were, "Where is this Techni-Color Hollywood - quality newsfeed coming from?"

If 911 wasn't a set-up, we'd be seeing jiggling shots taken by astonished tourists from three blocks away, grainy security camera footage from banks and hotels up and down the street-----but no, we saw 911 happen from every possible angle, in high definition color. It was a set-up. It was obviously a set-up. Just like the Kennedy murder.

And just like the Kennedy murder, Bush assigned a "Blue Ribbon Committee" to white wash it and come up with fanciful excuses for it, and because the American People have trusted what they thought of as "their government" instead of their foreign vendors, they choked it down. They were confused. They were patriotic. They didn't know what to think.

Well, I am telling you what the evidence shows.

The private, mostly foreign-owned governmental services corporation run by G.W. Bush and Dick Cheney murdered 3,000 innocent people from around the world with malice aforethought. Their pals collected billions of dollars of insurance money instead of having to pay for the demolition of asbestos polluted office buildings. Tons of gold bullion were stolen to pay for quasi-military black ops, mostly in support of the oil industry in the Mideast and the whole crappola war and take over in Iraq. And hundreds of millions of records proving that the "government" corporation defrauded Americans were destroyed.

So you see, I knew 911 was a fraud and a false-flag and a set up from the first moments of news coverage I saw, and I didn't need any scientific evidence, no thermite residue, no architectural and engineering analysis. All I needed was the memory of Walter Cronkite shining me on about the Kennedy murder, and the fact that the 911 event was covered from all angles by professional movie crews.

I already told you all about why I stopped watching television news altogether (except for the weather report) in 1989 but let's repeat. I did a little experiment and kept track of how many stories had to do with sex and how many had to do with death and how many had to do with sex and death, both. And I concluded that the actual useful news accounted for only about 5% of what was presented as "news" every night ---- mostly the weather report.

So my advice to everyone is --- don't believe a word the talking heads say and don't be surprised or disappointed when Tom Brokaw admits that he doesn't know a thing about the news stories he is parroting. Journalism in this country died with the gag-orders imposed by the federal government corporation during World War II and ever since, with very, very rare exceptions that always result in lost careers---we have

lived with a government controlled news media that is essentially just a giant propaganda machine designed to scare us and sell stuff to us by turns.

Turn the knob, push the button---- "Off!" --- and start looking with your own eyes and listening with your own ears. It's the only way you are ever going to know what is going on.

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