

Phoenix Journal

113



By Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn

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CHAPTER 1

CONTROLLED MEDIA LOSING GRIP AS PEOPLE'S NETWORK CONTINUES TO GROW

Yes, indeed! This week's paper [Sep. 27, 1994] is almost completely news coming from you-the-people. It's flowing over an emerging, incredible network mixing the best of modern technology and good journalism. Of course, it's true that anybody with a fax machine and phone line can jump on the bandwagon—but since the thrust for national reclamation is growing ever more critical, so is the quality and quantity of information being shared. The old "grapevine" can't compete with what we-the-people have now managed to construct across this entire country to knit together our aspirations for freedom. And with each new level of our awakening, the controlled media's blatherings from the vidiot boxes and print media look ever more absurd, losing the spin of their propaganda value.

This week's CONTACT also includes a special, 36-page legal Public Notice insert, required as a consequence of Russell Herman's recent untimely demise. This document accelerates the intended utilization of a very old gold certificate to finance our nation's turnaround at this critical hour. On many levels, our nation is being reborn. Let's not throw away these gifts.

— Dr. Edwin M. Young, Editor-In-Chief

* * *

THANK YOU FROM GRANDMA

September 22nd, 1994
CONTACT, Inc. News

THANK ALL OF YOU

Dear *CONTACT* and readers,
GOD BLESS ALL OF YOU FOR YOUR LETTERS AND CARDS FROM ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, MEXICO, ENGLAND, GERMANY, FRANCE, ISRAEL, and EGYPT (I don't think I left anyone out).

I am HONORED that you call me GRANDMA and Russell, GRANDPA. That means a lot to us, or me, as I am the one left behind; but you know something, every now and then I feel his presence, and I know I am not alone, not without him. And not without all of you beautiful, caring, considerate people who have sent me all the cards and letters that the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WOULD BE ENVI-
OUS TO RECEIVE (and so would any politician).

GRANDPA and I used to say: “We had the biggest family in the history of The HUMAN Race...” You know, that is WHY we worked so hard, lost so much to the point of OUR VERY LIVES, in order that you would have A FIRM GRASP ON YOUR OWN DESTINIES. That is why we worked to SAVE THE CERTIFICATE. THAT IS THE MONEY OF THE PEOPLE. PAPA AND I WERE JUST THE INSTRUMENTS OF RESTORATION OF OUR NATION THE WAY IT IS and WAS SUPPOSED TO BE—nothing more, nothing less.

GRANDPA left all of you a very precious and valuable inheritance in his LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT and NOTICE TO ALL BENEFICIARIES. It is the vehicle to restore your GOLD and SILVER MONETARY SYSTEM. IT’S UP TO ALL OF YOU NOW; PAPA AND I CAN NO LONGER KEEP UP THE EXPENSES TO FIGHT YOUR BATTLES FOR YOU, BUT IT IS LEGAL, TO THE LETTER OF THE LAW. NOW YOU COLLECT THAT WHICH IS YOURS. Love and Light, Peace, Harmony and Tranquility.

Kisses to all of you,
/s/ *Grandma*

* * *

LATEST ON WACO COVER-UP:
PLUG PULLED ON FREEZER!

REACTION TO CRIME BILL

WISCONSIN PROCLAMATION

DEAR MR. SAGAN: HOW ABOUT THE TRUTH?

THE 23rd QUALM

Bill Clinton is my shepherd,
Whom I do not want.
He maketh many lies about green pastures.
He leadeth me beside the still factories.
He restoreth my doubt

about the Democratic Party.
He leadeth me in the paths of
Socialism for his name's sake.
Yea, I will walk through the shadow of debt.
And I will fear much evil, for he is with me.
And Hillary Rodham and her staff,
they discomfort me.
He preparest a tax hike for me,
to give presents to mine enemies.
He anointest my wages with inflation,
so that my expenses runneth over my income.
Surely poverty and hard times shall follow me,
All the days of his administration,
And I will dwell in a rented HUD house forever.

— *Anonymous*

THE NEWS DESK

9/23/94 Ed Cleary

THE IGNORANCE OF PROTESTANT FUNDAMENTALISM

In an article from September 15, 1994 New York Times written by Peter Steinfels, [quoting:]

Evangelical Christians in the United States have suffered their share of scandals. But perhaps the biggest scandal has nothing to do with Elmer Gantry-like antics, sexual or financial. It is what Mark Noll, a highly regarded historian of American religion and himself an evangelical Christian, calls “the scandal of the evangelical mind”.

At least a fourth of the people in the United States classify themselves in surveys as evangelical Christians. The group is probably the largest, certainly the most religiously active and potentially the most politically powerful religious force in the nation.

And yet, Noll says, evangelicals have let their religious tradition sink into intellectual penury, largely bereft of the kind of vigorous intellectual life that would engage their faith with the whole array of modern learning and artistic expression.

“*The Scandal of the Evangelical Mind*,” he writes in a newly published book (William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company) by that title, “is that there is not much of an evangelical mind.”

The stage was set for what Noll bluntly calls the “intellectual disaster of fundamentalism”. Fundamentalism hardened evangelicalism’s emphasis on the authority of the Bible into a strict theory of literal interpretation, a preoccupation with apocalyptic prophecies and a fierce concern with keeping true believers uncontaminated

by others.

Although much of evangelical America is now “post-fundamentalist,” he says, it suffers from lingering habits of anti-intellectualism and of using the *Bible* as a data bank of detailed information rather than for spiritual guidance and rejuvenation.

Under fundamentalist midwifery, he writes, “the evangelical community gave birth to virtually no insights into how, under God, the natural world proceeded, how human societies worked, why human nature acted the way it did, or what constituted the blessings and perils of culture.” [end of quoting]

Historian Mark Noll writes with honest knowledge relative to the ignorance of Protestant Fundamentalism at the end of the 20th century. He sketches the religious history of this evangelical cult from the American Revolution through the Civil War and on into this TV era. He ends it by stating that Fundamentalism is an “intellectual disaster”.

Now this is all pretty words hiding an obvious condition of stupidity in 25% of the American public. When one is ignorant, the condition is one of not knowing; when dull, the condition is of no power to absorb ideas and impressions but when one is stupid, there is present a congenital or temporary lack of intelligence or reason. Apply this to anyone who accepts the concept of a strict literal interpretation of the verbal content of the Bible and you will get the right answer.

Fundamentalism is incessantly preoccupied with all of the apocalyptic prophecies and is quite unaware that the sound is of chattering morons and imbeciles. The only valid and true prophecy is the one that has already happened and has been certified. All prophecy before the certified facts is simple guess work unless the prophet has a 100% accurate track record.

Noll mentions their fierce concern with keeping true believers uncontaminated by others. This song is sung by all the religions. Each religion claims to be the one, true, only, holy instrument of God. The rest are poison, so don't even get close to them.

As this ignorance, dullness and stupidity spreads and spreads and spreads into the nature and activities of planetary religions the need for radical cleansing grows larger and larger.

CHAPTER 2

TOP-SECRET CODEWORD: *CABLESPICE*;
CROOKS TRY TO COUNTER OUR AWAKENING

APFN SONS\DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY

This is a secret document being circulated among Top Government And UN people

CHAPTER 3

UPDATE ON HOPI TRIBE'S WATER RAPE

Editor's note: We share the following correspondence with you who are following and actively working to reverse the plight of the Hopi Nation. It remains to be seen whether or not Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt's proposed solution is one of true substance or just more of the usual. In either case, a spotlight on the problem seems to keep all concerned a bit more honest! The first letter sets the tone of this matter, while the other four (from a different reader's inquiries) chronicle the government's proposed solution.

[SEE NEXT PAGE]

CHAPTER 4

THE PIPELINE, Part II

by Michael Maholy

SABINE PASS, TEXAS

*Editor's note: Last week we had the pleasure of presenting Part I of "The Pipeline". We have noted that the name **Abear** is a phonetic spelling of the name **Hebert**. We are correcting it in this week's presentation of Part II.*

Last week when we left off I had explained how tons of cocaine had entered the United States via the great remote wilderness of the swamps that infest the lower Atchafalaya River Delta in the southernmost regions of Louisiana. As I and Russel Hebert, C.I.A. drug smuggler and pilot, left Morgan City, LA in a Bell helicopter that was being piloted by another C.I.A. pilot, we were headed to our final destination of the tour, which was to conclude upon landing on ZAPATA "7", a semi-submersible oil and gas exploration drilling rig, that was located at pier 4 in the port of Sabine Pass, Texas.

My mission was to oversee the loading of some 5,000 weapons that would be stored in the massive ballast tanks that kept the rig afloat. These weapons would come from the steel foundries that I had mentioned earlier in the chapter. The weapons, along with over one million rounds of ammunitions would go to countries such as Honduras, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Panama.

It was all that the C.I.A. helicopter pilot could do to see through the intense monsoon-type thunderstorms that had moved inland from the Gulf of Mexico. The fury of this tropical depression that would batter the coastal shorelines, was just one short step from becoming a hurricane. As we raced toward Sabine Pass, normally a thirty-minute chopper ride, I could feel the force and power of mother nature at work. The helicopter was being tossed around like a small bug in a whirlwind. Thoughts would race through my mind, thinking to myself, is this God's message to me for dealing in the weapons of destruction and for bringing the poison into the lives of thousands? Thoughts that needed to be taken with a note of seriousness. We were tired, but sleep would not come, wondering if we were going to slam the ground at any second. I kept telling myself, was I even going to get a chance to spend the one-hundred-thousand dollars that was waiting at ZAPATA "7" for me, plus the additional thirty-five thousand I would make for overseeing the loading operation? It was a perfect time to break out the 4th marijuana joint I brought along to fight off the flow of my very thinned blood. The potent joint would calm all three of us down somewhat.

The pilot broke the erie silence by informing us that ZAPATA "7" was just five minutes dead ahead. He would be busy monitoring the pale green blips on the radar screen that indicated the large amount of air traffic in the area due to evacuations of the hundreds of oil field personnel that were aboard rigs scattered along the Gulf Coast. He then informed us that the tropical storm would be up-graded to a Hurricane, that the winds now were gusting to 80-miles-per-hour. As soon as he told us that, we saw the huge floating hotel, ZAPATA "7". As we touched the helo-pad deck we all felt that we once again had beaten the odds. In what seemed to be a few seconds, a highly trained ground crew had the million dollar piece of flying metal secured to the lighted helo-deck. From there, we were escorted down to the lower levels of the rig.

On my way through the maze of hallway passages of this spectacular vessel, I was amazed at the enormous size of this ship. ZAPATA “7” was considered the ghost ship of the Bushs’ family of drilling rigs. All of the things that made up this 62-million-dollar piece of hardware were designed with every conceivable aspect of engineering possible. Designers from all over the globe would put their ideas together to come up with this awesome work of art. The rig would have state-of-the-art equipment, wherever one looked. If the rig had a landing strip for jets and a nuclear weapons system one would think he was on the aircraft carrier *NIMITZ*!

We were informed by a former Navy Seal, who worked for Bush and Oliver North, that there would be a briefing in the galley at 1300 hours. It was just 0900 so I had time to shower and shave before the briefing. The shower felt very good. The air-conditioning was quite cool so I returned to my cabin and put on a two-piece sweat suit. I then laid back and proceeded to read one of my favorite magazines, *National Geographic*. It was a funny coincidence that I was reading about the swamps of the Amazon Rain Forest, a place I have been several times before, and which resembled where Hebert and myself had just come from.

At five minutes to 1300, a crew member had come to take us through the maze of passage-ways to the galley where a steak and shrimp meal awaited us. There would be no beer today, thank God! The food on these rigs is unbelievable. It equaled the equipment in the sense that no expense was spared in buying the best food that money could buy. After all, a full-bellied crew is a happy, productive crew. When out at sea, in the middle of nowhere, you must feed a man good, or you will get poor results. There was no room on ZAPATA “7” for any mistakes or poor results. Bad judgement that caused error was virtually unheard of. George Bush would not tolerate any mistakes; he could not afford any publicity.

Without my knowledge, there was another visitor aboard ZAPATA “7”. His name was Alex Bernstein, from the Washington offices. This man’s job was to secure safe passage and entry into foreign waters. He held a diplomat’s position, and was working for Bush. ZAPATA OIL would see to it that his man had funds placed in several banks through-out the world. Bernstein was a major player in this massive smuggling operation. Just one lethal phone call from this power figure could spell disaster for the whole plan. He was well aware of his position, and played the part to the fullest. This was the first time that I had ever met Bernstein face to face. Did you ever have a first-sense feeling about someone that you didn’t like, or trust? These were my feelings kicking in, the feeling that I have depended on all my life, it seemed. This man was another piece of shit, only worse than the Arkansas State Trooper /D.E.A./ corrupt lawman, Swint. Swint was a snake all right, only he rattled. Bernstein, on the other hand, was a Cobra. When Bernstein entered the room he acted as though he were the President himself. Only he looked a little like Pee-Wee Herman, a piss-ant of a fellow. The more this man opened his mouth, the more that I disliked him. In reality, this man did not have the sense that God had given to a goose! My partner Hebert, the “ragin’ Cajun”, made the statement that one day this Capitol Hill piece of dung would piss someone off and they will never find him. Well, his prophecies would come to pass, some six years later, when Bernstein would become another one of Washington’s many mysterious suicides; you know, ones like so many of the Clinton gang have dropped real dead from. Funny thing, Hebert was half right, only they found him.

THE PLAN

Before I go into the vitals of the loading operation, and the distribution end of the plan, you must under-

stand the enormous participation of all the players of this multi-billion-dollar plan to take weapons out of the country and bring drugs back into the country. It reaches the highest levels of government, state, and local authorities throughout this nation, as well as many other countries. It is all one big massive operation devised to make millions of illegal dollars for the rich and powerful people who never seem to have enough. In this country, the plan is for the rich to get richer and for the poor to stay poor. There is no leeway for the common people such as you and I. If we resist or even attempt to conspire against the political brass up on Capitol Hill we will be imprisoned or, as in so many instances, killed.

The one main ingredient that any business must have before it can be functional and show a profit, is the product. Without the weapons, they will have no product. If people like Bush, North and the Clinton clan had to purchase the weapons at retail prices, the smuggling plan would not show a profit. These people are accustomed to making a lot of money and, if investigated through means such as we all are just now hearing about, you will hopefully find out that much of their money came from operations like this. If they did not find a way to get the weapons from the foundries, they would have to devise another method of obtaining the product. The decision was made that the weapons would come from the thousands of seized or forfeited weapons that are taken everyday from people across the nation. So through many under-the-table bribes and other offers to the persons in charge of sending the confiscated firearms to their destruction, and also the steel foundries personnel, these weapons would be secured. Sounds like a hard thing to accomplish but not if the price or the bait was presented just right. Many of the people would be enticed with money, homes, planes, boats, properties in other countries, and even the promise of very good schooling for their children. Now it may not have worked with everyone who was approached, but there were a lot of crooked people that did take the bait.

This plan was in the making for years. In fact, it was thought up in the 1970s. A plan was presented to members of the congress, that they needed to get tough on anyone who was in possession of firearms during the commission of a felony. The new laws would call for the seizure of any and all of the weapons, whether they were used or not. The law agencies would confiscate them. No ifs, ands or buts about it, you would lose your right to bear arms. Now, stop and think for just one minute, how many people do you know of personally that either own a firearm, or who know someone who has one. You will probably come up with several candidates. Some may own only one, some may own quite a few. There are virtually millions across the nation. So now you know where the supply comes from.

The people who vote to confiscate these weapons are in most cases either afraid or scared to shoot down the bill because they might lose their job. A perfect example was the voting of the newly passed Crime Bill. Clinton actually threatened members of congress to either vote now for the bill, or some of them would find themselves out of a job. Many did not even know what was in the package, nor did they care. The final result was a vote to ban several types of automatic weapons, the type that are needed for a quick resale in other countries. Single-shot weapons do not win battles. [*Obviously, the Crime Bill provides a whole new "harvest" of weapons.*]

So now the first part of the master plan is completed. We have the weapons, now we must prepare them for shipment. The guns are now sent to warehouses where they will be packed in plastic cylinders that are water tight. Each container will hold anywhere from one to two-hundred weapons, depending on the individual weapon itself. The weapons must be kept from being damaged during the occurrence of any high seas, or rough sailing, therefore much care is taken in the packing of these guns. Guns that are

damaged would not bring a good quality price, even if traded for drugs. The people in Southern countries are poor, but by no means dumb.

We are now back at Sabine Pass, and looking down from the height of one hundred feet, from the control room of ZAPATA “7”. We are informed that the truck, a semi-tractor trailer rig, which by the way is also owned by ZAPATA Trucking, out of ZAPATA, TEXAS, is ready to start the unloading of the large plastic (P.V.C.) containers placed in a large cargo net, where four containers at a time will be hoisted aboard. Once aboard, they will be hoisted up on yet another crane, one at a time, then lowered through a thirty-six-inch-diameter hole that was cut especially for the containers. By cutting a new hole into the remote corners of the large ballast tanks, a person would never suspect looking there for anything, not even Customs personnel. After securing the containers from having any movement whatsoever, the hole would be welded shut, sanded down and the whole entire section of ZAPATA “7” would be painted. Again, the cost of securing the weapons was not in question.

The weapons are safely aboard now, resting in their tomb until the rig reaches its final destination. No one would lay eyes on them again until they are to be unloaded down south. The man in charge, George Bush, would be notified of the completed operation.

After all the loading was completed, our presence was no longer needed, except for what briefing Hebert was giving to the Special-Ops personnel. This information would include logistics and going over many of the off-loading procedures. Russel Hebert would show them several remote jungle landing strips and helicopter landing areas where the weapons would be delivered to. I would now wait for him in another section of the rig, the control room, where there were instruments that are interesting to me. It was like standing in NORAD with all of its high-tech radars, computers, radios and data equipment. Truly unbelievable. Whoever set this up was very informed about how the equipment would be used and placed. But the old saying applied, that “money makes money”.

The storm was hovering above us now, in full force. No flights would be leaving until the storm would subside. I tried to make talk, just small talk, with some of the people who were assigned to ZAPATA “7”, but as I had expected, talk was minimal. After all, the whole crew was hand-picked for their various jobs. All crew members had to be trained for performing an oil field-related job. What I mean is, there was a driller, a company man, floor hands, deck hands, roustabouts, chefs, stewards and a motorman. These people doubled for their jobs. All of the crew was at one time involved with some type of military tactical training somewhere around the world. Many spoke different languages as well. All were fit and in great shape as though they were prepared to defend their cache of weapons, and believe me they would if the need arose.

Hebert suggested that we go to a place just three miles from the rig, in a seedy section of the port, to partake in some nighttime activity. I politely refused, as I had had enough excitement for the past two days to keep me going for awhile. So with that he suggested that we go get paid for what we had done. I was ready for the loot to be distributed, so I told him let’s hit the gas and be done with it.

The money was all there, just as they said it would be. I myself had made \$135,000 in just two days. Something in the back of my mind told me that this was the Devil’s money, but what can I say, I needed cash, easy cash. Besides, I thought, the Vice President, Bush will take care of me; if not him, then good old

Oliver North will for sure.

Well, it was time for us to leave ZAPATA “7” and head back to the pirates’ lair of Morgan City, LA. The storm lifted enough for us to make our get-away. On the flight back, I asked Russel what he had going on for the next few days. He would fly me back to my doorstep, then drop off some drugs and money in St. Louis, MO, then on to Chicago, IL, to pick up some more cash, then to Memphis, TN, then back to Morgan City, LA. He would be very busy the next few days, but as for me, I had only four days left in my vacation to enjoy myself and also to prepare for my return back to South America, and my Naval duties of monitoring cable traffic and the like.

So that was how the weapons would leave this country. Next time I will explain the rest of the Pipe Line as I take you to the tropics for another chapter of lust, greed, desire and smuggling from the high seas to the jungles. Until then, may God bless you all.

Yours Truly,

/s/ (Captain) Michael Maholy

CHAPTER 5

WHAT'S IN A BRAND-NAME CIGARETTE? HOW ABOUT OPIUM IN THE PAPER!

Here is the second article of our health trio. No doubt you remember all the “smoke” and “fire” generated in the media earlier this year over the cigarette issue.

The really big deal has been that oh-so-mysterious Secret List of proprietary ingredients, snippets of which have finally been leaked—such as we presented in “THE NEWS DESK” of the 4/26/94 issue of CONTACT.

We can only surmise that the entire list must be a real doozy, as far as a roster of choice poisons calculated to “heighten” the smoker’s “enjoyment” of the product—to use that sleazy promotional legalese spouted by the tobacco industry spokesrobots during those pageants of Congressional hearings.

From a scientific point of view, it has been particularly amusing to watch how the media has soft-pedaled the issue of combustion byproducts—the chemicals produced by the burning process itself. And the way of cigarette burning, as you “take a drag” on that smoldering stick, is mostly what is called Incomplete Burning. This is like putting a lid on your outdoor grill to starve the charcoal or gas flame, and right off the bat produces carbon monoxide! Thus the smoker’s “inhaled pleasures”, sucked directly into the lungs are, bluntly, a nightmarish array of highly toxic and poorly understood gaseous chemical fragments, most of which result from those “oh-so-innocent” (tobacco industry legalese, again) additive ingredients.

But——what about THE PAPER in which those name-brand cigarettes are rolled? You haven’t seen ANYONE—for all the media hounds chasing this matter with their clever undercover tieclip cameras and supersecret informants—even BEGIN TO DARE to mention this crowning trick of that “oh-so-innocent” (hear the violins in the background?) tobacco industry.

Well, long-time readers of the CONTACT, and on back to CONTACT’s predecessor, THE PHOENIX LIBERATOR, will probably still remember the following exceptionally well researched writing, which was anonymously penned by “one” who would be very familiar to our readers under other circumstances.

The following is reprinted from Pages 13-15 of the 1/14/92 issue of THE PHOENIX LIBERATOR—almost THREE YEARS AGO now! We share it again here as a critical refresher for all of our readers about an important missing “ingredient” in this hot topic.

Between just this and the human-guinea pig radiation experiments of the ’50s and early ’60s that have recently come to the public’s attention, it’s a wonder any of us are still alive to annoy the soulless, satanic Elite-New World Order controllers who are behind all of these shenanigans. But here we are—thanks to God’s help and some anti-oxidant vitamins—oh yeh, the systematic confiscation of vitamins—but that’s a whole ‘nother story for some other day!

-Dr. Edwin M. Young, *Editor-In-Chief*

A. N. OTHER 12/31/91

The United States Government and the tobacco industry are playing a dangerous game with your health when it comes to warnings about cigarette smoking. If you are a smoker, you have quite literally been deceived into believing that the tar in nicotine is the main ingredient that makes smoking a habit-forming health hazard: **“The Surgeon General Has Determined That Smoking Is Hazardous To Your Health.”** That warning label is deemed sufficient to protect you from the dangers of smoking.

As a smoker you have been led to believe that addiction to nicotine and danger from the tar it produces is your only problem. If this is what you believe, then read on. Your life may depend on it. Cigarettes are not just tobacco rolled up in fancy thin papers with brand names stenciled on them. Indeed, the secret of addiction to tobacco-smoking may lie in the paper itself. A doctor friend of mine who has done a lot of research on smoking told me, when I began this investigation, that he was once invited to visit a cigarette paper-making factory in the course of his research work. Before being shown around the plant, he had to don a coverall made of a paper-like substance, which covered him from head to foot.

He was shown various stages of manufacture including a sealed room which his guide said was a paper impregnation plant. My doctor friend was informed that in this building the paper was impregnated with a substance to ensure even, slow burning without the taste of burning paper. Later, when he got home (he kept the coverall as a souvenir), he had the fine dust on it analyzed and when the lab results came back, lo and behold, the dust contained traces of **opium**.

The doctor is thus under the firm impression that paper used for cigarette manufacture is first impregnated with **OPIUM**. It is the opium that causes addiction to smoking. Even in small quantities, opium is extremely addictive. In his opinion, based upon research on nicotine, he found that it is not nicotine alone that makes a tobacco addict, but rather, it is the opium used to impregnate the paper, plus the nicotine, that is the root cause of addiction to smoking.

My doctor friend is a smoker himself, and in order to prove his point, he changed to rolling his own cigarettes. Kits to roll cigarettes can be bought in smokers' speciality shops, and consist of a supply of thin paper (apparently no different from the usual cigarette paper), tobacco, plus a device that rolls the paper around the tobacco.

After trying several brands of loose tobacco and rolling his own cigarettes for three weeks, his craving was not relieved. Rather, it became worse. Finally, after three weeks of home-rolled cigarettes, he went back to his favorite brand of manufactured cigarette. **“The relief was instant, the satisfaction gratifying,”** he told me. As a result of his experiment, the doctor is more than ever convinced that addiction to smoking does not come from tobacco alone, but from the PAPER used by cigarette companies, no matter what brand of tobacco is used.

Do you believe this is far-fetched? Well, if you do, that is exactly what the Government and the tobacco industry want you to believe. You might wish to reconsider the matter after you take into account the

following information. If you have any lingering doubts thereafter, then I urge you to write to the Department of Health and Human Services and ask them about it.

You might not get a response from the Government, but you will be certain to attract the attention of Stanley Temko, a lawyer at Covington and Burling, legal guardians of the tobacco industry. If that causes concern, then you might try Senator Jesse Helms, so filled with rectitude when it comes to Manuel Noriega (accused, but far from proven guilty, of being a cocaine smuggler). Helms represents North Carolina, the premier tobacco-growing state in the nation.

On second thought, Senator Helms might not be inclined to enlighten you, so you might then try the Office on Smoking and Health, a Government watchdog agency which is supposed to have our health and welfare at heart. Dr. Ronald Davis, who **resigned from the agency** earlier this year, is on record as stating: “I think the consumers have a right to know what is in tobacco products, but I’m not allowed, under law, to release this information to the public.”

The Office on Smoking and Health and the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS) are the keepers of the keys to the top-secret lists of what ingredients go into making your favorite brand of cigarette, the additives that give tobacco its “flavor”, keep it soft, and give it that special aroma. If you thought “taste” was just an advertising gimmick, you would be wrong. “Taste” is very important to tobacco addicts, which is why cigarette manufacturers go to such lengths to create it.

Before doing any writing, or phoning your Senator, the tobacco companies or HHS, you might want to reflect upon the wisdom of arousing the watchdog. “Let sleeping dogs lie” may be preferred to “kicking a sleeping dog”. You see, the list of ingredients that go into cigarettes is TOP SECRET. Yes, that is right, TOP SECRET. Government doesn’t like people nosing around top secret documents, and the tobacco industry is paranoid about secrecy. They might decide to take a note of your name for future reference.

The tobacco industry does not want smokers to know that, apart from tobacco, he or she is inhaling acetone, methyl salicylate, turpentine, glycyrrhizic acid, caramel, shellac, catechol, acetaldehyde, amino acids. What are the effects of these substances on the body when heated, i.e., at that magic moment when you first light up and deeply inhale?

Take caramel, added to give flavor—which smokers believe comes from their favorite tobacco mix. When the burning end of a cigarette heats the caramel—or any other of the many types of sugar used in the manufacture of cigarettes—it produces catechol which, when combined with some of the other additives, strengthens their carcinogenic properties.

This is called a Synergistic Reaction. In tests on laboratory rats using a number of vitamins, scientists Ken Anderson, R. T. Bartus, C. E. Girgea, Kaufman and several others found that by combining vitamins with other substances, a synergistic reaction was observed. What this means, for instance, is that rats on choline didn’t show that much improvement, but when combined with piracetum, the resulting improvement was dramatic. Reverse synergistic effects happen when caramel is burned with other additives in cigarettes, thus strengthening their carcinogenic properties.

Do you like licorice? Most kids do, but smokers would not be amused if you told them they were smoking

it in the additive licorice root—glycyrrhizic acid—used to flavor and keep tobacco moist, which the American Health Foundation says gives off polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons when burned—and that means smokers are inhaling a known cancer-causing substance along with their aroma-filled tobacco smoke.

How about amino acids? Now, most everybody knows that amino acids are what DNA is all about—and don't health food stores sell amino acids, so what is so bad about it? The trick is not to heat amino acids, nor combine them with other substances that might give a synergistic effect. Once heated, amino acids give off suspected carcinogens, says the American Health Institute.

You can't smoke without applying heat; I mean, where there is tobacco there has got to be heat, and where there is heat there has to be smoke, and where there is tobacco smoke there are carcinogens. So now you know: cigarettes consist of a good deal more than just blended tobacco rolled in paper, even though the outside package of your favorite brand doesn't list any additives.

Your Virginia Slims, Marlboros, Winstons, Camels, Kools, or any other brand you favor, contain, in varying degrees, a number of chemicals, plant extracts and other substances which tests in France proved can amount to as much as 8 percent of the content of what you enjoy so much when you inhale that smoke. Do not be deceived by the printed information on that attractive packaging, **“Ingredients: Selected Fine Tobaccos”**.

Like Mrs. Nancy Reagan's non-solution to the drug addiction problem washing like a tidal wave over this nation, “just say no,” or applying a PARTIAL warning label to a package of cigarettes, isn't going to solve the problem. In any case every smoker thinks smoking-induced cancer is strictly for the other fellow.

The warning label cigarette packages carry is meaningless and will remain so until the SECRET ADDITIVES in the tobacco are printed on the label alongside what they are capable of doing to your health. It is time that the FDA enforced its own rules but, given the huge amounts of money spread around Washington by powerful tobacco industry lobbyists, this is still a long way off.

Since the FDA requires strict labeling of ingredients used in ALL foodstuffs, why then is the tobacco industry exempted from these requirements? Not that tobacco is a foodstuff. But if it is compulsory to properly label household detergents and to tell the public what is inside a bottle of apple jelly or peanut butter or ketchup, why conceal the deadly poison that is added to an already dangerous substance called nicotine? How about cigarette paper? Is it impregnated with opium or not? Why aren't consumers told what, if anything, goes into the making of the paper?

Here is something you ought to know about nicotine: It causes flushing, a sense of warmth, heart palpitations, nausea (especially in first-time smokers), dyspepsia, muscle cramps, blurred vision, a lowered blood pressure when rising from a sitting position and is suspected of causing deformities in unborn babies if the mothers smoke during pregnancy.

In the 1960s, when the truth about tar in nicotine was brought out and stories about lung cancer caused by tobacco swept the land, the tobacco industry went into a state of panic which resulted in the production of “low in tar” brands to offset dramatic losses in sales. These so-called “light” brands were to help assuage the guilty feeling among those who could not bring themselves to kick the smoking habit, even knowing what they were doing to their bodies.

“Light” cigarettes consisted of lighter blends of tobacco, plus filters which were so dense that smokers could no longer get the all-important “taste” of their cigarettes. “Safe” cigarettes became “tasteless” cigarettes. The tobacco industry’s solution to tasteless cigarettes was to use more and more additives of the kinds already enumerated so that “taste” and “flavor” were restored.

But unbeknown to the fans of “light” cigarettes, the cigarette they believed was lighter and safer was now more deadly than the regular type, because of the heavy dosage of secret ingredients it took to restore what smokers wanted most, taste and flavor.

Do our government agencies know about this? Yes, they do. So why don’t those agencies responsible for protecting our national health do something about the menace? They did, or thought they had done something with passage of a 1984 law which called upon manufacturers of cigarettes to list “health risks associated with smoking cigarettes containing any substances commonly added to commercially manufactured cigarettes”.

That was in 1984; yet in spite of urgent appeals to the cigarette industry to come clean, by 1991 they have still not done so. In 1984 a Surgeon General’s report said that data about additives was impossible to obtain, “because cigarette companies are not required by law to reveal what additives they use in each and every brand of cigarettes they manufacture.” What the Surgeon General wanted was a meaningful list of additives that could be related to amounts contained in each cigarette.

Succumbing somewhat to public pressure arising from these disclosures, Congress reluctantly passed a law later that year (1984) which mandated that cigarette manufacturers provide HHS each year with a list of additives used in cigarette manufacturing. However, the tobacco industry was successful in subverting that law. Congress sold out to the tobacco industry—it is called “reaching a compromise”.

Instead of each and every cigarette manufacturer being compelled to give a complete listing of specific additives and amounts going into each and every brand of cigarette produced, the industry—not each manufacturer—was allowed to get away with a general listing of additives which was and still is totally lacking in detail. These annual lists have been described by anti-smoking groups as “page after page of meaningless, useless names”. But according to Covington and Burling, the tobacco industry is “complying with the law”.

Then the tobacco industry scored an even greater triumph over we, the people. It got a provision entered into law which said that the lists of additives were not to be published or made available to the public or research scientists. To this day it is a crime to provide information contained in the TOP SECRET lists. The “state secrets” of the tobacco industry remain sacrosanct. Dutifully each year the tobacco industry gives HHS its secret list and, each year, H.H.S. dutifully locks the list in its safe, away from prying eyes.

If you believe the cigarette industry lists of deadly additives are public property—in short, a Government document—try getting it under the Freedom Of Information Act (FOIA). You will come up blank no matter how hard you try. The FDA insists on Twinkies being properly labeled, but has nothing to say when it comes to cancer-causing agents in cigarettes and why they should be excluded from cigarette packaging warning labeling.

But even if you achieved the seemingly impossible and obtained a copy of the lists, it wouldn't mean very much in its unrelated state. All you would see would be a long list of chemicals with difficult to pronounce names, not grouped or related to any brand of cigarette. If you are dogged enough to stick with it, you would be able to unravel the jumble of chemical names, but how would you relate that information to INDIVIDUAL brand names of cigarettes? Only the cigarette manufacturers could do it, but they are not about to oblige us in any way, shape or form. Cigarette manufacturers say it is their right to protect their "recipes"—they call them trade secrets—over the rights of consumers to know what goes into their favorite cigarettes. This rule does not apply to cereals, canned foods, etc. Apparently the FDA agrees with the tobacco industry for, thus far, the FDA continues to look the other way. Is it a case of special privileges? I think so, otherwise what else should we call it?

Remember this the next time you pass one of those billboards along the highway where some tough-looking rancher sits on his horse smoking a Marlboro as his fiercely keen eyes scan the wide blue skies above him. It would be better for him, and for us, if he were to drop his gaze for a moment and take in the cancer wards filled with pain-wracked or so-doped-out-by-morphine patients, to whom life has become meaningless as it nears its end. Cigarettes are indeed the most dangerous product sold in America. Better yet, why don't anti-smoking groups go out and erect such "cancer ward" billboards—preferably as close as possible to the blue-sky blue-smoke Marlboro billboards? Come to think of it, a lot of people would find it a sobering experience the next time they pass that hitherto attractive outdoor scene.

CHAPTER 6

UPDATE ON *ULTIMATUM RESOLUTION*

CHAPTER 7

WE CHALLENGE ANYONE TO DISPROVE
THESE FACTS ABOUT INCOME TAX LAW

CHAPTER 8

THE NAVAJO NATION'S LONG STRUGGLE FOR CULTURAL SURVIVAL

Readers of CONTACT need no introduction to the plight of the Native Americans. In past issues we have repeatedly called attention to various tribes and some of the current problems they are experiencing as a result of—who else—the satanic Elite crooks and their puppets in high places of Government. These serpents plot day and night to get the Native Americans as exterminated as the rest of us. And so far the bad guys are winning, if you haven't noticed.

What follows is a collage or snapshot we would like to share with you through a trio of articles—some things old and some things new—which offer a more personal glimpse into the problems with which the Native Americans are struggling in this age of mass mind-control techniques, an age bombarded as it is with the likes of heavy-metal MTV and other unprecedented, downward-spiraling cultural stresses.

For all with eyes open, this bombardment is relentless and from all directions. THE PROTOCOLS OF THE LEARNED ELDERS OF ZION are being carried out to the letter by the satanic Elite would-be serpent kings, pushing toward their New World Order.

Our first article of the trio is from Notre Dame Magazine (Room 415, Main Building, Notre Dame, IN 46556; 219-631-5335; subscription rates: \$15 for one year and \$27 for two years). This is a fine quarterly publication whose articles cover a wide variety of subjects with such an exceptional level of insight, humanity and spirit that many non-alumni of the University of Notre Dame get hooked as loyal readers. From an “up close and personal” perspective, this article sets the tone for the cultural struggle of the modern Navajo nation.

The second article focuses on the 1868 Navajo Treaty. This document was just recently sent to the CONTACT offices (as things seem to “just happen” to appear when we need them) and was actually the catalyst for our putting together of this trio of articles. As an alumnus, I had already read and admired the depth of the Notre Dame Magazine article—with its provocative references to this pivotal 1868 Treaty. Now, with these two items in tandem, we had the makings for something exceptional to share with you students of history.

*The Navajo Treaty—1868
I hope to God
you will not ask me
to go to any other country
except my own.
—Barboncito, Navajo Chief
(May, 1868)*

The third and final little gem of an article comes from The Chronicle Of Higher Education (1255

Twenty-Third Street, N.W., Washington D.C. 20037; subscription rate is \$75 per year at P.O. Box 1955, Marion, OH 43305). This is another excellent publication—actually “the bible” of weekly information—for all of us who monitor the goings-on in the field of Higher Education. They “just happened” (see what I mean) to run this particular End Paper column recently and we include it here. Call it “the frosting on the cake”, if you will, with some good additional information about a traveling display for those of you who live in certain locations.

The plight of our Native American brothers is as central a part of the agenda for reclaiming this nation as are those matters of Constitutional reform more talked about and visible. After all, it's that same den of Elite serpent-kings who have a strangle-hold on all of us.

Meanwhile, CONTACT's position is a simple one: get informed. The more informed we are and the better we understand each other's situation, the better position we are in to lend a helping hand to the benefit of us all.

With that in mind, read on—and look out, serpents! There is a resilience to those who love this great land of America that hasn't been reckoned with yet.

— Dr. Edwin M. Young, Editor-In-Chief

*After we get back to our country
it will brighten up again
and the Navajos will be
as happy as the land,
black clouds will rise
and there will be plenty of rain.
Corn will grow in abundance and
everything look happy.*

—Barboncito, Navajo Chief

CROSSROADS IN THE DESERT

[SEE NEXT PAGE]

CHAPTER 9

THE NAVAJO TREATY—1868
TREATY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA & THE NAVAJO TRIBE OF INDIANS

CHAPTER 10

NAVAJO TREATY, Cont'd

CHAPTER 11

CHAPTER 12

REFOUNDING AMENDMENT UPDATE

CHAPTER 13

MARK FROM MICHIGAN & JACK MCLAMB SPEAK OUT FOR FREEDOM

Editor's note: Just a reminder : CONTACT does not advocate armed anything. The following is merely the reporting of an event which recently took place in Bakersfield, CA. See related info. on pgs. 66-69.

by Rick Martin 10/12/94

On Saturday, October 8, at the Bakersfield Convention Center in Bakersfield, Calif., concerned citizens gathered to hear about the New World Order and what it means to them.

With approximately 1,000 people in attendance, a huge American flag (without the gold fringe representing the on-going state of *marshal law*) served as the backdrop, center stage. A khaki-clad Vietnam vet minister delivered a passionate, if not openly angry, invocation declaring an unyielding commitment to freedom under God. Local radio announcer Richard Palmquist of KDNO delivered a brief message and introduction, ending with the statement, "Death to the New World Order, life to God's World Order."

Richard Palmquist was followed by a former member of the armed forces, John Pusos. Pusos delivered a passionate talk elevating the virtues of the American soldier as representative of the principled, highest and best that man has to offer amidst the public reality of being unacknowledged and greatly underestimated. Using the words *duty, honor and country* as a springboard for a commentary of constitutional freedoms in jeopardy, John Pusos then asked the question, "Is this the twilight for America?" He then introduced retired Phoenix, Arizona policeman Jack McLamb, well known to the attending audience.

Jack McLamb opened his talk by playing a song titled, "Watch Out For Marshal Law." He then asked permission, removed his tie and coat, and began with the opening statement, "I hope to bring you a positive uplift tonight." He then went on to thank all under-cover agents within the audience because "they're our best converts". Jack titled his talk *Bakersfield Reality Check 1994*. Adding, "This is the greatest time the Lord has given us."

Referring to his law enforcement training in Phoenix, "We were being trained to protect and serve the system from the people." And, "No longer are we called peace officers. We're now called enforcement officers. That's a big difference."

In an effort to drive home the importance of the individual and to emphasize what he referred to as "the ripple effect", the unknown effect one person can have on another's life, Jack recounted his golden-boy career with the Phoenix police force—until, one day, he was asked a puzzling question by a man of some eighty-odd years, "Do you believe in unholding your oath of office?" Well, chagrined by such a question, McLamb responded to the query, "Well, yes, of course I believe in upholding my oath of office." "In that case, what is the Sixth Amendment to the *Constitution*?" Shocked, embarrassed and angered, Jack was unable to respond to the question—because he, simply put, didn't know. "Well, how can you expect to uphold the laws if you don't know what they are?"

After some weeks of frustrated discomfort over the thought of this elderly questioner, Jack realized that the old man was right. This realization forced McLamb to become educated about the Constitution and its contents. Much to the surprise and amazement of his fellow officers and supervisors, Jack proceeded to protect and defend the rights of individuals based on his oath of office to protect and defend the *Constitution*, which led to Jack's repeated dismissal, rehiring, dismissal, rehiring, and eventual forced retirement. Among those ripple effects, however, are the AID AND ABET NEWSLETTER for police officers across the country; the organization POLICE AGAINST THE NEW WORLD ORDER and an extremely important publication designed to inform law enforcement personnel about the dangers of the New World Order and their role in enforcing it titled, Operation Vampire Killer 2000. With no apologies or regrets, an impassioned McLamb continued to speak about his career and his driving desire to "do the right thing" under the *Constitution*.

"In order to protect the whole," Jack said, "you must protect the rights of the individual."

While I have heard Jack speak on numerous occasions, I have never experienced him so passionate, so articulate, and so deeply moving as he was that evening. Jack stirred deep emotion and resolve within the hearts and minds of those present and did an absolutely superb job of explaining the impact that a single individual may have upon "the whole". I stand and salute Jack McLamb for a truly patriotic speech of inspired faith and conviction. Thank you, Jack.

To quote briefly from Operation Vampire Killer 2000, "Many of our nation's internal protectors know of the well-laid plan which will culminate before the year 2000, to usher the United States, along with the rest of the nations of the world, into a 'utopian' global community allegedly under the control of a 'philanthropic' United Nations. A great many of our fellow Officers and National Guardsmen are taking a stand against this plan because they realize that their fellow Americans were never allowed to know of this plan nor given the opportunity to vote on such a change in their government. In addition, the officers are concerned patriots and realize that this plan of world dominion is injurious in the extreme and a total fraud perpetrated against the people of the world. This publication outlines the plan of these American Internal Protectors which they believe will stop this diabolical agenda. That plan is *Operation Vampire Killer 2000!*"

Jack then introduced Mark [Koernke] from Michigan. "This evening is brought to you by the Little Brother Network—Big Brother is watching and Little Brother has a big mouth."

Cautioning, Mark said, "What they are doing in Haiti, they plan on doing here. You're watching it happen."

And, "This is a run to the finish line. This is not a drill. We are into the last legs."

Concerning the recent passage of the Crime Bill, Mark said, "You'll notice we're not shrieking to the hills—we're fixing bayonets and loading magazines."

With a word to those opposed to the Constitution, Mark states openly, "They will run out of secret police long before we run out of patriots."

Mark advised participants, “You cannot live this as an event, it must be part of your life-style.”

And speaking of style and Washington, D.C., Mark reminded those attending that, “Tar and feathers have never gone out of style.” [*Remember, readers, elections are just around the corner!*]

Mark’s talk concentrated on many areas of decreased privacy and increased control of *the people*, including the now verified presence of substantial amounts of Russian military equipment within our borders. Ending his talk somewhat early in the evening, Mark said, “If we do not hang together we shall surely hang separately.”

* * *

For those readers interested in purchasing a copy of Operation Vampire Killer 2000 to distribute throughout your local law enforcement community, you may direct your inquiry to: Officer Jack McLamb (Ret.), Editor/Publisher Aid & Abet Police Newsletter, P.O. Box 8787, Phoenix, Arizona 85066.

“Red Dawn” Alert In Bakersfield, WARRANT OUT ON MARK KOERNKE

CHAPTER 14

EXECUTIVE ORDERS FOR THE NEW WORLD ORDER WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

CHAPTER 15

OUR POLICE STATE

CHAPTER 16

DARING CANADIAN PROFESSOR UNDER ATTACK FOR EXPOSING NEW WORLD ORDER CANCER

CHAPTER 17

GRANDMA WRITES ON GATT & NAFTA

CHAPTER 18

THE PIPELINE

Part III: PANAMA

by Michael Maholy

In this chapter, I will take you south across the Gulf of Mexico to my O.N.I., C.I.A. duty station, the Rowan *HOUSTON*, which at that time was not only the world's largest offshore jack-up oil and natural gas drilling rig, but also a secret C.I.A., O.N.I. command unit.

In last week's story, I had just finished returning from over-seeing the loading of more than five-thousand small arms, and automatic rifles, and ammunitions onto the semi-submersible offshore oil rig ZAPATA, that was located at dock "4", in Sabine Pass, Texas. An oil rig that was owned by the George Bush family.

After arriving at my secluded mountain home that was isolated deep within the Ozark Mountains of north-central Arkansas, my FAX machine was full of coded messages and sensitive data. Several messages indicated that I was to contact my handler at the Langley, Virginia offices at once. I was eager to start my unfinished fishing for the trout I hoped to tackle, but I knew my first obligation was to get in touch with flashboard. I will reserve the name of my handler, for good reason. He was the subject of a terrible accident that left him bound to a wheelchair for the remainder of his life, and he does not, at least in my eyes, need to be exposed at this time.

After making a coded FAX to him, he advised me that I was to report to the Jacksonville Air Force Base near Little Rock, Arkansas, where I was to board a C-130 cargo transport, Flight U.S.A.F. 1528, at 0200 hours. That meant that I would not get to finish my mini-vacation at my home. He further stated that I would fly on to Panama, then report to my duty station upon the *HOUSTON*, after concluding matters at the Canal.

Once at Jacksonville A.F.B., I had boarded the huge C-130 that would fly me to Homestead Naval Air Base, in Homestead, Florida. When we landed at Homestead A.F.B., two more men would board the C-130 transport. One of the men was a retired Marine, who I had met several years earlier in Arkansas. His name was Frank Adams. He was now employed by Oliver North and George Bush, through the C.I.A., to perform what he had done best, and that was to deploy his team into hostile territory, perform covert operations of anything from assassins to recon surveillance, then get his team out, without being identified, or making contact with the enemy. Adams was very active in his productive career during the Vietnam campaign, where he also performed as a C.I.A. operative and Special Forces Commander. It would be there he would fall under the guidance of Marine Lt. Col. Oliver North. After Vietnam, Adams retired and became an instructor for a paramilitary training camp in South Carolina called the Fish Farm, where he would teach future mercenaries bound for Africa and South and Central American countries. Since Adams had extensive training in the jungles of the world and worked a lot with Navy Seal teams, Delta-Force Units, and had Special Forces training, he would be the man in charge of much of North's and Bush's covert operations. Just two years prior, Adams had been involved with the intense training of air-drop teams that were recruited for the C.I.A. covert supply operations which took place during the Iran-Contra supply mission. Adams and others like Terry Reed and Barry Seal, would train Central American pilots for

two covert C.I.A. operations, code-named: "JADE-BRIDGE", and "CENTAUR-ROSE", up in the rugged highlands of Arkansas near MENA and NELLA, and also near Harrison, AR. Adams would teach special warfare tactics to the pilots in the event of capture. He was a survival expert in the field. Though growing old and balding, the man who was seated in front of me was a trained killer who had performed over one-hundred H.A.L.O. jumps in his career.

As I sat next to him I had wondered to myself, just what makes a man like this tick. The only answer I could think of was the lure of the money, the greed, the lust that had all who were involved "hooked" deep in their bellies. In a way, I had felt privileged to be working with this man and his team. He was what the true definition of a C.I.A. "ghost" was. Frank was a Marine; once a Marine, always a Marine. But what my job was with this man, I did not yet know, but would soon find out.

The other man with Adams was much younger, and I had never seen him before. He, like Adams, was very silent and would greet me with a handshake, but as far as conversation went, it was nil to none. His name was Nicholas Pena, a Latino from Cuba. He carried an array of different duffel bags that contained their equipment, or at least their personal weapons and accessories. He did talk to Adams about just coming from a meeting at Fort Benning, Georgia. He was training some Special Forces men in H.A.L.O. jumping, a very dangerous type of jump that means a high altitude jump with a low-opening of your chute. Several men who, for the first time, did this type of jump, would swear they would never attempt it again. One thing that I did notice was that this younger man knew who his boss was; it was all "yes, sir", "no, sir". Again, not like what the public sees on T.V. Adams would control the whole situation from here on out. I also knew that he was one of North's and Bush's chosen ones, and I would investigate him much more when the time was right. It was a practice of mine to know who I was working with at all times, for safety precautions.

From what I had overheard the two C.I.A. "spooks" talking about, it was becoming clearer to me that the two were going into the jungle as a two-man recon team somewhere in Nicaragua, but just where, I did not know yet. I would hear them say that a Naval Seal Team would perform the extraction of the team back to the Panama Canal upon completion of the operation.

We would fly south from Homestead, Florida, to the U.S. Naval Base at GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA, where the C-130 would drop off some cargo and pick up some more, destined for the Canal. From Cuba, we would fly to the [U.S.] Air Force Base in Panama. After landing in Panama, the three of us were told to report to a C.I.A. safety house that was located in Quarry Heights. Just two blocks from our house was another safety house where we would have a briefing later that same evening. Who we were to meet was still a secret. All that I knew was that there were going to be some pretty powerful people there who were into smuggling drugs and weapons for Bush and North.

At 1900 hours, we were to report to the other safe house for dinner and a briefing of the up-coming operation. The home where we were to have this dinner belonged to an O.N.I., C.I.A. officer named Howard Langston, who was also a Lt. Commander of Naval Operations in Panama. His home was large and overlooked the huge quarry where all the stone was mined to make concrete for the Panama Canal. The dinner featured wild boar and was cooked Panamanian style. There was every nut and fruit that grew in that country, along with a shrimp cocktail and sea-food appetizer that went down to my starving belly with no problem. After dinner we would all retire for a good cigar and some drinks, then we would get

down to business.

Altogether there were eight people at the meeting. There were the two spooks, Adams, Pena, Langston, Oliver North, a man from Miami, Florida, who went by the name of “Robert Johnson” that night. Later on he was I.D.ed as William Barr, a longtime friend of North’s and also a retired C.I.A. agent, who also had ties with Southern Air Transport based in Miami.) The other two gentlemen’s names were Michael Harari and Amiran Nir, both Israeli “MOSSAD” agents who were working for General Manuel Noreiga and who instructed the General’s deadly “PEGASUS UNIT”.

Together these men had planned and deployed a very secret operation that would involve the investigation and seizure of tons of the marijuana that infested the high mountains of the neighboring countries. The plan was just in its first stages at this time, although much information had already been provided by the Mossad agents. The operation would call for Adams and Pena to infiltrate a very large marijuana growing operation in Nicaragua, go in, take recon photos, measurements, logistics and a lot more of the vital information that would be useful in the taking of the marijuana plantation. When the time was right, after the drying season, the Mossad would go in with troops from the General’s PEGASUS UNIT, kill all the workers and take control of the pot fields. This plantation was in the highlands and was known to grow several tons each crop of high-grade marijuana. The workers who did not resist would salvage their lives if they surrendered their skills to the PEGASUS UNIT and remained loyal.

The meeting carried on into the wee hours of the morning. At times they would go over mission procedures again and again. Adams assured them that there would be no problems, that the two spooks would go in and be extracted without being detected. Now that was what North and the Mossad liked to hear. William Barr would have a stake in the transportation of the marijuana down the road, but was there as an observer for his company’s part of the smuggling operation, as they were the people who had been buying the dope from the growers for several years prior.

My job would be to monitor all progress of the operation from the safety of the *HOUSTON* which would be anchored sixty miles off the coast of Nicaragua. I would be the only link between the two C.I.A. spooks and their extraction team, which would consist of Navy Seal Team II. If for some reason the jungle team was to abort their mission, I would have to alert the Seal Team to go into a hostile zone for a possible fire-fight extraction, something we all needed desperately to avoid. Once again, Adams assured us all with an unusual temperament that there would be no problems.

The next morning, we would begin the three-day operation that would start by the three of us flying in one of General Noreiga’s HH-53H Sikorsky Sea Stallion helicopters which was outfitted for Special War Operations, and would lead us to the Rowan *HOUSTON*. From the control room aboard the *HOUSTON*, the two C.I.A. spooks would pickup final data of the target area. This data consisted of many intelligence reports that the Mossad had provided and also some photos of the buildings that were supplied from the deploying of the SR-71 spy plane that had taken some photos from 85,000 feet a week before. I would stay at my JSOC (Joint Special Operations Command) unit, the *HOUSTON*, and relay all vital information to my NILO (Naval Intelligence Liaison Officer) who was back in Panama.

We were on the *HOUSTON* only two hours, when the C.I.A. team was picked up by a special unit of Navy Seals who were hand picked by Oliver North and the Mossad agent Hararri. It was the first day

after the full moon, and it was chosen because the two spooks wanted the operation to be planned during the dark of the moon, so as to go in undetected. Each agent went in carrying almost one hundred pounds of equipment that they had strapped to specially designed vests and their tiger-striped fatigues. Each spook carried a customized Baretta 92-SF in a thigh holster, along with eleven clips of ammo—165 rounds of hollow-point Hydra-Shok, custom-made hot loads that could literally blow a man's head off. Hanging from a shoulder strap was a specially modified HK-Heckler & Koch-MP5 submachine gun and 600 rounds of jacketed hollow-point in 30-round clips. Then there were some more little goodies such as: flash-bang grenades and thunder-strips to disorient bad guys; strobes and light-sticks for guiding the extraction chopper into the LZ. Wire snips for cutting through any fences, and they also carried a selection of miniaturized communications stuff which were radios designed by Motorola that would enable them to talk to one another and also listen with lip-and ear-pieces while no one else could hear them. They carried a satellite transceiver, a SATCOM unit about the same size as a cellular phone. They could call me or just about anyone they wanted or needed to. Also, there was an array of photography equipment. After seeing all the equipment they were going in with, I was really concerned if there were going to be any casualties. I thought they were not supposed to make any contact with anyone but I was told that it was a "just in case" type of deal.

It wasn't long after the two agents were dropped into the mountainous jungle that I would receive my first transmission from the team, it read: FOXHOLE-TO-DEEPWATER, BOOMERANG, which meant when decoded: them to me. It went on to say: AT APPLE ORCHARD, WILL PROCEED TO PRUNE; CONFIRM. Which meant that they were in position and ready to start procedures of photographing. I had answered back: DEEPWATER CONFIRMS, OUT.

The two were now 28 miles inland in a very mountainous region. This part of the country was where the Indians lived, and they controlled these parts. Though the Indians were armed, they posed no threat to the fire power the two agents had. Besides, the agents were well advanced in jungle warfare and would go undetected.

I had retired to my bunk for a few hours of sleep, leaving the control room to another agent who was working with us. I had slept for six hours before I returned to duty. I was informed that no contact had been made, regarding the two agents. No news was good news. I mean it's not like a couple of women talking on the phone all day; you would say what you had to say, then terminate the transmission. There were ears listening all over that country.

Just about the whole day slipped by, daylight was now gone, and I knew that it would be just a matter of time before the team would make contact. At about 2400 hours, my receiver would alert me of another transmission: FOXHOLE TO DEEPWATER, COPY. I gave them the go-ahead. WILL NEED EXTRACTION 0500HRS. 147-99. Which had indicated at a mountain top, 5 miles from where they were. I answered: DEEPWATER TO FOXHOLE, CONFIRM; OUT. Now I would have to call North in Panama to alert him what the situation was. North would take the coordinates the team gave me and he would alert an extraction team of the Seals that were chosen for the pick-up. After the extraction was completed, the two C.I.A. agents were back aboard the *HOUSTON*, and very tired. I would not talk to them at this time, as they needed to shower, shave and rest.

When the two awoke, I asked them in my own little way, what was it like, I mean what did you see and do.

The younger, Pena, somewhat cocky at first, was once again put in his place by Adams. Adams would tell me that the plantation was a piece of cake, a bunch of tin buildings, chow hall and sleeping quarters. He also said that there would be no problem going in and taking what they wanted. However, there were women and children present, and one thing positive about Adams, he did not advocate the killing of women and children, at any cost. He would talk to North and the Mossad and brief them about that important fact. If they were to go in, there would be some small resistance, sure, but it was Adams' opinion that the seizure of the plantation would cost few lives. Everyone would be happy but the people who were the rightful owners of the marijuana. It was North's idea that he could do what he wanted, when he wanted, wherever he wanted.

The pieces of the puzzle were now starting to fall into place for me. It was the beginning of just another smuggling operation in which the high-and-mighty in Washington would make millions of dollars. I did not know it then, but once again, I was getting sucked into a maze of intrigue and dishonesty. One of the main destinations of the marijuana, which again I did not know at the time, would be the Bubba State, Arkansas. This would not be too far off in the distance; in fact, it would be sooner than I had expected.

The two spooks and I reported back to Quarry Heights, Panama the following morning. Once again we would dine that evening at Commander Langston's home. I and the two other C.I.A. operatives were asked if we would like to play a round of golf at the base golf course. Well to tell you the truth, I'm not a golfer, nor was Adams. Now the younger agent Pena jumped at the chance, thinking he would beat Oliver North and Langston. As for Adams and myself we chose to go fishing on General Noriega's private deep-sea fishing boat. The dinner was not until late that evening, so we had six hours to fish. Sorry to say, the fishing was not what I had expected, and I thought maybe I should have taken up golf instead. As for the young C.I.A. agent, Pena, well, he should have gone fishing!

It was now time for the dinner and second briefing. Of course, everyone was expecting some type of bonus money for their work; after all, not just anyone in this sort of game could qualify, or be trusted. But we were to be in for a little surprise later that evening. We were all told that we would be sent back to the States, for yet another mission, this time in the Ten Thousand Islands area of southern Florida, to take part in the second phase of the operation, which would include Mister William Barr and his friends of Southern Air Transport, out of Miami. Also there would be the Mossad agent, Amiran Nir who would oversee the Mossad stake in this. It had to do with providing some personnel who were being trained near the Ten Thousand Islands. This would be where much of the marijuana was to be shipped from Nicaragua. From there, it would be flown north into MENA, NELLA, HARRISON, and MT. HOME, Arkansas. That's right, into the protection of the Bubba Clan. But more on that a little later; again, I PROMISE!

So after making yet another quick chopper flight to the *HOUSTON* to get our gear, and then back to Panama, we would then meet up with an old friend of mine, Barry Seal. Seal would be the pilot flying us to Florida this time. Barry and I had worked together for several years by this time. He would tell me that Russel Hebert had given me a good report for a Yankee. He said that he had heard that we were making some money up in the Bubba state, and that there was a hell of a lot more to be made in the future. He also told me that he had the D.E.A. wrapped around his finger, and that they were as dirty as we were. Seal appeared to me that he was acting the big shot. He told me that he was running with Terry Reed a lot, making money running guns that were being put together in small factories throughout Arkansas. He asked me about the ZAPATA connection, and if I knew that the Bush boys, I mean George Bush's two sons, Neil

and Jeb Bush (that's right, the same two boys that are currently running for governors' positions in Florida and Texas), were buying a lot of cocaine and marijuana from him, and that the two were making a lot of money selling it. I said that I had figured that much, then asked him if they were using the drugs also. Seal would tell me that the two had kept their noses full of the powder, day and night.

This type of talk went on the entire flight to Florida. The two spooks had slept much of the way while Barry and I smoked some fine grass and talked about a little bit of everything. So I will stop here for tonight. Next time I will go into detail about the Ten Thousand Islands and Everglades City. Thanks again for your total assistance and mail. Please keep on writing me, as I'm still here in Tallahassee, Florida.

Thank you. Your Friend,
(Capt.) *Michael Maholy*

Part IV: TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS

A short word to everyone before I start Part IV of the C.I.A. Pipeline. By now you all should have received word of what has been going on in my little world. One thing nobody can hide from is the truth. Please believe me when I tell all of you, that this story of my life of evil doings and betrayal to the people of this nation is all true, and no names have been changed to protect anyone. Everyone is entitled to their own opinion in making their final decision toward me. I can never go back in time to change things, only forward. I now realize what it took me a long time to find out, and that is, that in every man there is some good. I only hope that after it is all said and done, you my friends and GOD will forgive me.

When the plane which was piloted by my good friend Barry Seal landed at Miami's Opa Locka airfield, the two C.I.A. spooks Frank Adams and Nick Pena were still sleeping. Barry and I were feeling no pain as a result to our drug and alcohol addictions. We would taxi to one of the two hangars at the north end of the airstrip that were owned by Southern Air Transport [*a CIA "proprietary" company*]. Adams and Pena would leave us here to go to a C.I.A. safehouse in metro Miami. Only later would I see them in Everglades City, Florida. But that would be four days later. Barry and I would drive the two hours by ourselves in a brand new Ford window-van that was provided by a company executive of Southern Air Transport.

We were to go to the home in Everglades City of a man named Cecil Cameron, who had a small fleet of shrimp trawlers that operated out of this tiny hamlet of smugglers. This area of extreme southwest Florida has been notorious for over 100 years for such activities. Like the wild swamps of Louisiana, this region, known as the Ten Thousand Islands, was also desolate, remote, "at the end of the world", as said by many of the sportsmen who have come there to reap the harvest of nature's bounty. This is a paradise to some, hell to others. This is home to the black panther, salt water crocodiles, and hundreds of types of birds. The mosquitos here are a different breed than those of the Henderson Swamp in Louisiana. These are a brackish saltwater strain that number in the billions. I was hoping Cecil Cameron, a man I had never met before, would have some potent bug repellent on hand, and a lot of it.

When we arrived in this town at the end of the road, it was like going back in time. If not for the one gas station and local food store, one would think he was entering some type of time warp. The people here are descendents of Seminole Indians and Spanish "Conchs". As usual for a low lying area, all the homes here

are elevated on stilts with wooden shutters to prevent windows from breaking during the hurricane season. For a wealthy drug runner and shrimper, Cameron's home was nothing you would see in *Better Homes and Gardens*. His home was big—wooden, complete with a pen full of barking hound dogs, airboat, and satellite dish, so that he, his wife and five of his children could enjoy the finer things of life.

Cameron greeted Seal and myself like we were long lost friends. He was in fact an old friend of Seals, who he had known ten years prior. Cameron was ex-Air Force who had been on three tours to Vietnam as a pilot who would do reconnaissance and also fly a BAT plane, which would locate downed pilots or covert operatives, then make contact and extract them before the V.C. could capture them. After he got out of the military he helped start a paramilitary training camp for Cubans and some American mercenaries in the Everglades Swamps, and also had Frank Adams help train his people. In fact, it would be Adams who would eventually talk Cameron into going north during the off season to the training camps in north Arkansas to help Adams and Terry Reed, through C.I.A. funding, to teach pilots for the operations in Central America.

This time however, Cameron would be employed to use his fleet of shrimp boats to off-load the marijuana that was going to come from the jungle plantations that Adams and Pena had just returned from. Cameron's fleet of six boats, the largest shrimping operation in Everglades City, was called Mr. Shrimp. They had fish-houses in Brownsville, Texas; Corpus Christi, Texas; Galveston, Texas; our other favorite pirates' nest, Morgan City, Louisiana; Biloxi, Mississippi; Mobile, Alabama; Tampa, Florida; and Miami, Florida. Now Cameron did not own Mr. Shrimp, but was financed through this C.I.A. company. One of the principal owners of Mr. Shrimp was George Bush and another stock-holder was William Barr.

Cameron was well liked by all the townspeople, who were themselves shrimpers, smugglers. It was well known by state and federal law agencies that Everglades City was a smugglers' haven. Several agents assigned to infiltrate the Ten Thousand Islands and Everglades City have never been found or have been paid off huge sums of hush-money to look the other way. Cameron was like the mayor of the city; his little kingdom of pirates would band together at Cameron's word. All for one and one for all.

THE PLAN

The plan was that the marijuana and/or any cocaine the C.I.A. would get their hands on in South or Central America would be shipped to Vera Cruz, Mexico, stored in a C.I.A. warehouse until it could be loaded onto mother ships that would set sail for the ports in America where, or near where, Mr. Shrimp had their fish-houses and fleets of shrimp boats that would transfer the drugs and take them to shore.

Camerons fleet would pick up tons of drugs, mostly marijuana, then pack them into their freezer trucks and take them to the Opa Locka airport near Miami. Southern Air Transport would then fly the loads to several major cities under the watchful eye of George Bush's friend William Barr, a retired C.I.A. agent himself. Barry Seal would fly loads into Mena, Nella, Springdale and Mountain Home, Arkansas. Barry Seal would have Russel Hebert run things out of Morgan city, LA and Biloxi, Mississippi. Hebert would fly several loads into Arkansas as well. More on that later.

This was considered the second part of the massive smuggling operation that was put together by Bush and North, as well as Barr and a few others. It was still young in the making, but would come to be very real

within a month. Several more details would have to be painstakingly worked out in the next few days, or weeks.

My part of the operation would be to set up a code system where the shrimp boats could contact the mother ships and get the clearance for the unloading operation. Also we would have hi-tech military communications equipment that would enable us to intercept radio transmissions from any of the D.E.A. or military AWACS planes that combed the shipping lanes. We were provided jamming equipment also, to block any reports given on radio. Like I said, the operation had a lot of things that needed to be fine-tuned. I had 4 days to work these things out, with the help of a few others.

Altogether there would be a total of more than 100 small shrimp boats from 5 different states taking part in this operation that would be called “Delta-Dawn”. This would be a massive smuggling operation that several key members in Washington had a part in; no, not in the labor end of it, but in planning all of the strategic logistics and timing. After all, who would know better about how to get around all the many traps, AWACS planes, and all the many people who would have to be given hush money, than the power people up on Capitol Hill.

The next morning, Cameron would take Seal and myself on a tour of his tiny kingdom. The whole area of the Ten Thousand Islands is sand and shell, mangroves and cypress and a tree that was originally imported from Australia, the Melaluca tree. There are literally ten thousand small islands that dot this area, with the Florida Keys just miles to the south. For many years the Colombians and Cubans controlled the smuggling offshore of this area, and through the loss of many lives over many years over territorial rights, Cameron explained that he and his henchmen had absolute control over the vast expanse of this area. He would go on to say that no one comes down here and tells us what, when, or how to do anything. A statement I thought to be absurd. But when in Rome, one must do as the Romans!

The tour would take us to his processing factory and aboard his shrimp boats to meet some of his workers. These men were well seasoned as to the ways of the sea. Up before dawn, gone from their families for days, sometimes weeks at a time, to pursue their one thing in life that they loved the most, the Gulf Shrimp. On that day I would learn more about this little creature than I ever thought could be possible. I had seen the tiny cocktail-size shrimp that numbered 200 to one pound to the big-daddy jumbos that came eight and nine to a pound. A shrimp this large size would sell up in the northern states for fifteen dollars per pound. Now think about that, a shrimp boat often brings in several tons of those, so we are talking some big bucks here. That also made me wonder why a person would want to smuggle drugs; all I could come up with was the same thing that had a grip on me, lust and greed. Greed for the easy money, the money that would come back to haunt me.

Now it was time to meet some of the Texas people that had come a long way to discuss operation “Delta-Dawn”. There were two men from Texas. A Mister John Andrews from Houston, Texas and Robert Krammer from Brownsville, Texas. Both of these men have had Mr. Shrimp seafood processing plants in Texas ports and were both political supporters of the Texas-based-Republican Caucus. They had strong ties with the George Bush family as well as all the Zapata firms. Texans are like the Marines: if you’re not from Texas, you’re lost. The two Texans would bring lists of the names of some 39 shrimp boats, numbers, descriptions that I would have to send off to Vera Cruz, Mexico so that the mother ships would know who they were to meet. There would be pictured I.D.s of all the shrimpers, times of arrivals, port codes, and a

lot more data that would ensure no mishaps.

The two Texans asked about Oliver North, how he was coming along and such. Barry Seal knew both of these men, as he had flown several loads of drugs into Texas from Mexico in the past. Barry would tell me that these two men had their fingers into a lot of offshore projects and had made millions upon millions of dollars selling drugs, also that they had much influence with law makers in Texas and Washington D.C. They have been supporters of Reagan and Bush for a long time.

The two Texans only spent the good part of one day down in Everglades City. After the meeting, which was at a Mr. Shrimp processing plant there, the two men went back to Miami for an already pre-arranged night out on the town, including a Jaialai game that would be another meeting with William Barr and another Southern Air Transport official. The night would be capped off by the two “Texas lovers” lust for the hot-blooded women of Miami’s red light district. Only these women would not come from the street but from a stable-master who would charge in excess of one-thousand dollars per night for a trip “around the world” with these ladies of the night. You know it seems that money, sex, and drugs always seem to go hand-in-hand. Do we know anyone else in power (big power), that may have illicit cravings for sexual encounters? I think we all know who I mean.

The third day would be another day of meeting people from Mobile, Alabama, New Orleans, LA and believe it or not, our little state capital of Arkansas, Little Rock. There would be four men this time. The man from New Orleans would be Ricky Guidrey, a man who owned several sea-food and meat packing houses in several cities through-out southern Louisiana. Oddly enough, one of the processing plants was in Breau Bridge, just outside of Morgan City, LA, and next to the Henderson Swamp.

There were two men from the Mobile Bay, Alabama area. One man’s name was Robin Daltree and the other’s name was James Posh. These men also were involved in Mr. Shrimp enterprises and had strong ties with the Dixie Mafia. Which brings us to the last man from Little Rock, Arkansas, Dan Lassider. Lassider was also involved with the Dixie Mafia and the Clinton gang. Much money from drug profits would be laundered through several of Lassider’s businesses and connections like the horserace track at Hot Springs, Arkansas. He also, along with Roger Clinton, had investments in several night clubs and country western music clubs. Jimmy Doyle’s country music club just outside of Little Rock was one of these enterprises. It was common knowledge that Roger’s brother Bill had his fingers in the kettle also. A lot of his money in the early years came from investments such as these, that were all funded from drug money. Let’s face it, drugs corrupt everyone who comes into contact with them. Whether it may be a banker who promotes and assures a loan, to a street cop who shakes down the local business man or a small-time street dealer of drugs.

My last day in Everglades City would be a short one. Before I would leave, I would once again be reunited with Adams and Pena who were there to interview the workers of the shrimp boats. Even though their loyalty would be assured by Cameron, Adams would screen these men through data provided by agents of the C.I.A. at Langley who had access to data on just about every person in America. They had everyone’s jacket and photo I.D.s. They would find out if the D.E.A. had anyone on the inside who might pose a threat to the operation, “Delta-Dawn”.

Barry Seal and I would leave after their arrival, drive back to Opa Locka airport where we would fly to

Morgan City, LA. We will pick up the story of the C.I.A. Pipeline next week.

Part V:
BACK TO LOUISIANA

When I had last left off, C.I.A. drug smuggler and pilot, Barry Seal, and I had just left Cecil Cameron's tiny, drug-smugglers' paradise in Everglades City, in the extreme southwest corner of Florida, known as the Ten Thousand Islands.

We had just made arrangements for the upcoming Operation Delta Dawn. Now we would make the two hour drive back to Miami's Opa Locka Airport, board Seal's twin-engine Beechcraft and fly to Morgan City, Louisiana. Since we had both been to this age-old pirates' lair many times, I started to develop heartburn already, knowing that it would be more spicy swamp creatures and cold beer. This time, however, we would not enter the big, mysterious swamp. We would meet a man named Ricky "The Fatman" Guidrey. Guidrey was also a C.I.A. smuggler who laundered much of the money made from illegal drug profits through many of his businesses throughout southern Louisiana.

"The Fatman" also was in charge of four Mr. Shrimp Fisheries in Louisiana and Mississippi. Guidrey, a French-Cajun at birth, also owned several meat packing companies, with several holdings in restaurants, bars, and prostitution houses in New Orleans. He was a definite power-person and a Republican supporter of the Reagan-Bush campaign. He also had many ties to gambling, racetracks, and the Dixie Mafia.

Barry Seal had conducted many business transactions with "The Fatman" in the past, and the two were like brothers, as were most of the Cajun people. If you ever betrayed one, you would betray all. Seal told me that Russell Hebert would come to pick us up, then drive us to nearby Lafayette, Louisiana where we would meet Guidrey and his people, who would be part of Operation Delta Dawn.

We had driven to Lafayette to a meat packing company owned by Guidrey. The place was not as big as I had expected, maybe thirty employees and five or six delivery trucks. When we entered "The Fatman's" office, the first thing that one would notice was the enormous fish that was stuffed by a taxidermist and mounted to the wall behind his very large, solid cypress desk, that was said to be in his family for over a century. This gigantic fish was a prehistoric species that was almost nine feet long, with scales like armor plating, and a mouth and nose that resembled an American alligator. The fish, in fact, was called an alligator gar. But what was even stranger about this mounted eating-machine, was that within its two foot mouth, that supported hundreds of needle sharp teeth, were probably 25 or 30 pairs of women's panties! This, undoubtedly, was one of "The Fatman's" finest trophies of his life. He would later tell of his catch, and the many stories of how his appetite for sex fueled his passions. To look at this man, one could only conclude that it had to be the drugs and money that seduced the many women that gave their own contributions to the mini-hall of fame.

But we were there to discuss mission procedures, just like we did with Cecil Cameron. The two other gentlemen who were to be there had not arrived yet, so "The Fatman" gave us a mini-tour of the sausage factory. He passed out some Cuban cigars, poured us a hefty drink of bourbon, and we entered the receiving room. Here he would start by telling us that the two semi-tractor-trailer trucks, which were parked under the enclosed docking area, just came back from Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois, where they

brought back the main ingredients for Rick's famous boudin. Boudin is the French Creole name for sausage. Workers would be unloading beef hearts, livers, kidneys, and other internal organs that were purchased for next-to-nothing from several slaughter houses that were in the northern states. This man knew his kidneys, as he would say.

From the receiving room he would take Hebert, Seal, and myself into the processing room where the organs were cut, pressed and shot into sausage casings. Then he took us to shipping. The main shipping department was quite large, but through another two steel doors was his other office—the office where cocaine would be bagged, weighed, and boxed for shipment to cities up north—places like Little Rock, Arkansas; Kansas City, Missouri; Kansas City, Kansas; St. Louis, Missouri; Chicago, Illinois; Gary, Indiana; De Moines, Iowa and a dozen more. The two semi-trucks that were being fueled and loaded with the expensive white powder, would pull out of their docks early in the cover of the dark morning, destined for the cities with union money, big money, although it really does not matter where the city is. If a person wants the addicting drug, he will go to any extreme to get it, and our good old C.I.A. knows this all too well.

No sooner had we entered the packing room, than we were informed that the other two gentlemen had arrived, so the four of us went back to the office with the big fish that had an appetite for women's panties. Apparently the other two men had seen the trophy before, because one mentioned that it looked like he added some food for the fish: the panties!

The two men came from New Orleans. They were well-dressed and well-educated. As I remember, one of the men was a politician from the city. He was with some type of lobby group, perhaps the chairman, or something to that effect, who was responsible for granting liquor licenses throughout the state. His name was Bobby Dubou. Mr. Dubou also had strong ties with Oliver North and George Bush. Dubou was a big man with the Dixie Mafia, and was a great lover of duck hunting. Dubou and Guidrey had done a lot of duck hunting all over the United States. As fall was coming soon, the two men started talking about the upcoming hunting season, in which they were planning a one-week trip of hunting in Stuttgart, Arkansas. They would be guests of Bill Clinton, at Clinton's private hunting club, that comprised some of the best waterfowl hunting in the world. I was from Arkansas, so I asked how much a lease would cost to hunt the flooded rice fields that were 80 miles southeast of Little Rock. Dubou answered: "When we bring the hookers and several kilos of cocaine to Bill and Roger and a couple others, they beg us to come and kill their ducks." I asked if they bag their limit of the federally-controlled migratory birds, and "The Fatman" stated that last year he killed himself over 200 birds in five days of hunting. Now the law clearly stated, at that time, that the daily limit of migratory birds was a total of five ducks per day. So this would mean he was drastically over his bag limit, and should have received a stiff penalty plus prison time. The whole point of my mentioning this is the fact that these men think that they are above the law. And to some degree, they must be. If it were you or me, we would get the maximum sentence, now, wouldn't we?

Well, about that time, Barry Seal interrupted the conversation by saying, "We have a lot of work to do, gentlemen, and time is money". Money was what we were all in this for. I had not been paid in almost a week. My own greed and lust for the poison money was running high. The enterprise owed me another \$35,000 for the Panama and the Ten Thousand Islands work, even though I handled no drugs in the last week. Now it was time for me to do what the C.I.A. and military taught me to do best: devise a code that was undetectable and synchronize it so that every aspect of Operation Delta Dawn would fall into

place without any mishaps.

Part of my detailing out the logistics part of the massive drug smuggling operation was to explain the importance of the Global Positioning System (G.P.S.) Navastar system. This small, hand-held device was not even on the market yet, but was in use by covert operatives of the C.I.A. and other branches of the military, like Navy Seals, Special Forces, and Delta Units, and would play a major role in the operation. With a duplicate set of coordinates, one given to the mother lode ships and/or planes, and another coded set given to the shrimp boat captains, they could meet each other under any circumstances that could develop, without using radio transmissions. Also if the loads were ditched and had to be retrieved later, we could pinpoint the exact place where the drugs were sunk. All of the cocaine was always packed in unbreakable, waterproof containers, that also had state-of-the-art transmitters placed in each unit.

What our meeting was about was to make sure of times, places, dates, and positions of the deliveries of the drugs. It would still be some time in the future, but each person had to know what his specific duty was. Our meeting that day was over by 1900 hours and I had a bad case of jet lag. In the past ten days I had flown from the mountains to the swamps, to the Panama Canal, up to the *Houston*, back to the Ten Thousand Islands, and now it seemed I would be back in the big swamp again. But Seal would tell me that he had a surprise for me a little later. In the drug business, a person learns to be leery of surprises. I asked myself: now what kind of surprise? Could it be one of the high-paid whores from New Orleans, more money, a fishing trip? My mind was bewildered. Then I thought the worst: could it be a 9 mm bullet to the back of my head? You see, one thing I had learned well over the years, was that there is no honor among thieves. Yes, even at times, I considered myself a thief. I was responsible for bringing drugs to the streets of America; whoever bought the drugs was stealing in one form or another, whether it was from not buying food or essentials for their family, by spending the money for drugs, or just committing a crime to obtain them. Yes, I still feel bad about my involvement with drugs and most likely will for a long, long time.

But as it turned out, my surprise was none of the above. What it was was a hand-carved cypress canoe, a 16 foot masterpiece that Barry Seal and Russell Hebert had made for me by some of their French-Cajun (Coon-ass) buddies that hung out in the Henderson Swamp. It was beautiful, a collector's item. It came complete with trailer. They knew the canoe would last longer than any one night stand with a Bourbon Street hooker. Great choice! In fact, I still have the canoe. That was one thing the Feds did not take to be sold "within" the elite network of agents.

I had no way to drive the canoe home at that time, so "The Fatman" said he would have a couple of his men drive the trailer and canoe to the Arkansas mountains for me, as a favor, plus they would, at the same time, take a load of cocaine for some people in Little Rock. I had second thoughts about telling "The Fatman" or his men the whereabouts of my home, that I have worked so hard to keep a secret. I knew that Seal and Hebert would not tell anyone, so I suggested that I might come back down south in the near future to pick it up myself.

Now it was time for me to get back to the Ozarks that I loved so much. My Bronco was parked at Jacksonville Air Force Base, just north of Little Rock, so I would fly with Seal to downtown Little Rock and catch a ride to Jacksonville by taxi, just 10 miles to the north of Little Rock. I was tired and wanted to go home badly. I would receive another \$25,000 for my efforts.

Next week, I go to Chicago, Illinois with Barry Seal to meet other C.I.A. agents, and the Mossad—more of George Bush’s Zapata Corporation and “drugs for weapons”. See you then.

Part VI:
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

After the three-hour drive from Jacksonville Air Force Base near Little Rock, Arkansas to my mountain retreat, I would have many things to catch up on as a result of my being gone for the ten days. The first thing that was a must and had first priority was always: stash the cash! In the business I was in, the cash was what made my world go around. I never trusted banks, probably never will. I am kind of old-fashioned in the accounting department. I like keeping my money where I can get my hands on it, when I need it, without asking five different people to give it to me. In my case, it made no difference where I kept it, for it is all gone now, anyway. I was smart, but the government was smarter.

So, as it was, I had stayed home six days. I had caught up on all my chores around my ten acres, that were on the clearest, deepest lake in the state. I was grilling a T-bone steak and some acorn squash and chilling a bottle of a fine red Chianti wine, when my FAX machine started repeating a message. In short, the message read that I must prepare to leave for yet another three days, and would be picked up by Barry Seal behind my house on the remote landing strip at 2400 hours. Midnight. The night always belonged to us, smugglers for own government, the C.I.A.

The small, twin-engine Beechcraft airplane touched down and taxied up to the storage building, once again, never stopping the engines. As usual, I had packed my survival gear, my daily ration of marijuana and two nice business suits. I knew where we were going and who we would be meeting, so again, when in Rome, one must do as the Romans do. I always felt better dressed loosely, casual, but this trip to Chicago, a city of much history, especially when it came to illegal crime from drugs and weapons, would require me to not only dress sharp, but to think and act smart as well. The people we were going to meet were no country bumpkins, nor swampers. These people were very well-educated, very well-connected with governments throughout the world. These people were Israelis and they would not tolerate any disrespect or ignorance whatsoever.

Barry and I took off into the inky black night on a northeast heading. I had noticed that, in the rear seats of the plane, there were seven pieces of American Tourister luggage. I placed my baggage next to them and asked Seal what our cargo was for this trip. He explained that each of the seven suitcases had twenty-five kilos of uncut cocaine. This, he would go on to tell me, was his second trip this week to the Windy City, and that, while I was cutting grass and picking apples off of my fruit trees, he was making money. I listened, but I had money, money buried in two different locations. Yes, I was on my way to becoming a millionaire—well, so I thought! He told me that I would make another \$125,000 over the next three days, money with which I could do anything I wanted to do.

Our first stop, only 300 miles, halfway to Chicago, was in St. Louis, Missouri. We would give one of the suitcases of cocaine to two men who had connections with Granite City Steel Corporation of East St. Louis, Illinois. This was the company that had the government contract to destroy small arms that various different law agencies from around the country confiscated for one reason or another. This was the same company that just three weeks earlier had sent some five thousand weapons to George Bush’s semi-

submersible offshore oil rig, the *Zapata "7"*, that was docked in Sabine Pass, Texas. Now, it was time to pay these people for the many weapons that had changed hands. No money would change hands this time, only a little bit over sixty pounds of 90% pure, uncut cocaine. By the time the deadly white powder would be cut, to perhaps 50% of its lethal strength, the price would be triple-fold: a poison that knows no bounds!

The two men who picked up the suitcase also informed us that our fuel, which we were now filling up with, was already paid for by their people. We stayed on the ground but a short 30 minutes. The airport was dead, it was just 2:00 a.m. The only activities were cleaning crews and some refueling.

Before I knew it, Seal and I were once again air-borne, heading still yet on a northeast heading for the final 300 miles. He would set his flight-beacon receptacle on the beam coming from Chicago's Midway Airport. Unlike Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, which is the second busiest air traffic center in the United States, Midway Airport is located in the city, only a short 10 minutes from the downtown district where we would be staying, and it accepted the smaller air traffic.

When we landed at Midway Airport, we took the plane to a hangar owned by Southern Air Transport and left it there, while a chauffeur loaded the six remaining suitcases into the stretch limousine. From there, he would drive us to the Drake Hotel in downtown Chicago, in the Loop area. The suitcases stayed in the trunk of the limo, then we went up to our room to rest, shower and shave. We would have a busy evening ahead of us, dealing and talking to members of the Israeli secret police force, the Mossad.

I woke up around 4:00 p.m. that first day in Chicago. It was a beautiful day in late October, as I looked across the big, blue-green waters of Lake Michigan, the lake I had spent so many of my countless hours as a youngster swimming, fishing, and exploring. Yes, I was back home again to the city of six million people, home of the tallest building in the world, the Sears Tower. This town had made a definite spot for itself within the archives of history. A person could actually go from one neighborhood to another and swear they had entered a different country. So many different foods, different cultures, different people. This truly reflected the words of actor/singer/mob boss, Frank Sinatra: "my kind of town, Chicago is". Yes, it felt real good to be back. However, it would feel a lot better after I was through dealing drugs and giving sensitive codes to the Mossad.

There was a note left by Seal that said for me to join him at pool-side. So I put on a pair of swimming trunks and robe that came furnished, compliments of the Drake Hotel. After all, the room, a penthouse three bedroom condo, went for \$450 per night. As a matter of fact, I still have the trunks, robe, and bath towel. (I wish I had them here in prison with me.) So I joined Barry at pool-side where he was already halfway feeling no pain. He flagged down a pool maid who brought us both some drinks and a couple of cigars. Since Seal was the pilot, he must have thought that he was running the whole show. That was perfectly alright with me. I am good at playing second fiddle and have been all my life. He would call the shots, for now, anyway.

After my brief swim, cigar and three drinks, we went back up to our room and prepared to meet our Israeli hosts. The Israeli Embassy would send a car for us at 7:00 p.m. The Israeli Embassy is located on East Wacker Drive in the downtown Loop section of the city, only 5 minutes from the Drake. The Embassy is quite a large four-story building, that was designed and built by architect Frank Lloyd Wright. It was a

very beautiful, well-kept structure with armed guards at the large, iron-fenced gate. We passed through with no hassle, and were escorted to the sitting room on the second floor. Soon the large door opened and in stepped three Israeli officers. One of the men, we had just seen down in Panama a couple of weeks prior. His name was Michael Harari. He was a well-respected officer of the Mossad, and now was not only there to represent the Mossad, but also to ensure General Manuel Noreiga's interest in the up-coming Operation Delta Dawn.

We would get down to business soon. The cocaine that was now downstairs was payment for weapons funnelled through to support the Contras, for a deal Oliver North and George Bush put together. Barry Seal and I were just delivery boys, little men who thought they were somebody important. Now as I sit in my 9 x 7 foot cell and pen these words, I find it partly amusing, the fact that I kind of always knew I would end up getting the short end of the stick. (Not to stray off the main story here, but to that special person in McKenna, Washington, it's times like this, right now, I wish I had that "garden", and if you are reading this, which I know you are, only you and I know how bad I still want this.)

The Israeli officer was a pleasant man on the outside, but a firm, solid, deadly man on the inside. He had dealt with the likes of the Cajun and myself, delivery boys, a countless number of times. Harari would treat us like we were ones of his own people. He knew that Seal had an ego as big as the Texas sky, and a beer belly to match it. The Mossad officer would throw comments of praise toward Seal, commending him for his daring exploits as a C.I.A. drug smuggler. Together with the compliments and the free running liquor, Seal was under the Mossad agent's spell. If the agent would have said frog, Seal would have jumped. Now the Mossad agent would go to work on me. "Mr. Maholy, how nice to see you again, and in the place of your birth," is what rolled off his tongue. "Let me welcome you to our little haven here in Chicago." I replied, "Nice to see you again, sir." He liked the word "sir". Besides, I always respected my elders. A person catches more fish with the right bait. This fish had been hooked many, many times before, and never was landed, so I set my drag and played his game for the time being.

"I hope you are prepared to transfer the codes we will deploy for Operation Delta Dawn to my code master, Mr. Behendi." I acknowledged that I was prepared to go over what codes have been given to various players in the game. I would leave the room and go into another room full of logistic maps, ocean maps, maps of ports, and just about everything we would need to make sure the Israelis' stock in Operation Delta Dawn would increase their profits. They would be asking me questions about the codes that would be used. Two hours later I was through for the night. I would go back to the room where Barry was now three sheets to the wind and blurting out some plan about the two of us going to listen to some jazz music down on Chicago's popular Rush Street, in the company of two very beautiful women.

The driver of the car that picked us up was assigned the task of taking us out for a night on the town. It had been several years since I had been back to my home town, and the same since I had seen my family, who were just miles away. I never wanted my family to become involved in the illegal things I was doing. With the conspiracy laws as they are, I decided not to contact them and to go about my business.

The night had come and gone. Before I knew what had really happened, the sun was coming up straight out of Lake Michigan. There was a woman in my bed who was as false and insecure as the fast life I was living. I had drunk much liquor the night before, resulting in poor sexual engagement on my part, as well as a splitting headache. Seal and his woman were in the other bedroom fast asleep. It was 8:00 a.m. and I

had not really fallen asleep until 5:00 a.m. My wife-for-a-night had awakened and beckoned me back to her tentacles. This human Venus-fly-trap would want to make sure that I was treated well—the best—so that the Israelis would utilize her talents again and again. I would give her a good report later, although, as I laid there at her mercy, I wondered if she, like me, was also expendable. She was a puppet, too, only she used her body to accomplish what she needed to get out of life. I gave everything **except** my body.

I fell back asleep and slept until 6:00 p.m. I was awakened by the sound of a silver table setting being placed at the table in the dining room section of the high-rise condo. Seal told me that tonight's dinner was a local fish I loved and which is my favorite fish to eat. It is called the Walleye Pike, a member of the freshwater perch family. Any fish-lover, anywhere, knows that the firm, sweet flesh of this northern fish is relished world-wide. Seal had me a bloody Mary mixed hot, the Cajun way, with a raw duck egg—yes, a duck egg ready to crack and swallow just before the drink. This would coat the lining of my upset stomach. The woman had been long-gone, but Seal was already setting the stage for another late night fun session.

At 9:00 p.m. we were visited by two men from the Naval base at Great Lakes, Illinois, which was just 60 miles north of Chicago. These men were here to discuss the sale or trading of some stolen military weapons that came from Fort Benning, Georgia and Fort Dix, New Jersey. They would give us a list of the weapons that Oliver North wanted loaded onto Zapata "7", down in Sabine Pass, before she departed on her journey to Central America. The list of weapons was very impressive and quite complete. It contained 42 crates of L.A.W. rocket launchers. These are one-man, hand-held weapons that fire a one-time, one-shot, explosive projectile missile. There were six to a case or crate. Then there were 200 cases of M-16 fully automatic assault rifles, over 1 million rounds of ammunition, and some C-4 plastic explosives and detonators.

The pictures seemed convincing enough to me, as well as to Seal. After all, we were just delivery boys, anyway; yeah, we will relay the photos and message. Seal was arrogant as ever and in a rush. He had visions of another night of fun and unlimited romance. I, on the other hand, decided not to play along with Barry's plan, but decided, rather, to go to the Chicago Symphony Opera House and listen to some classical music for a quiet evening. No booze, well, maybe one or two glasses of white, dry, Mateus wine—a practical-priced wine, the wine I grew up liking as a southside delinquent of the inner city. Seal said our dates have already been set up, two different ladies of the night, who would make last night's two women seem obsolete. I told Seal that he and the two ladies were welcome to come along with me to the Opera House if they liked. He got that ragin' Cajun look in his eye, stomped around the room a little, saying some wise-ass remarks in a French Cajun tongue. Minutes later, he said, "Fine, we will all go to the God damned opera!" My persistence paid off. In fact, the ladies of the night rather enjoyed it, as it was much different from the usual "slam, bam, thank you, ma'am".

On the last day we would wake up refreshed. I knew the night before that we would have to fly back to Arkansas, and I wanted my pilot friend, Seal, clear-minded when we would take off. We had just one more meeting at high noon that day. We would meet a man from the United States Steel Corporation in Gary, Indiana, another company that had received government contracts to destroy weapons.

This meeting would be short and swift, with the executive (and also an agent with the C.I.A.) informing us that they had received word directly from George Bush that yet another load of weapons, an additional

3,000, would also be shipped to Zapata “7”, in Sabine Pass, Texas. The shipping would be handled through Zapata Trucking, and would take place within 2 weeks. Again, everything had to be covertly planned and deployed.

We finalized the missions we were sent to do. Our job was over. The Israelis were happy, as well as North and Bush. Seal and I had earned just a fraction of the amount of what the drugs were worth, but I was happy. I had made an additional \$125,000 that was already loaded on our fueled plane back at the Southern Air Transport hangar at Midway Airport, along with Seal’s earnings.

Soon we would be heading southwest to Arkansas. So I will leave off here for now. I’d like to thank all of you again for your writing to me and your continued support. And to my very “special” friend up in McKenna, Washington, the one who holds the key to the “garden”: have you guessed it yet?

Your man on the inside, *Michael Maholy*

* * *

MAHOLY LETTER TO FRIENDS

9/21/94

Dear Friends,

I’m sorry to bring you some more bad news today. Today I was informed by a member of the Federal B.O.P. systems, S.I.S. (Special Investigation Service) that I am under special investigation for conducting a business. It is thought and stated by them, that I am soliciting money from all of you who have sent funds to me. Furthermore, I was told to stop writing the things that I have been writing. If not, I will be placed in the hole, which can be up to 6 months, pending an investigation.

There are a lot of pros and cons pertaining to this highly controversial matter; however, the Feds seem to be the pros and as usual, I’m the con. Please let me state this fact, here and now. If you feel like sending any money to me it must be of your own free will. At no time have I ever attempted to solicit any funds from you. Please, in the future, if you find it in your heart to send any money to me, please state in each and every letter, and make it clear, that you are sending this of your own free will. Hopefully that will make the difference and convince these people in our government, I’m not pulling any tricks, or conducting a business. Its hard enough for me in here to live, without being under the threat of the master. I am trying to explain the best way I know how. All of you have been very helpful to me, and as a result, many of us have become close friends. I only hope and pray that we can stay in touch and build a closer friendship. Please do not let this prompt you to stop writing me. I need your support more than ever now. You may know what I mean. Let us look deep and read between the lines.

My writing might slow up for awhile due to this investigation. I promise to keep you informed on all matters and details. We all know what they are trying, and most likely going to end up doing. Please try to understand. It is good to know that I may have some friends out there who care about my well being.

So I will end this letter with a prayer that this obstacle can be overcome shortly. Prison is a series of hard

obstacles to overcome. With your continued support, I will overcome this nonsense. My heart truly goes out to each and everyone of you for the kindness you have shown me. Remember what each letter must say if you send me any type of money, that is up to you, and none of my doing.

Thank you,
Your friend,
Michael Maholy

* * *

ANOTHER MAHOLY LETTER TO FRIENDS

9/22/94

Dear Friends,

What I would like you to do as soon as possible, is to write the Federal Prison's Special Investigation Service to inform the chief investigator that I'm not asking you now, nor have I ever asked you, to send me any money, or that I'm not trying to solicit money from you.

Please make it "very clear" to him, that you send me money as a friend and because you choose to. This is your right. If you do this, they cannot stop me from receiving any U.S. Postal-Money Orders. I can't express enough the importance of doing this if you will. Otherwise, they will lock me down, 1 (one) phone call per month, limited mail, for up to 9 months.

Make your letters polite as always. You can say we are good friends if you feel like I'm your good friend.

I provide you nothing in return but my friendship. They think I am conducting some type of business. Also, when you write them, let me know the date you wrote, so I can confirm your letter to them.

Thank you,
Michael Maholy

* * *

ANOTHER MAHOLY LETTER TO FRIENDS

October 1, 1994

Dear Friends,

Once again I would like to thank each and every one of you who have taken it upon yourself to take the time out of your busy work day to write me and offer hope and inspiration.

All of you kind people who shared your personal point of view toward various subjects are to be considered by me as true friends of mine. In this day and age, it is hard for people to forgive and forget the sins and crimes that persons such as myself have committed. At first I must admit that I could not understand

such kindness. I had never experienced such concern from people I did not know for, you see, I was once a giver also, but now I have little to offer, only the truth of many things I have learned and experienced over the years.

As we enter the Fall season, it is my hope and wish that all of you continue to write me as often as possible. Here at the prison, it seems that some of the people who run the institution are upset over the amount of mail I have been receiving. Please do not stop writing me. I have been ordered to stop sending out material such as I have been; however, I can write whomever I wish. You will have to follow our friends out west for the time being if you know what I mean. Watch for Part IV of “The Pipeline” that will be coming soon.

Thanks again for your friendship and may The Force be with you.

Michael Maholy

CHAPTER 19

PRESIDENT CLINTON ADDRESSES INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

by Rick Martin 10/17/94

ALBUQUERQUE, NM—This morning, in an auditorium filled with more brass than a Pentagon award ceremony, Bill Clinton spoke before the International Association of Chiefs' of Police 101st Conference. The IACP annual conference is the largest law enforcement conference and exhibition in the world and this year's attendance is projected at 8 to 10 thousand. The conference features more than 40 workshops on contemporary law enforcement concerns. As one man put it, "This is the only place where if you yell, 'Hey, chief!' ten guys turn around."

Security was extremely tight, as a literal sea of active and retired law enforcement chiefs crowded the entrance to the auditorium to hear the president speak. Once some IACP official board business was completed, the President took the podium and gave accolades to various police chiefs present on stage. This was followed by a presentation from the current IACP president to President Bill Clinton with a jacket which read in gold on the back "AMERICA'S CHIEF".

Speaking without notes, the "flushed" Clinton then immediately started discussing drug trafficking, weapons and crime. He spoke of the crime rate going down in many cities, but increasing in many towns. "We have had thirty years of trends developing," the President said, "creating huge social vacuums where gangs and drugs and violence have moved in." Referring to the Crime Bill, Clinton said, "We're going to have to change this country from the grass-roots up." He went on to say, "I was determined to pass the Crime Bill and the Brady Bill because I knew we had some things to do."

The President then went on to add, "My job as President is to keep the American dream alive."

In referring to the improved state of our nation, Clinton added, "Russian missiles are no longer pointed at the United States."

Speaking of the Crime Bill generally, the President said, "No matter how much progress we make, we have to do things that go beyond talking. It was the national government's contribution to really change the way Americans are living."

Clinton added, "The Brady Bill has made a difference and the Crime Bill will make a difference."

The President went on to speak of the way towns of 50,000 people will be able to initiate plans for law enforcement expansion and how rapidly federal funds will be made available under the Crime Bill.

The President's speech was frequently interrupted by applause from this sympathetic and supportive audience.

Sounding momentarily like sour-grapes, the President said, "The Crime Bill became a political football to

give up the assault weapon ban. That's all in the past now; it passed." And, "We have to find a way to reach out at a grass-roots level, across bipartisan lines. This is about the future and America.

"We must fund this Crime Bill, we cannot back away, and you must see that it is done.

"You now have the tools to deal with this problem."

Clinton quoted his chaplain as saying, "The only truly unforgivable sin is despair."

As if reminding the listening audience, the President added, "This is a good country".

In his closing plea to protect the children, Clinton emphatically stated, "We have got to teach our children and lift them up!"

To the uninformed or the unsuspecting, the President's speech exuded confidence. He spoke of subjects which were near and dear to those assembled and the audience's view must have surely been that anyone opposing a word he uttered should be shot or hung for treason. Unfortunately, it was imperative to listen between the lines of what the President was saying—and not saying.

The conference is just beginning. FBI Director Louis Freeh, although scheduled to speak this morning, was rescheduled for tomorrow. Also speaking tomorrow is Attorney General Janet Reno, in what will surely prove to be a law enforcement smorgasbord. This story will be continued in next week's *CONTACT*.

CHAPTER 20

AMERICA IN STATE OF EMERGENCY!

by David A. Newby 9/21/94

The United States has been in a declared State of Emergency for 61 years. That's correct. Ever since March 9, 1933, we have been in a State of Emergency as declared by Presidential Proclamation.

To understand the reasoning behind the emergency we must go back to the creation of the Federal Reserve Bank system in 1913. The battle in this country for a centralized bank has been going on since the creation of our nation. There were two previous central banks. President Andrew Jackson pledged his life to destroy the last Bank of the United States. He succeeded before he left office. Almost eighty years would pass before the International Bankers would succeed in once more setting up a central bank in this country. The Federal Reserve Act of 1913 accomplished this goal through the use of bought votes, secret meetings at Jeckyl Island, and great subterfuge.

The Federal Reserve Act was passed December 23, 1913 when most of the Congressmen who opposed it had taken trains home for the Christmas holidays. The Democrats who did this end run knew that they would not be able to get the Act passed with a full congress in session so they waited until the opposition had left for the holidays and brought it to the floor for a vote. Naturally, it passed. The International Bankers had once more succeeded in establishing a central bank on American soil.

The Federal Reserve Banks were to be a central point of storing the American people's gold and silver in safety. The people willingly utilized the Federal Reserve member banks and were issued Federal Reserve Notes equivalent to the amount of gold they had on deposit for reclamation of their goods at any time in the future. When the stock market crashed in 1929 the Great Depression came upon the land. Over the next few years money got tight and times got hard. The hard times prompted many Americans to use their Federal Reserve Notes and reclaim their gold. But by 1932 the Federal Reserve had spirited away the wealth of this nation, in the form of the deposited gold, and the gold was no longer in the banks for the people to reclaim. The gold had been moved overseas to large banking houses in Europe.

This circumstance would serve to reveal the fraud the privately-owned Federal Reserve Banks had perpetrated on the people if it ever became known. But the ever wiley bankers, at a meeting of the Federal Reserve Board in New York, came up with a way to declare a National Emergency and thereby save the banks from being discovered in their theft. Franklin D. Roosevelt was governor of New York at that time and very cozy with the bankers. He was elected president, and on March 4, 1933, in his Inaugural Address he made a proclamation declaring war on the depression and declaring the State of National Emergency through Proclamation #2038. The Proclamation was declared unlawful so the President called a special emergency session of Congress and had his proclamation enacted into law without Congress even reading the bill!

This proclamation was enacted into law in 12 United States Code section 95(b). This law is still on the books today. The emergency is still in effect after 61 years!

The law passed by the 73rd Congress declaring the emergency can be found in volume 48 U.S. Statutes at Large, Title I (Page 1); or H.R. 1491, which reads as follows:

Section 1. The actions, regulations, rules, licenses, orders and proclamations heretofore or hereafter taken, promulgated, made, or issued by the President of the United States or the Secretary of the Treasury since March 4, 1933, pursuant to the authority conferred by subdivision (b) of section 5 of the Act of October 6, 1917, as amended, are hereby approved and confirmed.

[Before continuing with Section 2 there are points that need to be discussed about Section 1. This Section of H.R. 1491 grants the President and the Secretary of the Treasury broad powers that stand today. Notice that all “actions, regulations, rules...heretofore or hereafter taken...are hereby approved and confirmed”. This basically says that anything the President or the Secretary of the Treasury want to do is approved from that date forward. These are powers that fly in the face of the *Constitution* and give the office of the President near dictatorial powers.]

Section 2. Subdivision (b) of section 5 of the Act of October 6, 1917 (40 Stat. L. 411), as amended, is hereby amended to read as follows: “(b) During time of war or during any other period of national emergency declared by the President, the President may, through any agency that he may designate, or otherwise, investigate, regulate, or prohibit, under such rules and regulations as he may prescribe, by means of licenses or otherwise, any transactions in foreign exchange, transfers of credit between or payments by banking institutions as defined by the President, and export, hoarding, melting, or earmarking of gold or silver coin or bullion or currency, by any person within the United States or any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof; and the President may require any person engaged in any transaction referred to in this subdivision to furnish under oath, complete information relative thereto, including the production of any books of account, contracts, letters or other papers, in connection therewith in the custody or control of such person, either before or after such transaction is completed. Whoever willfully violates any of the provisions of this subdivision or of any license, order, rule or regulation issued thereunder, shall, upon conviction, be fined not more than \$10,000, or, if a natural person, may be imprisoned for not more than ten years, or both; and any officer, director, or agent of any corporation who knowingly participates in such violation may be punished by a like fine, imprisonment, or both. As used in this subdivision the term ‘person’ means an individual, partnership, association, or corporation.” (end of quoted section)

Although the Act of October 6, 1917 is not mentioned by name, it must be clarified that the Act did have a name. That Act was the “Trading with the Enemies Act”. You will see by comparing the previous Act with the original Act that the American people were deemed to be “enemies of the state” by removal of the saving clause of the original Act. The original follows:

Sec. 5. (b) That the President may investigate, regulate, or prohibit, under such rules and regulations as he may prescribe, by means of licenses or otherwise, any transactions in foreign exchange, export or earmarkings of gold or silver coin or bullion or currency, transfers of credit in any form (other than credits relating solely to transactions to be executed wholly within the United States), and transfers of evidences of indebtedness or of the ownership of property between the United States and any foreign country, whether enemy, ally of enemy or otherwise, or between residents of one or more foreign countries, by any person within the United States; and he may require any such person engaged in any such transaction to furnish under oath, complete information relative thereto, including the production of any books of account, contracts, letters

or other papers, in connection therewith in the custody or control of such person, either before or after such transaction is completed. (end of quoted section)

Notice that the previous act, the original Trading with the Enemies Act, exclusively exempted transactions within the United States. The Act as amended by President Roosevelt and subsequently passed by Congress omits that exemption thereby making the American people enemies to the state.

What the amended Act did was rob the American people of a stable currency backed by gold and silver. The people of this nation were made to give up their gold in order to protect the interest of a private banking institution called the Federal Reserve. It wasn't enough that the Federal Reserve banks could not produce the gold that was put on deposit in their banks, but President Roosevelt made it illegal for the rest of the country to keep the gold that they had in their possession! This amounted to nothing more than theft.

A case was brought before the Supreme Court to challenge the Constitutionality of the law and the Supreme Court held that the law was in fact unconstitutional. This created a minor problem that was soon overcome when Roosevelt stacked the Court and the previous Court's decision was overturned. An unconstitutional law became law wholly by judicial fiat.

A Senate committee report was released on November 19, 1973, Senate Report 93-549, which discussed in depth the states of emergency and what it meant to the nation. Comments made by Senator Frank Church in the report questioned the difference between the dictatorial powers held by the President of the United States under the national emergency and those held by Communist dictators. It was held that, in effect, there was no difference.

In September 1976 the Congress lifted all the national emergencies that the Congress had the power to remove in Public Law 94-412. It still left about six emergencies, most as a result of the one you have just read, that can only be removed or rescinded by the President.

Every President to sit in the White House has been aware of these states of emergency and each of them has been unwilling to relinquish the power they retain in the Executive branch under the emergencies. Congress is powerless to change this situation unless it decides to bring the President up on charges of treason.

Article III, Section 3 of the *United States Constitution* states:

Treason consists of against the United States, shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their Enemies, giving them Aid and Comfort. No Person shall be convicted of Treason unless on the testimony of two Witnesses to the same overt Act, or on Confession in open Court.

The Congress shall have Power to declare the Punishment of Treason, but no Attainder of Treason shall work Corruption of Blood, or Forfeiture except during the Life of the Person attained.

By reading the above cited Act of March 9, 1933, and reading other acts by the same congress, such as the Agriculture Emergency Act of May 12, 1933 where the federal government confiscated the land of this nation to back the credit system of the United States, you must decide whether you think every President

since Franklin Roosevelt has been guilty of treason by levying war against the people of America. Every President has known of the power they hold through these standing emergencies. Democrat and Republican alike are complicit in perpetuating this war against the American people. The record speaks over and over again of the treason and should speak as witness to their crimes. Their “Overt Acts” can be illustrated by the use of Executive Orders in every administration creating agencies that have no authority to exist under the *Constitution* and issuing Orders that amount to nothing more than Kingly Decrees of earlier times. It is time Congress gains the courage to exercise their power and duty to the American people as laid out in the *Constitution* and restore the true representative government created by that document.

CHAPTER 21

RONN JACKSON UPDATE

by Rick Martin 10/14/94

Contrary to the perception of some, there is no rift between Ronn Jackson and the CONTACT. In fact, the relationship is intact and moving along quite smoothly. In a two-hour face-to-face with Jackson, he filled me in on the recent series of events which have more than occupied his time in confinement.

The mail, which has poured in supporting Ronn's efforts, is staggering—indeed, much has been diverted to another region to be opened and processed by others.

Ronn's efforts toward assisting *CONTACT* have been, for the time being, thwarted. Among other things, Ronn was recently confronted with a transcript of one of our conversations concerning finances. Needless to say, that didn't go over too well with Ronn. Those wanting to block assistance to *THE PHOENIX PROJECT* may have won a skirmish, but there are more plans ahead which shall not be so thwarted.

Ronn informed me that Law 94-564 has members of Congress extremely red-faced. It seems that there will not be a return to the Gold Standard until this law is rescinded. And speaking of gold prices, they should start climbing very soon now.

Apparently Joseph Stumph, of *Ultimatum Resolution* fame [see pgs. 28-30 of this week's CONTACT], is quite busy these days serving as a general coordinator for patriots in each of the States wishing to get serious about real Constitutional issues. We offer Joseph our best and prayers go out to him. He has his hands full.

Ronn wishes to thank all who have written. He still spends sleepless nights writing responses to as many as possible. This afternoon, when I saw him, he had been up for two days without rest.

There are, of course, private communications taking place with various Government personnel, some elected officials, and perhaps even *The Committee*. Based on prior statements concerning potential release dates, it would not be surprising to see Ronn free within a few months.

One thing is for sure—Ronn has not wavered one iota from the first day I had contact with him. He is on an even track and I, for one, wouldn't want to try to get him off track—not that I believe it is even possible, because I don't think it is. This man is serious and he can either be your best friend or your worst nightmare, depending on which side of the fence you are on.

Ronn Jackson
c/o: CONTACT
P.O. Box 27800
Las Vegas, NV 89126

CHAPTER 22

WHY SOCIALISM LEADS TO SLAVERY: PLANNED DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES THROUGH “FREE TRADE”

Condensed from Dr. John Coleman’s “World in Review” August 1994

CHAPTER 23

CITIZEN'S CHALLENGE ON GATT AND RUSSELL HERMAN DEATH

by John H. Ray 9/7/94

September 7, 1994

Dear Congressman Philip Crane:

In your CONGRESSIONAL REPORT of September 1994 you stated you are in solid support for a new General Agreement on Tariff and Trade (GATT). You also stated Governors of all 50 states have endorsed the new agreement and have called on Congress to approve it quickly. If this were true, then why have 44 State Attorneys General signed a letter addressed to President Clinton calling for him to convene a "State and Federal Consultation Summit" in August as they have great concerns about GATT and want to discuss their concerns before Clinton gives away our Federal and State Sovereignty to a bunch of THIRD WORLD bureaucrats, most of which are anti-American.

Who is telling us the truth? What have you done to educate your constituents as to the actual impact of GATT on State Sovereignty, federal/state and local laws, small farm subsidies, control of crops and land management, etc. Why must Americans reduce their standard of living and also pay to increase the standard of living of Third World Nations through lower wages, job loss and tax dollars? Why does the U.S. have one vote of 144 and yet pay 20% of the bills of GATT?

Can you deny that GATT is controlled by the anti-American World Trade Organization which is connected to the International Monetary Fund (IMF)? Can you also deny that the true purpose of GATT is to boost the economy of Third World Countries to enable them to pay their debt owed to the IMF?

This phony sales pitch of yours, which was the same as for NAFTA—"increased international trade means more American Jobs."—is nothing but a subterfuge, misleading the American people into giving up their Constitution and their Rights in a Sovereign State for the false promise of more jobs [see attached letter to the editor].

The bottom line is, the SUPREME LAW of the United States is the Constitution. It would be ludicrous to conclude to conclude that those men in the House and Senate who, according to Article VI, Clause 3, are "BOUND BY THE OATH OF AFFIRMATION TO SUPPORT THIS *CONSTITUTION*" would instead uphold the U.N., N.W.O., W.T.O. AND G.A.T.T. Charters. A concept that there can be several supreme laws in ONE land, which are diametrically opposed to one another, is absurd and defies reason. The Supreme Court, in Reid V. Covert 354 U.S. 1(1957) held that, "NO AGREEMENT WITH A FOREIGN NATION CAN CONFER POWER ON THE CONGRESS, OR ANY OTHER BRANCH OF GOVERNMENT, WHICH IS FREE FROM THE RESTRAINTS OF THE *CONSTITUTION*."

The U.S. Constitution only gave Congress jurisdiction over FEDERAL territories and Federal employees and not over citizens of any Sovereign State of the United States of America. To knowingly pass any

federal legislation or treaties that empower the U.S. or foreign organizations to dictate compliance to a Sovereign State is a violation of the *United States Constitution* and is treasonous under Constitutional Law.

Very Concerned Citizen,
/s/ John H. Ray
916 Swartmore Court
Schaumburg, Ill 60193

* * *

September 16, 1994

President Bill Clinton,

I am writing you in regard to the untimely and suspicious cause of death on August 29, 1994 of U.S.C.G. RUSSELL HERMANN (A.K.A. Russell Herman) I.D. 312457, SSN 336-20-6722, who served 53 years in various branches of the military and yet his records are unavailable. There is a strong reason to suspect his death was related to a possible cover-up of an undercover military operation: Code names "SWORDFISH" and/or "SAILFIN".

If any crime has been committed against Mr. RUSSELL HERMAN (active U.S. Coast Guard investigator) the law requires a complete and thorough investigation. Since the suspected crimes are believed initiated by the military, the investigation must be independent and unbiased.

Mrs. Russell Herman, wife of the victim, requires these answers as well as the American people:

1. Mr. Herman was to go to the Veterans Hospital emergency room in Marion Illinois on October 24, 1993. Why was he abducted and transported over state line to St. Mary's H.C.F. in Clayton, MO. for 17 days without authorization or wife being notified?
2. Why 40 UNAUTHORIZED Doctors from BELLEVIEW Medical Association gave him excessive RADIATION and nuclear medicines, high dosage of drugs, induced contaminants, and Psychological examinations, then billed the wife when Medicare refused payment (fraud scheme)?
3. Why has the Marion Veterans Hospital and the State of Illinois refused to do an autopsy due to possible criminal investigation, yet refused to release the body of Mr. Herman for an independent autopsy to be conducted?
4. Why has the FBI and the U.S. Attorney's Office admitted there were Federal laws broken (kidnapping and Medicare fraud) but refused involvement due to lack of money to investigate this matter?
5. Why has Mrs. Herman's plea for help been ignored by Congressman Durbin of Illinois, Senator Paul Simon of Illinois, Medicare, the Department of Aging (abuse of the elderly), the Illinois Attorney General, nor anyone else of authority Mrs. Herman has written, faxed, phoned, or talked to has taken any action?

Is the United States of America still governed by the Laws of the Constitution or are we controlled by self-serving bureaucrats who are above the laws of the people? Has Government gotten so big and powerful that they are so indifferent they can ignore the will or needs of the people who have put them in office? Have elections and the press become controlled or manipulated by the Government as well?

Concerned VOTING Citizens,
/s/Mr. & Mrs. John Ray
916 Swartmore Court
Schaumburg, Illinois 60193

PS: I expect reasonable action. Not a FORM "thank you for writing".

* * *

September 26, 1994

Dear Rick,

I attended a "Town Hall Meeting" for my Congressman, Philip Crane (R) who is running for re-election. I agree with his voting record which is surprisingly good on Federal spending issues, BUT I can not agree on his position on GATT, which was the same as NAFTA.

Unfortunately, there were only approximately 50 in attendance in a 1000-seat facility and about half of those were long time "friends of the Congressman" so the questions were soft and extremely general. I get very frustrated over the indifference of the SHEEPLS who never have the time to go to these type of political meetings to voice their frustration to their representatives. They would rather just complain to neighbors about conditions.

From articles printed in the CONTACT about GATT and my research at the Federal Depository, in which I checked out the 1993 Uruguay conference on GATT, I wrote a letter to Congressman Crane (see enclosed) two weeks prior to this meeting, from which I received no response. I was able to hold him to a discussion on GATT for ten minutes by continually challenging him on the facts. I held up the 1 1/4 inch thick '93 report and amendments to GATT and he admitted he read only parts of it. As for the point I made on THIRD WORLD Nations challenging and usurping our Constitution, Federal and State laws and farmers' rights to grow their choice of crops, his most astounding statement was: "This treaty does none of those things. The best legal minds have analyzed these agreements and find that NONE are binding to the U.S. WE're the biggest producer in the world and the demand for our market is too great." I challenged him with: If nothing in the TREATY is binding then what is the point of the treaty and why should we join GATT? His response was: "To get the other nations to reduce their tariffs. They should not subsidize their products and protect their industries, farmers and growers and neither should we in the United States." He made references to the produce from Mexico competing with Florida and California and the obstructive policy towards U.S. rice in Japan.

He talks like he believes nothing in the GATT Treaty is binding to the U.S. but he also believes that through GATT we can force other nations to reduce their tariffs and change their protectionism because we are the

United States and we will be able to export more of our products.

It is a typical example of the mentality of the U.S. Government, so filled with self-grandizement, that they can manipulate or dictate to everyone else in the world, including the people who elect them to office.

I've been accumulating articles I've cut from local papers. Although you may have gotten them from other sources, there may be some you may not have seen. I hope your crew is still hanging in there. They do a fantastic job on the *CONTACT*.

IN THE LIGHT,

/s/ *John Ray*

916 Swartmore Court

Schaumburg, Illinois 60193

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