

COORDINATE REMOTE VIEWING TRAINING (CRVT)

CRVT Report: 952

DATE/TIME CONDUCTED: 281030 Oct82

SOURCE #: 63

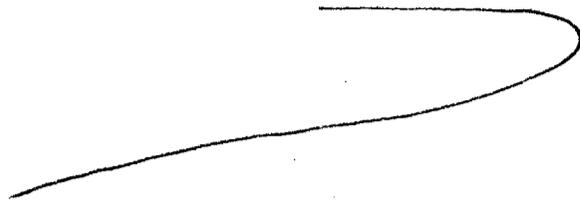
FILE #: 14

SITE: Ineshmaan - Middle Island) Ireland

EVALUATION: Valid S1's and S2's  
Decoding problem on S3's

28 Oct 82  
1030

53° 50" N  
9° 36" W  
Con Break



53° 50" N  
9° 36' W

A curving  
B land

SZ

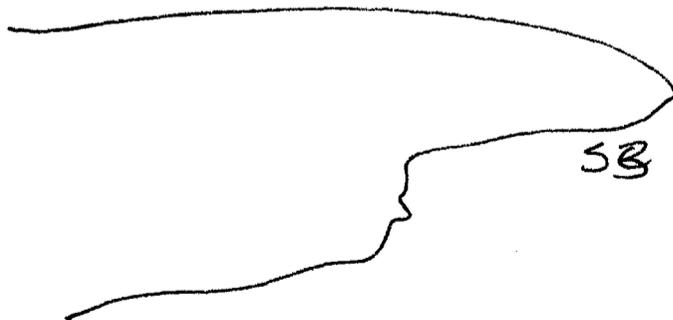
Returning  
flat c  
open c  
white c  
light brown c  
green c  
lines of B  
dark lines of B

~~Ad Body~~

4w interface

53° 50' Con Break

53° 50" N  
9° 36' W



A

4w interface  
inlet c

SB

flat  
open  
Warm CFB  
Salt smells

Ad Beach  
Island feeling c

CA Beach

Nice place

white

deep green

phase

tall center CFB

Ad Beach

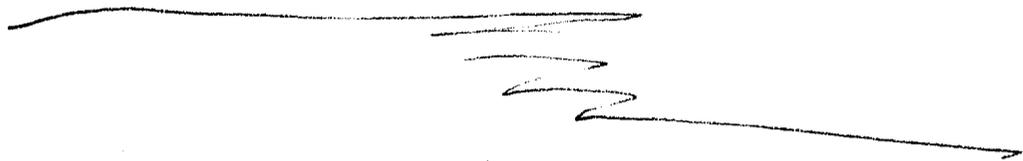
Cove w house c

53° 50" N  
9° 36' W



A low Beach

53° 50" N  
9° 36' W



A road  
B land

A flat  
B Water

S-2

green  
white line

Ocean  
surround

Aol Beach

white reef corals

green island c

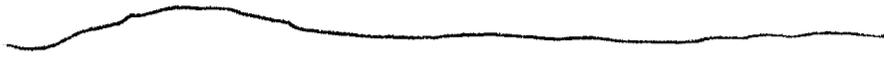
Raised  
light Brown c

Beach

Asl Beach

white Aslan

53° 50" N  
9° 36" W



S-2

many

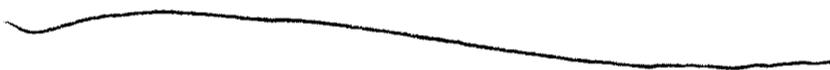
light colored

steel gray

~~Asl Beach~~

Spanish Felis

53° 50" N  
9° 36' W



S-2

many

clustered

square angle

lines

contrasting colors

pink/red CAB

Breaks

-5-

53° 50" N  
9° 36' W



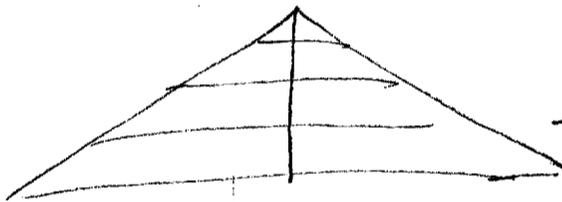
A Rising/fallind

B —

S-Z Angles

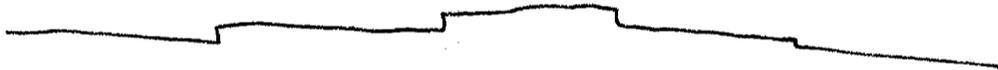
inverted V shape  
steps

Hot Beck



hotel

53° 50" N  
9° 36' W



A —

S-Z long  
low

flat roofs white  
textured walls

Hot Beck  
Expensive feeling

modern pellets

53° 50" N  
9° 36' W

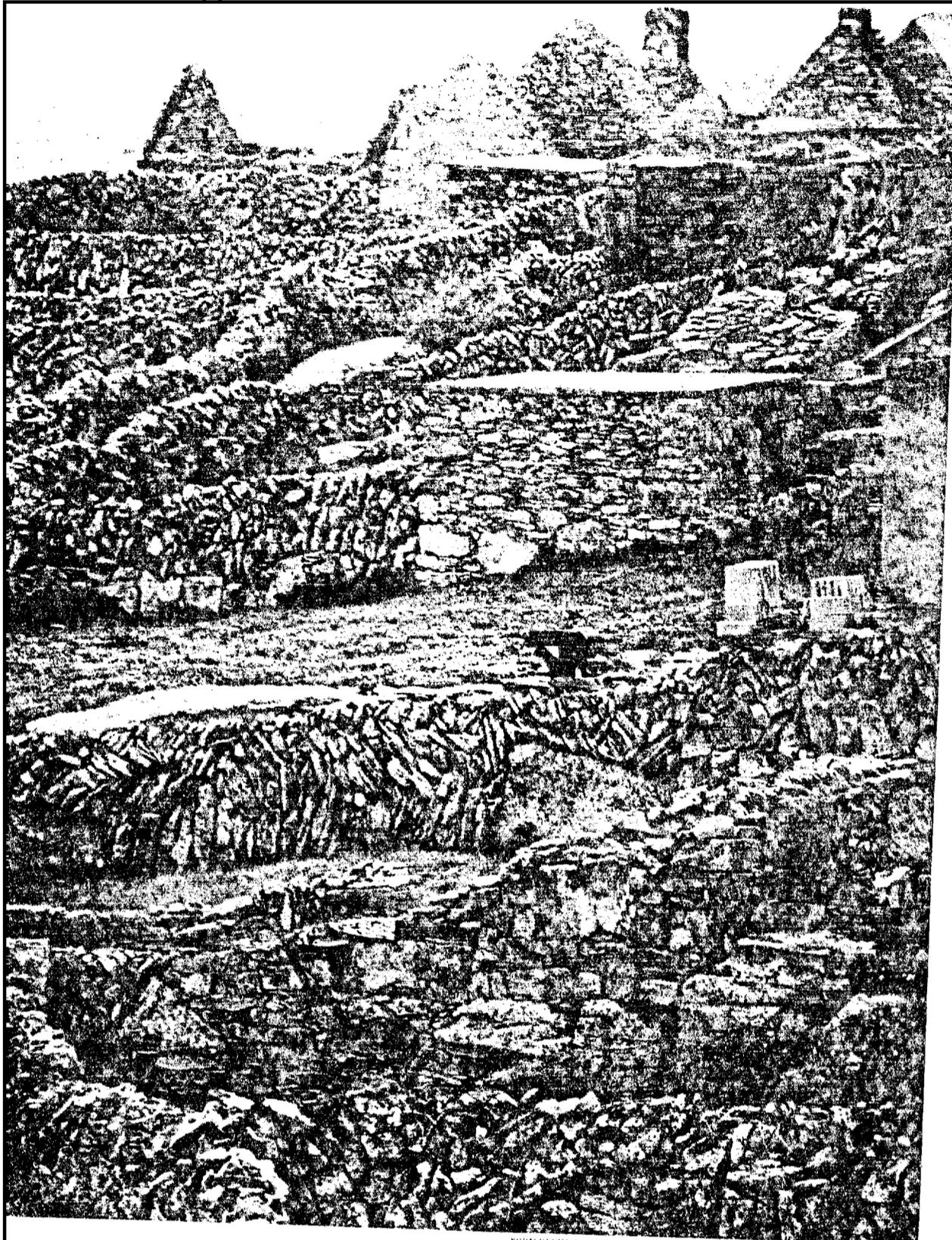


A Mammole

B builds

Sz  
with  
low  
long  
curved  
cars  
clustered c  
rising off  
white c  
stuck c  
curved edges c

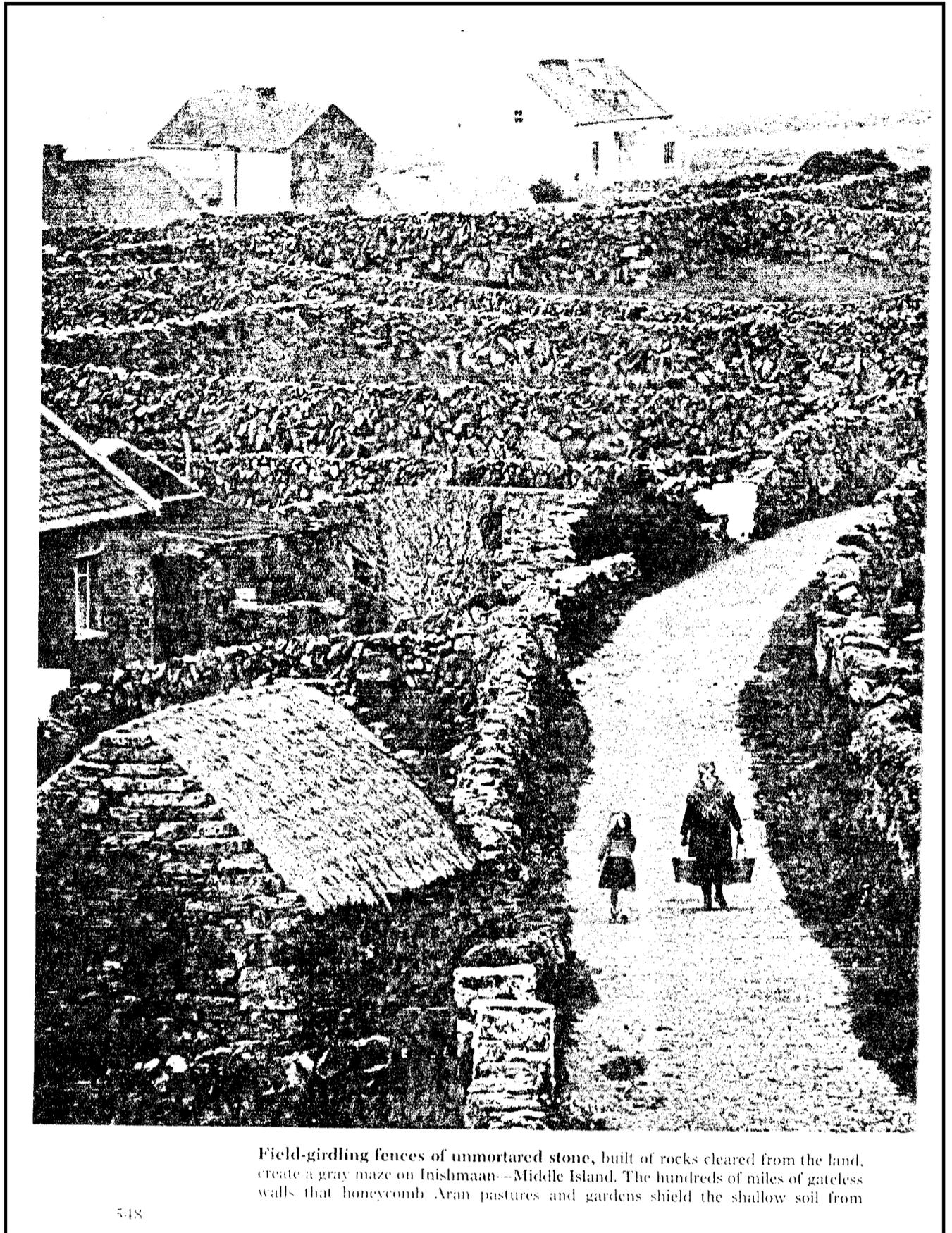
W/D



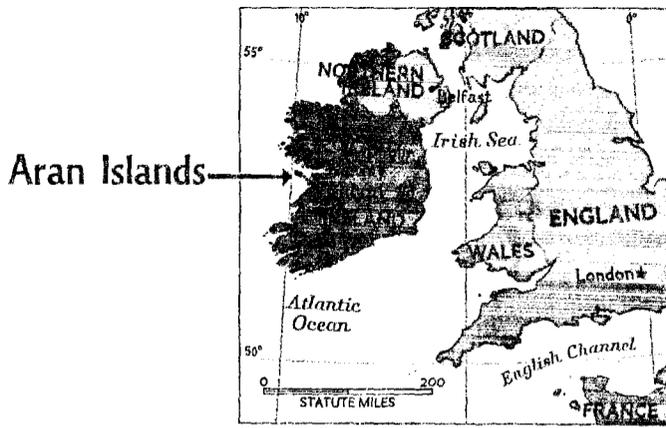
KOHACHROME BY WINFIELD PARKS (© NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY)

buffeting winds. Passage to a field means climbing the fence or taking part of it down. The child and shawl-clad woman trudge toward a distant water pump--one of the daily chores on this timeless isle that even today enjoys few modern conveniences.

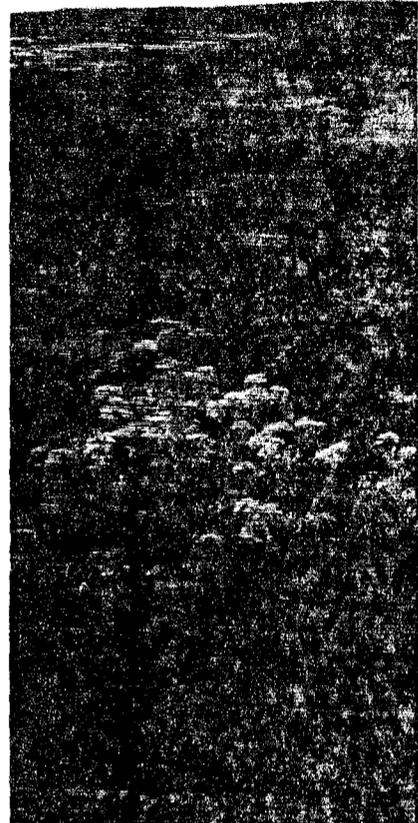
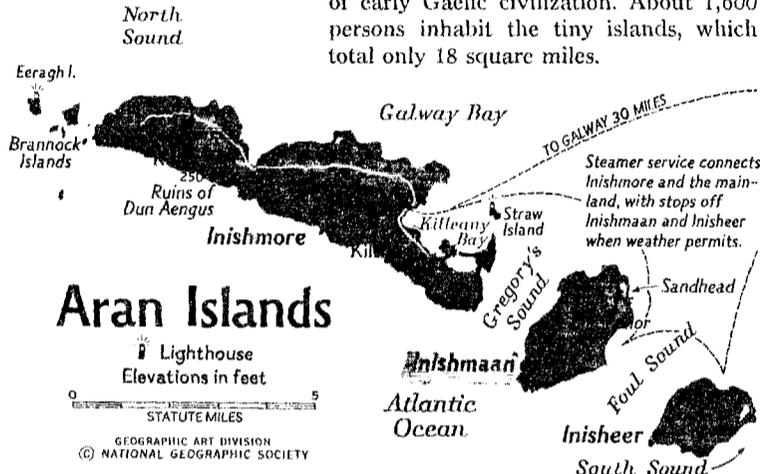
CPYRGHT



Field-girdling fences of unmortared stone, built of rocks cleared from the land, create a gray maze on Inishmaan--Middle Island. The hundreds of miles of gateless walls that honeycomb Aran pastures and gardens shield the shallow soil from



Limestone snaggletooth rooted in Galway Bay, the Aran Isles preserve vestiges of early Gaelic civilization. About 1,600 persons inhabit the tiny islands, which total only 18 square miles.



Fierce love of a dog, mostly proclaimed, delights a farmer in his stone-walled field on Inishmore—Big Island. Colorful wild flowers help relieve the slate-hued sameness of its nearly treeless landscape, constantly filled with the roar of the sea.

Irish mainland, 30 miles away, is the good ship *Naomh Eanna* (pronounced NAVE ANE-uh). There's a touch of South Seas excitement about steamer days. The dock at Galway seethes with action as cargo and mail are loaded and passengers arrive. Capt. Leo Tynan runs a tight little ship, but there's a pleasant sizzle of informality that a big British transatlantic line wouldn't go for at all, at all.

"Well, now, is that everyone?" shouts a navy-jerseyed sailor to the man handling the lines on the quay below. Apparently it is, for down rolls the gangway, throb go the engines, and off sails the *Naomh Eanna*, her whistle blasting across Galway Bay.\*

Only the harbor of Kilronan on Inishmore can accommodate a ship the size of the *Naomh*

\*See "The Friendly Irish," by John Scofield, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, September 1969.

*Eanna*. There is no way to land at Inisheer or Inishmaan except with a smaller boat or a curragh. Curraghs, made from wood covered with tarred canvas, have been in use for as long as men can remember.

**T**HE STEAMER'S WHISTLE sounds; we are nearing Inisheer. I decide to go up on the bridge and meet the skipper.

Captain Tynan is so handsome that he reminds me of a movie star dressed up for the role of captain. He has blue eyes and longish gray hair with sideburns. He wears a yellow slicker over his gold-braided uniform.

A Galway man, Leo Tynan has been master of the *Naomh Eanna* for three years and, before that, her first mate for ten. Despite this solid experience, I still can't help thinking of him as an actor and the bridge a film set.

CPYRGHT