

YOUR KINDLE NOTES FOR:

The Secret Life of Bill Clinton: the unreported stories

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54 Highlights | 0 Notes

Yellow highlight | Location: 555

At the trial in Denver, the prosecution did not call a single witness who could place Tim McVeigh in Oklahoma City on April 19, 1995. This is a rather astonishing fact, when you consider that the government called 27 phone-company employees to establish that McVeigh had used a pre-paid phone card bought under the alias of Daryl Bridges. But such was the trial: 27 witnesses brought in from all over the country to support a secondary point, but no crime scene witnesses from Oklahoma City. This was not for lack of volunteers. Glenn Wilburn had tracked down a dozen people who had seen McVeigh between 8:00 and 9:00 AM in the downtown area. But in every case they had seen McVeigh with other men, apparently operating as part of a terrorist cell. The credibility of these witnesses ranged across the continuum, but several were compelling. Glenn kept his taped interviews in a box full of microcassettes in the kitchen, close at hand for visiting journalists in need of education.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 598

Andreas Strassmeir was a former German infantry officer who had gained entry into the U.S. neo-Nazi movement and established himself as the chief of security at Elohim City, the movement's paramilitary headquarters in eastern Oklahoma. At the time, it was not known there might be a neo-Nazi link to the bombing, but it made sense to Vanderboegh. He had been tracking the activities of the white supremacist far-right, which he regarded as an extremely dangerous terrorist movement and a threat to the political stability of the United States. Vanderboegh did not know what to do with the information about Strassmeir and the terrorist conspiracy at Elohim City. Months later he read an article about Glenn and Kathy Wilburn. (It happened to be a piece I had written for The Telegraph, which had been posted on the Internet.) He called them in Oklahoma City and signed on to help them find the truth. "I became their Sancho Panza. It's been the greatest honor of my life to be their friend."

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 615

The John Doe Times has continued to appear, week after week, for almost a year and a half. For Vanderboegh it has been a thankless task. He has made enemies on all fronts. The FBI and the ATF regard him as a menace. The far-right have declared him a mortal enemy of the Aryan cause. The mainstream media call him a crank. "I'm not winning any popularity contests here," he said. "It's tough for your family when you put yourself in a position where nobody loves you." When

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,055

The Appeals Court rejected the writ of mandamus. Then Judge Richard Matsch ruled that Carol Howe could not even be called as a witness in McVeigh's trial. Her testimony was deemed "irrelevant." For Stephen Jones it was a devastating blow. The foundation stone of the defense had been ripped away. The trial became a desiccated exercise and a poor advertisement for the American judicial system. It was the reverse of the O. J. Simpson trial, lurching from one extreme of an overindulgent star-struck judge to the other extreme of a rigid, narrow judge who was overly willing to accommodate executive power. For the Justice Department it was a victory, of course. Nobody learned anything worthwhile from the McVeigh trial. But it now had to deal with the consequences of indicting the irrepressible daughter of a very wealthy man. Carol's pugnacious lawyer, Clark Brewster, was running rings around the U.S. Attorney's office in Tulsa. And this time the judge was standing up against the executive branch. He compelled the ATF to produce Angela Finley's reports under legal discovery. These would prove that Carol Howe was still a U.S. government operative on December 13, 1996, the day that the FBI raided her house. Another lie by the Justice Department had been exposed, but this was nothing compared to the rebuke that the prosecutors would suffer when they brought Carol to trial in front of an attentive Tulsa jury in late July and early August of 1997. Eerily pale, with a tragic look about her, she sat motionless in a pink suit as the government attempted to turn her undercover role against her.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,091

ANDREAS STRASSMEIR MUST lead a charmed life. Two days after the Oklahoma bombing Carol Howe reminded the FBI that Strassmeir was a terrorist instigator who had "talked frequently about direct action against the U.S. government" and had "discussed assassinations, bombings and mass shootings."

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,093

The FBI record of her debriefing, dated April 21, 1995, goes on to say that Strassmeir had "taken three trips to Oklahoma City in November 1994, December 1994, and February 1995." It also mentioned the fact that Strassmeir's friend Dennis Mahon had

threatened to blow up the Oklahoma Federal Building. Yet the FBI saw no reason to interview Strassmeir. An illegal alien, he was allowed to leave the country and return to Germany in his own good time in January 1996. The Bureau waited until April 30, 1996, more than a year after the bombing, before conducting a desultory interview over the telephone.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,105

Strassmeir's credentials as a virulent, anti-government warrior in the Aryan resistance are a little shaky, as we shall see. His father, Gunter Strassmeir, was a solid, respected member of Germany's ruling Christian Democratic Party (CDU) before his retirement in 1991. During the 1980s the elder Strassmeir served as party chief in Berlin and then as Parliamentary Secretary of State to Chancellor Helmut Kohl from 1989 to 1991. [3] One of Gunter's younger sons, Alexander, is currently an elected member of the Berlin assembly. The family is quiet, hardworking, and anything but extremist. Andreas joined the army. Exactly what he did during eight years in the military is still elusive. He told me that he was a lieutenant in the Panzer Grenadiers, second-in-command of a company of 120 mm mortars on the Helmstedt Highway. This part is true. His papers from the Kompftruppenshule in Munster in 1982 list him as an officer cadet in the PzGren (SPz). He also told me that he did a stint as a liaison officer with the British Army of the Rhine. He was placed in the Welsh Guards, which allowed him to cultivate his interest in Celtic folklore.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,115

But once he was on the telephone line, he enjoyed talking. He would ruminate for hours in his slight guttural accent about life as ... as ... as what? A Nazi? A spy? That was never quite clear. At times it was like listening to an organ fugue, billowing up toward a climax as his thoughts raced ahead, then subsiding as he realized he was revealing too much. He should have cut me off, but something impelled him. I believe that the pretense of being a Nazi had become too painful, both for him and for his family. It was horrible, he said, for his parents to pick up the Tagesspiegel in Berlin and read that their son was a militant Aryan racist. He wanted to reassure the world that his calling was higher. I was willing to believe him. "I

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,191

It was shortly after the Waco assault, in the late spring of 1993, that Strassmeir met Tim McVeigh at a Tulsa gun show. He sold McVeigh a U.S. Navy combat knife, and bought a pair of camouflage pants in exchange. They shared a few brief thoughts on the FBI's deployment of tanks against the Branch Davidians. "We spoke for five

minutes, that's all," said Andreas. But they must have hit it off. He gave McVeigh his telephone number at Elohim. Two years later McVeigh made the telephone call that would embroil Strassmeir in the Oklahoma bombing mystery. [17] It was recorded at 1:46 PM on April 5, 1995, seconds after McVeigh had telephoned a Ryder truck rental office in Arizona. "Tell Andy I'll be coming through," was all that McVeigh had said. It was enough. "I don't know why McVeigh was trying to contact me," said Andreas. Two

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,292

But the response of the CIA remains a secret. The Agency provided its findings to prosecutor Beth Wilkinson, who refused to hand the material to McVeigh's defense team. The Justice Department even ignored a motion to compel, without suffering any sanction from Judge Matsch. At the end of the trial, McVeigh's lawyers still did not know what the CIA had revealed about its ties to the mysterious Andreas Strassmeir.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,294

It is assumed that Strassmeir could not have been a CIA asset because he was operating on U.S. soil. But this is not necessarily the case. He could have been reporting to the domestic services section of the CIA, which has offices all over the country. [22] Under usual procedures, his reports would be passed through them to the CIA's Directorate of Operations. Or alternatively, he could have been an FBI operative working under CIA auspices. My own conjecture, for what it is worth, is that Strassmeir was a shared asset, on loan to the U.S. government, but ultimately answering to German intelligence. It has been a pet gripe of the Germans for many years that the U.S. neo-Nazis, operating with great freedom under American constitutional protections, have been stirring up the German far right.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,307

I had to bet, I would hazard that Andreas Strassmeir's real purpose at Elohim City was to find out whether the U.S. neo-Nazi movement had the capability and intent to graduate to weapons of mass destruction, particularly biological and chemical devices. A high level counterintelligence operation of this kind would explain why Elohim City was being protected, even though it was engaged in every weapons violation in the U.S. code, not to mention manifest sedition.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,478

ON JULY 15, 1997, Kenneth Starr issued a terse statement. "Based on investigation, analysis and review of the evidence by experts and experienced investigators and prosecutors, this Office concluded that Mr. Foster committed suicide by gunshot in Fort Marcy Park, VA, on July 20, 1993." Critics were not allowed to evaluate his arguments or scrutinize his conclusion because the report has not, as I write, been released. Most people are prepared to accept Starr's conclusion, but before making their judgment they should know that the lead prosecutor appointed to investigate the death came to a very different conclusion. When Starr was presented with the evidence by his own staff, he looked the other way. Associate Independent Counsel Miquel Rodriguez was summoned to the Washington Office of the Independent Counsel in the fall of 1994 by Kenneth Starr, with the explicit task of reviewing the Foster death. He was not a conservative. He had no ideological investment in the matter. Indeed, when he arrived from California with his ponytail, his earring, and his leather jackets, there were comments among the hard-liners that Kenneth Starr had gone too far in his efforts to recruit Democrats, liberals, and ethnic minorities to his team. For four months Rodriguez probed the case. He called witnesses before a grand jury to answer questions for the first time under penalty of perjury, and soon discovered serious indications of a coverup by the FBI. By the early spring of 1995 he was starting to probe a hypothesis that the crime scene at Fort Marcy Park had been staged, that the gun had most likely been planted in Foster's hand, and that a crucial photograph of Foster's neck and head had been falsified. But Rodriguez believed that the investigation was being sabotaged by prosecutors and FBI agents in his own office. He turned to Starr for support. Nothing was done to resolve the matter. In March 1995 Rodriguez resigned. The only serious investigation ever conducted into the death of Vincent Foster came to an abrupt end. I do not wish speculate at length about the motives of Kenneth Starr. But one has to wonder about the seriousness of a man willing to abandon a half-completed investigation of the President and seek comfortable refuge as a dean at Pepperdine University in Malibu. The fact that he later reversed himself in panic, after a barrage of press criticism, illustrates the point with brutal clarity. But there is a more important point to understand about Kenneth Starr. He is by character a servant of power, not a prosecutor. One thing can be predicted with absolute certainty: He will never confront the U.S. Justice Department, the FBI, and the institutions of the permanent government in Washington. His whole career has been built on networking, by ingratiating himself. His natural loyalties lie with the politicolegal fraternity that covered up the Foster case in the first place. While it appears that Kenneth Starr has given more emphasis to investigating…

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,532

For the White House, however, he was an ideal "surrogate." He had befriended Hillary Clinton and Bernie Nussbaum, the pugnacious White House Counsel, while serving as Assistant Chief Counsel on the Senate Watergate committee from 1973 to 1974. He

had worked on the Clinton transition team, talent scouting for top posts in the new administration, and had continued playing a highly irregular role afterward as leader of a group of private lawyers vetting nominees for the Supreme Court. There is no question that he did an outstanding job as damage-control handler in the Foster case. For one thing, he did not let the Park Police get anywhere near the grieving family. "We did not interview any of the Foster children. Mr. Hamilton would not make them accessible to us," said Park Police Captain Charles Hume. [3] This is an astounding comment. Foster's children were grown adults, perfectly able to answer questions by the Park Police. Two of them, Laura and Vincent III, accompanied their father to work on the morning of his death. Their insights were critical to the investigation. By what authority can a private lawyer prevent the police from talking to relevant witnesses in the probe of a violent death?

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,588

The more he thought about it, the more sinister it appeared, so he decided to protect himself by telling his story to the G. Gordon Liddy radio talk show. He was not a Liddy fan, but his brother was, and he knew that the Watergate legend would never betray his identity. Liddy in turn persuaded him to talk to two old veterans in the FBI, believing they would give him a good shake. The FBI did not take well to the Confidential Witness. By then, April 1994, the Bureau had already decided where it was heading with the investigation of Independent Counsel Robert Fiske. It had also decided that a .38 caliber Colt revolver was going to play the star role in wrapping up the case. One can imagine their annoyance at the sudden appearance of a witness bent on taking the gun away from them. It

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,673

The Park Police ruling of suicide had the effect of crimping further inquiry. It was cited by the Justice Department as grounds for backing off its original pledge to conduct a vigorous investigation. It also kept the FBI at bay. Under the Assassinations Statute, the FBI would have been compelled by law to take over the case if there was any question that it might have been homicide. [14] The FBI was in turmoil anyway. Director William Sessions had been defenestrated the day before Foster's death in a well-executed Washington putsch. This event passed with remarkably little protest from the U.S. watchdog press, considering the precedent at stake. The Director of the FBI is appointed for a ten-year term, somewhat like a judge, because it has always been understood that a politicized FBI would upset the equilibrium of American government. The most important quality that an FBI Director must have is prickly independence. All else is secondary. Sessions had his faults, but at least he was a man who resisted meddling by the White House in the internal affairs of the Bureau. That, of course, was

why he had to go. Sessions had made himself unpopular with the old-boy network at the FBI because of his aggressive policy of affirmative action for blacks, Hispanics, and women. So to some degree he was the victim of a reactionary backlash within the Bureau. [15] But it was President Clinton who fired him. The pretext was an "ethics cloud," the most memorable cloud being that Alice Sessions, the Director's wife, had transported a bundle of personal firewood on an FBI aircraft.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,684

On Saturday, July 17, Sessions was told by Attorney General Janet Reno that he would be fired by Monday unless he resigned. The meeting took place at the Justice Department, yet White House Counsel Bernie Nussbaum was present in the room. Sessions refused as a "matter of principle." On Monday afternoon the President called to tell Sessions he had been dismissed. Clearly in a great hurry, Clinton called a second time minutes later. Sessions was to leave the Hoover Building "effective immediately." [16] The President appointed Deputy Director Floyd Clarke to take over the Bureau until a successor could be found. It would later emerge that the White House had already been working quietly with Clarke for some time.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,689

The next day, Foster was found dead. Clarke failed to assert FBI jurisdiction, leaving the Park Police in charge. The Foster investigation slipped through the cracks. If there was no need for a homicide probe on the night of July 20, 1993, there was no need for one later. One after another, the investigators skimmed over the surface of the case. Independent Counsel Robert Fiske, the Senate Banking Committee (twice), Congressman William Clinger (twice), and finally Kenneth Starr -- all reploughed the same old ground. They dwelt on evidence that would validate the original finding of suicide, accepting the original premises of the Park Police. The gun sealed it.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,738

So, what do we actually know about this peripatetic gun that was never identified by the family? It did not have Foster's fingerprints on it, although a print belonging to somebody else was found on the underside of the grip. [28] The FBI crime labs offer one of their deliciously bureaucratic observations about this. "An individual who does not perspire readily" might not leave a print. No doubt true, but July 20 was one of the hottest, muggiest days of the summer of 1993. It then goes on to add that "atmospheric conditions" such as "snow" could destroy any latent prints. The weapon was a .38 caliber Colt Army Special revolver with two different serial numbers -- one was a butt number -- both dating back to 1913. It was too old to trace. [29] It was a

workhorse gun. Huge numbers were made. The photos show that it had a four-inch barrel with a big jagged metal sight. The gun supposedly kicked back from the soft palate at the back of Foster's mouth without chipping his teeth or damaging the gum tissue. Anybody who has fired a .38 Special knows that the recoil is fierce. The one time I tried-courtesy of the central Idaho militia -- both my hands were thrown back over my head, and the noise echoed down the Salmon River valley for miles. There were no visible powder burns inside Foster's mouth, and no signs of gunpowder on his face. [30] "Limited chemical testing" by the FBI Lab did not reveal the presence of any blood on the gun. [31]

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 1,965

Clearly, Starr had been assured a long time ago that there was nothing to Foster's death. He was none too pleased when Miquel Rodriguez started sending memos warning that there was something deeply wrong. Starr was charming, of course. The son of a Texas, small-town, Church of Christ minister, he is a delightful man, and a devout Christian. But he had no idea what to do when Rodriguez told him that an original Polaroid showed a wound in the neck, and that renegade elements of the FBI were covering up the case. Rodriguez resigned on March 20. His closest aide resigned in sympathy. He returned to his old job in Sacramento, refusing to give interviews to the press. By all accounts he was philosophical in defeat. There is only so much a single human being can do. Life moves on. The grand jury was disbanded and sent home. It was replaced by a new jury with no knowledge of the peripatetic gun, or the missing photos, or the wound in the neck. A

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,097

year later I would discover that Scott Jeffrey Bickett works for the Pentagon and is listed in the federal intelligence data bank with the following designations: * AGCY=DCII, which stands for Defense Contractor II clearance level. * FBI-HQ, which indicates that he has been briefed at FBI headquarters and serves as an FBI stringer. * FBI-T His security clearance is listed as: * Active SCI, which is the highest clearance in the U.S. government, higher than Top Secret. It stands for Sensitive Compartmented Information. He was first "indexed" In 1983 with the number 357DJ6137722 1P3F with a "retention" for 15 years. His birthplace was listed as Illinois. [13] So the man who smashed the Peugeot 504 on the night before Patrick's second FBI interview was on the roster of FBI-HQ. No wonder Mary McLaren decided not to press charges. But this is getting ahead. Sitting in my office, Patrick was now on the brink of a full-blown Irish tempest. "The bastards," he shouted, when he read that he could not "further identify" the menacing man in the park and "would be unable to recognize him in the future." "That's an outright lie. I want it on the record that I never said that. I told them I could

pick him out of a line-up." I asked him if he would do a police artist's sketch of the suspect. He agreed. "I can close my eyes and visualize this guy like it was yesterday."

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,109

Surely the Independent Counsel was not going to issue his suicide report without deposing three of the most important crime scene witnesses in the Foster case. Starr responded quickly. Four days after the article appeared in London he issued a subpoena for Patrick Knowlton to appear before the Whitewater grand jury. It would prove to be a bad miscalculation.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,421

The 10:50 PM excursion into Foster's office was not the one that mattered. There was a reason why the White House has always insisted that it did not learn of Foster's death until 8:30 PM, when it quite obviously learned much earlier. The real mischief in Foster's office occurred between 6:45 and 8:30 PM -- that is to say before Foster's set of keys, including that Medeco-cut high security key, made their way back into his pocket at the morgue. If subpoena power had been used to pull at this string, the coverup of Foster's death would have unraveled very quickly. * * * President Clinton was on Larry King Live from 9:00 to 10:00 PM, giving a cheerful account of himself. It had been a good day for the White House. The nomination of Louis Freeh as the new Director of the FBI had been met with approval all round. If the truth be known, Freeh was not the first choice. Clinton had wanted to appoint his old friend Rick Stearns, by now a judge on the Massachusetts Superior Court, to control the investigative machinery of the Justice Department. Like the President, Stearns was a Rhodes Scholar from the rambunctious Class of '68, and Clinton's confidant during his maneuvers to evade the Vietnam draft. The two had traveled to Spain together in 1969 on a pilgrimage to the shrines of the Spanish Civil War. But Clinton's staff had talked him out of appointing Stearns. There were already too many accusations of cronyism flying in Washington. It might have raised suspicions about the way Director Sessions had been disposed of the day before. Louis Freeh was a good compromise. Friend of Bernie Nussbaum. Friend of Bob Fiske. Good recommendations.His Opus Dei background helped, too. [43] It was another power network that Clinton could put to good use. The president was in such high spirits that he agreed to stay on for another half-hour segment with Larry King. The show was being filmed in the ground-floor library of the White House. Mack McLarty appeared at the door. He waited until the advertisements, then broke in. "Mr. President, let's quit while we're ahead," he said. "We've done the hour interview. It's been a fine interview." [44] "Mack, what's wrong? What's up?" "It's not a national emergency, or a crisis, but it's a very serious matter. Let's go upstairs." That is when Bill Clinton first learned about the death of his childhood friend Vincent Foster. Or so we are told.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,438

> But did Bill Clinton already know something before he appeared on the show? It is hard to imagine that he is such a masterful actor, and such a cynic, that he could have staged this exuberant performance knowing that Foster was already dead. But how are we to account for the events witnessed by the CNN makeup artist sent to prepare the President for his appearance on Larry King Live that night? As she was putting the final touches to the President's blotchy yellow skin in the White House Map Room, a man walked in and announced that a note had been found in Vince Foster's office.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,493

> On the evening of Foster's death Ms. Thomasson had dinner at the Sequoia Restaurant with a group of visitors from Arkansas. Her set of friends is an unusual one. She spent the 1980s working for Dan Lasater, a Little Rock tycoon who went to prison for cocaine distribution. As we shall see, attempts to investigate Lasater for suspected narcotics trafficking and organized crime were consistently thwarted. Ms. Thomasson was his chief lieutenant. She ran his business affairs while he was in prison, and was still listed as a registered agent of Lasater's Phoenix Mortgage Company after she started work at the White House. As she came out of the restaurant she was beeped by David Watkins. It was 10:34 PM. She called in from a pay phone and was informed that Foster was dead. Taking a taxi back to the White House, she went directly to Foster's office to look for a suicide note. The door was open, the lights were on, the cleaning lady was there. Thomasson sat down at Foster's desk and stayed long enough to be seen searching, conspicuously but not in a "purposeful" way, by Maggie Williams, Bernie Nussbaum, and Secret Service Officer Henry O'Neill. [61] By the time she left the White House Counsel's office, suite 208, her fresh fingerprints were all over Foster's desk, drawers, filing cabinet -- and all quite innocently.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,508

> By the mid-1990s The Telegraph was still fighting for Church, Queen, and Country, this time struggling to prevent the United Kingdom from being subsumed into a sort of Vichy II -- a European superstate run by the Germans and the French, and administered from Brussels under the terms of the Treaty of Maastricht. The newspaper is doing very well. Now owned by a Canadian proprietor, Conrad Black (who also owns The Jerusalem Post and The Chicago Sun Times, among others), the circulation of The Daily Telegraph is around 1.2 million, the highest figure for a "quality" newspaper in western Europe. The Sunday Telegraph has a circulation approaching 800,000, but no less influence. Both the daily and the Sunday editions are large broadsheet papers, a fact that is well

displayed on the newsstand of any large Washington hotel. So it was with some consternation that I read a 331-page report by the White House Counsel's Office calling The Sunday Telegraph a "tabloid." It is hard to believe that the authors of this remarkable document -- "Communication Stream of Conspiracy Commerce" -- were so provincial that they did not know the difference between The Telegraph and The Times, on one side of Fleet Street, and The Sun or The Mirror with their page three topless girls, on the other. Since this White House is stuffed with Oxonian Rhodes Scholars I have to assume that the smear was deliberate. The authors issued a report at taxpayers' expense, with the full imprimatur of the White House Counsel's Office, that published assertions they knew to be false. It violates the cardinal rule of Washington spin: Never get caught propagating a demonstrable lie, and this one was quite demonstrable. Even under America's forgiving libel laws, it was defamatory.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,523

The White House claims that Scaife, 65, uses his $800 million banking fortune to fund the think tanks, foundations, and media outlets that elaborate Clinton conspiracy tales and launch them into cyberspace. Once on the Internet "the story will be picked up by the British tabloids," which launder and return them to the United States as quasi-legitimate news. Then they are picked up by The Wall Street Journal, The Washington Times, and The New York Post. At this point the Congressional Committees start taking an interest and then -- whoosh -- they go mainstream with a vengeance. A busy wizard. I met Scaife once. When the report came out he invited me to Pittsburgh. Since I was now supposed to be working for him, it was only fitting that we should meet. We had lunch at the old, wood-paneled Allegheny Club, plotting new mischief as we ate homemade peach ice cream. After being told by the White House Counsel's Office that he was a reclusive, shadowy man, I was surprised to find myself with a warm, bubbly extrovert whose greatest joy in life is shooting in the 80Sat Cypress Point in Monterrey. The White House report was hysterical and hopelessly confused but it did sense something real. Matters were, indeed, getting out of hand. The usual levers of control over the media were no longer working properly. A Samizdat media had emerged that resembled the underground network of faxes and newsletters in the Soviet Union in the 1980s -- when nobody believed Pravda or Izvestia any longer. It was comprised of talk radio, the Internet, alternative newsletters, and C-Span, all working in chaotic synergy. The effect was highly subversive, and the White House was having great trouble jamming the broadcast mechanism.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,547

Within a week a good news story might have come to the attention of 20 or 30 million people. This would pass unnoticed inside the Beltway, but not inside the White House.

Clinton's staff sensed what was happening, even if they did not understand how it was happening. The polls were picking up dangerous undertows. Only a third of Americans accepted the official story that Vincent Foster committed suicide, despite the fact that no major newspaper, magazine, or TV station in the United States was questioning the death. Indeed, most of the media were pouring scorn on the Foster "conspiracists." But word was leaking out.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,606

In late 1993 nobody was investigating the death of Vincent Foster. The American press had taken the official story on trust, even though the authorities had refused to release the Park Police report, the autopsy report, or a copy of the suicide note.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,657

The forensic team was led by Vincent J. Scalice, a former homicide detective for the New York City Police Department. Scalice had worked with the FBI on the assassinations of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King. He had been a Consultant Member for the House Select Committee on Assassinations. The so-called Scalice Report, released in April 1995, concluded that "a high probability exists that Foster's body was transported to Fort Marcy Park." It honed in on the fact that no traces of soil could be found on Foster's shoes, under a microscope, even though he had supposedly walked 700 feet through the overgrown park. [4] The investigation did two simulation walks to see what residue was left after walking to the crime scene. Both models had visible soil all over their shoes. While Scalice did not conclude outright that the death was a homicide, he certainly suggested it: "[T]he lack of extraviated blood on the front of the body is inconsistent with death by intra-oral gunshot, which raises the likelihood that Foster's heart had already cessated and that death would have been caused by other means." It was picked up by Reuters, Cox News Service, and The Washington Times, among others, and created a huge stir in the Samizdat. At the Office of the Independent Counsel copies were put in the pigeonholes of the prosecutors and FBI agents associated with the Foster case. [5] It had been a triumph. So Ruddy prepared a second strike. "I wanted to pull away the pillars of the

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 2,996

Jane Parks is a slender, elegant brunette, with high cheekbones and a Scots-Irish look about her. On her good days, one would never have known that she was suffering from multiple sclerosis. Tanned and carefully made up, with a soft southern voice, she is undoubtedly an attractive woman. Unaware of who she was, Kenneth Starr had once chatted her up at the Little Rock Athletic Club. She, in turn, noted that he had a

"gorgeous body" in his gym shorts. But at the same time she is a fervent Pentecostal, a member of the Assembly of God Church. She had separated from Jerry Parks early in their marriage, during his brash, heavy-drinking days. The condition for reunion was that he give himself to the Lord and be born again, which he did. Although not everybody was convinced. "Jerry professed to be a devout Christian. He was obsessed with that image, but he was one of the biggest hypocrites I've ever met in my life," said his former business partner, and enemy, John D. McIntire. "He was power-hungry, out to prove that he was a big shot." [9] Jane Parks was not entirely convinced either. But going through the motions was a good deal better than the boorish behavior of the past. At least he had stopped drinking. In the summer of 1984 Mrs. Parks was the manager of a mid-scale apartment complex called Vantage Point. She was informed by the real estate agents that a nonpaying guest would be coming to stay for a while. She was told to take care of him, no questions asked. The guest turned out to be Roger Clinton, college-dropout, rock-musician, consummate scoundrel, kid brother, or, to be more precise, halfbrother, of the Governor -- and a Clinton appointee to the Arkansas Crime Commission's Juvenile Advisory Board. Mrs. Parks installed him in the corporate suite, room B107. The suite and her offices had originally been part of the same condominium, but they had been divided in two by a thin partition. For the next two months she and her assistant found themselves the reluctant audience of Roger Clinton's Bohemian recreations. Even during the quiet office hours of 9 to 5 the goings-on were wild. And sometimes the conduct was so outre that the two of them would have to leave their office and wait outside until the ecstasies had subsided.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,061

"Roger was the filthy one. He was gross. That's how you could tell," she said. But if the language was different, the behavior of the two was much the same. They were sharing joints of marijuana. There could be no doubt about it. She could hear Roger saying what it was, where he got it from, what it was like. Then she could hear the Governor bleating his approval: "This is really good shit!"

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,095

Jane thought that Jerry and Vince Foster had gotten to know each other when the Rose Law Firm represented Guardsmark in litigation. Vince had fed him little tasks during the 1980s, she believed, rewarding him along the way. In late 1989 he helped to secure Jerry a $47,959 loan from the Arkansas Teachers Retirement Fund, a huge piggy bank used by the Clinton Machine for political payoffs. As reported by James Ring Adams in The American Spectator, the loan went through the Twin City Bank of North Little Rock, a bank that had played a role in the Whitewater saga.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,106

Later, during the early stages of the presidential campaign, Parks made at least two trips to the town of Mena, in the Ouachita Mountains of western Arkansas. Mena had come up in conversations before. Jane told me that Parks had been a friend of Barry Seal, a legendary cocaine smuggler and undercover U.S. operative who had established a base of operations at Mena airport. Parks had even attended Seal's funeral in Baton Rouge after Seal was assassinated by Colombian pistoleros in February 1986.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,171

do not pretend to understand why Jerry Parks was murdered. But the indications that the Parks case is somehow intertwined with the death of Vincent Foster is surely compelling enough to warrant a proper investigation. Instead, nobody cares to learn what Mrs. Parks has to say. Why is it that every utterance from the lips of one widow-Lisa Foster -- is treated with reverence, while the other widow, brushed aside by an arrogant FBI, offers a conflicting version of events that is totally ignored by the American press? Is Lisa Foster an inherently more accurate witness of events than Jane Parks simply because she belongs to a higher social caste? Is that what American justice and journalism has come to?

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,277

That was not the only time she snorted cocaine with Bill Clinton. She claimed to have been present with him at a series of "toga parties" at the Coachman's Inn outside Little Rock between 1979 and 1981. "I was, you know, the hostess with the mostess, the lady with the snow," she said. "I'd serve drinks and lines of cocaine on a glass mirror." People shared sexual partners in what amounted to a Babylonian orgy. They were elite gatherings of ten to twenty people, mostly public officials, lawyers, and local notables, cavorting in a labyrinth of interconnected rooms with women that included teenage girls. Bill Clinton was there at least twice, she said, snorting cocaine "quite avidly" with Dan Harmon. She gave a graphic description of the sexual activities that Bill Clinton preferred. She

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,526

In light of the Henrickson allegations, and the fact that two investigations into Tyson's alleged drug activities were shut down by the upper echelons of the Arkansas State Police, any commerce that ties Don Tyson to Bill and Hillary Clinton demands close scrutiny. This includes the brokerage account in Hillary Clinton's name that turned $1,000 into $99,537 between October 1978 and July 1979· This speculative venture

was the initiative of James Blair, the general counsel of Tyson Foods. Having done a fair amount of trading myself on exotic markets, often with high leverage, the ratios in themselves do not surprise me. These sorts of profits can be made. But they are not made in the way that Hillary Clinton made them. The trades began three weeks before the 1978 elections, when Bill Clinton was riding high in the polls and seemed set to win his first term as Governor of Arkansas. It was shortly after the Clintons had signed up with Jim McDougal in a sweetheart land deal called Whitewater. Perhaps this was coincidence, but I doubt it.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,624

It was at the Oaklawn Race Track in Hot Springs that Lasater first befriended Virginia Kelley, the mother of Governor Clinton, and began to close his vice around the First Family of Arkansas. Collecting governors was one of his business specialties. In early 1983 he bailed out Governor John Y. Brown of Kentucky with $300,000 cash in a paper sack at the Lexington airport. At the time Brown was desperately trying to stay one step ahead of the IRS. He had withdrawn $1 million out of a Florida bank without a "cash transient" report. [14] "I just took care of John Y.'s money problems," Lasater told his colleague Michael Drake. [15] Lasater also tried to befriend Governor Tony Anaya of New Mexico, offering him a consulting job at Lasater also tried to befriend Governor Tony Anaya of New Mexico, offering him a consulting job at foot runway at the Angel Fire Ski Resort owned by Dan Lasater. The governor was viewed by his opponents as naive but honest. However, the Attorney General's Office in Santa Fe was later to investigate Lasater for suspected "narcotics trafficking via aircraft with possible Organized Crime ties" operating out of Angel Fire. [16] At the time of the alleged drug trafficking, Angel Fire was managed by Patsy Thomasson, later to become Director of the Office of Administration at the White House. "I put Patsy in as the assistant chairman, and she pretty well ran that project for me," said Lasater. [17]

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,646

For investigators attuned to the methods of organized crime, the Lasater empire looked suspiciously like a laundromat for tens of millions of dollars of drug profits. Nor was this an idle hunch. In 1977 Lasater had lost a Lear jet in Santa Marta, Colombia, after it was confiscated by the Colombian authorities on suspicion of narcotics trafficking. The aircraft was insured at Lloyds of London, so he was not too bothered by the event, but the FBI took note. [22] The jet had been leased to a Las Vegas outfit called Jet Avia, which was under investigation for Mafia ties. It had been flown to Colombia to evacuate a badly burned pilot who had crashed a DC-6 loaded with marijuana in the jungle. [23] Among the passengers on the jet was Jamiel "Jimmy" Chagra, viewed as one of the most dangerous mob bosses in the United States. In 1982 he was

prosecuted for conspiring to murder Judge John H. Woods, the first U.S. federal judge to be assassinated this century. He was acquitted on that charge, but was ultimately convicted on charges of cocaine smuggling.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,655

In February 1984 Lasater, accompanied by Patsy Thomasson, flew to Belize in his private jet to negotiate the purchase of a 24,000- acre ranch. [26] The deal fell through because of a dispute with the "governor of Belize who was hard to deal with." One member of the Lasater party boorishly proposed "that the governor should be wasted." [27] This caused some heartburn for the U.S. Ambassador who was present during these interesting negotiations. Also present was a lawyer from Washington, D.C., named Ed Cummings, who had flown down with Lasater. [28] Ostensibly, Lasater was looking for a horse farm. But the property, known as the Carver Ranch, was in fact a refueling stop for smugglers coming up from Colombia. Located near the border with the Yucatan, it has cropped up in a number of investigations. One of them was the "Mena" probe of Arkansas State Trooper Russell Welch, which focused on the smuggling empire of Barry Seal. This is what Welch wrote in his notebook during a debriefing of one of Seal's pilots: "With orders from Seal he would fly to a place in Southern Colombia, bordering Peru, and pickup 200 kilos of cocaine. This operation was to be staged from 'Carver Ranch' ... operated by Chester Cotter. Seal met Cotter through Roger Reeves. [Roger Reeves was the intermediary who introduced Barry Seal to the Medellin Cartel.] Seal used this ranch frequently." [29] So, apparently, this ranch was no horse farm. It was part of the Medellin trafficking empire.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,873

Funds had been flowing offshore. ADFA had done at least $250 million worth of business with the Fuji Bank ofjapan. In December 1988, for instance, ADFA raised $50 million for the purpose of building and buying houses for the needy of Arkansas, but instead, ADFA wired the $50 million to the Fuji Bank, Grand Cayman Branch, account number 63119808. [59] It was a nice piece of arbitrage profiteering. ADFA raised the money at 7 percent interest with tax exempt status, and loaned the money to Fuji at an interest rate of 9.37 percent, generating a profit of about $1 million on a ten-month investment. Whether the money -- all of it, plus interest -- came back from Grand Cayman is anybody's guess. ADFA has not provided the wiring documents. When the bonds were remarketed in October 1989 the principal had fallen to $47,915,000. [60] In 1987 ADFA borrowed $5.04 million from Japan's Sanwa Bank to buy stock in a Barbados company called Coral Reinsurance. [61] With 84 of the 1,000 shares issued, ADFA was in fact the biggest single shareholder. The activities of Coral Reinsurance triggered an investigation by the Delaware Insurance Department in 1992, which cause

panic at ADFA. [62] Among the documents obtained by Mark Swaney were a series of memos by Bob Nash, who had taken over as director of ADFA (he is now White House chief of personnel). "Why are they asking about this??!!" scribbled Nash. "Why no other states, only private people? Who was the mover and shaker on this? ... CALL ME." Swaney believes that ADFA was created by Clinton as an instrument for Dan Lasater. What we know is that Lasater wrote at least eight letters to Bill Clinton recommending people for the board of ADFA. Most of them were appointed. The letter and telephone traffic between Lasater and the Governor's Mansion suggest that ADFA was essentially answering to his instructions. [63] In 1984 and 1985 there was an explosion of housing bond issues. They spiked to $300 million a year, way above their usual level of between $50 and $100 million. It is exceedingly hard to find an actual bricks-and-mortar house built with all this money. As an experiment, I tried auditing ADFA's $175 million housing issue from July 1985, but the money is impossible to trace. [64] "It just disappears on you, it goes into night and fog," said Mark Swaney. The finance director, Bill Wilson, admitted to me that ADFA "had trouble getting enough house buyers." [65] If that was the case, why raise the money in the first place? It was a confession that the purpose of the bond issue was to generate commissions -- or soak up money. Wilson was soft-spoken and charming when I paid a visit, but one of his aides destroyed the effect by switching on a taperecorder as soon as we started chatting about the exploits of Dan Lasater. [66] Lasater & Company was deeply involved in the demise of thrifts in Illinois. One of them, First American Savings and Loan of Oak Brook, Illinois, fired back with a lawsuit against the firm in…

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,962

By late 1981 Barry Seal had made direct contact with the Colombian cocaine cartels. Over the next three years his fleet of aircraft would become the dominant smuggling conduit for the Medellin Cartel, which reportedly controlled 75 percent of all the cocaine exported from Colombia. The Colombians learned to respect him. They were losing loads of cocaine at a fearful rate as the Reagan administration cranked up its war on drugs in the Caribbean. Seal knew how to get through the defenses. He had never lost a single shipment for the Cartel.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 3,990

Putatively, Barry Seal became a "snitch" for the DEA after he was caught in "Operation Screamer," conspiring to smuggle quaaludes into Florida. Facing the likelihood of a long prison sentence -- the federal judge in Florida called him a "heinous criminal" -- he made overtures to the Florida office of the DEA. When that failed he went over their heads to Washington. He was helped out by his lawyer, the ubiquitous Richard Ben-Veniste, who later happened to be the chief counsel for the Democrats in the Senate

Whitewater investigation. "I did my part by launching him into the arms of Vice President Bush, who embraced him as an undercover operative," Ben-Veniste later told The Wall Street Journal. The DEA jumped to attention. Instructions came down to the Miami office from DEA headquarters in April 1984 to "work him." Agent Ernest Jacobsen volunteered to take the assignment. He was known for his skill at cracking the hard nuts. "I knew if we could work a deal out, Barry Seal would be one of the best informants DEA ever had," he said. "I mean, every major trafficker in the world was talking to this guy." [17] Seal immediately offered to help break the Medellin Cartel. He was working on a shipment of 3,000 kilos of cocaine. If he could pull off a sting, it could be the biggest cocaine seizure in history. But it was not easy work. Seal flew to Colombia to meet with the mercurial Carlos Lehder. Lehder had a machinegun-waving tantrum at the airstrip and forced Seal to take off with too much cargo on a muddy strip. The "Lode Star" Howard 350 crashed. Mr. Lehder's Indian peons salvaged the merchandise. The Lode Star was burned and buried.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,054

According to the microfiche records at the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association in Oklahoma City, it first appeared in July 1986 when Corporate Air Service put in a request for a tail number. This was the company that provided the air crews for the Contra resupply operation of Oliver North and General Richard Secord, known as "the Enterprise." It was managed by William Cooper, who was later killed when the "Fat Lady" was shot down by the Sandinistas. [26] Registering the aircraft was a careless slip. The motive, clearly, was to provide the aircraft with proper documentation-and a tail number-so that it could be sold as the Enterprise wound down in late 1986. [27] The phantom C-123K, nicknamed "No Problema," is now owned by Joe Cadiz, a former operative in Barry Seal's Air Contra. He bought it in 1989 as a souvenir from the Cold War. His name was still etched on the tail, just as he had left it when he was working in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, providing forward maintenance for the Enterprise. The plane was supposed to be destroyed after the "Fat Lady" was shot down on October 5, 1986, and an American crewman, Eugene Hasenfus was captured. "Once Hasenfus started talking, Oliver North gave the order to get rid of all the airplanes," said Cadiz. "We didn't want to get caught with our pants down. The planes were flown to an airstrip in Honduras, where they were burned up in a ditch. They just bulldozed earth over the top." [28] But in the mad scramble to leave Tegucigalpa the right engine of "No Problema" caught fire, so it was abandoned at the airport. For several years it sat there on a ramp in the custody of the Honduran Air Force, until Cadiz finally got it back again.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,223

The North-Secord Enterprise was only just getting off the ground in October 1984, when L. D. Brown flew with Barry Seal. Secord had arranged for a $2.3 million purchase of weapons from Communist China through a Lisbon dealer called Defex Portugal. The shipment, however, was delayed. It did not arrive until April 1985. [10] In the meantime, Defex found arms elsewhere. It delivered the first load in January 1985. But the Contras could not wait that long. Their supply lines were dangerously stretched after a rebel offensive that had penetrated deep into Nicaragua. I was covering Nicaragua during that period and traveled extensively in the conflict zones around Jinotega and Matagalpa. I can remember hearing the gunfire in the hills around the provincial capital of Esteli. For the first time since the war began, the Contras were causing real psychological and military disruption to the Revolucion Sandinista. Oliver North, schooled in Vietnam, had vowed that this time the United States would not abandon its ally in the field. The CIA had already spent the $24 million cap in Contra funding allowed under the first Boland Amendment. A second version of the Amendment, banning all assistance to the Contras, was already in the works, and would come into force on October 11, 1984. [11] There was a desperate need for a bridging operation as the CIA pulled back and the North-Secord Enterprise moved in. Barry Seal was the bridge. His organization equipped the rebel forces during the critical months of late 1984. At the time the Contras were flat broke, although the first trickle of money was coming in from the $1 million a month that Saudi Arabia was paying into a secret fund controlled by Contra leader Adolfo Calero. The pallet of guns that L. D. Brown observed being pushed out of the back of the C-123 was probably surplus inventory that the CIA had stockpiled in advance. There is no doubt that the CIA tried to do this. Page 34 of the Congressional Iran-Contra Report has a section entitled The CIA Tries to Stockpile. It describes how the Agency was trying to get $28 million of weapons "free-of-charge" from the Defense Department in order to stay below its cap on Contra spending. The Department of Defense balked, but not entirely. "The project was finally terminated on February 12, 1985, after the CIA had obtained, without cost, 3 surplus Cessna aircraft, 10 night vision goggles, and a Bushmaster cannon." [12] If the CIA was able to get three aircraft in this manner, it would not have been hard to obtain Vietnam-era M-16s from the surplus inventory of the National Guard. The second flight Brown took with Seal was on or around December 24, 1984. It was the same routine. Seal told him to leave behind any rings, keys, or papers that could identify him. "In case something happens, we're on our own."

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,242

Seal explained that they were essentially carrying out a covert operation in defiance of the U.S. Congress, one that was crafted with the specific intent of hoodwinking the Democratic leadership. He told Brown that Congress "didn't want to give money to these people down there, the guns ... and what we were doing was circumventing this .... I wasn't going to ask any questions. He obviously knew what he was doing." At the

airport in Honduras Barry Seal picked up two duffel bags. Back at Mena Seal opened one of the bags as they were getting into Brown's Datsun 310 hatchback. "He reaches down and he pulls out a little wrapped package like I've seen kilos of coke packaged over the years and it had a number on it, number 2. Then I kind of reacted, it was obvious to him that I was very upset. I wanted to get out of there. First thing I started doing is looking around. Who's watching us? I got pretty panicky about it and that's when he says, 'Settle down, everything is going to be alright.' I drive back to Little Rock. I'm thinking, well, this is some kind of sting that they're working, maybe they're trying to nail somebody down there who is dealing drugs. But I thought the worst, you know, is this guy making some bucks on the side? Is he dealing dope? I'm trying to settle myself down. I'm thinking, well, this is an official operation. Clinton got me into this, the Governor did, it can't be as sinister as I think it is." But his next encounter with Clinton was far from reassuring. "When I said they were bringing back coke he throws up his hands and said, 'Oh no, that's Lasater's deal.' I wanted him to tell me, oh, that's terrible. We've got to report this. I wanted him to deny knowing anything about it or to explain it away to me. But no, it was no surprise to him. He was surprised only that I had found out about it, that Seal showed it to me. I honestly don't think he ever thought I was going to see any of that stuff."

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,261

Feeling profoundly betrayed, Brown withdrew his application to the CIA and began agitating for a transfer from the Governor's security detail. But it was not so easy to escape. Once in, always in -- like the Mafia. In January 1985 he was visited at the Governor's Mansion by an emissary from the CIA, sent to placate him. The man seemed to know his way about the place. He came in through the littleknown Spring Street access, and nonchalantly pulled up next to Hillary Clinton's parking spot. He was Felix Rodriguez, the legendary Cuban emigre who had tracked down Che Guevara in the mountains of Bolivia. Rodriguez had served as a CIA officer under Donald Gregg in Vietnam. It was Gregg who brought him into the Central American operation. Working under the code name of Max Gomez, he served as an adviser on aerial counterinsurgency against the FMLN guerrillas in El Salvador. [13] At a meeting in Washington, on December 21, 1984, Oliver North recruited Rodriguez for the North-Secord Enterprise. North later received a memo discussing "FR's Project" and "those who will be put under FR's care." [14]

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,278

Brown took an American Airlines flight to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, on June 18,1986. A disassembled FAL 7.62 mm rifle was waiting for him in a straw bag at the guard house of the port. On the morning of June 21, he went to the Hotel Playa Conchas Chinas and

was directed to his victim by the hotel desk clerk. He looked across and saw an American in his mid-thirties, playing with his children by the fountain. He shuddered and walked out. It was the end of his adventure with the CIA, or the Enterprise, or whatever it was that he had joined. The challenge now was staying alive. As for the prospective victim, Brown had never seen him before. * * * The prospective victim was Terry Reed, another of the pilots who had worked for Air Contra.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,294

In subsequent years, more and more of Reed's story has been corroborated. L. D. Brown provides a big piece of the jigsaw puzzle, and sworn testimony in civil litigation has flushed out more. The Commander of the State Police, Colonel Tommy Goodwin admitted that during the mid-1980s he receiving briefings on a "CIA operation at the Mena Airport. The gist of what we were getting was that they were flying arms into Central America," he said. [16]

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,300

Terry came from Norman Rockwell's America: Carthage, Missouri. He served in Vietnam. One of his jobs in Air Force intelligence was selecting drop zones for C-130 transports carrying out aerial resupply in Cambodia. He was a photo-intelligence analyst for Task Force Alpha, providing backup for Air America. In 1976 he was honorably discharged as a staff sergeant, after eight years service. He went into the machine tool business, but was soon recruited by the FBI's counterintelligence division to help fight industrial espionage by the Soviet block. One thing led to another. In February 1982 he was called to the FBI offices in Oklahoma City to meet Oliver North, who was using the alias of John Cathey. North allegedly flashed CIA credentials -- "The photo, the eagle, the whole nine yards" -- although he was actually a Marine lieutenant colonel working for the National Security Counsel at the Reagan White House. [17] This may sound surprising, but note this little aside in Richard Secord's memoirs: "We used fake identities. Ollie's name was 'Goode,' for which he had a set of complete CIA-furnished dummy documentation." North recruited Reed to assist a joint CIA-FBI investigation of Toshiba Machine Tools which was selling restricted U.S. defense technology to the Soviet Union. He would drop in at Reed's office in Oklahoma City from time to time, and he was close enough to the Reeds that he visited Oklahoma City's Mercy Hospital to give Janis Reed flowers to celebrate the birth of the Reeds' first child. Reed's secretary, Anne Ellet, remembers North's office visits well. He would sit on the corner of her desk and try out his flirtatious banter. [18] She was stunned when he resurfaced four years later as Lt. Col. Oliver North, the star of the Iran-Contra hearings. The Arkansas State Police went to great lengths to destroy evidence that linked Terry Reed and Oliver North to each other and to the Contra operation at Mena. In a sworn

deposition, Michelle Tudor, a secretary at the intelligence unit of the state police, testified about "shredding parties" that took place in 1988. [19]

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,318

When Oliver North was assigned the task of "holding the Contras together in body and soul" by National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane it was natural that he would turn to Terry Reed. The two had struck up a friendship, of sorts. It was a Vietnam thing. What North needed was a team of operatives like Terry Reed to form a Freikorps. Terry says this happened in the fall of 1983. Critics claim that this is impossible: Oliver North did not get involved until 1984. But again, they have not studied the official record. The Iran- Contra committee found a note dated November 7, 1983, revealing that North was already in contact with John Hull, an American rancher who provided the Contras with an air strip in Costa Rica. It also discovered White House memos from November 1983 in which North was discussing the minutiae of weapons shipments to the Contras. [20] Terry

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,380

Bill Clinton was eager to see Terry Reed move away from Arkansas. In April 1986 he chatted with Reed outside Juanita's restaurant in Little Rock and strongly encouraged him to take up a new venture being offered to him in Mexico. Terry agreed. A month later Trooper L. D. Brown was sent to Puerto Vallarta to carry out the assassination. When that failed, the State Police resorted to a different method. In October 1987 Captain Raymond "Buddy" Young, the commander of the Governor's security detail, planted a false profile of Terry Reed in the federal data bank. "Buddy Young has advised that he has received information which indicates Terry Reed may be involved in Mexican and/or South American drug trafficking." [29] Young claimed that the information came from the DEA via the El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC). It was not true. [30] In collusion with the FBI office in Hot Springs an alert was put out asserting that both Terry and Janis Reed were "armed and dangerous." [31] In June 1988 Terry and Janis were indicted on federal wire fraud charges in U.S. federal court in Kansas. The details of this case are exceedingly complex. Suffice it to say, it was later shown that Buddy Young had fabricated the physical evidence of a crime and backdated his police reports. After two and a half years of purgatory in the criminal justice system, the Reeds were absolved of all wrongdoing. This was something of a miracle, given that the Arkansas State Police had ignored an order by the judge to release critical documents that the defense had requested -- many of them had been shredded, as Melanie Tudor testified, but not all. The irate judge accused Buddy Young of demonstrating "a reckless disregard for the truth." Buddy Young continued to provide services for Bill Clinton. As the presidential campaign got under way he warned the

troopers who had served on the security detail not to reveal secrets. "It was pretty blunt. If I wanted to keep my job, I would keep my mouth shut," said Corporal Barry Spivey, in sworn testimony. [32] "If you don't want to get fired, you need to forget what you heard." President Clinton rewarded Buddy Young by appointing him director of the Federal Emergency Management Agency for the south central United States, a powerful position with access to most of the federal machinery of coercion. Ensconced in his offices at FEMA headquarters in Denton, Texas, he resorted to more naked threats.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,408

Reed's information was exactly what the Democrats were looking for. He could provide details of the conspiracy to violate the Boland Amendment and subvert the will of Congress. But Terry and Janis never heard from Blum again. The final Kerry Report was a useful document, though the authors were clearly bent on scoring partisan points. The Reagan administration was fair game; Governor Clinton was not. The report did not contain a word about weapons being shipped from Mena, or about Air Contra training at Nella.

Note:

Yellow highlight | Location: 4,411

Terry and Janis launched their counterattack against Buddy Young on July 5, 1991, filing a federal lawsuit that charged him with violating their civil rights and planting false evidence. Their purpose was to discover why the chief bodyguard of Governor Bill Clinton had conspired to cause them so much injury. They had no prior quarrel with the man, so why had he done it? Who was behind it? The lawsuit worked its way slowly through the court system, ignored by the press but followed avidly by a large block of the American people in the alternative media. By the end of 1996 Reed's legal team were confident that they could prove their case in court. "We were very close to cracking this. If we had been able to go to trial, we would have forced a lot of information to the surface in the legitimate venue of a courtroom," said Michael Dowd, the lead attorney for the legal team. But it never did go to trial. On March 8,1996, U.S. Federal Judge George Howard, Jr., ruled that Terry Reed could not introduce any evidence related to his "participation in missions sponsored by the FBI, the CIA or any other agency of the United States government ... as well as any operations conducted in Southwest Arkansas regarding the training of Nicaraguan nationals ... any reference to President or Governor Bill Clinton and/or Hillary Clinton and the Mena or Nella airports. Further, any reference to Dan Lasater ... any reference to a business relationship of Barry Seal and Dan Lasater ... and the Arkansas Development and Finance Authority." [35] "It was a crippling blow. It meant we couldn't get in the

question of motive, which was the whole point of the case," said Dowd. "The whole thing made me physically ill.... Now I know what it is to play hardball." CHAPTER

Note: