

MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE

PART I:

An Interim Report on the Death of
Commerce Secretary Ron Brown, et al.

PART II:

A Summary of the 56 Clinton Dead:
The Unknown and Deadly Side of
the Whitewater Scandal

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We gratefully acknowledge the contributions of the two dozen brave and concerned citizens, officials, and military personnel who have risked disclosure and the abrupt end of their careers—if not their lives—by assisting us with timely and accurate information included in this report. For the information on the circumstances surrounding the death of Ron Brown, we are especially indebted to I-3, our third major informant within U.S. military ranks in the past year. “Eye Three,” as he is nicknamed, is a highly-placed military source.

**Cilipi Airport, Dubrovnik, Croatia, 2:10 P.M.,
April 3, 1996:**

Captain Amir Schic lands a twin-engine corporate jet carrying the Croatian Prime Minister and the American Ambassador.

It is one of five planes to land routinely on Runway 12 in the hour preceding the scheduled 3:00 arrival of IFOR-21, the Boeing T-43A carrying Ron Brown and his upbeat entourage of American industrial deal-makers.

Cilipi Airport, 2:15 P.M.:

Businessmen begin to straggle into the lobby, a few carrying umbrellas to ward off the very light to moderate rain.

They're early because they're anxious to greet the

35 Americans who at this moment are taking off from Tuzla, Bosnia, 130 miles to the northeast.

Outside, a perfect breeze blows at 14 mph from east to west, perfect because at 120° from north, it is only one degree off from being an exact headwind for the landing pattern of IFOR-21.

Contrary to some U.S. news reports, it is not a dark and stormy night. It is the middle of the afternoon.

The Radio Shack of Cilipi Airport, about 2:30 P.M.:

Maintenance Chief Niko Jerkuic, 46, nervously fiddles with the dials on his NDR (Nondirectional Radio) beacon, the only instrument he has that can guide approaching planes.

In a couple of hours, he will be a rich man, the two American operatives told him, if he can quietly

TIME Out

TIME magazine staffers quickly picked up wind of the plane sabotage and began planning an exposé issue. But word came down from the head office to kill it, and that was that.

send IFOR-21 into Sveti Ivan (St. John's Hill), one of the highest mountains in the area at 2400 feet.

Jerkuic will simply shut his beacon down—at the same moment that a decoy beacon is turned on by an American operative sitting near the base of

Sveti Ivan. This is an old trick dating back to pirate days.

He inspects his terrain map again and again. If he miscalculates ... well, the Americans did not look like men who would forgive someone who botches a serious assignment like this one.

All Jerkuic knows is that there is someone on the plane who is very dangerous to the American President, and it is his job to make sure the plane never lands.

With a shaky hand, he picks up a scrambled walkie-talkie and rechecks with the American agent who is sitting in a jeep at Sveti Ivan with another NDR in a suitcase beside him.

Jerkuic glances out at some broken clouds scudding by 400 feet above. They will have no effect. He will have to depend on the main cloud cover at 2,000 feet. Sveti Ivan rises almost 400 feet into this overcast. Jerkuic calculates that the new signal will alter the plane's course by a full ten degrees and send it far off course to the north into the mountain. His timing will have to be perfect.

Money or no money, he begins to wonder if he's doing the right thing.

Cilipi Airport, 2:48 P.M.:

Captain Schic climbs to the control tower to give IFOR-21 a friendly radio greeting and reassurance that all is well.

He describes the Cilipi weather: Visibility eight kilometers (5 miles), winds still at 14 mph, all flights arriving normally.

Flying at about 10,000 feet and 40+ miles away, Co-captains Ashley J. Davis, 35, and Tim Shafer, 33, thank Schic for his words of welcome.

These conditions are later described by *Newsweek* and others as "the worst storm in ten years" with "visibility just 100 yards." (Their portrayal of the weather is flatly denied by *Aviation Week* and *Space Technology*.)

In the clouds over the Adriatic Sea, 2:50 P.M.:

IFOR-21 reports in to Cilipi routinely. It is the last time their voice is heard.

Split, Croatia, 2:52 P.M.:

The main regional radar station loses IFOR-21 from its screen.

Cilipi Airport, 2:52 P.M.:

Jerkuic stops monitoring the control tower to detect any other planes in the landing pattern. There are none, so he calls the American at Sveti Ivan again. They count down: 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Simultaneously, Jerkuic shuts down and the American powers up.

Kolocep Island, 2:54 P.M.:

IFOR-21 is on course as it passes over Cilipi's first beacon, 11.9 miles from the airport. It then locks onto the second and final beam that is being transmitted from Sveti Ivan. This changes the plane's actual direction from 119° to 109°, heading straight into Sveti Ivan. But the Cilipi control tower doesn't know the plane is now off course. It has no radar.

Aboard an AWACS plane, 2:56 P.M.:

The U.S. Air Force plane keeping track of air traffic in the Bosnian conflict area loses track of IFOR-21 just after it passes over Dubrovnik. (Being the military version of a Boeing 737-200, IFOR-21 is not easily lost.) Because it is less than a mile off course at this point, no one on the AWACS notes any problem.

Srebreno, Croatia, 2:57 P.M.:

Villagers hear a plane roaring past unusually low and close.

Plat, Croatia, 2:57 P.M.:

Villagers Ana and Miho Duplica rush outside and see IFOR-21 looming "like a ghost out of the clouds."

Velji Do, Croatia, 2:58 P.M.:

Everyone in this tiny collection of stone huts at the base of Sveti Ivan hears a plane go directly overhead in the clouds, then rev its engines mightily for one instant.

Aboard the plane, the klaxon of its ground-proximity warning device suddenly blares, jolting Captain Davis. He immediately jerks the plane upward and to the left.

The two to three seconds of warning are far too little. The plane's left wingtip touches ground, spinning it directly into the rocky hillside, making an earth-shaking explosion.

There is the crackling hiss of a huge fireball as the

plane and its large load of gas burn. Then a dead silence in the mist.

The tail section remains quite intact, but the rest of IFOR-21 is all over the hill, making later identification of many of the passengers impossible. The nose of the fuselage is just a blackish smudge in the ground.

All 35 people are dead except for stewardess Shelly Kelly, who, riding in the tail, sustains only minor cuts and bruises.

Cilipi, 3:18 P.M.:

U.S. authorities are notified that IFOR-21 is down, location completely unknown. However, they are to suffer 1½ hours of confusion before arriving at the scene.

Republic of South Africa, approximately 4:00 P.M.:

News reports say an attempt has been made on the life of Ron Brown's law partner, Tommy Boggs, by unknown assailants in a staged car accident in Capetown. Later, Boggs refuses to discuss it.

Cilipi, later that afternoon:

Niko Jerkuic goes home to collect his reward, but the reward is not waiting for him. It comes three days later: a bullet through the chest, administered just shortly before he is scheduled to be grilled by the U.S. Air Force accident investigation team.

The hit squad wraps his hand around the gun and departs. The Americans do not want a live witness who could spill the beans later.

Like many of the Whitewater dead, Jerkuic is immediately labeled a suicide, even though there's no evidence—and a *chest* wound is a rather rare cause—especially with a large caliber pistol (unusual in Europe).

The quick official reason given for bachelor Jerkuic's death is despondence over romantic troubles with his girlfriend. At this point, however, we have not been able to find any verification for this. Instead, what we have found is neighbors and friends who all agree that Jerkuic was *not* depressed. Like many of his friends who had survived the years of the Bosnian war, he was excited that life was finally getting better.

Crash site, 7:20 P.M.:

Four hours and 20 minutes after the crash, the first Croatian Special Forces search party arrives on the scene and finds only Ms. Kelly surviving. They call for a helicopter to evacuate her to the hospital.

When it arrives, she is able to get aboard without assistance from the medics.

But Kelly never completes the short hop. She dies enroute. According to multiple reports given to journalist/editor Joe L. Jordan, an autopsy later reveals a neat three-inch incision over her main femoral artery. It also shows that the incision came at least three hours after all her other cuts and bruises.

This datum, of course, creates in one's mind a horrifying scene in the back of the chopper, as one Special Forces operative holds down the struggling woman and muffles her screams while another slices her leg.

Further necropsies will probably not happen. At this writing, Clinton has ordered the cremation of all victims. It's hard to perform autopsies on ashes.

All this cries, of course, for an explanation of why anyone would be so eager to kill Ron Brown that they would take 34 innocent Americans along with him. I will address this issue in a moment. But first let me describe the current state of thinking on the cause of the crash.

Confusion or Coverup?

Ever since the crash, most reporters and officials have refused to even consider the possibility of foul play.

Some of them have merely followed orders. But most of them have instinctively fled from the highly disturbing possibility that Ron Brown was assassinated by people close to his own President.

So confronted with the total impossibility of two experienced pilots following an NDR beam to a crash site 1.6 miles off course, they all shrug their shoulders in bewilderment. None of their theories have come even close to explaining how a beacon that is accurate to within two feet at the landing point could lead the plane so far astray. But they have tried:

- The Air Force's official explanation is that the pilots set the compass on the IFOR-21 10° off course. That is impossible. Pilots routinely set their compasses right before takeoff. If they set the compass off 10°, they would not have been on course when they passed the first beacon, 11.8 miles from the airport. Instead they would have been miles and miles off course at this point. To make this explanation even more absurd, the plane was flying on the NDR signal, not the compass.

- One desperate explanation was a nasty crosswind that "blew" the plane sideways. Not credible: This

would require a wind 90° off from the actual wind.

- Most of the press and officialdom have blamed poor visibility to some extent. To do this, they have to take the ferocity of the rainstorm later that afternoon and evening and move it back in time to the crash hour. But records show the weather from 2:54 P.M. to 2:58 P.M. was well within the normal limits for landing. And NDR beacons never get blown off course.

In any case, pilots more than a few miles from an airport normally rely on a beam rather than visual sighting anyway.

- Pilot fatigue and strain? Not likely on a 45-minute flight.

- Equipment malfunction on a rickety old plane? IFOR-21 was the number two plane in the White House fleet: in essence, Air Force Two. It had carried Hillary and Chelsea Clinton and Defense Secretary William Perry just the week before. Everything about the flight was checked out and rehearsed a week in advance.

- Lightning or other troubles causing the pilots to lose track of the beam? No, they were both drilled in the standard procedure for Cilipi: If you lose the beam or miss the airport, you immediately veer TO THE RIGHT AND UP to make sure you avoid Sveti Ivan. Indisputably, the pilots thought they were following the beacon, or they would have executed the standard right turn within seconds. Plus, their landing gear was locked down, showing that they expected to land at any moment.

In sum, none of the "official" explanations to date have held any water. And all of them ignore the glaring fact that IFOR-21 did not simply stray off the path at the last moment; by all accounts, it went straight as an arrow to its doom the moment it left the Kolocep Island beacon and picked up the Cilipi beacon. *The problem had to be the Cilipi beacon, which was shut down at the airport while a substitute transmitter at Sveti Ivan was turned on.*

And Even Worse...

Could the problem have been that technician Niko Jerkuic had let his equipment become run-down? No, thousands of landings had taken place while his equipment was running, some just minutes before the crash. To transmit an NDR beacon that's ten degrees off, it takes more than an accident.

Obviously, this explanation could do double duty by aiding the suicide theory. In this scenario, Jerkuic simply felt so bad about his shoddy work that he shot himself. Unfortunately for the theory, you can't just accidentally bump a knob and make the whole apparatus line planes up with Sveti Ivan. It takes a sus-

tained effort by a qualified engineer. Plus, other planes had landed just before IFOR-21. So Jerkuic had to shut off his beacon *at the last minute*.

The question arises: Could not the whole issue be resolved by a quick review of the tapes at the control tower? They probably could—if the tapes had not *suddenly disappeared*.

And couldn't the air traffic controller shed some light on things? Certainly. But now he, too, has "committed suicide"—which, by the way, is a rare event for such a cause in Croatian culture.

I repeat: No official anywhere is facing these facts. As a result, their "explanations" are laced with words like *mysterious* and *unknown* and *inexplicably*.

The unanimous opinion of our informants: This information, if widely known, would eliminate any chance of Clinton's re-election.

The First Time in History: Air Force Kills Investigation

The chief investigator for Pratt & Whitney happened to be at the Paris Air Show on April 3.

Because Pratt & Whitney *always* sends an investigator when a plane powered by their engines has a mishap, the man called his boss in America, and said, in effect, "We've just had a crash in Croatia. I think I'd better get down there." The response was, "Go pack."

But as the investigator was packing at his hotel, the boss called back. "Don't go," he said to the astonished employee. "There's not going to be a safety investigation."

Sure enough, the Air Force had, *for the first time in its history*, canceled the safety investigation of a crash on friendly soil. There would only be a quick token legal investigation designed to enable a committee to blame the pilots or some remote general and go home.

"At this time it's an open question whether the black boxes will play a role. Within hours of the crash, the Croatian Ministry of Transport announced that they had the black boxes. One and a half days after the crash, Croatian TV (plus Russian and French TV) announced that the FDR (flight data recorder) and the CVR (cockpit voice recorder) were safely in the hands of U.S. Marines. They said that soon "the cause of the crash will be assessed to find out what happened."

The U.S. European command in Stuttgart, Germany, also stated that a black box was aboard.

Later, the Pentagon brass stoutly disputed all this, stating that there *were* no black boxes aboard. They claimed the actual recovered boxes were designed to hold soda pop and toilet paper. (The Croats, who feel

they can tell a reel of tape from a roll of toilet paper, are keeping mum.) Also, black boxes are usually painted bright orange, and they can't be opened with a thumb—or hardly at all.

It is difficult to imagine that America's #2 VIP plane had no black box. And a veteran Air Force mechanic who claims to have worked on just about every T-43A in the USAF tells us he never saw one *without* a black box.

Why would anyone want to Murder Ron Brown?

By all accounts, Ron Brown was a charming fellow who worked very hard and very effectively to promote U.S. business.

Why, then, would anyone want to kill him? And who would have the resources to do it by bringing down a large White House airplane?

The answer, in brief, is that Ron Brown was going to prison—no ifs, ands, or buts about it.

Also, Bill Clinton's presidency was surely going down with him. And *that* the President would not allow.

To anyone who has followed the story closely, this conclusion is obvious. Brown was up to his neck in numerous major scandals: Whitewater, the Denver

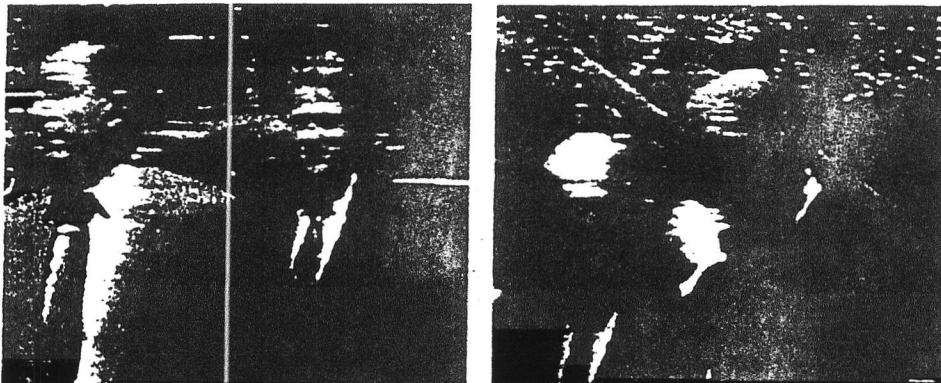
airport mess, Mena, the Keating Five, Lillian Madsen and her Haitian prostitutes, etc., etc. Small wonder that 22 congressmen wrote Clinton in February of 1995, demanding that he fire Brown.

At the time of his murder, Brown was under investigation by:

- a special prosecutor in the Justice Dept.
- the FDIC
- the Congressional Reform and Oversight Committee
- the FBI
- the Energy Dept.
- the Senate Judiciary Committee
- and even his own Commerce Dept. Inspector General.

But in case you missed the piecemeal accounts in the papers, here is an extremely condensed summary of 11 of Brown's woes (which were shortly going to become Clinton's woes, as I'll show below):

1. How did North Vietnam recently get us to drop our trade embargo against them so suddenly? Easy. As a Vietnamese businessman and official later revealed to the press, the Communist government paid Brown \$700,000 to do it. The money went into a Singapore bank account, the embargo fell, and Clinton squashed a feeble FBI attempt to investigate. He and Brown also neutralized a federal grand jury probe later.



Oscar Performance:

Leaving a memorial service where he spoke movingly of Ron Brown, Clinton was walking along with a group of

officials, talking and laughing. But in mid-laugh, he looked up and spotted a group of reporters (left).

Within one stride, he instantly changed his demeanor from a jovial grin to a weeping grimace.

In another fraction of a second, he brought up his hand to wipe away an imaginary tear (right).

The breathtakingly fast switch in emotions would put to shame any method actor who ever lived. The tear was pounced upon by commentators from Rush Limbaugh to Paul Harvey to NBC's Bob Faw ("The gestures, the words do seem genuine. Sometimes they aren't.") to Newsweek's Howard Fineman ("I've decided Bill Clinton is at his most genuine when he's the most phony....We know he doesn't mean what he says....It was classic Clinton to wipe away the phony tear.")

The critical question we are left with is this: Do these photos show a man who was genuinely sorry to see Ron Brown dead?

2. Brown sold plane seats on other trade trips besides the one to Bosnia/Croatia. Companies making big contributions to the Democratic Party or the Clinton Victory Fund could buy access and get tax breaks or regulatory favors.

3. The 1/23/95 *U.S. News & World Report* broke the news that Brown had bought a \$360,000 town-house for his girlfriend, Lillian Madsen, a prominent political player and whorehouse madam from Haiti.

4. Brown used to receive \$12,500 a month as the P.R. flack for Baby Doc Duvalier, the much-loathed dictator of Haiti. Brown also managed Baby Doc's \$50 million investment fund, most or all of which is now in Vietnam firms.

5. Brown was a key board member of Chemfix, a Louisiana "waste management" corporation that landed a \$210 million contract with New York City in 1990 with Brown's help despite the fact that Chemfix had two contracts with other municipalities canceled because of the company's inability to perform. Brown got company stock at 24% of market value (making him millions) and New York mayor David Dinkins got to host the Democratic Convention. A typical Ron Brown win-win deal.

6. Brown founded Capital/Pebesco, which—fresh out of the box—got a contract with D.C. mayor Marion Barry to handle the city's pension funds. Not a bad start for a new company with no investing experience. Brown earned huge fees.

7. In a deal that left CIA people livid, Brown okayed the sale of a new U.S. gas turbine engine to China for use in its cruise missiles. McDonnell Douglas developed the turbine as a military engine, but by arbitrarily reclassifying it as "civilian," Brown enabled China to build a fleet of missiles—which they can point at America (whom else?), powered by our own engines. As part of the lucrative deal, McDonnell Douglas agreed to set up an airplane manufacturing plant using cheap slave labor in China.

8. Brown irked Congress and most of Europe by acting as point man for Clinton to bring Iranian Muslims and their weaponry into the Bosnia war. That broke the U.S.-endorsed arms embargo.

The money for the arms was most likely from Commerce and Agriculture, slush fund money channeled to U.S. manufacturers, thence to U.S.-friendly nations and firms overseas, thence to Iran. The arms included:

- helicopter gunships
- stinger missiles
- land mines
- anti-aircraft guns
- anti-tank weapons
- grenade launchers

...and other quality weaponry, most of which will

remain on the European scene for decades to come, keeping the area destabilized.

As one leading munitions dealer put it: "Iran/Contra was slingshots and cap guns compared to the quantities and size of arms given the Croatian Serbs."

That is why the Croatians were enthusiastically hosting Brown's planeload of executives. They felt gratitude for the free arms as well as a desire to do deals.

9. Brown was the partner of a Democratic fundraiser named Nolanda Hill, who paid him \$500,000 for his 50% interest in First International, Inc., a company that never made any profits. Most glaringly, Brown never invested a cent in First Int'l.

First Int'l owned Corridor Broadcasting, which had defaulted on massive government loans of \$40 million. The loans were passed to the FDIC, which was unsuccessful in collecting anything from Hill, even though at that time the firm was making large contributions to the Democratic Party *and* paying hundreds of thousands to Brown through shell corporations.

These payments to Brown (three checks for \$45,000 each) were the core of evidence gathered by Rep. William F. Clinger, Jr., that forced Reno to hire Daniel Pearson as special investigator of Brown's crimes. They were cashier's checks, all cut on the same day in 1993 with sequential numbers even though the money supposedly came from three contributors acting independently.

Brown never disclosed or paid any taxes on these amounts.

10. By personally delivering a warning letter signed by Clinton, Brown was able to force a bargain deal with the Saudis for \$6 billion in American military aircraft and hardware. The *quid pro quo*: To get the planes, the Saudis also had to accept a fat \$4 billion phone contract with AT&T. Also part of the deal: AT&T had a side agreement with Brown's First International (see above). And the Democratic National Committee and the Clinton campaign fund were beneficiaries. This is how big business is done in Clinton's America.

11. The last nail in Brown's coffin was pounded in four days before the crash. FBI and IRS agents subpoenaed as many as 20 witnesses for a serious new grand jury probe of Brown in Washington. It seems that an Oklahoma gas company called Dynamic Energy Resources gave Brown's son Michael \$500,000 in stock, a \$160,000 cash payment, and exclusive country club memberships. Former Dynamic president Stewart Price told a Tulsa grand jury that the money was to be routed to Ron Brown, who was expected to "fix" a big lawsuit for Dynamic.

There is little chance you heard about this death-knell, grand jury case. It was reported on radio station KTOK in Oklahoma on March 28 and on the front

page of the *Washington Times* March 29. But then a lock was put on the story: the AP and New York Times wire services blocked any further release of the information. (Welcome to the New World Order.)

Final proof: the 2/8/96 *Washington Post* reported that Brown had retained top legal gun Reid Weingarten, a former high official in the Justice Department, as his criminal attorney. You don't pay his prices (\$750 an hour) unless you know a criminal indictment is coming and you're probably going to jail.

Janet Reno appointed Daniel Pearson as Brown's special prosecutor. When she gave him blanket permission to investigate *anything*, Brown angrily demanded that Clinton force her to withdraw Pearson. But Reno couldn't do that: she had been backed into a corner by Rep. Clinger, who is chairman of the House Government Reform and Oversight Committee. Clinger had copies of Brown's First International checks, among other incriminating documents.

When Clinton said he couldn't comply, Brown went ballistic. His fatal mistake—according to Brown confidants who requested anonymity—was telling Clinton that he wasn't going to take the rap. He wasn't going to let his wife and son take the rap, either. (Both had received hundreds of thousands of dollars in under-the-table payments themselves.) He was going to finger Bill and Hillary instead. That would have sunk the re-election campaign on the spot.

Dead Man Walking

From that point on, Brown was dead.

Like Vincent Foster before him, he knew too much. More than any man in Washington, he knew where all the money went for the payoffs, bribes, scams, money laundering, cover-ups, participation fees, hush money, and side deals—all the way from one-man operations to vast multinational trade treaty fixes.

The phony suicide fakeout used on Foster could not be repeated, of course. But an airplane "whack," in the jargon of the intelligence community, is always viewed as an accident. So agents were sent—not directly by Clinton, but through a White House staffer—to a standing network of high-level killers, sometimes called the "Octopus." (See item on Danny Casolaro in Part II).

If the frequently-stormy weather at Cilipi had not co-operated, there would always be another trap—somewhere, somehow—and soon.

Conclusion to Part I

If the preceding data were widely known, America would realize that Bill Clinton is by far the most dangerous man ever to live in the White House.

His complex personality certainly has a genial side. But a clear overall picture of this man must include the brutal nature of the hit team that carries out his muttered wishes and looks after his political fortunes.

This is not simply the rag-tag "Arkansas mafia" that followed Clinton to Washington. It is a small but extremely well-organized network of pro-establishment heavy hitters and their ground-level operatives. With changes of faces from time to time, they have been on the scene since the 1970s.

Although the phrase "New World Order" would certainly describe the political alignment of most of these individuals, that is a simplistic way to describe such a dangerous circle. It would be clearer just to call them a diverse band of high-level thugs who, in a certain sense are not outlaws. **They are the muscle squad of the establishment.**

Their identity and methods will be much clearer to you after you read Part II of this report, which is considerably more hair-raising than Part I.

If you are a member of Congress, I urge you to assign your most trusted staff member to investigate these crimes, starting with a conversation with Daniel Pearson, who is still willing to share his information.

If you are an investor, I urge you to consider the enormous implications (good or bad) for your finances and future, as revealed in the accompanying letter.

Part II

A Summary of the 56 Clinton Dead: The Unknown and Deadly Side of the Whitewater Scandal

Despite all you have read about the so-called Whitewater affair, you have never seen the whole story, or anything close to it. Here, for the first time, you will see the full horror gathered together thread by thread.

Here is what President Clinton hopes you will never learn about "Whitewater." It is not just a flap over improper loans on a piece of property. It is a 13-year crime spree in which Clinton was guilty of:

Drug Running, Massive Bank Fraud, Extortion, Non-Stop Adultery, Attacks, Threats, Beatings, Coverups, Break-Ins, Bribery, Thefts, Conflicts of Interest, Arson, Money Laundering, Official Lies, Insider Trading, Rape, Election Fraud, Obstruction of Justice, Campaign Fraud, Federal Witness Tampering, Destruction of Subpoenaed Documents, Contempt of Congress, and Being Accessory to 56 or so Murders...

Ron Brown and his innocent friends are only the latest in a 13-year-long string of Clinton deaths.

In Arkansas and across the U.S.A., there are 56 dead people who knew too much about Whitewater or Troopergate or Cattlegate or some other Clinton scandal.

In some ways, I know more than they did. I spent 20 years in Arkansas, and I personally knew Clinton, Governor Tucker, Vince Foster, Jim McDougal, David Hale, Don Tyson, Jim Blair, and dozens more of that crowd.

Some of the dead probably died by accident. But it's silly to pretend they all did. For example:

Victim No. 1. On September 26, 1993, Luther "Jerry" Parks enjoyed a nice dinner at a Mexican restaurant in Little Rock.

On the way home, his car was forced to a stop, and he was mowed down by unfriendlies with nine-millimeter semiautomatic pistols.

The coroner pulled nine bullets from Jerry's body. I believe we can safely rule out suicide on this one. And it doesn't sound like your standard drive-by shooting, either. In fact, witnesses claim the hit man was a former state trooper who was very close to Bill Clinton.

Jerry was the owner of American Contract Services, which supplied the guards for Clinton's presidential campaign and transition headquarters. (Clinton still owed him \$81,000.) So he knew a lot about Clinton's comings and goings.

As a matter of fact, Jerry had quietly been compiling a major study of Clinton's sexual affairs for about six years. Not quietly enough, though. Shortly before his demise, his home was broken into and the study's backup files—filled with photos and names—were stolen, according to his widow, Jane ... after the security alarm was skillfully cut. Nothing else was taken.

His big mistake: "He threatened Clinton," Jane said, "saying he'd go public if he didn't get his \$81,000." And then came the end. The *London Sunday Telegraph* quoted Jerry's son Gary, 23, stating the obvious: "...they had my father killed to save Bill Clinton's political career."

After a long investigation, Little Rock police detective Sergeant Clyde Steelman gave his character endorsement: "The Parks family aren't lying to you."

But unless you live in Arkansas, you probably never heard about Jerry Parks. If you lived in London (or Nairobi or Hong Kong) you would know more. Whitewater and other Clinton scandals are a *far* bigger story overseas. Many foreign observers feel the Whitewater coverup is the biggest one in the world in fifty or sixty years.

Like the Watergate coverup 22 years ago, it won't

work. Jerry Parks made copies of his Clinton sex files, and Mrs. Parks recently told me that one set was passed on to a federal law enforcement agency. There it awaits only the right moment to be brought into the spotlight.

Just as in Watergate, when the scandal breaks, the facts will surface—and stock investments will nose dive.

Victim No. 2. You must understand the central fact about the Whitewater Development Corporation: It was *not* the main crime.

Whitewater was only a pretext set up by Jim McDougal and the Clintons to milk millions of dollars from the SBA, banks, Arkansas Development Finance Authority, and Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan (which was later bailed out by us taxpayers to the tune of \$65 million).

The Resolution Trust Corporation people eventually figured out that their investigation of Madison wasn't getting anywhere because it was based in Kansas City, where Clinton's people stymied it. So Jon Parnell Walker, a Senior Investigation Specialist in the RTC's Washington office, began a campaign to get the case moved to DC.

Soon after, Jon was looking over a possible new apartment in Lincoln Towers in Arlington, Virginia, when reportedly he suddenly decided to climb over the balcony railing and jump.

Jon's friends, family, and co-workers all agree on one fact: This man was *not* depressed. Maybe he was just impulsive.

Victim No. 3. You may remember the name Danny Ferguson. He is the Arkansas patrolman who once said he brought Paula Jones to Bill Clinton's hotel room.

Kathy, 38, his wife at the time, blabbed a lot about such things. She often told friends and co-workers about how Bill had gotten Danny to bring women to him and stand watch while they had sex.

(Altogether, Bill had hundreds of women brought to him, sometimes several a day. Young, pretty women pulled over for speeding or whatever would be offered a choice between a jail sentence or a trip to go see Bill.)

Part of Danny's job was to make sure that each woman was ready and willing when Bill met her. Kathy told people that Bill was *really* mad when Paula Jones wouldn't "put out." Bill hates to be refused.

On May 10, Kathy was found dead with a pistol by her right hand. A suicide, the police said. Only three problems with this:

- a. Women rarely use guns to kill themselves.
- b. I can't find anyone who *ever* heard of a nurse shooting herself. (Why should they? They know all the right dosages for pills, and they have access to them.)
- c. I've talked to three of the six nurses who worked

most closely with Kathy at Baptist Memorial in Little Rock. They gave me, in no uncertain terms, a loud message to convey to you: "NO WAY did Kathy Ferguson kill herself." They are irate.

Besides, they and two other hospital personnel carefully viewed her body at the funeral home. Clearly, they agree, the small bullet entry hole, which they found stuffed with cotton, was behind her left ear, execution style. (The autopsy falsely claimed it was in her right temple; but *that* hole was quite large, which is typical of exit wounds.)

They also mention it was a standing joke among her friends that the right-handed Kathy was such a total klutz with her left hand that she admitted she couldn't even apply makeup with it.

Footnote to story: About three weeks later, Danny reversed his story, saying he didn't lead Paula to Clinton's room after all.

Second footnote: Bill Shelton, Kathy's new boyfriend (since her separation from Danny), was loudly critical of the suicide story and complained to many people about it. Bill was found dead on June 9. They're calling this a suicide, too. But he also was found with a bullet entry hole *behind* his ear.

Ever hear of anyone who killed himself that way?

Victim No. 4. Vincent Foster, who was Clinton's counsel for Whitewater, was the highest government official to meet an untimely death since the Kennedys.

He *could* have killed himself on July 20, 1993, as Clinton's first "independent" counsel claimed. But it's rather doubtful. The story line concocted by the counsel has about 20 major holes in it. A few examples:

- Vince went out and hired two lawyers on July 19. As Clinton's man in charge of covering up Whitewater, he had failed badly and could see everything was about to unravel (which it began to do in Arkansas the very next day). Question: Why pay for a lawyer to launch a defense and then shoot yourself a day later? The independent counsel ignored this.

- After a somewhat hurried lunch in his office July 20, Vince grabbed his jacket and left the White House with the words, "I'll be back." And then we are supposed to believe, apparently, that he picked up a White House beeper, drove to his Georgetown townhouse, got a gun, drove to a lonely park in Arlington, walked 200 yards to a steep slope, went down into some thick bushes, sat down, shot himself and *then* threw his glasses 13 feet away through heavy brush, and wound up lying down supine and perfectly straight, legs together, with arms straight down at his side, the gun *still* in his hand, and trickles of blood running from his mouth in several directions, including uphill. What's wrong with this picture?

- Where's the bullet? None was ever found even

after a massive search and excavation. Could it be that the police and FBI looked in the wrong place? Sgt. George Gonzalez (the first paramedic on the scene) and his boss both insisted they found Foster 200 feet from the official spot. If they're right, then why was the body moved?

- Where are Vince's fingerprints on the gun? All the prints are someone else's!

- Where are the skull fragments? None were ever found. Normally, a .38 will blow out a 4" to 5" hole, with blood and brains everywhere. Because of the mess and the noise, most sophisticated hit men today repack their cartridges with a half charge. This explains the tiny, one-inch hole in the back of Vince's head. The counsel skipped this, too.

- How could the soles of Foster's shoes have remained absolutely clean? That time of year, the soil in Fort Marcy Park, where his body was dumped, is the stickiest, gummiest you've ever seen. Ten steps, and your soles are covered with dirt sparkling with flecks of mica.

- Who is the mystery blonde whose hairs were found on Vince? And why did the counsel not mention that carpet fibers and semen were found on his shorts? In this age of detective movies, how could anyone think such clues unworthy of mention in a serious report?

- The "suicide note" now has proven to be bogus! In a painstaking, three-month study by *Strategic Investment*, a panel of the three most respected forensic handwriting experts in the world unanimously determined the note to be a forgery.

The bright yellow note, torn into 27 pieces (without leaving one single fingerprint—try that!), suddenly appeared in Vince's briefcase after an absence of six days. During that time, the police and FBI had inspected the briefcase and found it to be empty.

- Today, thanks to the drug trade, hit men have polished the "staged suicide" to an exact science. If any sign of a struggle remains, the killer has failed his task. The trick is to persuade the victim he'll be OK if he cooperates—and then shoot suddenly. In the vile jargon of the professional assassins I've had the misfortune of meeting, "Ya gotta butter up a turkey before ya roast 'im." To my utter amazement, neither the independent counsel nor the Senate investigators knew anything about how hit men work today.

- Seven top U.S. forensic experts have gone on record as saying that the pattern of powder burns on Foster's index fingers is "not consistent with suicide."

- I could go on and on and on. The counsel quoted reports—even an anonymous one—from visitors to the park that day. But some witnesses also saw "a menacing-looking Hispanic man" by a white van with its big door open near Vince's car just before the body

was found. The counsel left that out.

- Instead of allowing Vince's office to be sealed after his death, top Clinton staffers Bernie Nussbaum, Patsy Thomasson, and Maggie Williams frantically rifled it for "national security matters" (read: incriminating Whitewater documents) and carted them off to Hillary's closet upstairs. In a stunning show of chutzpah, they even made the park police and FBI agents sit in the hallway for two hours while they did it. And Nussbaum later claimed it was only ten minutes! (An FBI agent disclosed to me that a file was opened for *obstruction of justice*, but Bill had it closed.)

Why would anybody want a nice, gentle fellow like Vince Foster killed and his body dumped in a park? For some excellent reasons, which I detail in my book, *The Presidential Mess: An Emergency Guidebook for Investors*. Believe me, it's a stunning story, and I'd like to give you a complimentary copy.

But the #1 reason is that Vince knew far too much and he had to go because he was about to crack—and that would have ended the Clinton presidency right there and then.

Suppose, however, it *was* suicide. Suppose Whitewater was becoming such a horror that suicide seemed better than facing the music. What then?

Then the only logical explanation is scenario #2, which *still* puts Clinton in a very bad light:

- Vince's Whitewater coverup was coming apart. Facts were popping up in the press and people were talking. For instance, Clinton's partner in Whitewater, Jim McDougal, had gone to Little Rock attorney and 1990 Republican gubernatorial candidate Sheffield Nelson and made a taped statement which I have heard, saying:

I could sink it [the coverup] quicker than they could lie about it if I could get in a position so I wouldn't have my head beaten off. And Bill knows that.

- So sensitive was Vince to criticism that he was still bothered about the heat he was getting for his role in Travelgate. In fact, the independent counsel stated that those close to Vince thought that "the single greatest source of his distress was the criticism he ... received following the firing of seven employees from the White House Travel Office." Little did they know the whole story. Vince had to keep Whitewater details bottled up inside—even at home.

- On the day Vince shot himself, he received a shocking phone call from an attorney at Arkansas' Rose Law Firm saying that FBI Director William Sessions was about to subpoena the documents of Judge David Hale. Hale was a Clinton appointee who charged that Clinton forced him to give fraudulent SBA loans of millions of dollars to Clinton's friends.

in the Senate hearings. Clinton's people denied such a call took place, but I know for a definite fact it did. And I'm backed up by the Rose phone billings and Vince's phone log. Also, Sen. Christopher Bond (R.-Mo.) later confirmed that the call was from "an old friend" at Rose.

- About this time, Clinton fired his FBI Director—a step so desperate that no President had ever taken it.

- Vince realized that the genie was out of the bottle. He had confided to his brother-in-law, former congressman Beryl Anthony, that he was very worried that Congress itself was about to launch a criminal probe into his affairs. (In this scenario, the "suicide note" was actually the "opening argument for his defense" before Congress—a defense which Vince told his wife he wrote on July 11.)

- He was sure that in such a probe, the easy-going David Hale would spill the beans and drag in Gov. Tucker, Steve Smith, Madison Marketing, Castle Grande, Whitewater, Vince himself—and, inevitably, Bill Clinton. He mentally added up the fines and prison terms he would face for concealing Bill's crimes—many of which he had taken a supporting role in. The totals were horrendous. And the thought of being a central figure in America's first presidential impeachment was too much for his quiet mind to bear. He told his wife and sister that he was thinking of resigning. (But he still couldn't let on about the Whitewater crisis.)

NOTE: In recent days, you've seen Foster's fears come true with the conviction of Tucker and the McDougals. Now, Clinton is in the extremely awkward position of claiming, "Well, my partners in Whitewater Development are all convicted felons, but I'm pure as the driven snow."

WHITWATER CAN NO LONGER BE CALLED A REPUBLICAN VENDETTA: IT'S A FACT OF HISTORY, AS I'VE KNOWN SINCE 1983.

In addition, Hillary has been proven to have done the billing on Campobello (see below) and written lots of checks for other Whitewater ventures, which makes her guilty of perjury because she denied any involvement.

And from my own data, I'm convinced that they also have her on bank fraud, campaign fraud, mail fraud, and wire fraud.

- Vince was cracking up. Everyone around him agreed he looked and sounded terrible. The Desyrel prescribed by his doctor didn't help. So when the call came about Hale's subpoena, he had to go home and think things over. But there, alas, he could think of no way out. So he put two bullets in his revolver, drove

across the Potomac to the first quiet spot he found, hid himself in some bushes where he could pray in solitude, and pulled the trigger.

There. That sums up the most probable *suicide* scenario. Unfortunately for Clinton, it's very nearly as damning as the murder scenario.

Today everyone—from Vince's family to the press to the White House—professes to be baffled by his death. "How on earth," they wonder, "could such a typical Washington flap as Travelgate cause Vince to be so depressed?"

Under either scenario, the plain answer is: It didn't. The thousand Whitewater crimes did.

Victims No. 5 & 6. Then you have the small-plane crashes, which are fairly easy events to stage. Hit men commonly use any of five quick, simple techniques.

One method was used on the first two victims, C. Victor Raiser II, the former finance co-chairman of Clinton's presidential campaign, and his son, Montgomery. Their plane crashed in good weather near Anchorage, Alaska, on July 30, 1992. I respected Raiser as a man of integrity, but he was caught up in a lot of the shenanigans of the campaign—though he didn't like them. Eventually, he soured on Clinton and thus became a potential major leak and a big threat to Bill's presidency.

Victim No. 7. Herschel Friday was another member of Raiser's committee and a heck of a nice guy. His plane dropped out of sight and exploded as he approached his own private landing strip in Arkansas in a light drizzle on March 1, 1994. Herschel was a top-notch pilot and his strip is better than those in most cities. (I know because I almost had to use it once when my own plane's carburetor started backfiring.)

Victim No. 8. Just two days later, Dr. Ronald Rogers, a very vocal dentist from Royal, Arkansas, was on his way to reveal some dirt on Clinton to Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, a reporter from the *London Sunday Telegraph*, when his twin-engine Cessna crashed with a full tank of gas in clear weather south of Lawton, Oklahoma. His pilot had just radioed that he was having trouble and needed to refuel in Lawton. (I'm 98% sure of the technique that killed both Rogers and Friday: it drops your fuel gauge to "empty," then cuts off your fuel when you tilt forward to land—and leaves no trace of a clue for investigators.)

There have been six other air crash deaths of former Clinton intimates and advisors, but I believe they were true accidents. In fact, in the course of about 50 radio/TV interviews, I've talked with a number of people who blame every accident since the Titanic on Clinton. This foolishness distresses me greatly because

ValuJet Tie-In?

Chuck Hays was supposed to be on the ValuJet that crashed in May.

Hays is a long-time CIA contract operative. He is the one who broke the news that Vince Foster had received \$2.73 million from Switzerland just before his death. It was put into a U.S. slush fund bank account that he controlled, but it was designated as a "U.S. Treasury Escrow Account." After his death, the number of the account was found in his wallet.

Similar accounts with similar-sized transfers from Switzerland were found to have been given to Pat Schroeder and other Congressmen. When the news threatened to break, all quickly announced their retirements, shocking their supporters. (Patsy even had her bumper stickers ready to hand out.)

Hays' findings were written up in *Media Bypass* by Jim Norman, former senior editor at *Forbes*. (*Forbes* refused to publish the article because one of the recipients of the huge accounts was Caspar Weinberger, now chairman of *Forbes*.)

Hays's name was on the ValuJet manifest, but he was unable to catch the flight. Color him lucky.

it discredits the actual known murders. Yes, there are likely hundreds of deaths among people connected in some remote way to Clinton's scandals, but the probable murders are pretty much limited to those you see in this special report—and even some of these could be accidents. Your complimentary copy of my book, *The Presidential Mess*, will let you judge for yourself.

Victim No. 9. But Barry Seal's death was no accident. His story is so exciting that Hollywood made it into a movie (*Double-Crossed*), starring Dennis Hopper and Adrienne Barbeau.

Barry made about \$50 million as a pilot and plane supplier in Clinton's incredibly elaborate and successful drug-running operation out of Mena, Arkansas.

Iran-Contra was conceived as a simple scheme to use the Ayatollah's money to send guns to the Contra freedom fighters. But from that humble, Ollie North beginning, it blossomed into the great Arkansas dream. Virtually every load of Chinese AK-47s (plus light machine guns, grenades, and other small ordnance) taken from Mena to Nicaragua was matched by a return load of dope and cash flown in from Colombia via Panama or the Cayman Islands on "black flights" that Customs officials and air traffic controllers were instructed to ignore.

According to an exhaustive, top-selling new book entitled *Compromised*, by Terry Reed and John Cummings (which I found highly accurate), pilots were bringing back and air-dropping over \$9 million a week in cash, which was properly laundered and then went into Arkansas industries owned by friends of Gov. Clinton. (Not into Clinton's pockets—he didn't usually do that kind of thing except to pay off

campaign debts and favors.) And in case you're wondering why Bill needed his land scams when he had all that drug money available, the answer is, the drug operations came later.

Incidentally, the money was laundered through such sterling banks as BCCI. Remember them? I discussed BCCI's involvement extensively with its Panamanian president.

Five or six of the CIA sub-contractor pilots running the gun-drug loop under Barry Seal have said that Nella (near Mena) was chosen as the base for training Contra soldiers mainly because its terrain and foliage were so similar to Nicaragua. Many local resi-

dents still recall camouflaged Latinos holding maneuvers in the countryside—but they all agree it's not healthy to talk about it too much.

Iran-Contra was an impressive operation on both ends. I still remember standing on the deck of a flat-deck, flat-bottom supply boat used to run guns upriver to the Contras in Nicaragua. It was loaded to the gun-whales with Russian-made rifles, machine guns, rocket-propelled grenades, etc., in Chinese-marked boxes. The captain and his partner, a German arms dealer, invited me to sample the merchandise, so I pried the lids off a couple of wooden cases, took out some AK-47s, and sprayed a few clips around the woods. (Very nice guns, but I wasn't in the market.)

In case this begins to sound like a far-right hallucination, you should know that some liberal groups (ever opposed to CIA tricks) concur. For instance, *The Wall Street Journal* said on June 29:

There is even one public plea that Special Counsel Robert Fiske should investigate possible links between Mena and the savings-and-loan association involved in Whitewater. The plea was sounded by the Arkansas Committee, a left-leaning group of former University of Arkansas students who have carefully tracked the Mena affair for years.

I wish them luck. And good health. The Arkansas Attorney General, the IRS, and the state police have been met for fifteen years with "a wall of obfuscation and obstruction" erected by the Clinton circle of power—which is everywhere in Arkansas. According to *Penthouse*, which is not exactly noted for being a far-right magazine:

He [Clinton] controlled virtually all the 2,000 handpicked appointees to an array of boards and

commissions that effectively rule the state... Anyone seeking to do business with the state—and that included just about everybody running a business—learned to expect direct solicitations by Clinton's campaign finance people.

Polk County Prosecutor Charles Black, to his credit, once even sat down with Clinton himself and pleaded for a state investigation of Mena!

Bill said that "he would get a man on it and get back to me," Black recalls. That was in 1988. Black is still sitting by his phone. (I'm sure Bill got a kick out of that interview. I recall him grinning as he made some comment about "dumb Arkies" one afternoon at the brokerage I owned in Harrison—one of a dozen or so occasions when we spent time together.)

But at the risk of sounding as bad as Bill, I must remind you that, after all, this is Arkansas ... where:

- One governor before Clinton had every concrete-and-steel bridge in the state insured for fire (yes, fire). Guess who owned the insurance company.

- Another governor, being indicted for fraud, simply canned the judge and replaced him with the town drunk, who then dismissed the grand jury.

So just think of Bill as a traditional, Arkansas kind of politician.

But I digress. Barry Seal was eventually arrested by the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration. To get off the hook, he turned state's evidence and fingered several big drug dealers. He even managed to take clandestine photographs of major Colombian and Panamanian figures, one of which President Reagan showed proudly in a nationwide TV speech.

But in the end, the DEA betrayed the flamboyant Barry by allowing him to be sentenced to a halfway house, where a few days later he was a sitting duck for three Colombian avengers with Uzi and MAC-10 sub-machine guns with silencers. The ending wasn't pretty, but it made a hard-hitting movie.

Why did the DEA dump Barry? Perhaps because, as Clinton observed to Terry Reed, "Seal just got too damn big for his britches and that scum basically deserved to die, in my opinion..."

I'm not saying Bill ran Iran-Contra. He didn't—not even the Arkansas half of it. But five men in the Mena operation (sorry, I can't reveal their names to you) have affirmed that he provided their cover as governor and "rode herd" on them through the Intelligence Division of the state police. Other high officials helped. Why? Because the Arkansas state bonds program (ADFPA) received 10% of the net profits—plus the *use of* 100% of the gross in their banks as they laundered it. Quite a boost to the economy!

At least that was the deal cut with Clinton. But the Mena operations (code-named *Centaur Rose* and *Jade Bridge* by Reagan's CIA Director Wm. Casey) finally had to be yanked from Arkansas and moved to Mexico

under the name *Operation Screw Worm*. Simple reason: Bill and friends just couldn't resist putting Arkansas' hand deeper into the till than they were supposed to.

In fact, eyewitness Reed details at length the tense meeting in which William P. Barr—later President Bush's Attorney General—breaks the bad news to a very angry Clinton. (Sorry, I must condense the conversation greatly. You've got to read his book!)

On a March night in 1986, they met with Reed, Oliver North, and two other CIA men in a musty, poorly-lit World War II ammunition bunker at Camp Robinson outside Little Rock.

After several sharp exchanges and traded insults, Barr said, "The deal we made was to launder our money through your bond business. What we didn't plan on was you ... shrinking our laundry..... That's why we're pulling the operation out of Arkansas. It's become a liability for us. We don't need live liabilities."

"What do ya' mean, live liabilities?" Clinton demanded.

"There's no such thing as a dead liability. It's an oxymoron, get it? Oh, or didn't you Rhodes Scholars study things like that?" Barr snapped.

"What! Are you threatenin' us? Because if ya' are..."

From that point on, Barr was able to smooth things out, and he concluded with the most eye-opening passage of the book:

You and your state have been our greatest asset. The beauty of this, as you know, is that you're a Democrat, and with our ability to influence both parties, this country can get beyond partisan gridlock. Mr. Casey wanted me to pass on to you that unless you f— up and do something stupid, you're No. 1 on the short list for a shot at the job you've always wanted [meaning the Presidency]. That's pretty heady stuff, Bill. So why don't you help us keep a lid on this and we'll all be promoted together.

You and guys like us are the fathers of the new government. Hell, we're the new covenant.

An amazing statement, wasn't it? Especially for 1986.

Victims No. 10 & 11. Kevin Ives and Don Henry, two Bryant, Arkansas, teenagers, apparently were a bit too snoopy about the air drops of dope and cash they had observed in the nearby countryside at night (part of the Mena operation).

They were found on the morning of August 23, 1987, having been run over by a train. "They fell asleep on the tracks," according to state medical examiner Fahmy Malak, a Clinton appointee who had earned the anger of the locals by pulling such stunts before.

Remember when Clinton's late mother, anesthesia nurse Virginia Kelley, caused the death of two patients by neglect? Malak was the one who cleared her. Malak once ruled a man with four bullets in his chest to be a suicide. He even declared that a decapitated man had died of "natural causes," a ruling Clinton defended as a mere symptom of overwork.)

Malak's opinion caused a big ruckus locally. Eventually, the boys' irate parents managed to get a second coroner's opinion, and the official causes of death were changed to being stabbed in the back and getting a crushed skull *before* the train came. At this point...

Victims No. 12 through 17. ...six local people came forward independently, each claiming to have some special knowledge about the deaths of the boys on the track.

All were slain before their testimony could do any good. Police involvement is suspected in most cases, but not all:

- Keith Coney had been slashed in the neck and was fleeing for his life when his motorcycle slammed into the back of a truck. "A traffic fatality," police said.

- Gregory Collins was found shot in the face by a shotgun.

- Keith McKaskle was brutally stabbed at home—113 times... (He knew he was doomed, and had told his friends and family goodbye.)

- The burned body of Jeff Rhodes was found in the city dump, shot in the head—and with his hands, feet, and head partly cut off.

- Richard Winters was killed by a man with a 12-gauge sawed-off shotgun.

- Jordan Ketelson died of a shotgun blast to the head and was found in the driveway of a house in Garland County. "A suicide," the sheriff said.

Do you see a pattern here?

The watchdog group Citizens for Honest Government reports that police investigator John Brown completely solved the case. He then presented the evidence to members of Congress and handed his files over to the FBI (which is run by Louis Freeh, who works for Janet Reno, who works for you-know-who). Naturally, he was removed from the case, and the FBI has sat on the evidence. Detective Brown says,

We know who killed these kids. The whole reason this case has been slowed down, stopped wherever we're at... (is) because it tracks right back to Bill Clinton being involved in the cover-up. He took care of everyone that ever covered anything up in this case, everyone got promoted!

All in all, after ten years of Mena operations, not one arrest was ever made, an accomplishment that is

possible only when someone controls the whole state like a collie controls sheep. This is especially amazing when you consider that *the Mena operation was 5,000 to 10,000 times bigger than Whitewater.*

Victim No. 18. Danny Casolaro was a reporter who was investigating the connections between Whitewater, Mena, BCCI, Iran-Contra, Reagan's "October Surprise," Park-on-Meter Co. (which made dope-storage nose cones for the airplanes at Mena), and the ADFA (Clinton's billion-dollar state bonds racket). He affectionately called this network The Octopus. On August 10, 1991, just as he was about to receive information linking Iran-Contra to the Inslaw scandal, the upbeat Danny was found with his wrists slit in the bathtub of a hotel room in West Virginia. What a coincidence.

Victim No. 19. Paul Wilcher, a Washington, D.C., lawyer, was deeply investigating Mena and other scandals. He was scheduled for a meeting with Danny Casolaro's former attorney, but on June 22, 1993, was found dead in his apartment, sitting on his toilet. (The bathroom killer strikes again?)

Victim No. 20. Ed Willey, the manager of Clinton's presidential campaign finance committee who, according to a reliable source in Texas, was involved with shuffling briefcases full of cash, supposedly shot himself on November 30, 1993.

Victim No. 21. John A. Wilson, a ruggedly honest city councilman in Washington, D.C., knew a lot about Clinton's dirty tricks. According to my sources, he was preparing to come forward and start talking about them. But then on May 19, 1993, he just decided to hang himself instead.

Victims No. 22-56. This is the saddest disaster of all, not just because it's the biggest, but because the Clinton hit team sacrificed 34 innocent business leaders just to whack one victim.

There are other possible victims, like Paula Cober, Jim Wilhite, Stanley Heard, Steven Dickson, Timothy Sabel, William Barkley, Scott Reynolds, Brian Hassey, and so on. But my evidence about them isn't convincing, and I refuse to join those who call every Clinton-related death a murder.

Fun & Games with Colorful Corruption

What *is* convincing is just the sheer numbers of untimely deaths in the Clinton circle of influence—plus a long string of threats, attacks, beatings, break-ins, wiretaps, and other intimidation. For example:

• Dennis Patrick of Kentucky has survived three attempts on his life so far—and is now in the federal witness protection program. (Hang in there, Dennis—and never forget who's in charge of that program!)

He was the unwilling customer of Lasater & Company in Little Rock, where tens of millions of dollars were traded (read: laundered) in his account in 1985 and 1986. Only two problems: He never knew what these trades were ... and it wasn't his money! (Coincidentally, the trading stopped when Barry Seal was killed on February 19, 1986.)

And that's not even the scary part of the story. The fact that may make your hair stand on end is that Dan Lasater is:

- Bill Clinton's second-best friend
- a convicted cocaine dealer
- a noted host of lavish cocaine parties featuring very young women
- the employer of Bill's brother
- and the head of Lasater & Co., which issued all \$1 billion of Arkansas' state bonds in the '80s (but only if each bond beneficiary first made a huge donation to Clinton's operations or put Hillary on retainer).

It is also alleged that Lasater laundered hundreds of millions of drug dollars through that firm. But the day after Dan's release from prison only six months later, Bill pardoned him! Plus, while Dan was still in detention, he gave power of attorney to run the company to Patsy Thomasson, who was one of Bill's top administrative aides, and Bill *continued* to funnel all the state's bonds through the company—another \$664 million worth!

Lasater & Company was the major source of brokered deposits in Madison Guaranty S&L.

And Patsy is now director of the White House Office of Administration. God help us all.

• According to a sophisticated journal called *Heterodoxy*, journalist L.J. Davis spent a week nosing around some sensitive areas in Arkansas last February. Then on the 14th, as he entered his Little Rock hotel room to dress for dinner, he was knocked cold. When he awoke on the entry floor four hours later, his wallet was intact, but his notebook and skull weren't. And there was no furniture within falling distance to account for the darnin-egg-size lump over his left ear.

Three weeks later, he sent a draft of his story to *The New Republic* by modern. Three hours after that, his phone rang. A rich baritone voice began, "What you're doing makes Lawrence Walsh look like a rank amateur." (Walsh was Oliver North's tireless prosecutor.)

"Who is this?" Davis demanded.

"Seems to me, you've gotten your bell rung too many times. But did you hear what I just said?" (*click*)

Says Davis now, "I used to laugh at things like this—

until I ended up on the [expletive] floor."

If all this sounds like tabloid trash to you, you're absolutely right. And there's a very good reason: The people behind these crimes *are* tabloid trash.

• Then there's the arson stuff. A nasty little blaze broke out in the Little Rock offices of Peat Marwick, way up in the fourteenth floor of Worthen Tower at midnight, January 24, 1994, just four days after the appointment of the first Whitewater investigator. It wasn't a *bad* fire, you see, just bad enough to consume the area that held their 1986 audit of Madison Guaranty. A former Peat Marwick executive tells me that the word came down from Clinton, and they were most definitely *forced* to destroy the documents.

And remember the flap about the medical records that Bill refused to release? Word is, all that cocaine finally destroyed his nasal passages. ("Allergies," Bill says.) He spent huge amounts of time flying around the country with Dan Lasater in his cocaine-laden jet and went to numerous parties thrown by Lasater and others, some of which featured "blizzards of cocaine," according to participants.

Brother Roger recently admitted doing six to eight grams a day (and being a dealer for Lasater), but Bill's usage was probably much less. Alas, we'll never know now. His doctor's office files also went up in flames. (Tsk, tsk. Those medical offices. You *know* what a fire-trap they are.)

Speaking of drugs: Sally Perdue, a former Miss Arkansas and popular talk show hostess, has told the *London Sunday Telegraph* that during her 1983 affair with Gov. Clinton (verified by state trooper L.D. Brown), Bill would usually smoke (*and* inhale) two or three ready-made marijuana joints drawn from his cigarette case in a typical evening.

On one occasion he pulled out a baggie of cocaine and prepared a "line" right on her table. "He had all the equipment laid out like a real pro," she recalls. (A mid-level Democratic Party leader warned Sally, before a witness, that if she didn't keep quiet, he "couldn't guarantee what might happen" to her "pretty little legs" when she went out jogging.)

She also told her stories to Sally Jessy Raphael, but in a rare move, the producers strangely decided not to broadcast the videotaped program.

I've also talked with others who say they "got high with Bill" *many* times—including a man we call *Cowboy* who says he was Bill's personal drug supplier. (I don't doubt him.) Cowboy is now being held incommunicado in Leavenworth Prison by Janet Reno. When the time comes, they will all speak out. In fact, the main problem may be half of Arkansas trying to get their names in the headlines!

• For a change of pace, here's an incident that's non-violent—but does include the President himself.

Little Rock attorney Cliff Jackson, an acquaintance of Bill's from his Oxford days, was approached in July, 1993, by Larry Patterson and Roger Perry, two former members of Bill's Arkansas security detail. They wanted to discuss blowing the whistle on his sex escapades. (Other troopers backed up their stories.)

As told to *New American* magazine, Jackson was discussing their stories on the phone in August with another attorney, Lynn Davis (not related to the above Davis), when...

...he became suspicious that the phone had been tapped. He suggested to Davis that they meet in a nearby restaurant. "The whole time we were there, this suspicious-looking guy kept his eye on us," Jackson recalls. "After we left, we were followed by this dark Suburban with darkened windows and a Texas license plate." Davis noted the vehicle's license plate number and ran a check on it: no such license number was listed.

You've heard of unlisted phone numbers? Welcome to the phantom surveillance world of unlisted license plates!

Just a few days later, the troopers received phone calls from both Clinton and Buddy Young, former head of Gov. Clinton's security detail. You can hear the borderline tone of Young's calls in this sample from his tense call to Roger Perry, as he reported it:

I represent the President of the United States. Why do you want to destroy him over this? ... This is not a threat, but I wanted you to know that your own actions could bring about dire consequences.

Clinton's calls were no big secret, either. For instance, journalist Gwen Ifill noted in the *New York Times*.

It turns out that some of the calls that were overworking the White House switchboard operators [in the fall of '93] were going not to Capitol Hill but to Arkansas state troopers [to discuss] potentially embarrassing charges about his marital fidelity.

The troopers related that Bill asked about the pending allegations and offered them plush jobs. I think what he wanted most was the kind of loyal silence and amnesia he gets from people like Buddy Young, whom he appointed to a \$93,000-a-year FEMA job (not a bad promotion for a cop).

Indeed, there was a lot to be silent about. In addition to numerous one-night ladies, Bill had long-term affairs with six. One was a real bell-ringer: The *Los Angeles Times* sifted through thousands of pages of state phone bills and found 59 calls to her, including eleven on July 16, 1989. On one government trip, he talked to her from his hotel room from 1:23 A.M. to 2:57 A.M., then was back on the phone with her at 7:45 that morning.

Bill's fallback defense is always that, as he claimed on National Public Radio. "The only relevant questions are questions of whether I abused my office, and the answer is no."

Well. What do *you* say?

• By far the unluckiest guy in Arkansas is lawyer Gary Johnson, 53, who was peacefully living at Quapaw Towers in Little Rock when Gennifer Flowers moved in next door to him.

Now, Clinton denied on *60 Minutes* that he ever visited Gennifer. But Gary had a home security system that included a video camera pointed at his door. Unfortunately, it also covered Gennifer's door, and after awhile he had several nice visits on tape, showing Bill letting himself in with his own key.

Either Bill finally noticed the camera, or the grapevine told Bill's aides about it, because on June 26, 1992, three weeks before the Democratic nomination, Gary got a loud knock at the door. It was three husky, short-haired state trooper types, and they slugged him as they barged in, demanding the tape.

Gary promptly gave it to them, but they continued punching him, breaking both his elbows, perforating his bladder, rupturing his spleen so badly that doctors had to remove it, beating him unconscious, and leaving him to die.

Now, here's a good question for you: Do you think Bill Clinton actually picked up a phone and initiated this attack?

And here's a better question: *What difference does it make?*

For obvious reasons of liberal loyalty, no one in the major media wants to stick his neck out and be the first to do a major piece that pins all these murders and attacks on the President of the United States.

But sooner or later, the dam will break. The weight and scope of the crimes are just too massive. Even if only *half* these incidents turn out to be accidents or true suicides, Bill will find it impossible to wiggle out of being implicated in the rest. When some indicted hit man or functionary sees the evidence piling up against him, he will sing like a sparrow to save his own tail feathers. And you will know all the facts before the tidal wave hits—if you'll accept a free copy of my book.

Remember, it took a year for Watergate to become media fodder after its discovery. But when it did, the crisis of confidence in Nixon (on top of an oil crisis) rattled the stock market to its foundations, and U.S. shareholders lost almost half of their money in the biggest drop in 40 years. The U.S. then suffered the worst recession since the Great Depression.

Speaking of big money, here's...

How to Make \$2 Million Developing a God-Forsaken Tract of Land Without Selling One Square Foot of It

When the media folk tell you about Whitewater, they leave out a few amusing details.

So in a spirit of altruistic service and public education, I'm going to let you in on the secrets of how to pull off a land scam. Pay attention, because you've never heard this before.

A. Real estate developing is more fun when you can borrow all your capital without having to pay it back ... or even sell any land. So to get started, you need two friends: one an appraiser, one a banker.

B. Next, you find some dirt-cheap dirt. Anywhere in the boondocks will do. In the Whitewater case, it was 230 acres of land along the White River for about \$90,000. (Some housing tract! It was fifty miles to the nearest grocery store.)

C. Then you get your appraiser friend to do a bloated appraisal. Hey, what are friends for? Let's say he pegs it at \$150,000.

D. You go to the bank and get the usual 80% loan. You now have \$120,000, so you pay off the land, and you still have \$30,000 in your pocket. You're on a roll.

E. You pay \$5,000 to subdivide it and bulldoze in a few roads. (Or if you know the ropes, you get the state to do it, as Bill did to get a \$150,000, two-mile access road.)

F. Voila! You now are the proud owner of a partly-developed luxury estate community. So you call up your appraiser friend again, and he re-evaluates it at a cool \$400,000.

G. You hustle back to the bank and get a new 80% loan based on the new value. (Nothing out of line so far. An 80% loan is standard, right?)

H. You draw up plans for some fine houses (which will never be built.)

I. You get a new appraisal.

J. You get a new loan.

K. You make two or three phony homesite sales to friends. You shuffle the funds around among your shell corporations and bounce it back to your friends—plus a little extra for their help.

L. You get a new appraisal.

M. You get a new loan.

N. You do a "land flip," selling the whole thing to Company X for \$800,000, which sells it to Company Y for a million, which sells it back to you for \$1.25 million. (All these companies are your friends.) And yes, this kind of thing *did* happen in Whitewater and Madison. In fact, Whitewater figures David Hale and Dean Paul once flipped Castle Grande back and forth from \$200,000 to \$825,000 in *one day!*

O. You get a new appraisal.

P. You get a new loan.

Q. Finally, your development corporation declares bankruptcy, and the bank has to eat your loans because the money is all gone, and since the record-keeping is so poor, nobody knows where it went.

But weep not for the bankers. You pay them nicely—perhaps a third of the \$2 to \$3 million you skim off. Weep for the taxpayer who bails out their banks.

Which is to say, in the case of Whitewater, weep for yourself.

Does This Actually Work?

Whitewater was just the first of a series, like a pilot for a sitcom.

Using Whitewater as a prop, Bill and his partner Jim McDougal milked—by my rough estimate—several million dollars from the SBA and at least five or six banks and S&Ls, starting with the Bank of Kingston.

But their later ventures, bringing in Steve Smith and recently-convicted ex-Governor Jim Guy Tucker, did even better. Campobello started with about \$150,000 in property and squeezed over \$4 million in loans from banks in about two years. Castle Grande began with \$75,000 worth of swamp land and cleared over \$3 million. It never built anything. The only human artifacts on it today are a few old refrigerators and mattresses.

Why do I have information you haven't seen before? Because my firm had \$10 million in Madison Guaranty S&L, and I was thinking of buying the Bank of Kingston. (I was already worth millions by that time.) When I saw Kingston's financial statement, however, I ran like a scalded cat.

And Madison was worse. You didn't have to be a Philadelphia CPA to spot their money laundering, dead real estate liabilities proudly listed as assets, huge amounts of 24-hour deposits from brokers, and \$17 million in insider loans. It was a nightmare.

Whitewater Development Corp. had at least an appearance of sincerity. It even had TV commercials, starring Jim's striking young wife, Susan, in hot pants, riding a horse. Another one showed her behind the wheel of Bill's restored '67 Mustang. A new commercial would have to show her in prison stripes.

But after Whitewater, the deals began dropping their frills like a hooker in a hurry to get things over with. The RTC criminal referral that Bill suppressed during his presidential campaign cites such later corporations as *Tucker-Smith-McDougal*, *Smith-Tucker-McDougal*, and *Smith-McDougal*. Catchy, eh? If it were me, I would have called them *Son of Whitewater*, *Whitewatergate*, and *Whitewater & Ponzi, L.P.*

Stop Me If You've Heard This One

The biggest joke in all of Whitewater is Hillary's claim that she was just a passive investor.

The best comment I've seen on this is by Martin Gross, author of *The Great Whitewater Fiasco*, who commented on the fate of Whitewater Lot 13:

I have a copy of the deed. She didn't pay a dollar for it. She borrowed \$30,000 on it, built a model house (didn't work), she sold it for \$23,000. She pocketed the down payment. The man who bought it went bankrupt. She went to bankruptcy court, rebought it for \$8,000, resold it for \$27,000. And they say she's passive! I say if she was any more active, she'd have been frenetic.

Short Report

On their 1979 income tax, Hillary valued Bill's used undershorts—donated to charity at the end of their action-studded tour of duty—at two dollars a pair.

Plainly, we are dealing here with a couple that gives loving attention to detail in matters of deductions.

As you may recall, however, Clinton has proclaimed over and over that he simply "forgot" to deduct the \$68,900 he claims he lost on Whitewater. Commentators have been mystified by the paradox.

But it's no mystery to me. The reason is obvious: Bill didn't deduct the \$68,900 because he didn't lose a dime on Whitewater, and he didn't want to do time for tax fraud. Period.

Jim McDougal put up all the money except for \$500—and Bill borrowed even *that*.

But weep not for Jim. Not only was he Bill's partner in Whitewater, but he owned Madison Guaranty S&L, which was the designated milk cow that provided most of the inflated loans. Weep instead for the taxpayers—like you and me—who picked up the \$66 million tab when Madison folded.

The Paperless Office Is Pioneered by the Rose Law Firm

Will Bill and Hillary go to jail for masterminding all the land deals that fall under the label *Whitewater*?

I expect they will—not because of existing documents, but because of the testimony of subpoenaed people.

The few remaining documents will play a supporting role, but frankly, friend, there aren't many left. According to grand jury testimony: On February 3, 1994, right after the appointment of the special counsel for Whitewater, the nice folks at the Rose Law Firm

fired up their high-speed Ollie-o-Matic paper shredder and ordered courier Jeremy Hedges to slice 'n dice his way into the history books by destroying twelve (12) cartons full of Whitewater documents. As far as anyone knows, Rose now has no more Whitewater records than you do.

Actually, a lot of the usual documents were never created in the first place. For instance, there was no written partnership agreement (don't try this at home). No transactions were written up, even though Clinton's real estate agent says there were \$300,000 in sales. No deeds were ever recorded. And if any interest was paid on bank loans, the payment checks are missing.

Plus, after Whitewater, Bill got very smart and kept his name completely out of every subsequent deal he cut. That's what has vitiated these tedious inquiries of Sen. D'Amato.

But the Whitewater monies, probably several million, ricocheted from shell company to shell company like the basketball in a Harlem Globetrotters warmup drill, and every dollar wound up in the proper pocket. Beneficiaries included many of the biggest names in Arkansas—like Gov. Tucker, Seth Ward, and some very powerful executives from outfits like Wal-Mart and Tyson's Chicken—Clinton campaign backers all. (Campaign records for 1982 and 1984, the two most suspicious years, have also been studiously shredded.)

And Bill, who entered public office with nothing but debts, and who never made over \$35,000 a year as governor, is now worth about four to five million. A real rags-to-riches, American success story, isn't it? Kind of puts a lump in your throat.

But there's one other reason for Bill's success. In a word, Hillary. Prepare to be shocked as you learn...

Why the Feds Settled for \$1 Million on \$60 Million in Debts

You'll find this one hard to believe, so read carefully.

Item: When Madison Guaranty folded, it was somewhere between \$47 and \$68 million in the hole. The tab has settled at \$65 million.

Item: One of the biggest defaults was \$600,000 in loans to one of Madison's own directors, Seth Ward, who is the father-in-law of Webb Hubbell. Webb happened to be Hillary's law partner and until April was the No. 3 man at the Justice Department—and assigned to investigate Whitewater!

Item: When the RTC cleanup crew took over Madison, Hillary had been on retainer to Madison for many months.

Got it so far? OK. Now, the RTC lawsuit sought

\$60 million from Madison's debtors. But here's what happened:

1. Hillary negotiated the RTC down from \$60 million to \$1 million. What a talker!

2. Hillary then got the RTC to forgive the \$600,000 debt Seth Ward owed the RTC—every penny of it—thus leaving the RTC with \$400,000.

3. But wait! Hillary did these two deeds *as the counsel for the RTC*, not Madison. Incredible as it sounds to those of us who have to live in the real world, Hillary got herself hired by the RTC, and in *that* position, from the government side, she talked them down to \$1 million.

4. Her fee for the RTC job was (pure coincidence) \$400,000. Which left the government with \$400,000 minus \$400,000 ... or in technical accounting terms, zippo.

5. And who do you suppose was the mastermind who conned the RTC into hiring Madison's own Hillary to prosecute Madison? None other than the late Vince Foster! When he made his pitch to the RTC, he neglected to tell them about Hillary's retainer with Madison. In fact, he even wrote them a letter stating that the Rose Law Firm didn't represent thrifts!

Vince and Hillary were, by the way, very, uh, close. Not only were they partners at Rose, but there's no shortage of people who saw them hugging and smooching in public. Arkansas troopers say that when Bill took a trip on state business, Vince was often at the mansion gates within minutes—and would stay till the wee hours. They also spent a few weekends together at the Rose vacation cabin in the mountains. And when Hillary filed for divorce from Bill in 1986, Vince was right there at her side. (She withdrew the suit when Bill's political fortunes improved.)

178 Years in Club Fed

Nobody ever accused Bill Clinton of being stupid.

As proof, look at the Congressional hearings. What a hoot! Bill had them stacked so that fully 99% of all Whitewater crimes were off limits!

This left our dignified Congressmen sternly chasing the remaining 1% of petty misdemeanors with hardly a mention of fourteen years of felonies: shell games, killings, break-ins, coverups, threats, bribes, thefts, check kiting, payoffs, arson, money laundering, fraud, influence of testimony, tampering with witnesses, you name it. (It's all in *The Presidential Mess*.)

And Bill managed to focus 100% of the attention on Altman, Nussbaum, Cutler and others, with none of it on himself. You have to admit, that's pretty smart maneuvering.

In February, 1994, *The American Spectator* added

up two pages of Bill's alleged crimes, and the total potential penalties came to \$2.5 million in fines and 178 years in prison. And *they* just listed the piddly stuff, like tax fraud and soliciting bribes; they didn't even mention the heavier incidents I listed above! (They did include a short roster of Hillary's much lighter penalties, totaling only \$1.2 million and 47 years.)

Is such punishment excessive? I think not. Even if you ignore the mayhem, the Clinton economic damage has been severe. Counting Clinton's Arkansas Development Finance Authority, which never awarded a bond grant without a major campaign contribution and Bill's signature, he sucked over a billion dollars from state and federal taxpayers.

You Must Read the Enclosed Letter

Please forgive me for sounding dramatic, but this is a dark day for the republic.

I apologize for giving you such an avalanche of appalling news. God knows, I've tried to keep my tone somewhat light, but I realize that you are probably still alarmed. This data could easily start an earthquake that could pancake the markets.

The Whitewater and Brown crimes have now become so serious that even if Clinton is strongly re-elected, he won't last more than a few months in office.

This document you are reading—and other coming revelations in the media—will soon combine to force the mainstream liberal media to start paying attention. And when that happens, the dominoes will fall with mind-spinning speed. I am tortured by the vision of what I know must happen: a stock market wipeout, the likes of which the world has never seen. The savings of three generations, especially the baby boomers, vaporized.

So read on. Despite all the depressing matters you've just read, there is a bright silver lining. Yes, I do think it's the darkest day for the republic since World War II. But for you personally, the troubles ahead will ironically give you the greatest opportunity of your life to vastly improve your financial picture.

Please get a firm grip on your emotions and read the following letter now.

Footnote: I hereby serve notice that I am not depressed in the least, and that if anything happens to me, I publicly accuse Bill Clinton and his circle of power.