

*During times of universal deceit, telling the truth
becomes a revolutionary act.* George Orwell

THE WEIDNER METHOD

by
H. Hammond

*To everyone who has the courage to go into the courtroom and fight for what is
right and good and true and honorable, this book is dedicated* - H. Hammond

*"Oh, you're gonna fight 'em, eh Roger?
This oughta be interesting."* -- Judge Charles "Chuck" Guinasso

CHAPTER ONE

"Let him speak! Let him speak!" All the people in the courtroom were yelling. There were 65+ cops in and around the building and snipers on the surrounding rooftops.

"This courtroom is closed!" BANG went the gavel and Judge Dorothy Baker ran down the stairs back into her chambers. Dorothy Baker looks like a spawned out singer in some downtown flophouse bar. 1 Mid-to-late forties, heavy smoker, very lined face. She has a wasted look to her.

"The courtroom is NOT closed! People do not leave this courtroom!" I said, and began speaking on the record about all this corruption, while Judge Baker hid in her chambers.

All of a sudden the door to the jury room opens up. It reminded me of when I was a kid, down at the coast. There was a kind of a fish, a flounder fish, a perch. It gave birth to live babies. They'd sorta spurt out, one, then another and so on. I looked up and — pop, then pop, pop — 12 red-faced police officers had been hiding in the jury room. In single file they emerged from the jury room, silently, and walked out the courtroom exit. Everything stopped and everybody

watched. They thought this terrorist was going to take over, but we were very orderly people sitting there, and me speaking.

About that time Judge Baker re-entered the courtroom all disheveled, looking like she'd been shot out of a cannon.

"I want to make a record here," I said. I had all my files.

"I'm canceling the hearing to have you examined to see if you can aid and assist in your own defense," Baker responded.

"No! I want to make a recor-" I was forced down, face down, on the council table by the guards. They put the handcuffs on behind me. My 82-year-old Mother started toward us.

"You stay back or you'll get arrested too!" the guards warned her as I was hustled out of there. Baker fled the courtroom amid shouts from the crowd.

"You're gonna pay for this Baker! This is tyranny!" said investigative reporter Ed Snook as he left the courtroom.

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I am at war with this corruption, and any time you're at war it is always a tactical operation. If it becomes solely an emotional reaction, you cannot organize and you can't plan. For most of the people I'm involved with, it's emotional because something has been taken: their children, their lands, their money — and they're distressed.

Here is a description of the players, how they got involved, the events that occurred, and how this all came about.

Milton Brown, this thieving little attorney, is the core of the cancer. He once told fellow attorney Nick Albrecht that he went to law school to learn how to steal. The viper. He's wiped out every partner he ever had, at least 10, and many tenants as well. He's amassed a fortune of between 3 and 4 hundred million dollars simply by being able to control the legal system.

There is a good-ol'-boy network that has existed here for years. Brown was looked at as a pariah even by that group. You couldn't find a person that had anything other than contempt for him. He used to work out down at the "Y" where he wore these pooka shells around his neck, and copper bracelets. He's about 5-foot 6 or 7, nervous little voice, he's so crooked that he cannot look you in the face. He controls all this money, and if you control money in our system, you control everything.

Attorney Milton Brown was Don Kettleberg's partner. Together, they owned 35 million dollars-worth of property. Kettleberg confided to friends that, if he tried to dissolve the partnership, he knew he would be wiped out.

When Don Kettleberg met Janette Kent, she was 22 and he was 45. He was attracted to Janette because she was young, she was beautiful, she was intelligent and accomplished, she was not jealous and possessive, and for a guy like Kettleberg it was ideal. Don had been a womanizer. He had a lot of other girlfriends, but Janette Kent was unique. She was a good cook, a pianist — she taught piano — and she was a tremendous ice skater. Because of her personality, Don could come and go as he pleased. There was no suspicion on her part about Kettleberg because she just lived in her own little world. He took care of her apartment and her expenses, and they had a long 10 or 12-year affair.

Janette had a very unusual personality. She wrote a multi-national nuclear disarmament agreement when she was in her early twenties. She excerpted parts of other proposals written by other scientists and came up with her own proposal. Then she formed this group called Mission: World Peace, and she was going to save the world, solve the world's problems, solve the danger of nuclear annihilation. She was very naïve. She thought that if her plan was not implemented all humanity was at risk. She was young and attractive and she'd go out and speak to these groups, and men always make over young attractive women! Obviously! And so she thought what she was writing was great, even though she had only plagiarized all these world-renowned scientific scholars. But it was her nuclear proposal, and she became totally committed to it. I think Kettleberg humored her and went along with it.

Janette had split up with Don about a year and a half before he died. There were accusations back and forth. Another man had become involved: Mark Maxin, who was 30 years younger than Kettleberg. He was attracted to Janette and fomented the split. He lived in the same apartment complex they did since he was about 12-years-old, so they took on a kind of parenting relationship with him. But he was 10 years younger than Janette. All of a sudden, young boy 12 turns into young man 18-19, and he's enamored with Janette, and she is mentally more in league with Mark than with Don Kettleberg.

Kettleberg had a drinking problem and cirrhosis of the liver. He had a very rough complexion and was getting dermabrasion treatments. Dr. Charles Hahn was his treating doctor. Doctor Hahn was also his business partner in Battleground Mobile Home Park in Battleground, WA. He owed Kettleberg about \$50,000 in

what is called a capital account. Hahn owned one third and Kettleberg owned two thirds of that mobile home park.

When you are partners like that and the partnership has expenses, then each partner has a capital account that he has to keep filled in order to meet the needs of the development enterprise. Hahn was down about \$50,000 in his capital account. He was behind on payments, and Kettleberg was putting up his money for him. Like most doctors, Hahn was always pressed for money because of his living style. They have a girlfriend and a nice home, a Mercedes and all these toys, so they're always tapped out.

Kettleberg knew he was terminal early in 1985. In discussions with Jack Blampe, a former business partner of Milton Brown and Kettleberg, Jack believed that Dr. Hahn was injecting Don with a toxin to aggravate his failing liver condition and speed up the process. Later, when we acquired Kettleberg's medical records, we discovered one of the last entries written there by Dr. Hahn: "Do not resuscitate."

Milton Brown didn't think there was anyone out there because Kettleberg had been adopted and he was not married. However, he had an adopted sister named Doreen Moriarty. Kettleberg was terminal, so the Moriartys were called. I don't know whether they arrived in time to see him still alive or not. They came up to Portland within a few days of his death and moved into his house up in Mountain Park thinking that, since there was no one else, Doreen Moriarty would inherit the estate. Doreen's husband was a city councilman in one of the cities down in the Los Angeles area. He owned a fireworks business there and had gotten caught in a kickback scheme, bribing inspectors to look the other way. He was being tried for some criminal charges and was on his way to prison at the time.

Kettleberg died May 25th, 1985. Four days later, on May 29th, Carolyn Brune, Milton Brown's secretary and alter ego, acting as the personal representative of the Kettleberg estate, gave Brown Kettleberg's power of attorney. Actually, Carolyn Brune was not made personal representative until at least a month later. With that power of attorney, fraudulently given and fraudulently obtained, Brown cleaned out Kettleberg's bank accounts and safety deposit box and picked up all of the other Kettleberg estate assets.

Carolyn Brune is a physically attractive woman, 45, blonde hair, very mindful of her attractiveness and plays on that. Reportedly, she was a play toy for Don Kettleberg. But she worked for Milton Brown and was on his payroll. Legally,

Carolyn Brune could not give her boss power of attorney over an estate over which she was not personal representative. Brown just had her do it as if she were.

The Moriartys removed all they could of the personal property from the house and tried to find other property. One of the daughters took Don's car, and they went around and picked up what other assets they could. They were looking for money to keep Doreen's husband out of prison. When people are stressed for money, you can control them with very little. That's how Brown operates, and he's a master at it.

It was decided that Doreen Moriarty would be the personal representative of the estate, but there were liens and judgments against her husband. They found out that if she were personal representative, her husband's creditors would be able to get the assets. She resigned in order to have everything passed to her children so there would be no claims and her children's inheritance could be protected. The Moriartys then returned to California.

Milton Brown installed Carolyn Brune as the personal representative of the Kettleberg estate and had her appointed by a judge. Carolyn Brune disputes that. She says Doreen Moriarty was the one who agreed to have her appointed personal representative. But it was all controlled by Milton Brown. With money he controlled everything. They decided on a value for the estate and Carolyn Brune posted a \$3 million performance bond, guaranteeing her services and accepting liability.

Brown engaged attorney Bob Chidester, who was a nobody in the legal community. He was a flunkie for Milton Brown and did any work that Brown didn't want to handle, a pick-up-crumbs sort of a thing. He was brought in for that purpose. Chidester had a drinking problem and was not a strong personality. Milton Brown and Carolyn Brune were just going to run this thing through the system, with Brune as personal representative and Chidester as the attorney for the estate. She and Bob did everything that Brown wanted. They figured it would be easy because there was no one around. It was going to be Carolyn Brune and Milton Brown taking down that whole estate.

Don Kettleberg was 57 when he died, and Janette Kent was 35. She was in Salt Lake and, although they had split up, they were still in touch with one another. Don was supposed to get back to her, and when he didn't contact her she started looking around and found out he was dead. She first thought he had died in a car accident and called Gary Michaels, a local architect and friend of Kettleberg, to ask what he knew about Don. Michaels hadn't heard that

Kettleberg had died. He had dinner with Kettleberg a few months earlier, at which time Kettleberg confided to him that he had written a will.

"Well, did you get a copy of the will?" Michaels asked Janette.

"No," she said. Janette was not looking for the will. She was simply looking for her pictures with Kettleberg. Memorabilia. She did not know that she had been named.

"Well, I'll go down and check because Don told me he left everything to you." So

Gary Michaels went down and found out that the estate was being probated as an intestacy, meaning, without a will. Gary phoned Janette.

"You better get an attorney. I think I smell a rat." That was in late summer of 1985, and that's when Janette hired attorney Farris Booth.

Brown knew there was no way the Moriartys could mount an attack, to do what I'm doing, trying to recover the Kettleberg estate. The husband was already a crook and was on his way to prison. The Moriartys came up looking for money to keep their appeal process going. They went through the house, stripping it of valuables. There was no way that they could ever even begin to penetrate the fraud.

When the Moriartys returned in October of 1985, Brown fired Chidester. He thought there might be a challenge and knew he couldn't use Chidester. He didn't want to lose any more assets, so he hired Guy Marshall. Guy Marshall was in the firm of Tooze/Kerr/Marshall, which had been Tooze/Kerr/Peterson. The Peterson was Ed Peterson, Chief Justice of the Oregon Supreme Court. Marshall had been guilty of defrauding a client, and there was a lot of heat on him. That case was in progress before Brown contacted him, but it made no difference to Brown because Brown always wants someone who is crooked. Those are the only people he will deal with! However, once Guy Marshall was convicted, his partner, Michael Gentry, came in and has been there now for 16 years protecting the theft, ostensibly as the attorney for the estate. Marshall was named first, but he went to jail. The Tooze/Kerr/Marshall firm was on board at that time, though, and they have been there ever since. I think it's Tooze/Kerr/Schenker now that Marshall is off the marquee.

Brown also got attorney Gar King, who is now a US District Court judge, to represent Dr. Charles Hahn, Kettleberg's personal physician and business partner. Brown drew in these attorneys of good repute early on. They thought there would be quick money. Gar King is in his early sixties, dapper looking guy. He gives the

impression that he knows what's going on. But he's as controlling and treacherous as they come.

Once Milton Brown got them, he exposed them to his liability, because the act of one is the act of all. This is what people do not understand. When you have a conspiracy or a theft, the act of one is the act of all. By involving other attorneys and judges, Brown exposed them to his liability. But they all had to maintain the appearance of conducting lawful proceedings.

There is a money cartel that is the ruling elite in Oregon. As told to me by a former Multnomah County commissioner, Brown is related to some of the members of that money cartel. Brown's original name was Bronstein, Milton Bronstein. It was not Brown. This moneyed elite basically controls everything. Its members control the media here, The Oregonian, Oregon's largest newspaper, and they control all of the courts. They do not have a name. They are not an open organization. But they've controlled the court systems for about 20 years. They're powerful enough to threaten, blackmail, or pay off judges and attorneys.

Judges are not put into place unless they pass political muster with this powerful group, which also puts in their preferred politicians—all of our politicians from Hatfield on and further back. If you're not approved by that group, you are never allowed into the system. Anyone who gets into the system and does not go along with the operation or the power structure they've set up, is forced out. They always control the courtroom because, in a commercial culture such as ours, that's where all the wealth is controlled. Milton Brown could control the court because he knew who was calling the shots and was close to them.

Vera Katz is the present mayor of Portland. Prior to this, she was a state representative, and then BINGO! She became Speaker of the House in Salem. During her tenure as Speaker of the House, all this "New World Order" legislation came out, this "Goals 2000." Katz went from being the Speaker to being the Mayor of Portland. Mayor is considered a step up from Speaker of the House because it includes a staff. As mayor, she controls the police department and all the agencies. Vera Katz and Beverly Stein, who's the Chair of the County Commissioners, are cut from the same mold as state senator Kate Brown; they're all ardent feminists. They have implemented this total control regime that has us all by the throat. They control the administrative agencies as well as the executive agencies.

I went on inactive status with the Oregon State Bar in the beginning of 1987, so I'd been on inactive status for almost a year. When you are on inactive

status you don't have to pay those malpractice insurance premiums. I had taken a year off, kinda like a sabbatical. I wanted to go down and see Krishna Murti's home. I'd just been stressed out. They'd foreclosed on an apartment house, and I was in the process of losing my houseboat. There was a lot of stress on me, so I took this time off.

In December of 1987, when I was just getting ready to go back on active status, I met Janette Kent socially at Lido's restaurant at 11th and Stark. I stopped in there one evening, and she was there. She said she was the heiress of the Don Kettleberg estate. Kettleberg had died suddenly 2 ½ years before, and he had left no living relatives. There were reports by witnesses that Kettleberg had left her the estate. But when they went to the safety deposit box, it was empty. Everything had been cleaned out. She told me briefly about her case and asked if I would help.

I knew who Milton Brown was. I knew he was a pariah in the legal community because he had this horrible reputation of being so corrupt. I didn't know him well, but I knew he was a crook.

I knew Kettleberg slightly. I'd talked to him a couple of times. I said I'd check into it.

One of the names she gave me was Gary Michaels, who was a local architect that I knew. He was the partner of a fellow who lived down at the Portland Rowing Club, and he also worked out at the "Y," so I saw him there from time to time.

I was hired in December of 1987. Janette had not personally been to court, but she had hired investigators to monitor some hearing that pertained to the case, and she had hired Farris Booth, a prominent attorney. I knew him as an instructor in law school and had the highest regard for him. He was a member of one of the largest and most prominent law firms: Higgins, Booth and someone else. When he got involved with Janette Kent, he acknowledged that Brown was a crook. But soon, even he was trying to undermine her case. Kent's witness, Glen Haddock, said Booth slept while his deposition was being taken.

"Yeah, you got a good attorney," I would have said, not realizing he had become a crook.

Farris Booth got turned by Brown. He was in Brown's pocket already. Janette's investigators were Ken Keller, a former District Attorney, and another fellow from a regular firm. They were reporting that Farris Booth was sleeping during the depositions and that he was lying to her. Booth was making

representations about what was going on and she, through her investigators, found out that it was not so. Booth supplied her with one set of documents, and through the investigators, she had another. One set he presented to her said this is what the evidence shows, and he represented that to be fact. The investigators came up with another set that showed that Booth had deleted portions of it and had altered and fabricated it. Janette was back in Salt Lake when one of her investigators told her that she had better fire Booth because he was working against her out here.

And so, Janette Kent returned to Portland and confronted Booth at the Tai Peng restaurant, the Chinese restaurant out by Tigard. He claimed health conditions and financial stress to mask his treachery and duplicity. He embraced and kissed her and tried to romance her. Janette thinks that everyone is in love with her anyway. She has no problem with vanity or self-image. She thinks she's a goddess. It's amazing how delusional people can be.

But, she didn't fall for Booth's con job. She fired him. Janette then went to one or two other attorneys, and they would express interest, only to turn and betray her. I was about the third or fourth. When I met her, Janette had been on this odyssey for about a year and a half. Brown was systematically buying off every one of her attorneys. Brown never approached me because I knew him, that thieving little viper. I knew what a horrible reputation he had. And I had known Don Kettleberg, too.

Janette Kent was well educated, had an academic bent, good learning skills, and could express herself well. But she had other very distinct personalities that could lock into place. She could be like a little girl and would go down to Oaks Park and get on the rides with the kids.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee!"

Then, she can turn around and walk onto the stage, sophisticated, intelligent, serious, and give a well-researched address on nuclear arms.

She seemed to have no idea of what was going on around her, and when you tried to explain something to her over and over again, you can see it was just not penetrating. She could not understand something she had not actually experienced. And even if she had experienced it, she would reject it if it conflicted with her favored perceptions.

Kent would have temper tantrums. At times she'd get me in the car and start carrying on, and I'd have to reach over and turn off the key to stop the car because it was so ungodly to have this creature there, just roaring.

At other times she'd throw things at me because she had this frustration and this enormous rage over not being given what she's entitled to.

"I wonder sometimes why he'd get so mad he'd put his fist through the wall?" she told me now and then about Kettleberg. Well I know very well why he would do that! But to her, it didn't even click. If a concept was not in her head, it did not exist.

Egocentric, Janette saw herself right at the center of her world. Everything radiated outward from there. In her perception she was always right whenever she spoke, like any other spoiled child. They have no patience because they're indulged. They think that whatever they think is what is important. She would drink a lot too. Heavy boozer. She would get delusional and could not respond to questions, and her temperament was such that she had no ability to sit back and listen to something being discussed if she was not in charge. Always, she had to be the center of activity.

Being as close to her as I was under the circumstances, I realized someone had to take on the adult role of seeing that something got done. An adult role does not mean that you have your way. An adult role means there is a goal that you're trying to achieve. Your focus is on achieving that goal. Everything you do is out of necessity for achieving that goal, using the actors that you have available, as in a military campaign.

To my horror, what I have found is that you have to deal with the emotional upheavals of every one of your soldiers. They have to vent someplace and they want to vent on whomever is nearest to them, just like a spoiled child kicking and having a temper tantrum.

I'm accustomed to being in the military and responding when the sergeant shouts.

"Fall out! Fall in! Grab your arms!" My response is not in opposition.

"NO!! I'm not going out there!"

Off you go to the brig! You are kicked out because you're not emotionally capable, and that applies to virtually everyone in this war that I'm in.

"People, I'm at war with this corruption that's going on. It has us by the throat!" I tell them.

The rules of law that I learned in law school, the very concept upon which our whole culture is based, which is unique in the history of the world, is that the citizens are the sovereign authority of this country. Under the Constitution, before a government agency can do something to a person, they have to give that

person equal protection of the law and due process of law. It's not optional for them. Fair hearing. Impartial judge. That has now been stripped out of the system. It does not exist. And people need to get over this idea that,

"That's MINE!"

People, listen. I don't care what you think. THEY'VE GOT IT! And the only way they're going to give it back is like when a wolf has your little baby.

"C'mon wolf," you say. "Give it back, ple-e-a-a-se? I've worked hard all my life, wolf. I worked hard to raise that baby." And do you think he's going to give it back? No!

You go over with a club, and a blow torch, and a pair of pliers, and you put so much pain on that creature that is stealing something of yours, that it is such a shock and causes him so much pain, that the pain of keeping it is greater than the pain of cutting it loose. And that applies across the board to all animal life.

It applies to people, too. We started as a colony and what has happened here is that the money powers have been able to completely re-assert control over the colonies.

I thought that my difficulty would be in getting Janette Kent declared the beneficiary. There was a question as to whether or not Janette was the sole beneficiary of the estate, and I was having trouble finding an attorney that would take the case. I couldn't fight it because I was still on inactive status. First, I went to Marvin Nepom, a prominent attorney here in Portland.

"No, I'm too busy," he said.

Then I called Jack Kennedy, who was the partner of Gar King and another prominent attorney in town. I had him as an instructor at North Western University, and he was very strict. His students were not allowed to write one minute overtime on a test. He was watching, making sure. They would impose on the students this moral ethic that they professed with such fervor and, of course, I believed that it was so. Little did I know!

He put me off to Gary McMurry, whom I knew slightly, and I did get McMurry to take it. Gary McMurry was an accomplished trial attorney but he wouldn't spend any money on the case at all. He said he wouldn't do it unless I stayed and did all the legwork on it.

Gary McMurry was in his late 50's at the time. He looked like a gray-haired owl to me. He has this little beaky nose, glasses, and speaks very perfunctorily. He's very mechanical, extremely opinionated and egotistical, but he is a good trial attorney. I've known the guy for 30 years.

McMurry said he was only concerned about the probate, not about going after Brown. There was 4½ million dollars in the estate at that time. McMurry wanted his fee based only on the 4½ million, not the other assets. He later tried to get Janette to settle for \$100,000.

The case went to court in May of 1988. This first case was simply to decide whether or not Janette Kent was the beneficiary. I thought the difficult issue would be to make Kent credible. She was so distraught that she could not be responsive to questions. I never met anyone more frustrating to work with in my life. She was very naïve and idealistic, spoiled and indulged by Kettleberg.

"You've got to do, Janette, whatever McMurry says in that courtroom," I said over and over again.

"Gary, I've lost control of Janette. I befriended her and she doesn't pay any attention to what I'm saying any more. I don't know that I can control her. That's one thing that I cannot guarantee," I told her attorney Gary McMurry.

"Oh, don't worry Roger," he said. "I'll take care of that," he assured me as he looked over his glasses with an all-knowing smugness. And then I saw him with her in his conference room. She was saying something and he, his fist clenched, responded through gritted teeth,

"You SHUT UP or I..!" And another time, I spotted him walking across the park with her, and he took his briefcase and slammed it down.

"NO, damn it!" he said to her. He didn't have it under control. At last I was able to assure him.

"Gary, she will answer questions. I've got her so she'll be responsive." That was a big question mark, whether I could get her to be responsive. At trial time, she got up on the stand and was able to speak.

Gary Michaels, the architect, was what you would call a star witness. Absolute integrity and good recall, a professionally recognized and respected member of the community. He said it all: that he'd met with Kettleberg, that Kettleberg knew he was terminal, and that he had left everything to Janette. The other witnesses were all solid.

Milton Brown was a basket case. After stammering through his testimony, he had to rest three times before leaving the courtroom. The first time, leaning on Kent's table, ashen-faced, he uttered in a weak, barely audible voice,

"Hi Jenny."

All Brown's witnesses were totally discredited, and Janette Kent won. She was awarded the entire estate, worth \$35,000,000 at the time, by Judge Crookham. Personal representative Carolyn Brune filed an appeal.

Judge Crookham had a basic integrity to him. It would have been easy for him to rule against Kent. He went on to become Attorney General of the state of Oregon for awhile. I believe he was appointed when someone went on to the Supreme Court. I think when he got down there and found out how corrupt it was, he just finished the term and retired. We tried to get him involved as attorney general to prosecute the case, but he wouldn't do it.

When Janette Kent was awarded the entire estate, all of a sudden her attorney, Gary McMurry, changed his tune. Originally, he didn't want to put any money into it and didn't want his fee based on any of the assets.

"Oh no, I'm entitled to 40% of everything," he now says. But before we won, he tried to get her to settle for \$100,000! He then became hostile to me. In September of 1988, right after we won the case and McMurry turned on me, we hired attorney Norman Lindstedt

There were two documents which Judge Crookham signed. One was the Constructive Trust, which he placed on all the properties. The other was a Findings of Fact and Conclusions of Law, a separate document. We had the one creating the constructive trust. We were not given a copy of the Findings of Fact and Conclusions of Law. "...to turn it over, forthwith." was the wording in that missing document requiring Carolyn Brune and Milton Brown to release the estate to Janette Kent.

"Well, you've just been declared the beneficiary of whatever is left of Kettleberg's estate." This is what they told Janette Kent.

The Findings of Fact and Conclusions of Law ordering Brune to turn the estate over to Janette "forthwith" didn't turn up until Jack Salter found it six years later.

CHAPTER TWO

I thought our problems were over. Milton Brown was a licensed attorney who knew the law. The court imposed a constructive trust on the Kettleberg estate assets. A constructive trust says that anyone who holds those assets is a trustee. The only link to ownership that Milton Brown had was possession. The assets were in his sole possession.

If you run into a store and scoop up some merchandise, to everyone else you have ownership because you have possession of it. But to the store owner, you have only possession. Legally, you have no ownership rights or interest. And that's the position that Brown created for himself.

Brown had petitioned the court to appoint his secretary, Carolyn Brune, as the personal representative of the estate. Brown then had Carolyn Brune give him a limited special power of attorney. By virtue of having the personal representative of the estate give him power of attorney, he incurred a fiduciary duty toward the beneficiary of the estate, i.e., Janette Kent. When the court imposed a constructive trust on those assets, he became a trustee because he was holding those assets. Because he had an attorney/client relationship with the estate and was a trustee of its assets, I thought he had no way to get around that responsibility.

He didn't get around it. He just corrupted the system. As a trustee of the assets, he had a fiducial duty toward the beneficiary, so he set about to make himself the beneficiary. Brown was controlling absolutely everything. He had a fiduciary duty to Janette Kent, and it was his duty to act in her best interests. If there was a conflict of interest — such as trying to get stock that was hers — then in a lawsuit, he could not serve as attorney for her estate because he had an obvious conflict.

This is what is so frustrating for me; it's hard for me to believe. But it's a fact.

The rule of law, to which they all give lip service, does not apply in our system. They do whatever they want to do. You file your documents and do whatever. They will say whatever in adversary proceedings, and going into the court you will make a legal argument. You will not allude to the lack of integrity of the judge if you're out there practicing because you are a part of the system. If you attack the judge, he's going to turn you in to the Bar, and they're going to put a thunderbolt through you, as they did to me. Most lawyers are intimidated by the Bar. So they come into court and argue some abstract legal principle.

"I'm entitled to it," the principle would affirm. Whatever the principle happens to be, it's an abstract legal principle!

"He was born there. The law recognizes thus and such." They make these legal arguments based on some abstract set of facts.

The real facts in the case are never presented because the attorneys - the parties that are framing the issue that's being discussed in the courtroom - do not state the real facts.

People do not realize that. Compound that with the fact that the judge and the attorney on the other side have already gotten together, and all the attorneys have gotten together. They've already decided the outcome before you ever even enter the courtroom. It is simply a show trial. There is no genuine litigation going on. The judge has already decided what the facts are and what the conclusion is going to be.

Three months after Janette Kent won her case, the Bar filed a complaint against me. Once she started fighting in court, the Bar Association started disbarring me. I was being run through the disbarment proceedings while I was helping Kent. Every time I went any place, I was catching flack.

"Well, you've got trouble with the Bar don't you, Weidner?"

Absolutely groundless charges were filed in September, 1988, claiming that I had entered into a business deal with a client. There was no evidence the party they were referring to was a client at all. They went back to an event that had occurred eight or nine years earlier. I had facilitated a business transaction with a fellow by the name of George Milges. I knew George. I'd worked in the fire department with him. He was an investor.

"If you ever have anything that looks good let me know," he had said. So I told him about this.

"We have a business in which people want to invest," I told him.

"Well, I will loan . . ." He dictated the terms, and I drafted the document.

Another fellow was putting up property, and the company was signing a note, so we had a secured loan.

Well, the company went upside down and the property depreciated in value, or there were problems with it, and so Milges came back after me because I was a part owner of the company. I had been given the part ownership as a consideration for doing the legal work. I didn't negotiate anything, I just drafted a note. I was not his attorney.

So, the Bar paid off Milges \$200,000 from my insurance policy when he sued me civilly, claiming that I was his attorney. Doug Hamilton, Milges' attorney, threatened me to go along with it or be reported to the Oregon State Bar. The Bar, this good ol' boy group, took \$200,000 on my ticket and paid that off. When I was represented by the Bar, of course, I was naïve as could be.

"Well, you have to go along with whatever we say," they said to me. And so they paid off Milges on my policy. My premiums then skyrocketed to around \$15,000 a year because of the surcharge for paying off that claim.

It had taken three-to-five years for that incident to get settled, but the payoffs had been completed two or three years earlier. The Bar then decided to go back and use that incident. Now they were going to disbar me on the same case on which they paid off. I knew what they were thinking.

"My god, Weidner's out there! We've got to get rid of him!"

In December, 1988, three years after Kettleberg's death and after Kent had won, Carolyn Brune, Milton Brown's secretary and the personal representative for the Kettleberg estate, filed a complaint against Milton Brown for an accounting. To cover the fraud, they had to have a complaint showing that she was doing something to try to recover the misappropriated funds. The scheme was to sue Brown and then settle in Brown's favor.

It was a very lightweight complaint. This is what they do. They keep control of the assets, control of the proceedings, and force you to go through all this made-up litigation.

If you go down to the courthouse today, you'll see probably 10 to 15 feet of files that have accumulated in this case to protect the theft. Such is the enormity of it.

I'd gone through a series of attorneys before getting to Norman Lindstedt. I knew Brown was a crook, but I didn't know that Norman Lindstedt was also a crook, or I would never have hired him. Lindstedt tries to play this accommodating sort of pleasant guy. He is treacherous because he can appear so proper. He goes to church. He's well-groomed, about 5 foot 9, silver hair, mindful of his physical appearance and maintains a big ego. He is dangerous because he feigns propriety. The vicious hypocrisy of the man! He had his client Janette Kent by the throat and was throttling her so he can steal a half million dollars.

That's what he ended up taking out of that estate, plus paying the Bar Association another 40 or 50 thousand dollars to defend himself against us. We were trying to force him to comply with the rule of law. I realized that we were having difficulty getting any attorney to become involved, particularly after Lindstedt got involved. Somehow, they all knew the fix was in.

Carolyn Brune appealed the decision from 1988, and it would be a year until that case would be heard—in September of 1989. During that interim it was

agreed that Janette Kent's attorney, Norman Lindstedt, would be named co-personal representative.

At the time, we thought he was on our side, working with us. He advised us concerning possible action or inaction of the courts, since it was on appeal. He was oh, so deftly leading us right down the primrose path. So Janette agreed to his appointment as co-personal representative of the estate and signed an agreement with Lindstedt that he could not settle without her consent.

In March or April of 1989, attorney Ken Renner, from one of the big law firms downtown, took my deposition for the Bar. Afterwards, we got on the elevator together.

"I'll never do one of these again!" he said as he banged his fist on the wall inside. He knew that I was being set up, that he was just a hired gun.

The Bar complaint was heard at the trial panel level in June of 1989. They had no evidence. At the trial panel level, the first of two levels, if you are going through a disbarment or disciplinary action, you get three judges. Two are attorneys, and the third is someone from the community. They'll go out and get a teacher or some other respectable type to make it look like it's fair. If they recommend more than a six-month suspension, you can appeal that to the Supreme Court.

In my case, they recommended a three-year suspension, insuring an automatic review by the Supreme Court. Martha Hicks, a politically-correct, feminist yuppie, was prosecuting. Martha Hicks was your stereotypical, professional feminist bureaucrat. Hair a little bit below her ears, tight small facial features, plain looking, neither attractive nor an unattractive woman. She's as treacherous as they come. She would prosecute her mother. She'd prosecute Mother Teresa if she was told to. Just absolutely, totally amoral.

Carolyn Brune's appeal was heard in September of 1989. It was the personal representative's appeal of Judge Crookham's ruling. In a *de novo* review, the Court of Appeals found for Kent. Janette Kent was again awarded the entire estate as the sole heiress.

Carolyn Brune's attorney was Michael Gentry. If Gentry were a dog he'd be a poodle. He affects a kind of choir boy presence. He makes a good appearance, and he's bright. He's very glib and deft at putting forth his legal position. But he's absolutely as corrupt as they come because knowing that all of this thievery's going on, he has been actively participating in it and protecting it.

Norman Lindstedt was Janette's attorney. Judge Mary Dietz and two other judges sat on the three-judge panel in the Court of Appeals. Mary Dietz just looks like a nondescript middle-aged attorney to me. There's nothing unusual about her.

They upheld Crookham and ruled for Kent. When we attended the appeal, we were still unaware of that document, the Findings of Fact and Conclusions of Law, which ordered them to turn over the estate "forthwith."

After it was affirmed on appeal that Janette was the sole beneficiary of the Kettleberg estate, suddenly there was a 180 degree turn by everyone. I was being attacked, verbally. All the attorneys were hostile to me. Behind my back, Lindstedt was saying that I was crazy, that I was off my rocker. I went to probably 10 or 15 attorneys, and some became involved.

"Oh yeah, we're with you Roger." And then, all of a sudden, they were trying to shut me down.

"He's got some trouble with the Bar," they were telling Kent. They started this whispering campaign to try to discredit me.

When Carolyn Brune filed the complaint against Milton Brown, we wanted Lindstedt to amend it to include a racketeering complaint and add Janette as party plaintiff. Brune's complaint against Brown was only a ploy. She had been on Brown's payroll for at least 6 months after Kettleberg died. Although she no longer worked openly for Milton Brown, in reality she did because she was being paid by the estate, and Brown had control of the income it generated. As personal representative, she picked up two or three-hundred thousand dollars from that estate

"I do not have the authority to bring a racketeering complaint against Milton Brown," Lindstedt informed us. "I have no authority to do that."

In 1989, after the appeal was won, I started going through all the records. I went down to Michael Gentry's office, and he let me look at them. When I mentioned that to Lindstedt, he was surprised that Gentry would let me see the records. He got this very perplexed look on his face.

"He DID?" It had not yet clicked in my head that they were all in this together. I had taken video depositions of the investigators that had been working for Kent. It was devastating to the other side. I wanted Lindstedt to look at those video depositions. He lost the set I gave him, and on the next set, something broke.

"Well now, Roger, I agreed with Brune we won't be taking any of these documents home," Lindstedt said. He was trying to intimidate me, not directly, not violently, but he was trying to make it uncomfortable for me.

"Don't come in here and order my help around," he'd say. I hadn't been. He was trying to create issues and was not pursuing Brown. He was talking settlement with him. Based on what he was saying about the properties, it was apparent he had no knowledge of the extent of the fraud. In fact, one of Helen Solem's documents mentions a telephone conversation with Lindstedt, in which he was stunned when she told him Brown was skimming 25 or 30 thousand dollars a month from just one of those properties.

"...a MONTH?" he had said. He was trying to seal this thing up. I now know that he and Brown had entered into three secret agreements.

Between September of 1989 and June of 1990, Brown started producing documents that were all obviously forged. There were four different buy/sell agreements, eight or nine corporate minutes, and a note for a million dollars - 14 documents in all. Kettleberg's signature had been forged on all 14 of them. It was definitely the same hand wrote them all. They were laughable forgeries, except for one, which was quite well done. It gave me some concern when I first saw it. Right away, we were challenging them. Dorothy Layman, who looks like a fifty-year-old office secretary, and another woman, were the handwriting experts.

I became aware by October of 1989 that Lindstedt had been turned by Brown. When I realized he was fighting us, I filed a petition to remove him as personal representative. We were fighting early on, when he said he was going to settle with Carolyn Brune and release her bond. As soon as he said he was going to settle, we started pushing him.

"Lindstedt, maybe you better resign," being nice at first but then ratcheting it up. At one time, he said that he wanted to resign as soon as possible.

"Please draw up the papers," he said to attorney Joe Rieke. But then he wouldn't resign. He kept saying he would, but he didn't. In late 1989, October or November, when he announced he was going to settle with Carolyn Brune in March of 1990, we demanded that he resign.

"If you do not resign, Lindstedt, we are going to file a racketeering complaint against you in federal court."

Attorney Nick Albrecht was hired. Nick Albrecht is 250 pounds or so, 5 foot 10 or 11. He likes German military instruments of war and looks like a

dissipated German Count. Albrecht had worked for Milton Brown for a long time, so he knew the insides of Brown. He took a long time shaking the label that he'd worked for Brown. When he went into court, he became intimidated. I didn't trust him either. When you hire them, they always want money, and as soon as they get the money they go to sleep on you. From the first, I got a video camera in there to make sure that, if Lindstedt did not resign, Albrecht would file a racketeering complaint against him.

I had Janette Kent file a racketeering complaint in federal court against Lindstedt and Brown. As soon as Lindstedt got wind of that, he amended Carolyn Brune's suit to include a racketeering complaint listing all of Brown's fraud. He filed that in early 1990. Later, he called and said he wanted to add Janette as a party plaintiff, and we agreed. He went into Ancer Haggerty's court and filed a petition to have her added, saying that she was an indispensable party and must be added. Haggerty agreed. As soon as Judge Haggerty agreed, Lindstedt went into Judge Don Londer's court in March of 1990 and filed a motion to dismiss the complaint with leave to refile within a year, saying that the judge would not allow a set-over because there had been a new party added. There was no alternative but to dismiss.

My Supreme Court disbarment trial was also scheduled, at first, in March, for the same time that we had the hearing before Judge Londer, who was trying to dismiss the complaint that had been filed against Brown by his secretary, Carolyn Brune. Janette and I went into Londer's court and challenged that vigorously, saying we were prepared to go to trial. Londer denied the motion to dismiss. So the case was on.

Then we went back into Haggerty's court to have Haggerty sign the order that he'd entered. He'd said that Kent could be added, but he never signed it. So we prepared the order for him to sign making her a party so Lindstedt could not settle without her signature. Lindstedt then came into the court and argued that she could not be added—exactly the opposite of what he had previously argued—and Haggerty went along with it. Haggerty had gone both ways. I don't know if he ever signed either one of those. Might have signed the second one.

The basic premise of the suit, what was it designed to do, was to create litigation. Brune was showing that she was suing Milton Brown. She claimed that there was a buy/sell agreement between Kettleberg and Brown, which there was not. The document had been forged. She said it was a valid document but that Brown had done something wrong: he didn't account for his own assets.

"You're going to have to pursue this to include the assets of Milton Brown," said the judge.

It was a made-up kind of a complaint. They were just creating litigation so you'd have to come in and plead your case. It gave the judge the opportunity to tell you, "No." This is how they do it. They just made up this claim that Kent had only been "declared" the beneficiary. Judge Lee Johnson referred to her as the "residual legatee," meaning that she was just entitled to what was going to be left of the estate once all the attorneys were paid, which of course was going to leave her with nothing.

Brown was the author of all this. Judge Crookham had already ordered the properties be turned over to Janette.

I began gathering groups of people to start coming into court with me in June of 1990. The Bar Association decided to convene the Supreme Court for my disbarment trial at the Lewis and Clark Law School, in front of 300 students, to maximize my embarrassment. There would be no back-up facility, and no back-up recording.

I wanted witnesses. I prepared a motion for an in camera hearing and filed it at the last minute to throw them off. An in camera hearing is a hearing in chambers with only the judges. I knew most of them, and I intended to confront them.

"Listen, goddamnit judge, I'm going to make a record out there, and even if you don't want to hear it, I'm going to do it! You understand that?" That's what you do in the backroom.

"This bullshit is gonna stop out there. This is a sham." You go after the judge. Everything in the courtroom goes on the record. In camera, you talk to him off the record. The judge can threaten you too, but not when you're doing what I'm doing.

"We're not going to hear this," he may say.

Before court convened, as I stood outside talking with my supporters, a court clerk came up to me with a note written on a little green napkin.

"Tell the parties and Weidner," it said, "that the motion has been denied."

This was a formal hearing, and the judge was sending me napkins, outside the courtroom, telling me that a motion has been denied.

"Who gave this to you?" I asked.

"Judge Ed Peterson."

Ed Peterson's very bright. He was the Chief Justice of the Oregon Supreme Court and president of the Chief Justice Association of the United States. So, there's nothing wrong with his legal ability. The unfortunate part is, he's crooked. But he makes a very good impression. He can be very charming and gracious. Peterson was in on this early on. He's a former partner in the Tooze & Marshall firm. It used to be Tooze, Kerr & Peterson. He has the same kind of treacherousness as Norman Lindstedt, though he's probably a brighter attorney than Lindstedt.

"I do not want to hear any kind of response other than on the record, in the courtroom," I said. Another clerk came up a second time and I told her the same thing. I communicated to the court reporter that I definitely wanted a copy of the transcript of the proceedings. When Peterson entered the courtroom and sat down, he leaned over the edge of the bench and spoke quietly.

"Mr. Weidner, your motion has been denied." The clerks told him that I would not accept this note on a napkin.

Just before the hearing, when we were walking in, I noticed Justice Fadely looking at me. I saw this glint in his eyes, almost like a gleam, and this strange look. Fadely was a former state senator. Savvy, politically.

Dick Unis, one of the 7-member panel, whom I knew fairly well as a trial court judge, had this funny look on his face, too. He's about 5 foot 10, a very athletic guy, bald on top, very high intellect, extremely knowledgeable about law systems. One of the best trial judges in the state of Oregon. He could rank above everyone else because he was so knowledgeable. In the past, I had tried several cases in front of him. It was a pleasure because you weren't reacting to some thick-headed judge sitting there. He was way ahead of you. He had gotten a copy of this motion for an in camera hearing. He realized this was a political prosecution.

He resigned from the Supreme Court shortly thereafter. Chief Justice Ed Peterson left also. Fadely was removed.

This time, I got a chance to defend myself. They didn't check the facts. There was no evidence at all. One of my supporters told me he saw the court clerk intentionally foul the tape of the proceedings. But the law school was videotaping as a student activity. I went up during the lunch break and sat down beside that cameraman.

"Are you going to be here?" I asked. "I want to make sure that nothing happens to this film." While I was sitting there, Ed Peterson entered the room

and eyed me, obviously perceiving what I was doing. He knew this was a political prosecution and that I understood what was happening. Court reconvened, and I made my final arguments.

"There is no evidence that I was George Milges's attorney. This is a totally political prosecution. There is no basis for it at all. The only reason for it is because I'm working on that Kettleberg case." They had no evidence whatsoever that I had an attorney/client relationship.

"No misconduct," the Supreme Court ruled after the hearing, and the charges were dismissed.

The basic dynamic that is in place in the system is a complete corruption of the judicial process. You do not have a constitutional government. You have a police state in place, with state-appointed, government-appointed magistrates in there. If they are against the system they are jettisoned out, even if they're on the Supreme Court, like Fadely. They're jettisoned out of the system and attacked. Fadely was a former Supreme Court justice of the Oregon Supreme Court. He was there at my first disbarment trial. Fadely came up to me a few years later at a press conference, after he had been removed from the Supreme Court.

"Roger, I didn't vote with them to disbar you," he said. He was jettisoned off the Supreme Court because he wasn't going along with them. Ostensibly, it was for pressuring an aide for sex. He was accused of having an affair with one of the gals that worked there. She said he was using his office to pressure her. Sexual harassment. But that would have been fine had he cooperated with the good ol' boy network.

I didn't realize the depth of that network until I got into this. In the brothel down there, you're paying your dues and you're protecting the system. You can do anything you want. You can murder, anything.

I made application with the Bar Association to get back on active status. Once we hit on that case and won it, I thought I wouldn't have to go back to work. But then it started dragging out, and although we'd won the case, we couldn't gain access to the assets. I wanted to get back on active status before they succeeded in disbaring me.

"Well, you're going to have to submit to a psychiatric examination."

"For what reason?" I asked.

"Well, there's been a report," said the fellow who worked for the Bar, Jeff Shapiro was his name. I was insistent and he became very perplexed with me.

"Who's putting up this requirement?" I asked.

"The board of governors," he responded.

At the time, Bill Crow was the President of the Oregon State Bar. I knew him. He'd been a teacher of mine in law school, so I called him. He was very cordial.

"Who required this? On what basis are they requiring this referral?" I asked.

"Martha Hicks said they were concerned about your mental stability," he replied. Of course, it was actually because I was involved in the Kettleberg case. I had started clamoring about this corruption. I was making these wild charges about judges being corrupt.

"Oh! You must be nuts!"

I had to see a doctor to be reinstated as an active Bar member, so I went to the office of the doctor in Cedar Mills for the examination.

"Your appointment is not scheduled for today, Mr. Weidner," the receptionist purred. "You're not to come in today. You're to come in tomorrow."

I returned the next day. Again, she said it was the wrong day. I thought she was trying to antagonize me. I thought it was intentional.

"Well, I was told today and I want to know why. Let me see that book," I said, as I reached across the counter for her appointment book.

"You can't see this book!" she cried, retreating with the book. I thought they were trying to get me agitated so I would cork in their office. They try to provoke you so they can write up a report.

"Weidner was in here ranting and raving."

That doctor wouldn't see me anymore.

CHAPTER THREE

The objection hearings to the final accounting of Personal Representative Carolyn Brune started right after that in Judge Lee Johnson's court. Lee Johnson is the probate judge, the former Attorney General of the state of Oregon and a former Court of Appeals judge, so he has this vanity. He's crooked, incompetent, he's a drunk, he is mindless, a despicable human being. Johnson is probably 5 foot 10, weighs about 250 pounds, very dissipated, pot-bellied, heavy jowly face. He's in with the money elite. He is shamelessly and horribly corrupt.

I would give him zero in every category. Minus, if you could put a minus. He has no memory. His brain's been pickled by alcohol. The people that worked for him said that he'd have booze on the bench. He has no intelligence. He's become so corrupted that's it's just a matter of putting on a pretense.

When a person submits a final accounting the other side can object and there were strenuous objections. We wanted to expand those hearings to include the claim against Brown.

"I'm not going to hear anything against Brown." Judge Johnson said that 16 times.

There was a series of 8 to 10 hearings beginning in June, 1990 and continuing to February, 1991. We were moving to block those hearings because we had filed an action against Milton Brown that was scheduled to be heard in November of 1990. Two hearings and we could settle it all, once we had our action. We planned to file a motion then move for Summary Judgment on it and all the facts that we had developed about the forgery and the fraud. No fact that we ever put up was ever disputed. It was always some procedural thing.

Milton Brown is in possession of trust assets. This is what people lose sight of. The judge imposed a Constructive Trust on all these assets. Brown, by operation of law, is a trustee of all Kettleberg assets that are in his possession. He also, on his own, had his secretary give him a power of attorney as the Personal Representative of the Kettleberg estate. When you perpetrate that kind of a fraud on someone you have created a liability.

Our racketeering complaint was just to implement Judge Crookham's order, to take possession of all the assets. We did not yet know about the order of Judge Crookham to turn over all the assets "forthwith." But I knew that they were trust assets as of the date of Kettleberg's death. We were asking that they be turned over, that we be given possession of them because they were Kent's properties. As of the date of Crookham's order that property was hers. Milton Brown was Kettleberg's partner so it was half his also, but he has a duty to account for the assets, for the property that he has in his possession. Ordinarily, when you can't come to a settlement, the assets are sold. They're liquidated. That's the remedy for that kind of situation. He could buy her out. If it had gone as it should have, all the properties would have been appraised and one party given the opportunity to buy out the other party. You mortgage them and pay off the other party. That's the way that you resolve those kinds of situations. I was beginning to realize that no matter what the evidence, because of the corruption,

we could not get them to obey the rule of law. We could not get the judge to order him to do anything.

First there were the hearings on the objections to the final account of Carolyn Brune. That stretched over 5 or 6 hearing dates. She and Norman Lindstedt were the Personal Representatives of the estate. As Personal Representative, she makes an initial account of what the assets are, what she paid out, then she submits a final account. She posts a performance bond, which guarantees her service. She had posted a 3 million dollar bond. That final account then is when the other side can protest the final accounting and charge her if she has embezzled or otherwise misused funds or assets. Following the objections to the final account of Carolyn Brune were the 3 or 4 hearings on the Lindstedt/Brown settlement agreement Brown had entered in. Lindstedt had signed an agreement with Brown to sell him all the assets for a fraction of their value. But Lindstedt had signed an agreement with Kent that he couldn't sell the assets without her consent.

In the 10 hearings from June, 1990 until February, 1991, Judge Johnson's behavior in court was threatening. I could see what he was doing. He was restricting witness testimony. All evidence that he didn't want to hear he would just ignore.

"I'm not going to hear that! You sit down and shut-up!" He was running police-state courts. Johnson referred to Janette as a residual legatee. That means that after everything is paid you get whatever is left. That was not in compliance with Judge Crookham's order but that's how Johnson was characterizing it, forcing her through all this new litigation against Brown. This was all a make-up pretense to allow a litigation so they could cut Kent out. Brown had hooked enough people and he'd hooked the system. When Brown and his parties were put on the stand Johnson protected them by sustaining objections to any questions they were asked.

I spoke at one of the hearings, July 26th of 1990, when I was called as a witness. We were talking about the gross under-valuation of these assets by Brune in her account. I was called to testify as to the actual value of these assets. This was about properties. I had been in real estate development and I'd done these syndications so I was knowledgeable. Johnson summarily ruled that I was incompetent.

"Well, I'm not incompetent," I said.

"Mr. Weidner!!" he shouted.

"I am not incompetent," I replied.

"Well I'm ruling, Mr. Weidner, that you are incompetent to enter any opinion about these properties."

"Well I'm not incompetent, I'm-"

"MISTEr WEIDner! I'll have you taken out of here!"

"Well, I'm going to make an offer of proof, right here and now," I said. "I'm going to be making an offer of proof in this courtroom."

Nick Albrecht was standing at the counsel table, his eyes just like saucers, watching this go on. I could see that Judge Lee Johnson and attorneys Norman Lindstedt and Michael Gentry were simply running this through the system.

"I can impose sanctions on you Mr. Albrecht if I find your client Janette Kent's claim is frivolous!"

He sat there seething while I made that offer of proof concerning the actual value of those properties. That was the first confrontation and his first act of open hostility toward me. I thought that I would break through all the opposition I was encountering by putting on this offer of proof.

Around November of 1990, during the hearings concerning the final accounting of Carolyn Brune, Norman Lindstedt, co-personal representative of the estate and Janette Kent's attorney, was trying to settle with Brune for \$11,000, the improprieties in which she had engaged. It was just a set-up deal. Brune created a situation where it could be claimed that she entered into some improprieties concerning the estate. She had allowed Kettleberg's sister and niece to take the car and she sold off some of the assets, little ones, just to make something to have this miniscule situation there. That was a breach of her duty so she agreed to pay 11 thousand dollars to the estate. It was just a pretense. She was being penalized. They were surcharging, fining her. That was the ruse that they were using to have a hearing. While she was settling for 11 grand Brown had actually been taking much, much more than that out of all of this. Milton Brown was skimming huge sums of money. The properties are all still there. He's still collecting the rents as he always has. All that there's been is a little paper game, a little charade in a courtroom with Judge Lee Johnson, Norman Lindstedt, Milton Brown, Carolyn Brune and Michael Gentry, all just saying empty words to achieve an objective. We were, of course, challenging her accounting. They had to have a hearing on the settlement. They couldn't have it against Brown so they used Carolyn Brune. They listed the assets as being worth a million and a half dollars and Brown then was going to buy those assets-Kettleberg's half. They

grossly underestimated and put the assets at just a fraction of their worth, pennies on the dollar. That's how they were going to run this thing through. That hearing then, after it had passed, all subsequent judges said the settlement hearing with Carolyn Brune was a full and complete hearing of all these issues. I was trying to figure out some way to put the brakes on this judicial thievery.

"I'm warning you Lindstedt," I said threateningly, "get out of this case."

"Now Roger, don't..." my supporters were getting on me for getting on him. We were doing the probate, some further proceedings, and Lindstedt, who was supposed to be representing Janette but was saying everything in favor of Brown, Lindstedt was up at the counsel table speaking, openly lying.

"I tried to bifurcate this. I wanted to bifurcate this hearing but Roger and Kent would not allow me to do that." Bifurcate means to split into 2 parts the action that was pending. Kent and I had been asking him to bifurcate and he had agreed to do so, the action against Carolyn Brune and the action against Milton Brown. Separate actions. One against the Personal Representative for her final accounting and the other against Milton Brown for converting the estate assets to himself through forged buy/sell agreements. I was sitting as a spectator listening to Lindstedt saying exactly the opposite of what we had agreed. The proceedings had reached a point at which they were going to sell all the assets to Brown for a fraction of their value. He was absolutely lying. Everything he said was to protect Brown. I couldn't stand it. Our case was going down the tube so I stood up.

"He's lying. Every word that's coming out of his mouth is a lie!"

"Mr. Weidner! Guards!! Take him out of here!" When I stood up I anticipated Judge Johnson would have me removed from the courtroom. The guards took me out of the courtroom instantly. They didn't arrest me, they just removed me. That was the first time I was physically taken out of the courtroom. This opposition was building.

Lindstedt had signed a settlement agreement with Brown. But Lindstedt was Janette Kent's attorney and had signed an agreement with Kent which stated that he could not settle without her consent. The question was, did Lindstedt have the authority to settle and did Judge Johnson have the authority to set aside the settlement agreement. The agreement itself says that it's subject to court approval.

We hired attorney Mike Morris, who subpoenaed Milton Brown into court and subpoenaed his records. Mike Morris is 5 foot 10, slight build, a bright attorney.

He has a nervous, rapid-talking demeanor about him. He seems embarrassed about what he got into, but not much backbone to do anything about it. Brown came into court and didn't bring any records and he was there without his attorney. Lindstedt then came in and said that he had settled with Brown. Lindstedt was trying to settle and sell all these assets to Brown for 2.1 million dollars. I found an investor named Bob Jarvis. He used to own Jarvis Jeep here in Portland and he said that he would loan Janette 2.1 million if she could be named personal representative. We were fighting them on that.

"I want Milton Brown to submit the records," said Mike Morris. Brown stood up.

"That wouldn't be fair! I don't have my attorney here to defend me!" This is Milton Brown in the courtroom saying this. Milton Brown IS an attorney.

"Yeah, that's right. I'm not going to make Brown produce any documents. I don't think I have the authority to set aside this settlement," says Judge Johnson.

Don't try to make any logic out of it. They were just putting on the pretense of judicial proceedings.

"But Mr. Lindstedt has signed an agreement with Kent saying he cannot settle without her consent," said Morris.

"Well, it's too late now. It's done, the settlement is signed and I have no authority to set it aside," said Judge Johnson.

"Well, it says right here judge it's subject to court approval," Morris said and Johnson just gave him a blank look. We'd caught him flat-footed. He didn't have a comeback.

"Well, ok, we'll have a hearing to see if I have the authority to set this aside."

It was so obvious that Judge Johnson was just using this as a pretense to get out from under the pressure. Kent had been awarded the estate. These were her properties. Judge Crookham had ordered Brune to ".turn them over forthwith." After all this threatening that was going on during these hearings, Johnson decided to have a hearing to determine whether or not he had the authority to set aside the settlement agreement that Lindstedt had entered into with Brown. That was just a pretense. The agreement itself said it was subject to court approval so he had an absolute right to set aside something that was subject to his approval! It was just a charade. It's just words stated to make up an issue, to talk about something other than the facts in the case.

What we didn't know was that there were 3 other secret agreements that Lindstedt and Brown had signed together. Brown was trying to hush that up and get this settlement through because he had Johnson wired. WIRED! We were fighting trying to keep that from happening. Those secret agreements were found in 1993 or 1994 by Jack Salter after the trials and hearings were over. Lindstedt was supposedly representing Janette but he signed these secret agreements with Brown that Brown would pay him 1½ million dollars for all the assets of the estate. In consideration for that, if Brown had to defend himself against Kent because we were coming after him, then Lindstedt had to agree to reimburse Brown for those expenses and attorney fees out of the 1.5 million. This was part of one of the secret agreements they signed that didn't turn up until Jack Salter found it a few years later. That was the core of the agreement, the payment of this certain sum of money, virtually nothing in comparison to the value of the properties. Brown was going to get it all back anyway for his legal expenses. Lindstedt was hired and legally bound to fight for Kent but he was working for Brown. Lindstedt was seen huddling with Milton Brown in court. Huddling with him! After he'd filed a racketeering complaint against him! Incredible.

One of the assets that Brown got back in the deal was a note he had previously signed to the estate for a million dollars that he owed Kettleberg, so he's off the hook to pay that million dollars. Money came in on these different checks from Brown and here's where it went.

500 thousand dollars went to Norman Lindstedt.

150 thousand dollars went to the Bar Association's Professional Liability Fund to pay the attorneys who were defending Norman Lindstedt.

300 thousand dollars went to Michael Gentry, the attorney for Carolyn Brune.

200 thousand dollars went to Carolyn Brune for her fees for being Personal Representative.

All the cash that came in, every bit of it, went to those people who were fighting Janette Kent tooth and nail to protect Brown - working for Brown - who were supposed to be working for Kent! All of them! Carolyn Brune has a fiduciary duty to the beneficiary of that trust. Michael Gentry, the attorney for the estate, has a legal responsibility to Kent. Norman Lindstedt certainly has a responsibility to her. The estate had no cash, just assets. It had these properties that it owned. Brown picked up assets that are today worth 100 million

dollars. They have a market value of 50 million and the income that Brown diverted from those assets is another 50 million.

All of a sudden, it's a fait accompli and we're saying Lindstedt has no authority to sign that agreement, Johnson says he has no authority to set it aside, it's an outrage and we're pounding on the doors then.

In February, 1991, I sent out notices to people.

"Lindstedt, Brown and Johnson are trying to steal the Kettleberg estate. Show up." This was going to be the showdown, in that courtroom, February 19, 1991.

My father had been the Deputy Fire Chief in Portland for 10 years and as a young man I worked as a fireman for 12 years while I attended college and law school. So, I sent out notices to all these firemen and I had standing room only in the courtroom that day, maybe 70 people there.

"Just fill up the jury box," I said, when the room was full. There were 8 retired fire chiefs sitting in the jury box. It was a very impressive group.

"Oh shit!" I heard Gentry say, when he came to the door and saw the crowd.

I thought we were in a position to apply so much pressure that they could not just run this steam roller over us, that they would have to observe regular courtroom etiquette. When Judge Johnson saw the crowd he wanted to take all the parties back into his chambers.

"Janette do not go back there," I said, grabbing her arm. "These are public hearings. We want this to go on in front of this crowd." He had to have her back there because she was one of the key parties.

Lindstedt, Gentry, Mike Morris, Greg Hartman and Nick Albrecht were there. Morris, Hartman and Albrecht were attorneys for Kent. Greg Hartman is about 6 feet tall, erect, somewhat stiff, very good trial attorney, dark wavy hair, mindful of his appearance, makes a good physical appearance and he's talented. He was in one of the big firms downtown, Durham & Bennett. It's now Durham & Hartman so he's a name partner in there. But he knows this is going on and he's not doing anything about it.

Janette's attorneys went in the back for a few minutes without her, then returned. Because Kent would not go they had to come back out into the courtroom. And then it was just like a volcano erupting. When Judge Johnson began roaring Janette's attorneys started brandishing their marshmallow swords.

"Before we proceed," Johnson said, "I want to tell everyone here that I have observed Mr. Weidner's conduct during these hearings and I find his conduct outrageous and unprofessional." I was standing in the back.

"I'm in the courtroom," I said.

"I see you," he replied.

"Well, if you're going to attack me," I said, "I want to be able to come up to the stand so I can testify truthfully."

"Well, you've attacked me Mr. Weidner and I'm going to respond," he said.

"And every word of it is the truth," I said.

"Roger! Roger!" marshmallow sword Morris starts trying to shut me down.

"Roger! No! Now . . ."

"One more word out of you Weidner and I'll have you taken out of here!"

"You've done that in the past when I tried to speak the truth in this courtroom."

"Guards!!" Judge Johnson got up and shot through the back door into his chambers. Henry Sirbaugh, one of my supporters, told me later.

"Roger, I saw the guard pull a gun on you."

Henry's 6 foot tall and balding. He was the chief down at the fire station during the years I worked there. His daughter Marilyn was a classmate of mine. She was one of the nicest gals I knew. Henry had size 14½ or 15 shoes.

Whenever the bell would hit, you wanted to make damn sure you weren't in between Henry and his car. He would fly, and he'd run over everyone. I was his driver for awhile. He's been friends of my parents and he's shown up at court for me so, even though he used to jump on me when I worked down there, I still have a fondness for Henry because he does speak out about this corruption and he is a straight arrow guy.

There was a hush in the courtroom. A quietness. Lindstedt was standing at the counsel table and all the fire chiefs were in the jury box.

"Now Lindstedt," I said, "tell these people to their faces what you've been saying behind my back." Behind my back he'd been saying that I was crazy, that I was off my rocker. They started this whispering campaign to try to discredit me.

"He's got some trouble with the Bar." they were telling Kent. He stood there silent.

"You're under arrest," the guard commanded, and off I went. I couldn't believe they'd be stupid enough to arrest me, because if they arrest me, they have to try me!

My supporters said Judge Johnson came back into the courtroom and pointed at Janette.

"Do you agree with what Mr. Weidner did," he said, "because I'll have you arrested too!" All those firemen gave a growl, an audible grrrrrrr, and backed him down a little bit.

This encounter I was starting to have with Judge Lee Johnson reached a crescendo when he ordered my arrest. I was taken into custody and booked for contempt and held 2 or 3 days. The trial was set for March of 1991 in Judge James Ellis' court. He was presiding court judge at the time. James Ellis is a very treacherous individual. He's close to 70, tall, thin, has kind of a nervous, quick laugh. When I was in the District Attorney's office in 1975 Judge Harlow Lennon expressed concern.

"Roger, go in and monitor Judge Ellis. He's sending everyone to jail." He was known to be heavy-handed Jim when it came to divorce cases.

I asked for a jury trial but they said you don't get jury trials for contempt of court. The courtroom was packed and I brought a lot of witnesses. By this time Dal Ferry had become involved. Dal was in his early 80's when I met him. He was 5 foot 8 or 9, graying hair, high forehead and looked like a professor. He was putting out a paper called the Counterpoint. I think it first started as a small paper, then became a newspaper when he got involved. He had a tremendous heart committed to fighting the corruption and speaking out against it. He was very supportive, early on, getting other people involved.

I was stunned when I turned around and saw Lindstedt standing in the back. I had been confronting him for months demanding that he resign and now he'd come to testify in my prosecution. So, they called their witnesses, Lee Johnson and Norman Lindstedt, to the stand.

"You're a judge and you were conducting your . . . "

"Yes, I was."

"And Mr. Weidner . . . "

"Yes, he was - he disrupted . . . "

That's the types of questions they were asking so, when my turn came to cross-examine, I started trying to impeach Johnson by showing that he had no memory of the event, that he's a contemptible corrupt judge. That's how you impeach. You ask someone questions — where they were, what they observed, who they observed — to force them to be precise.

"Well, where was I in the courtroom Judge Johnson when I made that reply to you?" I asked.

"Well, I think you were sitting in the front, left of center."

"I was standing in the back," I said. So he had no recollection of this. I planned to go over it in detail, turning up as many discrepancies in his testimony as I could.

"Isn't it a fact - " Ellis stopped me.

"The only questions you're going to be able to ask, Mr. Weidner, are what happened in that courtroom. I'm not going to allow you to retry the Kettleberg case in here." When he said that, he shut me down. If I tried to go beyond that I would be in contempt.

I called my witnesses, who described what they saw and heard, affirming that I was just responding. As the hearing continued and I tried to expose Lindstedt's duplicity and treachery, back and forth objections were being sustained.

"Well," I said, "I have a right to cross-examine him. Let's go in the backroom and talk about this."

"No, we're not going to do that Mr. Weidner. Ask your next question," said Ellis.

I wanted to go in the backroom and lay it out for him in a nutshell.

"Listen. They forged this document, stole this property. This is what's going on here judge. I want this all out on the record." I would have been saying in the backroom what he would not let me say on the record in the court. None of the surrounding circumstances would he allow to be discussed. But if you go in the back room and if you get the court reporter back there too, you tell it to him straight. That's what they were trying to prevent me from doing from the getgo.

"I have a right to cross-examine him," I said.

"Mr. Weidner, if you persist in this you're going to have the same trouble with me that you had with Judge Johnson." He was threatening to charge me with contempt if I insisted on cross-examining.

"Well let's go in the backroom and talk about this judge," I said.

"What's the maximum?" Ellis asked. It was 6 months in jail and a \$300 fine. BANG!! went the gavel. He couldn't say it fast enough. So he sentenced me to 6 months in jail, a \$300 fine, and ordered that I was permanently banned from entering the Multnomah County Courthouse unless I obtained court approval to come in. I filed a Notice of Appeal and was out on an appeal bond within a couple

of days. This is a standard routine. You just tell them you are going to file a notice and they release you, pending the appeal. I didn't go to jail at that time but I did serve, ultimately, 180 days, the entire 6-month sentence, for contempt of court.

We kept on trying to go into presiding court and make a record of the fact that we couldn't get our petition—to remove Lindstedt—heard in the probate court. Don Londer was the Presiding Court Judge.

Here in Portland, years ago, they used to have the Broadway gang. The guys would go downtown and they'd turn their collars up, grease their hair back, this kind of a cool act. Londer reminded me of this—that he was once a Broadway gang guy and he never got over it. He was pleasant but he was very stiff because of what I was charging, very stand-offish. He was not intellectual at all and he wasn't a really successful trial attorney but he was in that little money clique. 5'8" or so, full-faced, full-nosed, balding, he looked Eurasian, eyes like Yeltzin. That Eurasian look is from the Tartars and the Asiatic peoples that overran eastern Europe. They have that look, that is, the leopard's eyes. When you hear about wolves in sheeps' clothing, that's Londer. He put on the robe to dignify himself and he would strut and come in with great pomp when he entered the courtroom. He had this affected voice. Everything was an affectation, an act.

When I ran the Consumer Fraud Department in Portland in 1975 and 1976 Londer was trying to become a pro temp judge so he would be very nice. He'd go out of his way to be congenial when he saw me because I was in the District Attorney's office and viewed as having political clout. Later, when he got on the bench, I had one case with him when he was acting a little strange. He didn't rule for me but I didn't put 2 and 2 together. It wasn't a big deal. Londer became the Presiding Court Judge and Johnson became the Probate Court Judge so that any attempt by the victims to get their cases into court would have to go through them. Those positions were assigned by Chief Justice of the Oregon Supreme Court, Ed Peterson.

Presiding Court is the court that's going on all the time. They have what they call an ex parte time when, twice a day, you can go into court and get on the record. In major populous areas you have a Presiding Court Judge that handles all preliminary matters and all case assignments. He is the judicial director of the court activity. He assigns specific cases to specific judges. Londer would just assign our cases back to Judge Johnson or one of the other corrupt Judges—Abraham, Ellis or Cinoceros—members of this little cadre, this little gang that

was running the court system. That position of Presiding Court Judge is supposed to rotate every year because it is so powerful. But Londer became the permanent Presiding Court Judge in 1985 or 1986 and was there for 14 years or so. I was in front of him quite a few times. He was Presiding Court Judge so I was trying to get in front of him. When I would come in and try to make a record he would keep me from speaking.

"These are MY courts!" says Londer. He was brazen enough to say that, the inference being that he could do anything he wanted, let anybody speak that he chose to let speak. I do not see them as being his courts. That's a courtroom. He just happens to be working there. He was doing this to try to chase me off. We were pushing to get a hearing in the Probate Court on our petition to remove Norman Lindstedt as the Personal Representative of the Kettleberg estate. Johnson would not hold the hearing and when I would come into the court to try to speak he would threaten me with arrest. So, I started going into Presiding Court with Janette and a crowd of people. I wanted to make a record that I was being threatened with arrest by Judge Lee Johnson for trying to go in and have this petition heard on the record.

"You don't think I'm so hot either do you Weidner?" Londer said when I walked into the court.

"You know Milton Brown."

"Oh, that was ye-e-a-ars ago." Later he came back in the courtroom and made an announcement.

"I want everyone in this courtroom to know that I don't know Milton Brown at all."

Because of the politics, the money and because he was corrupt he became Presiding Court Judge and in that powerful position he could protect Brown. He gained that position right around the time that Brown wiped out Kettleberg and also Kittelson.

Ray Kittelson was another partner of Milton Brown. He developed Hazel Dell shopping center in Hazel Dell, Washington. Brown put up the money for it as a private lender and Kittelson did all the work. Brown was the money man and Kittelson was the developer so Brown had control of the accounts. When it was done, Brown forged some documents and foreclosed on the loan that he had made to the partnership. By the foreclosure he then took over the possession of it. That's what Brown does. He gets control of the rents coming in. The other partner, when he's developing his property, he looks at what the property's worth

and what's owed on it and what the net worth is. That's what keeps him like a horse chasing a carrot. He thinks he's going to get that carrot. Brown holds that carrot out in front of that partner, he keeps chasing that carrot and after the horse has done the activity and created all the wealth Brown takes and eats the carrot. When they went to court this Judge Herb Schwab, who was a former Court of Appeals chief judge—according to Kittelson Judge Schwab and Milton Brown just looked like 2 peas in a pod. They were just like baby cubs schmoozing with each other while they stripped Kittelson of that interest.

Now I was getting this violent reaction from Presiding Court Judge Don Londer.

"Mr. Weidner!!"

"I'm just trying to make the record," I said and I started speaking on the record.

"I'm warning you Weidner!"

"Well I'm just here to make a record judge that I can't be heard in judge—" "WEIDner!! I'm warning you! Report him to Judge Ellis," he said to the District Attorney on one of these occasions in November or December of 1991.

I'd been sentenced by Ellis to 6 months in jail but there was an appeal pending. I was under sentence and I had been ordered out of the courthouse except on business. We went 6, 7, 8 times. Janette and I were trying to get Judge Londer to act on the petition to remove Lindstedt. I was trying to make a record, asking him to hear certain matters.

"I have recused myself from hearing anything about the Kettleberg case," said Judge Londer. "All those matters have been assigned to Judge Gallagher."

"Well I want to bring up this petition," I said. "I want to have this petition to remove Lindstedt heard."

"You can bring that up with Judge Gallagher," Londer replied. "You can take anything up with him that you want." I filed petitions and left copies with Gallagher and also with Londer because I could see what Londer was doing. He was being evasive and trying to throw me off. So, I went with a group into Judge Gallagher's courtroom.

"I cannot hear any of these matters pertaining to the probate," said Gallagher. "I was told by Judge Londer, specifically, that I cannot hear these matters. You have to go into Probate Court to get that petition heard."

"Well I can't go into Probate Court because Judge Johnson will arrest me if I come and try to speak in his courtroom. And Judge Londer has threatened to

arrest me if I speak about this case in his courtroom," I said. Gallagher was on the bench.

"Well he can't arrest me," he said. So, Gallagher went with Janette and me down to Judge Londer's chambers. When we first showed up there Londer was in chambers, we were out in the courtroom and Gallagher was kinda standing in the door. Janette was going to go in and talk to Judge Londer and Gallagher just exploded.

"You can't go in there! You go back and sit down right now!" he hissed at Janette Kent. We then were sitting down in Presiding Court and the door into Londer's chambers was swung about halfway open so I could see between the door and the doorjam. I saw Gallagher bent over whispering in Judge Londer's ear, figuring out what they were going to do. Those judges are not supposed to confer at all. They are supposed to be totally autonomous but this is how brazen they were.

Sometimes Ellis would be Presiding Court Judge so it wasn't Londer all the time. Ellis is nervous and he would track me. Once the security gal was standing next to me and I heard Jim Ellis' voice on her radio.

"He's in the courtroom and he has a camera." When he sees me coming he runs across the street. I've confronted him in the elevators.

"People, this is Jim Ellis. He's as corrupt as they come."

On one occasion I was taken through the courtroom and the clerk's office was right there. There were these double doors and I could see through the office door and the second door was into the chambers. Both doors were standing open and I could see Londer in there, "kkk, kkk, kkk . . ." and Ellis was in there with him, snickering like little kids in the judges' chambers after sentencing me to jail.

"Mr. Weidner I'm warning you! I'm not - " Londer threatened.

"I have an absolute right to - "

"Mr. Weidner!!"

" - make a record in this courtroom - "

"MISTEr WEIDner! GUARDS!!" and they would come and grab me. On one occasion the guards arrested me in the courtroom and started to remove me.

"I'm going to give you one more chance Weidner," and the guards released me. I was not arrested that day.

One time when I went in with one of these crowds there was Londer peeking out of the chambers doors. The door would open and I'd just see an eyeball coming around the edge of the door.

On another occasion the door was open and Londer was standing in his chambers looking out to me standing out there in the courtroom. He nodded to me. I've known him for a long time and I nodded back. Now and then he'd come out of the court house and see me outside. I saw him coming out of the justice center walking up the street one day.

"Hi Roger," he acted friendly, pretending like this wasn't happening. He recused himself shortly after he started doing this. He wouldn't hear it.

Londer died a few years ago, way Way WAY too late. I was going to go to his funeral just to make sure it was him. I wanted to go get a backhoe and deepen his grave by about 50 feet to make damn sure he didn't come out of there because, deep down, they're really ok. He's probably one of the best arguments for abortion that I can think of.

CHAPTER FOUR

In late 1991, early 1992 we went into federal court with the racketeering complaint against Lindstedt and Brown. We had early on requested that Lindstedt amend this belated lawsuit that Carolyn Brune had filed against Brown in September/October of 1988 after Kent won. We wanted Lindstedt to amend that complaint to include a racketeering complaint against Brown. Because that case was 3 years old, it was of long standing and was due to go to trial soon. There had been no action on it. It was cover for her. That was the whole purpose of it, the reason it was filed.

"I have no authority to amend the complaint to include a racketeering complaint against Brown," Lindstedt said. Later on we threatened him.

"Resign or be named in racketeering complaint!" When he wouldn't resign we filed a federal racketeering complaint against him and Brown. As soon as we filed, Lindstedt amended Brune's complaint adding what they call an O.R.I.C.O. (Oregon Racketeering Influence Corrupt Act) complaint against Brown. What he said he had no authority to do, he did.

When we went into federal court Judge Rettin ruled that this had all been handled, all been heard by Judge Johnson.

After that we went into the court of Judge Malcom Marsh. I had a group of maybe 40 people there up in the old court building in downtown Portland, big majestic federal courts like the temples of Babylon. Janette's attorney Nick Albrecht was at the council table. Marsh came swirling into that courtroom. They swirl their robes around when they take their seats to create a tension and to try to show authority and mastery. It is ungodly. You can't get any more ungodly than our judicial system.

"This has been heard many, many, many times before," said Judge Marsh, "and I'm going to recount that on this time it was heard by Judge Johnson, and it was heard by Judge Rettin."

"Well, obviously it's been heard," you would say if you looked at the paper. But those are just words on paper. They have nothing to do with the facts in the case. And that's what's so hard to get through to people.

In the core of a racketeering complaint, there is a criminal enterprise. There is a mission that is undertaken that is the enterprise. There are players that are involved in that enterprise to carry out some illegitimate, illegal end. And so you name what the enterprise is, to steal this or do that, convert this, whatever it is, name the enterprise, what it is and who the parties are.

"Where's the enterprise Mr. Albrecht? Where's the enterprise?" he demanded and Albrecht could hardly even speak. His tongue stuck to the side of his mouth and he was making these gagging, gurgling sounds. Marsh was obviously hostile. It's so frustrating to me. What I'm describing is just blatant criminal conduct that people go to jail for all the time that is not a hundredth as serious as these charges that I'm making. But because it is so open and there are so many involved in it, no matter what you say in the courtroom, no matter what the facts are, you're going to lose.

Albrecht was intimidated by Marsh and he basically fumbled it. Lindstedt moved to dismiss our complaint claiming the opposite to the judge that he'd said to us.

"Your honor, I am the Personal Representative of the Kettleberg estate and as such I am the only person with the authority to bring a racketeering complaint against Milton Brown." Marsh went along protecting the good ol' boys and granted Lindstedt's motion to dismiss.

I was coming out of the courthouse library one day a few months later and I saw officer Sein, who works as a security guard in the Multnomah county courthouse.

"Hi, no hard feelings," I said, because he'd been giving me a hard time down there.

"Weidner?" he says.

"Yes."

"Well I can't let you go. I have a warrant for your arrest."

"Signed by whom?"

"By Ellis." This was the upshot of Londer's directive to report me to Judge Ellis. Sein called but they couldn't find it on their computer so he let me go. This was March of 1992. When I got home I called Judge Ellis. I've known him for 30 years. He used to be very friendly. Not any more, of course. I called his office.

"Judge Ellis?"

"Yes?"

"Ellis, this is Roger Weidner. Have you signed an order for my arrest?"

"Yes."

"On what basis did you sign that?"

"I have reports that you are causing a disturbance down in Presiding Court."

"Well, I want a hearing on that right now." Since he had an order for my arrest I had a right to insist on an immediate hearing. If an arrest warrant is issued there has to be an underlying supporting document that states the reason for the arrest. I was reportedly creating a disturbance in violation of his orders to stay out of the courthouse except on business.

"Well, I'm short of staff and I can't find my file."

"Judge Ellis, are you aware that Janette Kent's godfather is a retired US District Court Judge?"

"Are you threatening me Weidner?" I detected a warning in the tone of his voice.

"I'm not threatening you, I'm just stating a fact." Janette's godfather's identity is a well kept secret because we were afraid that they would bump him off. Because he was a higher power figure he could exert some pressure on the court. They thought that he would instigate an investigation and compel the FBI to become involved.

I prepared a motion, a Show Cause order, for Judge Ellis to appear in Presiding Court and show cause why that warrant should not be withdrawn. Again I came in with a crowd of people. Judge Frank Bearden was now sitting in the Presiding Court. Frank Bearden is a dapper looking guy, probably in his mid-fifties.

Bright. Sharp. A good-looking male and he has kind of a diffident personality. He doesn't have a thrusting personality.

And so we were sitting there waiting, I had 30 people with me, one fellow brought a video camera and no judge was coming out. All of a sudden, BAM! The doors flew open and in came these 4 sheriff's deputies.

"Weidner?"

"Yes?" One of the deputies grabbed my hand and shoved it up behind my back.

"Well, I'm just wanting to make a record!"

"No! You're under arrest!" and out we went. The cameraman was filming this. As they were taking me out the door I spoke into the camera.

"I'm being arrested."

"What are you being arrested for?" asked the cameraman.

"Because of my work on the Kettleberg case."

Down the corridor we went, hand up behind my back, along the east wall down to the end and around the corner and if you've ever gone the wrong way down a one-way street you know the reaction that I was watching. People were just literally falling away on both sides.

"What are you arresting him for?" inquired my friend Jim Kight as he made a big motion to step aside.

This time I was in there 21 days, 6 days in solitary.

When they arrest you they ordinarily put you in a concrete bunker first, with your handcuffs on. They make it uncomfortable. Initially, you're in an uncomfortable position. You're anxious to get out of there and so you are accommodating. In the second phase they put you into a holding cell. You're not handcuffed but the temperature is uncomfortably cold and you're just in your street clothes. You get a single blanket. You're always shifting and turning and you're very anxious to get out of there. And so you become very compliant. When they took me out of there they placed me in maximum security in one of those little cells where they put the most violent criminals. It was in a protective bay and there are only 3 cells in that bay. I was given only one hour out each day, to shower basically. My food was slid under the door on a tray. It wasn't solitary. Inmates could speak in between cells and in the other 2 cells one was taunting the other calling him the freeway raper.

"Freeway raper! Freeway raper!" he chanted mockingly..

"You #%&@\$#&% !!" the other cursed and growled back.

"Freewa-a-y raper! Freewa-a-y raper!" in a singsong voice.

"Why you #+%&\$@# !!!" They kept this going back and forth and I couldn't sleep. I was there from March 9 until I was released April 1st of 1992.

I started going around the city circulating handbills through all the business districts, passing out flyers with pictures and a political cartoon. 'This is what's happening. They're stealing down there in the court.'

I got a call from pastors Helen and Chet Jones. Chet is about 5 foot 10, my age, very talkative, demonstrative in his mannerisms, pleasant engaging kind of an impulsive type of a personality. Very self-confident and somewhat naïve. Helen had been widowed. She professed to be a pastor too. She was an attractive woman, kind of a busty robust type, very serious but pleasant when I met them.

They owned American Showcase. They said they were calling me to support me. They had bought a farm out in Beaver Creek, Oregon as a Christian retreat. Jones bought the property from Cathy Mason, whom they met through the church. They put down a sum of money and got a 5-year lease/option to purchase it and then started investing time and money into it. Cathy Mason was divorced from her husband Don Calkins and in the divorce settlement the Beaver Creek property was awarded to Calkins. He was the owner but she had possession. When Cathy and Don divorced he moved to California. The reason he walked away from it early on was because of the debt being more than the value of it. There were 2 or 3 other investors also. One had a first mortgage the other had a second mortgage. She was trying to sell it and the agreement was that she would get any amount over and above what was owed on it. The investors were to get back whatever their investments were. She wanted to get out from under those payments so she had to get someone in there to fix it up and she got pigeons. Mason said Chet Jones could lease it for 5 years and exercise the option at the end of that 5 years. He's a carpenter. He and his wife Helen then started working on it tooth and nail.

Mason was professing such a strong religious belief.

"Oh this is God's miracle work!" Chet fell for it because he's religious too. But when Lynn Springer, the real estate agent, signed this lease/option he used some pretense not to give Jones a copy of that agreement.

"I need to have someone else sign off on this," Springer says, "and I'll get back to you. I'll have to bring you a copy of it because I don't have . . ."

Well Chet, trusting, didn't follow-up. Thinking that everything was ok Chet forgot to get his copy. So he had no way of proving that he had a lease/option.

So, they just sat back and waited while Helen was fixing up the garden and Chet was remodeling. Cathy Mason would come out and stroke them and tell them what a wonderful job they were doing, fixing up this Christian retreat.

Chet did about \$200,000 worth of improvements on it and had about a million dollars in fixtures stored there. Because of the work that he did the property was worth a lot more than what was owed on it. So, Cathy and George Mason filed an FED action, what a landlord brings against a tenant, and ordered Jones off the property claiming there was no lease/option. They claimed that he was just a tenant.

There were some hearings before I became involved. There was a lot of wrongdoing going on by this Ken Schmidt, the crooked attorney representing Cathy Mason. Schmidt came and grabbed some documents away from Helen in Judge Pat Gilroy's courtroom. Gilroy is pushing 280 pounds at least, very heavily jowled. When he talks he talks like it's just causing him all kinds of problems to get it out. A mafiosa kind of talk. I think he's intelligent but he's so corrupt. All these events were working a hardship on Jones' marriage. Helen was in a situation where Chet's father was in the store all the time and antagonism built up. She also questioned Chet's fidelity, suspicions broke out and their relationship wore thin.

Calkins felt terrible because of what was being done to these pastors. To remedy that he came up from California and sold to me, on a promissory note, his interest in the property. Don Calkins is about 5'10, sandy blond hair, a little bit heavy. I was still unable to get on active status with the Oregon State Bar so I couldn't fight for the property unless I owned it and the pastors wanted me in the courtroom. I gave Calkins a promissory note for 20 thousand dollars and he gave me a bargain-and-sale deed transferring his interest in the property to me. I became the legal owner of the property. So then I told Helen and Chet Jones to stay on the property because I'm the owner of it. Officer Terrence Shaeffer came out and ran them off at gunpoint claiming that Judge Alan Jack signed an order to clear the property. I can't believe I could be as naïve as I was. Jack was involved early on. He told Jones that he was the door to his property. Jack was a central player in this.

In June 1992 I went out there with one of Chet's associates, Jim Gordon. Gordon was a religious devotee of Helen and Chet Jones and hung around and worked around the store for the religious side of it. He was in the house while I was across the street, talking to a neighbor. As I was relating the story to the

neighbor a police car pulled up. I think the cops were just sitting down the street watching the property because I'd told the Joneses to come back. I opened the gate, walked inside the fence and stopped.

"Who are you?" I said to this officer standing there.

"My name is officer Shaeffer. Who are you?"

"Well, my name is Roger Weidner and I'm the owner of this property."

"I'll mace you! I'll mace you! You're under arrest!" he said, putting his hand on his gun. He arrested the two of us for trespassing. We were held, booked and released. After I was arrested Cathy Mason filed a trespassing complaint against me and the trial was scheduled for September 17th of 1992.

In the meantime there were several hearings for Chet and Helen, beginning in July. Judge Sidney Brockley had been very treacherous. 5 foot 10 or 11, blond hair, round high forehead, he kinda reminded me of Torquemada, Inquisitor-General of the Spanish Inquisition. When he watches these events go on he has this little bit of a rocking motion while he's watching. He will cut you to pieces too. He'll hang you for the slightest heresy. When you call him corrupt, that's heresy.

Ken Schmidt was the attorney for the other side. Ohhh, that viper! Ken Schmidt is probably 60-years-old, kind of a mousy face, narrow set eyes, always assessing what's going on. He masterminded this deal to steal that property. Schmidt is ruthless and outspoken. You wouldn't want him to be standing around at a social event because he is overbearing in his mannerisms, talking loudly and disheveled in his appearance.

The judge was John Lowe and the trial, which lasted several days, took place in the Clackamas County courthouse. Lowe is about 6 foot one, soft-spoken, red jowly face. He looks like he suffers from high blood pressure or like he's embarrassed about something. His wife Cathy Lowe is a state Representative. Lowe is a politically correct unprincipled attorney, who got his job because he goes along with the good ol' boy network. He has that mentality.

When Cathy came to court - ohhh, she had this horrible illness and she had to be lying flat out on the floor there in the courtroom behind the counsel table. She was playing that she had to lie down for some reason and her husband/boyfriend, George Mason, was rolling his eyes. The Masons claimed there was no lease/option, that Chet and Helen were renting tenants, that she gave them notice and was entitled to possession. They said that I was claiming an interest in that property but that I had no interest in it.

Ken Schmidt, this snake, the attorney for Cathy Mason, was asking them questions and telling them the answers under his breath during the hearing. Judge Lowe was just sitting up there paying no attention.

"Schmidt," I said, "you're not . . ."

"Oh, everyone does it!" It was a charade. I cross-examined Cathy Mason and just devastated them.

"Isn't it a fact that you . . ." she was denying the lease/option.

"All this remodeling work that he did?"

"Yes."

". . . and he was just doing that you think to enrich you?"

"Well I don't know why he was doing it. He was just fixing the place up." She was being evasive.

"Why would he be out there fixing the place up, doing all these capital improvements on it, if he's just a month to month tenant?"

"Well, I don't know. You'll have to ask him that." That kind of answer.

At the end I was sure we had won because all the facts and evidence were so overwhelming. Chet Jones and Jim Gordon laid it all out. The private contractors, who owned the mortgages, were called as witnesses too. The Masons and their cohorts had all been impeached. They admitted it all though they denied signing a lease/option. But Cathy Mason prevailed. Judge Lowe ruled in her favor, ignoring all the evidence. I was in a state of shocked disbelief.

The only time that innocent honest people come to court is when something has been wrongfully taken from them. When you're in a corrupt system the courtroom is the shearing shed because the only time the crooks come to court is to take something! They've got the system wired. The judge's advantage in ruling against the evidence is that he gets paid to rule against it! Someone is paying him off. Also, because it's so unusual the kind of thing I'm doing, and I'm under so much stress, I often don't have the time to compile detailed questions. Just to get the event to happen takes so much energy. It's very fatiguing.

After the hearing Schmidt offered me his hand to shake.

"I do not shake hands with thieves, Schmidt." Our little group looked at him and the guards gave him escort service out of the courthouse.

They took over a million dollars in property from the pastors. Witnesses saw Cathy Mason and others scooping up all of Chet's property while the sheriff protected them. The pastors had stored a lot of their store fixtures and equipment there. Those were all fungible assets and there is a ready market for

them. Schmidt and Mason sold the fixtures and equipment, everyone was paid off and Schmidt got all the leftover money in attorney fees, that's how ruthless they were. That's always how it works. Chet said it looked just exactly like a battle zone, with everything stripped out of there.

Cathy Mason is a consummate con artist. She posed as a fellow church member and, you know, they just drip with this sanctimoniousness.

"Oh we love God and we love you and we all just love Love LOVE!!!" until they see something to snatch and grab and then WHAM! They grab it.

"MINE!" That's what they do, just like little kids. Their bodies get big but they act just like little spoiled children.

I thought pastors would be peaceful people but they ended up being anything but pastors in their behavior toward one another. In her mind, because of his foolishness Chet had impoverished them by allowing that farm to be taken and she thought he should provide for her. Chet was indignant that she was upset with him. They started fighting viciously with each other, they divorced and became horrible enemies.

CHAPTER FIVE

In September, 1992, I was tried in Judge Steven Maurer's courtroom for criminal trespassing. I had this group of people with me and when we walked into the courtroom there were 7 or 8 armed guards sitting in the jury box with their feet up on the railing.

Maurer is another one in the mold of Ed Peterson, David Buono and Norman Lindstedt. Well-groomed, mannerly, 5 foot 10 or 11, keeps himself in good shape, maybe 170 pounds, fair freckled complexion, light red hair, intelligent and this nervousness when I'm around. I've seen him out on the street. He will pace back and forth like he's distracted all the time.

There was rumbling discontent in the courtroom that day. The District Attorney was prosecuting me for trespassing on that land. Maurer would not let me go into the history of how Jones had been defrauded of that property.

"The only question here is whether or not Mr. Weidner was on that property. That's the only question. We're not going to go into all the rest of this," said Maurer. I was trying to say something and he'd keep interrupting, trying to shut me down, to prevent me from making a record.

"A piece of paper doesn't make any difference. Only was Mr. Weidner on that property." I had the document that showed the transfer of ownership.

"It makes no difference what's on that piece of paper. The only question in this trial, Mr. Weidner, is whether you were on that property." The piece of paper he was referring to was the bargain-and-sale deed that I had from Calkins. He continued with this high-handedness, restricting testimony and blocking evidence. He did the same thing Jim Ellis did when he tried me for contempt.

"Now Mr. Weidner, we're not going to try that Kettleberg case. The only question here is whether or not you spoke up in court," Ellis had said.

"No, now the only thing we're going to be talking about is what went on that day that Mr. Weidner was arrested." My supporters were protesting, not real boisterous, just reacting. Maurer and the DA would go into a flurry.

"Any outbursts and I will clear the courtroom!" Maurer said. He did not clear it, he just threatened.

They brought Cathy Mason as a witness against me. I cross-examined but only about the event. When I would start to try to go into the background and extenuating circumstances, which had a direct bearing on the event, the other side would object and Maurer would sustain it. Cathy Mason didn't have to show any paperwork of any kind that she had a right to do what she did. He did not allow me to expose her duplicity and treachery. So that's how they worked that, that little dog and pony show that goes on.

"Objection sustained."

"Well I have a right to . . ."

"Mr. Weidner."

"Well I have a right to cross-ex-"

"Now Mr. Weidner . . ." He was just insistent that I not bring up anything meaningful and he was threatening to the crowd. He was poised like a snake. Real stiff. Just like a cobra. When I go in the courtroom and I see the judge has that look, he's got his head down and he's kinda looking up, I know he's in the pocket of the other side. They sit up there poised and everyone knows, by the posture, that snake is poised to strike. And they get that vacant look, just like those snakes in India that rise up and sway back and forth. That's just exactly what these vipers look like. They have to create an environment of intimidation. They don't say it but by their behavior they do it. Everything they said in the Bible is true. The whited sepulchres.

I was only allowed to call Chet Jones. I was not allowed to call Helen Jones, his wife. Maurer was restricting the witnesses and restricting testimony. He told the jury, basically, that it made no difference who owned the property. The only question was whether I was on the property. Lowe had awarded it to the Masons and had ordered Jones, and anyone associated with Jones, to stay off the property. He was enforcing that prior order, refusing to allow me to challenge the issue of ownership so the jury could consider that. Obviously, he should have been letting me do everything, put on the whole case. At that time I was not exploding. I was always intent, giving the judge the benefit of the doubt rather than openly challenging him.

People think that in a jury trial they have a better chance. But the jurors just sit like little children with the judge. Whatever the judge tells them, they comply unquestioningly. The jury convicted me. He sentenced me to 10 days in jail, psychiatric evaluation, \$100,000 bail and I was walked right out of the courtroom to the jailhouse. I did the 10 days in solitary in the high security center there in Oregon City. When I went to this Doctor Davis for the psychiatric examination I took 6 people with me.

"You can ask me any questions that you want to Dr. Davis but, because this is a political prosecution to which I'm being subjected, I want these people to witness." He wouldn't examine me.

One morning my name was called.

"Weidner!"

They have a big plexi-glass wall with little holes cut in it. I walked over and was handed a subpoena from Barry Adamson, Milton Brown's attorney, calling me into court in Multnomah county on October 2nd, 1992. Now Milton Brown, this little murderous thieving viper, whom I've chased out of the courtroom previously, confronting him, is the last person in the world that wants to see me in a courtroom. He was subpoenaing me into a courtroom in Multnomah County, while I was in jail in Clackamas County. It was a set-up.

I felt that a trap was being set to shut me down permanently because of my activities. I was going all around town, passing out flyers and talking to everyone I could. You know the kind of response you get - none from the people you know. Everyone that is comfortable runs off.

I had been ordered by Judge Ellis to stay out of the Multnomah County Courthouse except on court business. Because there was this order of exclusion I was subject to being arrested for coming in. But I was subpoenaed in. I might be

arrested before security knew I'd been subpoenaed. If I did go into the courthouse, and if I did not go into the courthouse, either way, I was subject to arrest. So, I decided to go into presiding court and make a record of that fact.

When I entered the courthouse I sensed this stress and this nervousness in the air. I and my supporters, this big crowd, went down to courtroom 210, the courtroom to which I was subpoenaed, to see what was going on. There were 3 or 4 guards around the door.

Some of us were heading back down to presiding court when I saw Bill Keyes, whom I've known for years, coming out of Judge Abraham's courtroom. Keyes is 260 pounds or so, 6 foot one or 2, full freckled face, dark red hair and in years past he would try to act friendly.

"Oh, how ya doin' Rog..." showing a friendly personable side, but he's a lapdog kind of a guy.

"Judge Keyes, come here I want you to talk to these people," and he ran onto the elevator. I went up and held the doors open.

"Come here Keyes. These people want to talk to you." He was standing in the back with his head turned to the side. He wouldn't look at me.

We went on down to presiding court. Judge Bearden was the presiding court judge. We waited for a period of time but the judge wouldn't come out so I stood up and spoke to my supporters.

"People, these courtrooms belong to you. This corruption in this court system is going to end. People are having their children and properties stolen."

While I was standing, in came John Herring, a Multnomah county sheriff's deputy. Herring is about 6 foot 3 or 4, slim build, crewcut, in shape, just doing-what-he's-told kind of a police officer. He was accompanied by officer Rita Berman. Rita has that eats-or-drinks-too-much look to her. She fills out all of her uniform and then some. Mid-fifties, dyed red hair, kind of a ruddy, flushed complexion.

"People, this is John Herring. He's arrested me and he knows about the corruption that's going on. Herring, is there anything you want to say to these people?" He said nothing. Brown opened the door and I spotted him.

"Come in here Brown!" As I walked toward the door Rita Berman tried to step between us to protect Milton Brown. She was nervously standing in front of me but she wasn't making a firm presence. She wasn't sure of herself. I walked around her, went to the door and saw him going down the corridor and around the corner, scurrying along the wall like a rat.

I went back into the courtroom and pretty soon along came David Simpson, a former Portland police officer, now head of security for NIKE. David Simpson is a lady's man. Dapper looking guy. He was a lieutenant in the Portland police department when I was in the District Attorney's office in 1975. We hit it off. He's a sharp guy.

"C'mon Roger, we're going to move this all down to 210." They had all the security down at 210, guards all over the place. By now the tension was just pulsating. It was palpable. We went down there and I spoke to my supporters.

"People, I have an absolute right to go into that courtroom and make a record. If anyone tries to stop me you just say, 'Let him speak!'"

I was stressed. I walked up to the door and here stands Herring right in the door, kind of checking as you go through. Mother had already gone inside as most of the group had and as I came up to the door with Dal Ferry Mother stepped forward.

"It's over," she said.

"It's over?" I looked questioningly at Herring.

"You're under arrest! You've assaulted me. You're under arrest," he snarled. And I thought, my God, they are going to do it! When he said that I thought they were going to do me in. He accused me of assaulting him because I inadvertently touched him as I was walking by. I don't like to rub up against someone's body. You know, if you're in a tight group you kinda hold your arm up as a barrier and that's all I was doing.

"Do not let them arrest me! Do not let them arrest me!" I shouted. Herring put his hand on me. I started to punch this one sergeant because he was the closest. My thinking was I was going to punch him to create such a commotion that they couldn't take me off and do me in. I thought they were going to kill me if they just walked me out of there. I was not going quietly. They were getting one squawking chicken! I did not want to be taken out of that courtroom.

"NO!" Mother said and I dropped my punch. I didn't hit him.

I used to box. We started boxing when we were kids and then I boxed when I was in college. I was the light heavyweight champion back at Brigham Young University. I'm not a polished pro but I know how to punch. I'm pretty good at doing that.

When they took me into custody the cops circled me just like a bunch of dogs. One of them jumped me and put a choke hold on me. As I was going down I turned and Mother - this Rita Berman had her arms pinioned behind her back.

Mother was 82 at the time. Everyone knows her. She's as straight as a string and she's always had this intolerance for anything crooked or corrupt. She's also blind to the shortcomings of her family or friends. But when I've been under attack, in the courtroom, my mother is the one that is making the instinctive moves forward to help. I do whatever I can to make her life as comfortable as I possibly can. My mother spends no money on herself at all. Extremely thrifty. With that frugality she's been able to underwrite my activities.

So, as I'm going down I see Mother, arms pinioned, over on one foot to kick. All the rest of the men and everyone else around - have you ever seen sheep's eyes when they get spooked? All my supporters were transfixed while this commotion was going on. I was yarded out of there, roughly, and taken upstairs. Everywhere I went I kept talking loudly.

"My name is Roger Weidner. I'm being arrested on false charges," to make a commotion about what I was doing. To everyone in the hallways and as I was walking down the row of jail cells to the cell they had for me I continued speaking.

"This is political people. My name is Roger Weidner and I'm being arrested for working on the Kettleberg case."

I was put in an iron cage for about 8 hours. This was an unusual old cell, kinda out-of-the-way place. I was left by myself. I didn't know whether my mother had been arrested but I figured it calmed down after I was taken into custody. As it turned out she was not arrested. A fellow was there taping with the video camera. I was being held for the contempt that had occurred in Judge Ellis' court. He'd sentenced me to 6 months in jail. I had been released, pending an appeal.

I was held in the justice center from October 2nd, 1992 until I was released just before Christmas, December of 1992. The justice center houses the Portland police department, 3 or 4 criminal courts and then it has the jail up above it too. I had only been out a few days from the September 17th trial, the 10 days for contempt.

October 20th they brought me in and tried me in Judge Marshall Amiton's court for this assault. I've known Marshall Amiton since we started practicing law about the same time. He's intelligent, a little stand-offish and has a nervousness about him when he meets you or talks to you. High forehead, sharp features, knows what's going on. When I was being tried in his courtroom he allowed me to put on the evidence, call witnesses and make a record. I got on the stand and stated all of this.

When you are in jail it's not quite the same. I didn't feel quite as free as usual. But Judge Marshall Amiton allowed it to be videoed.

Fred Lenzer was prosecuting me. Fred Lenzer looks a lot like Norman Lindstedt. Graying, 5 foot 8 or 9, 175 pounds, maintains a good appearance, but he's unprincipled because he will prosecute politically. When he came in he said they had charges against me that could result in a maximum prison sentence of 2 1/2 years. The charges were basically assault, contempt and another contempt. He asked me if I would waive a jury.

"Absolutely not! I will not waive a jury."

So they dismissed all the criminal charges and tried me on the infraction of resisting arrest. I was convicted by Amiton of that. I think I was fined \$250 but no jail time. However, I was still being held on Judge Ellis' order until just before Christmas of 1992.

Did I pay the fine? Absolutely not! I paid not a nickel! I did 3 months of the 6 months contempt order, at that time, but that was just the beginning of these jailings that went on for the next 4 years.

Some of the inmates that had a sophistication about them would come over and talk with me. When they found out I was an attorney they'd want to tell me their stories. I'd help them to the extent that I could. I didn't want to get embroiled in their cases because of the fatigue of dealing with people's problems. I talked to them about the corruption, of course. Guards, everyone. Every where I go. That's all I want to talk about is the corruption.

While I was incarcerated I filed a racketeering complaint against Cathy Mason, Ken Schmidt, Judge John Lowe, Judge Sidney Brockley, Judge Alan Jack and Judge Pat Gilroy for covering up and allowing the theft of that Beaver Creek property of the pastors, Chet and Helen Jones. They had the hearing while I was in jail and they dismissed it on the grounds that I'd failed to put my name and address on the complaint. So I filed a motion to set aside that order of dismissal and that was scheduled for April or May of 1993 in Clackamas County. I went into presiding court to serve Judge Alan Jack with a subpoena to appear.

Alan Jack has to be in his early 70's, tall, 6 foot 2 or 3, looks like he maybe played basketball in high school. Still wears a crewcut. Long angular face, tries to be a kind of a cowboy type of a guy, quiet talking sort of a fella. I've known him socially, not well, for 30 years. We'd be at a Bar convention and talk back and forth. Visit. He had a boat down at the Portland Rowing Club. We'd say hello.

Not at all intellectual. His father was a judge so he's tied in politically, a political hack. One of the gang out there in Clackamas county.

They have a call process where you come into court and wait until they call your case. I was waiting in line. My turn came and I walked up to the counter and started to walk towards him.

"I have here some process for you judge," I said to him while he was sitting on the bench.

"You stay away from me! You stay away from me! You give it to the bailiff." He was startled and he had guilt written all over him.

They brought in Judge Gregory Milnes from Washington County to hear it. Greg Milnes is obese and out of shape. He eats way too much. His face is losing it's contour, it's getting so fat. You see the face all of a sudden disappear. The fat takes it. He's 280-90 pounds. He's intelligent enough, though unprincipled and corrupt.

I had quite a large group of people with me including newspaper reporter Dal Ferry. The hearing was to set aside this order of dismissal of our racketeering complaint. Chet Jones was at the counsel table and so was I. We were both plaintiffs. The judge asked Chet a question and he started speaking. Like so many of them, they follow their own inclinations. But they don't have that courtroom savvy. Jones was trying to explain something to the judge and the judge was encouraging any dialogue to keep me from speaking. If I started to speak and Jones started speaking too, he recognized Jones. I tried to shut Jones down so I could make this record but when I tried to speak Milnes kept shutting me down.

"Now, Mr. Weidner - Mr. Wei - Mr. Weidner, now . . ." Milnes saying this to me. I can't remember the specifics of what Jones was making reference to but Milnes was blocking me from speaking.

"If I'm not going to be allowed to speak in this courtroom then I'm going to leave. Let's leave people."

"Ah. . . well. . . no - Mr. - now Mr. Weidner. . ." He was turning pale and looking past me while he was speaking. I turned around to see what he was looking at and saw Captain Sherwood Stillman, armed, with 6 armed deputies, coming into the courtroom and locking the doors and shuttering the windows.

Sherwood Stillman has the look of a killer, unlike officer David Simpson. Police officers are hired killers. If they won't kill they're not hired as police officers. But, some of them have no hesitancy and Stillman was that kind. 5 foot 9 or 10, 170 or 80 pounds, he has a very cold, empty look in his eyes, kind of a

vacant look. He would bump you off in a minute. If he was leading a squad to go in and wipe someone out he wouldn't have any trouble doing that.

"Roger, they're going to arrest you!" Chet said to me. All of a sudden here's this Sherwood Stillman, just like a junkyard dog and this frenetic activity, chairs being thrown around in their haste to come and grab me. A couple of guards were kicking open the door.

"You're under arrest," Stillman growled. Mother was on her feet in a instant, confronting the judge.

"What's the meaning of this?"

"I'm not leaving this courtroom without a warrant Judge Milnes. I'm holding you responsible for my safety," I said. To have armed guards coming in there and locking the doors and shuttering the windows! I thought, my God they are going to do it! I thought they were setting it up to do me in. This short sergeant in the back, like a little kid he pipes up.

"Oh I'll go get the warrant!" I could see his eyes. They were like banjos.

"I'll go get it!" He did not want to be there with what was going on in that courtroom. When he left the courtroom in pursuit of a warrant things calmed down a bit. Then Dal Ferry stood up.

"I'm Dal Ferry with the Counterpoint newspaper and what's the meaning of this?" he demanded. That had the effect of blowing a whistle on charging dogs. All of a sudden the momentum was broken. The hostility subsided. Stillman released me and we completed the hearing without the hostility, then I was taken into custody in a civil fashion. They didn't find a warrant and the sergeant never came back but I was arrested anyway, in reaction.

That's how they are in a corrupt system. I was taken into custody on grounds that I had disobeyed an order and failed to appear for my psychiatric evaluation. Stillman came up with something where Maurer had ordered my arrest because when I went to see that psychiatrist, Davis, and I took those people with me, Davis would not examine me, so he said I didn't show up. I was arrested, released, then charged with contempt and re-arrested in Milnes' court. They took me into custody and the next day or later that afternoon I was brought into Judge Sealander's courtroom in shackles and chains. I had a waist chain, they hook your wrists into that, ankle cuffs and 4 guards, 2 fore and 2 aft.

Sealander was kinda wall-eyed and nervous. He's around 6 foot, maybe 50 years old. Pretty astute. He knows what's going on and tries to ride the fence. A little stiff. When he looks around his whole body turns. I don't know why that is

but that's a trait of people who consider themselves important. He wasn't hostile at all. Sealander's never been hostile to me. I was held a day or two and released.

CHAPTER SIX

Around May or June of 1993 they charged me a second time in another Bar complaint. The first Bar complaint that was filed against me they had no evidence whatsoever that I had an attorney/client relationship so they dismissed that charge.

"No misconduct."

Now, the second time, they brought 3 charges against me. They charged me with notarizing a document when my notary had expired, bringing discredit upon the legal profession by getting arrested in court and paying myself earned fees on the Gannon estate without the approval of Lee Johnson, the probate judge.

I'd represented this Tom Gannon. He did not want to leave his money to his children because they were ignoring him. He was a drinker. He'd alienated his children and they wouldn't pay any attention to him or have anything to do with him. He said he wanted to leave his money to some parties in California. He wanted me to handle some of his legal problems for him and draft a will disinheriting his children. He named them but didn't leave them anything so that they were not considered pretermitted, intentionally omitted. If you do not name them it's presumed that you forgot. So, I became his surrogate son and did all this legal work for him. He had some investments and he was getting to the point where he couldn't keep track of things. He had a lot of emotional problems and he was always whining about how much it was going to cost. When I'd bill him \$150 an hour it caused him so much distress it compounded the problem. He would make such a bone about it we tried to keep the costs as low as possible. Mother came and did some work for him too.

After he died his children hired attorney Joel Grayson. Joel's brother Jeff Grayson, with whom I had attended high school, was an investment fund manager and owner of Capital Consultants, managing investment pension money. He had just bilked those pension funds out of millions of dollars. These loan companies were borrowing money from him. The pension funds - all this money - they have to

put it someplace. Jeff was manipulating that money and making some bad investments.

Capital Consultants invested about 150 million dollars in this Wilshire Home Investment company. That company went belly up and they lost their money but he made money because he was all on commission and getting kickbacks.

When that happened all these cards came tumbling down on Jeff Grayson and his son, so his son copped a plea to testify against his father. Jeff's mother went to prison too. Blossom Grayson. When we were kids in high school that was a no no subject because Blossom got packed off to McNeil Island. Some sort of fraud.

Joel moved to have Gannon's will set aside and then came after me for the fees that I paid myself without getting Judge Johnson's approval. And, of course, who's sitting there as the judge but Judge Johnson, who granted everything to them against me.

The next event was an appeal on one of Judge Johnson's rulings on the Kettleberg case, October or November of 1993. During the interim I was getting people motivated and aware and finding others that were in the battle. Judge Alan Jack was involved in this case.

Ed Snook was doing investigations work at the time. He wanted to get the goods on Jack because this same judge was working over one of his clients. Ed was hired by this woman who kept a dog kennel. She had a place out on 82nd street, a marriage chapel, with these dog kennels in the back. She asked Ed to investigate these citations she was getting for the manner in which the dogs were being kept. He went into court and saw the high-handed treatment and arbitrary way that Judge Jack was dealing with her. They were going to fine her.

Once they do that, they see an asset sitting there, they run it through a foreclosure, no one shows up and they take all the assets. That's a modus operandi that a lot of these corrupt counties have. I don't know specifically on her case.

Ed sent his partner down to see what he could find out about Jack and they discovered that he was named as a defendant on one of my racketeering complaints. Ed read the file and contacted me. Ed Snook is 6 foot 6, early 40's, a former semi-pro boxer and dog trainer. He has a commanding presence and he has the ability to draw people to him. He has been relentless going after this corruption.

So Ed was tracking on this and he came together with Dal Ferry. Dal Ferry was having a lot of medical problems. He was in his mid-eighties and it was stressful for him. He didn't know whether he wanted to take them on full bore. But Ed did and he stayed with it. Not long after that, Dal Ferry's Counterpoint newspaper ceased and Ed Snook's Oregon Observer (www.theoregonobserver.com) began.

Ed is steadfast, taking on the responsibility of putting out that paper. I support him 1000%. I raise money for him. Early on he did not discern the corruption problem and would get after me when I'd start talking about it. But now he makes me sound like a choir boy.

And so Ed was doing some papers and we gathered for this hearing down at the Court of Appeals in Salem, the same courtroom as the Supreme Court. This was going to be a 3-judge panel and they brought up a guard because I was down there.

"Do not stand up when the judge comes in. We do not stand up in these corrupt courtrooms." Before the hearing began I was in the courtroom standing right over Lindstedt and Buono.

"People, these are shameless, treacherous thieves!" Janette's attorney Nick Albrecht was very angry.

"Roger! You stop doing this! You have no right to be doing this in this courtroom!" He was trying to get me to back down. This was Janette's appeal on one of the many corrupt rulings by Judge Johnson.

The head of the 3-judge panel was Ed Warren. He's a little older than me but I've known the guy for 30 years. He's kind of a mousy sort of an attorney, about 5 foot 8 or 9. He reminds me of Mr. Peepers. He got into the Court of Appeals and has been there 20 years.

Apparently they were in the back listening to what was going on in the courtroom. Warren opened the door and his eyes were like saucers. When he came out he sat down and pointed at me, wide-eyed and glaring.

"Arrest him!" to the police officer there, the state trooper.

"Arrest him!" pointing at me.

"You mean you're going to arrest me for speaking in this courtroom?"

"Arrest him!" The guard came over, placed my hands behind my back, handcuffs on and I motioned for Mother and Ed to follow. It wasn't a hostile arrest. We all went down in the elevator and they had a state police car waiting.

When I came out of the building the car was parked on the street right at the driveway that goes into the parking lot between the Supreme Court building and the Justice Center. It was not a normal place to park so I was suspicious. Normally they would go into that driveway and park if they were just doing ordinary business.

They had a spotter car out there with no markings on it, a black Jeep Cherokee, parked up in front of them. Two men were standing by the troopers' car when I was put into it. The front seat was pushed so far back I couldn't sit up so I had to lay over on my side. They didn't want me sitting up so I could be seen.

The 2 men got into the unmarked car and these two cars circled the State Capitol. The Cherokee went down the driveway under the State Capitol and the trooper parked on State Street in that area marked for police cars at the west end of the Capitol.

That's what concerned me. I thought they were setting me up because the cop got out to leave me unattended in that car lying handcuffed in the backseat. Someone could come by there, bump me off and say that I ran. When you're dealing with the police you're dealing with trained, professional killers. If they won't kill they're not hired as police officers.

"I do not want to be left in this car unattended in handcuffs," I said. So, they took me into the Oregon State Police offices and I started talking to them.

"Do you have any idea what's going on?" I asked the troopers and I told them about these events. The plainclothes cops were in the room that I was taken into. They never talked to me. There was just a single officer that questioned me.

"I'm just doing what I'm told to do," he said.

I had the crowd of people there so I wasn't isolated. There were people at the court hearing who saw all this and the hearing continued. They held me a couple hours and cut me loose. No charges. Nothing. I went back up to the courtroom. The hearing was over and people were coming out. Janette's appeal had been dismissed. This was October of 1993.

In January of 1994 the 2nd disbarment proceeding was to take place on the third floor of the Justice Center. When I went over to serve Don Londer with a subpoena to show up at the court his receptionist, this gal Debby, held the door.

"No, you can't come in!"

Then I went down the hall to serve Judge Joe Cinoceros and he wouldn't come out of his chambers. Sergeant Guy Moore with the sheriff's office said he would go with me.

Sergeant Guy Moore is a very pleasant guy, 5 foot 8 or 9, curly hair, sharp facial features, conscientious and he knew what was going on down at the courthouse. He would actually intercede. He went with Mother to talk to the judges and every time I see him now we have a pleasant exchange. He's with the US Marshall's office and works over in the Federal Building.

Sgt. Moore accompanied me when I went to serve subpoenas on Cinoceros and Londer. Cinoceros came out and accepted the service of his subpoena but Londer had me leave his with his clerk. So I'm having to get sheriff's deputies to go with me to serve these judges! Incredible that this can be going on!

December of 1993 Judge Lee Johnson advised us that he would be unavailable to testify at my disbarment but I could take his deposition - perpetuate his testimony - in his jury room. I had video and there was a clerk there also. Judge Johnson, who'd been fleeing the courtroom, was sitting with me face to face. I asked him several questions and wrapped it up.

"Judge Johnson, you are the most corrupt, incompetent judge in the United States. Do you understand that? And I'm charging you with aiding and abetting in theft. Do you understand that?"

"I'm not going to answer that."

Walter Barnes was the hearings officer. He looked to me like an old cowhand. I think he still wants to get back on the ranch. He's in his mid to late 50's, a little out of shape and seems embarrassed to be involved in this.

Mary Grimes, an ardent feminist attorney was a panelist, and a schoolteacher from Salem was the other panel member. The teacher was not a Bar member.

Barnes had allowed me to issue subpoenas to Judges Lowe, Cinoceros, Keyes, Jack, Gilroy, Brockley, Londer, Johnson and Ellis saying that I was the subject of a conspiracy involving these judges. Barnes was an attorney, who was sitting as a pro temp judge on the 3-member trial panel level, the first level of a disbarment proceeding.

I had a crowd of people in there. John Barker was prosecuting. Barker tries to play like a boy scout, 6 foot or so, balding, tries to be Mr. Nice Guy when he's talking to you personally but he's obviously treacherous. He knew he was just being a hatchet man for the Oregon State Bar.

Martha Hicks was co-council. Martha Hicks prosecuted me twice for the Oregon State Bar. She wanted me disbarred the first time on absolutely no grounds at all. She is as treacherous as they come. They put on their evidence and put me on the stand.

"Did you notarize this document?"

"Yes."

" . . . after your notary had expired?"

"Yes, but I did it inadvertently. I didn't realize my notary - "

" . . . and you paid yourself fees?"

"Yes - "

" . . . without getting Judge Johnson's approval?"

"Yes."

" . . . which is a violation of the rule that you're supposed to get the probate judge's permission?"

I said I had inadvertently done it. The fees were owed and I showed the work that I did to earn the fees. I wasn't practiced in probate. I paid myself the time that I had billed but I was supposed to get that approved by the probate judge. No one disputed the truthfulness of what I was saying. Sherwood Stillman, Cathy Mason and their other witnesses were in the courtroom waiting while I testified in my own behalf.

"People this is Captain Sherwood Stillman, who came in and locked the doors and shuttered the windows and arrested me out there in Clackamas county court," I said, pointing him out to people in the courtroom. He sat there glaring at me. Then he was called as their witness to testify that I got arrested. I cross-examined.

"You came in, did you, with 6 other officers?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it a fact that you had no warrant when you . . . ?" He was evasive.

"Well, there was one, I was told that there was one on file." They always give these evasive answers.

Dal Ferry of Counterpoint newspaper was there. Ed Snook with the Oregon Observer paper was there. My mother and a big crowd was there and at the conclusion of the hearing Walter Barnes let me call 9 witnesses.

I went on the attack. I called Martha Hicks as an adverse witness and impeached her credibility. She had been parroting false charges of the previous disbarment, which was dismissed. I went through them and she just sat there

with a blank look. She denied authoring a document that I introduced. I had a photo copy of this document she had signed. It was a document that she had written about the complaint that had been filed against Norman Lindstedt and Milton Brown. She was claiming that she found no violations of the code of professional conduct by Mr. Brown and Mr. Lindstedt.

"Is this your signature?"

"No," she said, "it's not. It's not my signature." It was a reproduced smaller version of her document so she was being evasive.

"Well, it's a copy," I said.

"Well, uh, no, it's a replica of my signature." I took her apart on the stand. I had 8 judges, including Londer, Keyes, Ellis, Lowe, Gilroy, Jack and Cinoceros on the stand. Cinoceros is 5 foot 8 or 9, glasses, dark hair, intense. He has an Italian, swarthy look to him. Judge Sidney Brockley did not respond to the subpoena.

"I've named you, haven't I Judge Londer, in aiding and abetting . . ."

"Oh, you've filed some paper. I haven't read it but you filed something . . ." and they all gave very evasive answers.

"We've known each other, have we not, for a number of years?"

"Yes we've practiced law here," quietly blustering down into their suits.

"I've never had any problem?"

"No, we've never had any problem with you," mumbling with a mouth full of rocks, red-faced, as they should.

"And you know who Milton Brown is?"

"Oh I've known him ye-e-a-a-rs ago." They would distance themselves from Milton Brown.

"Isn't it a fact Judge Ellis that you and Milton Brown practiced in the same law office?"

"No - uh, well, he was down the hall but no, we didn't practice together."

They were not forthcoming and they had nothing to say. The other side didn't refute or challenge any of it.

"No questions," they would say when I got through. One of the members of the trial panel, Mary Grimes, asked Janette Kent the name of her godfather. She threatened Janette with jail if Janette, who was just a witness, didn't reveal who her godfather was. The viciousness of it!

The Oregon Spectator newspaper reported that it appeared the judges were all Alzheimer's patients. When I put them on the stand they couldn't remember

anything. When Judge Ellis left the stand he was actually bumping into the wall trying to find the door, he was so nervous and disoriented, mortified that he was being prosecuted by one that he'd thrown in jail.

What I was seeing was that the whole system was attacking the innocent. For the Bar to come after me a second time, after I've yelled foul and corruption, I could see the deep-seated enormity of it. Every time something like this happens it is so monumental! It is exactly like catching a police officer holding up the store. But people are so unaware, they just don't get it.

At the conclusion of that trial we were openly talking - Walter Barnes, Dal Ferry, Ed Snook, and myself - in court about what can be done about the corruption problem. Walter Barnes was the chair of the 3-member panel. He conceded that the court systems are corrupted and asked the group what we could do about it. They had no credible evidence at all to support any of their charges against me.

"Well listen," I said, "there's no evidence here but I want you to suspend me for at least 60 days. If it's a 60-day suspension then I automatically get a review by the Supreme Court." I wanted to get back into that Supreme Court and tell again what had been happening to me. They had no credible evidence for the assertions they made. It was trivial and they would never disbar or even discipline someone for that, not when he's done nothing intentionally wrong, if he just was careless and there was no injury. I notarized someone's affidavit! Instead, they voted to disbar me. After I discredited all their witnesses and we talked openly and sincerely about the corruption, the opinion, which was written later, ignored all the facts and recommended disbarment on no evidence. What you prove in court means nothing. It was to go to the Supreme Court.

CHAPTER SEVEN

In May of 1994 I had Kent assign me her interest in the estate so I could appear and I went into Lee Johnson's probate court.

"Mr. Weidner if you speak I will have you arrested," Johnson said.

"Well I'm here to make a record and I'm going to speak." So he ordered me arrested. I was taken up to jail and brought back a couple hours later with 6 guards.

"Mr. Weidner, I'm going to give you 2 days in jail for contempt but I'm going to give you 5 minutes to make a record." So, I opened up and for 5 minutes I spoke about murder, forgery, theft and corruption then off I went to jail. I did 2 days. I'd have done 10 days in jail for that! I'd do a day a minute! - just to be able to get into that courtroom and make a record, something which I have an absolute right to do.

In June I filed a racketeering complaint against a group of judges. I had filed a previous racketeering complaint in federal court that had been dismissed by Judge Malcolm Marsh. This was the second complaint I filed and it was scheduled to be heard in December of 1994.

In September of 1994 was the hearing before the Oregon Supreme Court on the disbarment. A couple months earlier, while I was down in front of the courthouse making a video for TV about my upcoming Supreme Court case, I encountered Wallace Carson, the Chief Justice, putting money in his meter.

Carson became Chief Justice when Ed Peterson left the court shortly after my first disbarment trial in June of 1990. Wallace Carson is mid-sixties, about 6 foot, slightly pompadour hair, quite a bit of silver in it. He is a very pleasant person just to talk to. He's got a very accommodating demeanor to him.

"I would like to video this upcoming Supreme Court proceeding," I said.

"I don't see any problem," he replied. He later confirmed that I could video the proceedings so I had a camera there in the courtroom in September 1994.

Carson's personable nature conceals the fact that he is very very weak. He's admitted his problems with this corruption in the court system but doesn't do anything about it. He told Wilbur Gaston he wasn't sure that he could do anything about it.

' . . . gee, there's nothing I can do . . . ' For a Chief Justice to say that! He's in that position for a reason. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is the chief justice of the court system and the chief administrator of the judicial branch of government for the whole state. Because he is at the center of the court system he is the eye of the monster. Everything comes through him. Apparently the corruption has become so great that it controls him.

There were 7 judges empanelled and a big crowd of people there. Usually there is a series of 3 or 4 cases to be heard in a single setting. When they were finished speaking I got up. It was my petition. I was appealing, arguing the decision that was rendered by the trial panel. George VanHoomisen was on the court at that time, Durham, Bailey, and Susan Graeber.

"I'm not here to seek your favor. I'm here to expose this intolerable corruption that's going on in this court system. Nine years ago Milton Brown and Dr. Charles Hahn murdered their terminally ill partner, Don Kettleberg, by writing 'do not resuscitate' on his medical records, forged these documents . . ." I went through this for a half an hour on video.

They just sat there. This was the final trial in the second attempt to disbar me. There was no credible evidence to support any of the assertions they had made. I caught the witnesses lying at the trial panel level. Nevertheless, the Supreme Court disbarred me.

In October of 1994 I was called to jury duty and while I was on jury duty I went around talking to all these people in the jury room, telling them about the corruption.

"I'm going to send notices to all of these public officials to appear in presiding court on October 14th, 1994, to show cause why a special grand jury should not be formed to investigate this corruption."

This was an unprecedented event. I sent out the notices and we went up to the court on the designated day. The notices were just ignored. No one showed up and the judge wouldn't come out of the back room so I stood up.

"People, this is the time set for these individuals to appear and show cause why a special grand jury should not be formed. We, as members of the jury pool, hereby declare a grand jury formed."

So we formed this special grand jury. I was the foreman. I had 20 or so people but they all looked like kittens when they come out of a cave or someplace, timidly looking around, testing the water. I wasn't taking down all the names. I probably should have but when you're doing this it's so stressful, so many details.

What you're trying to do is create the event, then publicize the event to intimidate the opposition. Chances of actually getting a grand jury were pretty slim. I'd been trying to get one already for years. The District Attorney can call one and the Governor and Attorney General can form one. At this time, a private citizen cannot form a grand jury but if we get this Jail-for-Judges movement empowered that will be one of the strategies they will employ.

My racketeering complaint was scheduled to be heard in December, 1994. I filed it then moved for Summary Judgment. Charles Markley, Milton Brown's attorney was there, Kathleen Cegla for Londer, Ellis and all the other judges I'd named and David Buono for his partner Norman Lindstedt. Three attorneys. They

were moving to dismiss my racketeering complaint. I got another big crowd together.

The Chief Justice, Wallace Carson, is the one who assigns cases. It was assigned to Judge Ed Peterson. He's a key player in all of this. Formerly, as the Chief Justice, he was the chief administrative judicial officer for the state of Oregon. A county Presiding Court Judge is for the county. Londer was for Multnomah county. He and Ed are buddy-buddy. Peterson, while he was Supreme Court Chief Justice, had been dismissing all the petitions I filed. I had filed Writs of Mandamus and other compulsory process into the Supreme Court to stop the corruption and theft of the Kettleberg estate. All were denied without a hearing by Peterson and Carson.

"You're a pro temp judge are you not, Lindstedt?" I asked when I had Lindstedt on the stand.

"Yes, I'm appointed by Ed Peterson and Don Londer." So, click, there's this group.

Judge Lee Johnson was locking into that, protecting them, and so were Ellis and Abraham. Ed Peterson was orchestrating the prosecution of me through the Oregon State Bar. He was giving me notes outside the courtroom. His old law firm, Tooze/Marshall, is right in the middle of it.

Kathleen Cegla was prosecuting for the state of Oregon. Kathleen Cegla is in her late thirties, cropped hair, looks like a page, a birdlike secretary look. There are these empty kinds of yuppie or politically correct feminists in there that are doing their assigned work. They all look like they're cut out of a cookie cutter. Their little prissy outfits, their hair is cropped, usually dyed hair and they are just as ruthless as can be.

When Peterson came on the bench I pointed at him.

"I've named you Judge Peterson in aiding and abetting." He was sitting there in his black robe and his eyes kind of dilated.

"Mr. Weidner, I'm going to let you make your record and go in the back room but first I'm going to let these others speak." After everybody else talked, Peterson said he was closing the courtroom.

"You are not closing the courtroom. People, do not leave this courtroom."

When I said that, Peterson and these 3 attorneys got up and fled the courtroom. All the people were watching.

"Look at the crooks! Look at them running out of the courtroom!" And then the guards came in.

"Clear the courtroom! Clear the courtroom!"

"People, do not leave this courtroom," I said.

"Well, we'll have to arrest you Roger." It was Rick Megolanes, one of the guards. He's of Mexican extraction, probably 5'10," dark wavy hair, but he's got a sleeper eye. He can't look at you with both eyes. One eye is cockeyed. He's kind of a slow-speaking nervous fellow. He arrested me in Johnson's courtroom in February of 1991.

"Well arrest me! I'm going to make a record!" Mother was standing alongside me. "You gonna arrest me TOO?" she demanded. Megolanes was taken aback.

"No, I'm not going to arrest you!" he answered, trying to maintain his composure. They handcuffed me and she asked the guards about Peterson.

"Where is he? He said Roger could speak!"

"He went out the back door," they said to her. I saw Mother going around the corner of the bench, into the back chambers, looking for Peterson. Peterson must have gone into the judge's chambers, out the door, down the hall, down the steps, into the garage - he wasn't hanging around. He not only fled the courtroom he fled the scene.

That was in December of 1994. I was cited for contempt. Contempt can be anything they want it to be.

When you push them that hard you force their hand. They act. When they act, you react against that. That's the dynamic.

We're supposed to be under the rule of civil law. Civil law is that no matter what the conflict is, it can be handled in a civil way. That has been taken out of the system. The guards are coming and forming protective rings around these murderers and thieves within the judiciary.

What I'm doing is not civil, it's military. I'm physically confronting them - not violently - physically confronting them to force their hand. But you have to know when you're pushing them that you're pushing in the right direction, because if you don't, of course, they will snag you on any little thing to jerk you out of what you're doing.

But the solution is simply doing what I'm doing. I've often said if I had just a couple hundred people, we would start going to the courthouses. I would set up meetings in each county.

"People, if you've been victimized by any judges or public officials, come forward and say their names." If you will say their names in public and there is a

public awareness, then have that group act on it, going down and confronting that public official. A group of 200. You confront them not only in their courtrooms but you confront them wherever you see them.

"Judge, come here. We want to talk to you about this corruption that's going on in the court system."

They have nothing behind which to hide. They're cowards. They flee. But to get people to come together with this common purpose and the determination to see it through, so far, is beyond my talents. No one is getting paid. But what they and their posterity stand to lose is incalculable.

I thought when I got arrested and they did these things, early on, that there would be this tremendous outcry. I thought people wouldn't stop knocking on my door.

"Roger, what can we do? How can we help?"

But they run off like barnyard chickens! They put their heads in the sand and are just quiet! Then, all these people, when they're at some gathering they're strutting and striding around telling you how important they are and they've done this and they've done that. But when you watch what they do, they have no fight in them at all! They're totally, completely domesticated, and like any other domestic animal, it will not fight the hand that feeds it.

The evil that has crept into our body politic is that we've all become so domesticated that we don't want any kind of disruption in our lives. Most people want to stay right around the chicken coop, near the feedbag. They're conditioned to this. They're dependent.

When Christ said 'be in it but not of it,' that's what he meant. This is a commercial culture that we're in. If you become of it, you become completely controlled by it, so that everything you do is money-based. When it's money-based, ask yourself.

"Who's controlling that money system?"

Well, it's the courtroom that's controlling and protecting that money system. Who's at the center of that court system controlling it? Well, here's this big melanoma, Milton Brown. If you do not take that out, it will absolutely kill - and it has killed - the body politic. People don't realize it yet but I can tell you it's dead as far as any civil rights you think you have.

What we've done is we've dropped a bomb down a smokestack because if they arrest me they have to take me into that courtroom.

"You! I'll arrest you!!" They threaten and most people are fearful.

"No, no don't arrest me!" they say. To me, it's an integral part of my strategy.

"Please! Arrest me! Take me in!" When officer McMullen arrested me I warned him.

"You're making a big mistake McMullen."

"Oh you really scare me Weidner," he sneered. Then we got into court and I put him on the stand.

"Isn't it a fact, McMullen . . ." I started honing in on him. They get like little kids. It's all bluff and show.

When I go into a courtroom, I take over. What they've done to me, what I'm saying here, they cannot open their mouths.

"You've known about that and you've done nothing about it?" They cannot defend their inaction.

It's essential to get as many people involved in this as possible because of the enormity of it. They will squish you like a bug if you try to fight them by yourself.

After chasing the former chief justice, Ed Peterson, out of the courtroom, I was arrested and taken into custody but quickly released. The trial was scheduled for March of 1995 in Judge Dorothy Baker's courtroom.

Dorothy Baker looks like a spawned out singer in some downtown flophouse bar. Mid-to-late forties, heavy smoker, very lined face. She may have been a dishwater blonde at one time and probably was attractive but she has a wasted look to her.

Judge Ed Peterson, like Judge Lee Johnson, wouldn't show up to testify. So, the only witness they brought in was Rick Megolanes, the guard.

"You didn't leave the courtroom when instructed to do so," he said.

"Well, Megolanes, you're aware of this corruption and you've done nothing about it." He got very quiet.

"Well, you're aware of this corruption. I've given you papers about this."

"Yes . . ."

"You've done nothing about it?"

"No." And so, he knows about the corruption and was not denying it. And, of course, Baker convicted me of contempt for not leaving Judge Peterson's courtroom. But it was just on Megolanes testimony alone that I was convicted.

When she set the sentencing I came in with a crowd of another 35 or 40 people. I saw a lot of police cars. They were all around outside when we showed

up there. Some of the people with me reported that there were at least 65 cops in and around the building and 3 or more snipers on the roof. Baker came into the courtroom.

"Have you read the reports, Mr. Weidner?" There is always a pre-sentence report that is prepared.

"Dorothy, these are sham proceedings. You make your record. I'm here to make mine." She sentenced me to 3 years bench probation and a psychiatric evaluation. She also told me not to come into the courthouse except on court business. That was the restriction.

"This courtroom is closed!" BANG went the gavel and she ran down the stairs back into her chambers.

"The courtroom is NOT closed. People do not leave this courtroom," I said. I took one of the fellows with me.

"Go over and hold that door open." So he went over and held the door and this security guard Rick Megolanes, looking like a little boy who had lost his mother, was standing there looking through the door.

I had this group of 30 people there and I was basically conducting a grand jury proceeding. I told them I was the foreman of a special grand jury and I started speaking on the record in that courtroom about all this corruption while Baker was hiding in her chambers. All of a sudden the door to the jury room opens up.

It reminded me of when I was a kid, down at the coast. There was a kind of a fish, a flounder fish, a perch. It gave birth to live babies. They'd sorta spurt out, one, then another and so on. I looked up and - pop, then pop, pop - 12 red-faced police officers had been hiding in the jury room. In single file they emerged from the jury room, silently, and walked out the courtroom exit. Everything stopped and everybody watched. We were very orderly people sitting there and me speaking. They thought this terrorist was going to take over.

About that time Judge Baker reentered the courtroom all disheveled, looking like she'd been shot out of a cannon.

"I've named you Judge Baker," I said, "for aiding and abetting. This is treason what's going on in this courtroom!" Judge Baker held up her hand.

"Oh I'm guilty of treason. I'm guilty - " She was standing there in her robe, not sitting behind the bench.

Lou Beres, president of the Christian Coalition was standing there watching this go on, his mouth open in disbelief. We had overflowed the court and there was

no resistance. There was no authority figure up there holding us under control. It just completely broke down.

"Let's leave people," I said and we walked out into the corridor. There were at least 20 police officers down each side of the hall. They all had egg all over their faces because of what had just gone on in that courtroom.

"Officers, all I've been trying to do for the last 5 years is come into this courtroom and make a record, something I have an absolute right to do, and I'm being arrested by you police officers on the order of these corrupt judges protecting these thieving attorneys!"

I call it the blank cow look. Have you seen cows out in a field? They just look at you, just a blank stare.

"Are you in charge?" I asked the sergeant. He did not want to talk to me because he had nothing to say. They try to create a posturing but once you break through that and they have to start answering questions they can't do it. He just turned and walked away.

Baker had sentenced me to 3 years bench probation but bench probation is a sham. You don't have to report to anybody so I didn't pay any attention to it.

By this time there were guards at the doors to the courthouse. When I first started going in there were no guards or airport type security.

April of 1995 I came into the courthouse to file some papers, and I was arrested. They kept me a short time, maybe overnight. I was brought back into Baker's courtroom.

"I thought I told you not to come into the courthouse."

"But you said except on court business."

"Well, I'm ordering you not to come into the courthouse. Do everything by mail." She wanted to keep me out of the courthouse. She got nervous. She told me not to issue any subpoenas.

When you're a defendant in a criminal case you can issue as many subpoenas as you want to and you don't have to pay any fees. Any time they would come after me, prosecute me criminally, I would issue 2 or 3 hundred subpoenas. I'd issue all the members of the House of Representatives, all the state senators, judges, everyone I could think of. I would give them a subpoena to get them nervous.

In May of 1995 I gathered a group of people at the house to go out and citizens' arrest property manager Ken Beople for trespassing. We were going to take back that \$25 million Tri-City Industrial Park in Tualatin. Tualatin is a

suburb of Portland and the industrial park is a Kettleberg asset. I went out with this group of people and I called the Tualatin police department to let them know I was going to be out there. They showed up. There was a sheriff's car there too.

"This property belongs to Kettleberg. Brown forged the papers and stole the property. I'm going to arrest Ken Beople here."

The officers were the about the age of my kids, late 20's to early 30's. I was way over their heads. The way I was talking, as a former prosecutor, I could tell they were a little bit thrown off.

"Well, how 'bout if we give him a ticket?" they said to me.

"For trespassing?"

"Yes." Ken Beople - his eyes were out of focus. When the officer said that he would give him a ticket for trespassing on the land he had been managing for 11 years he became totally disoriented because he couldn't comprehend what was happening to him. So, Beople was scheduled to appear June 7th in the Washington County courthouse. I then went to Milton Brown's office and gave him \$40 and a subpoena.

"You're going to prison Brown." He stood there looking at me, ashen-faced. The \$40 is a witness fee. If you don't pay them a witness fee they don't have to show up. I was going to arraign Ken Beople in that courthouse on June 7th and I was going to arrest Milton Brown when he came into that courthouse. I had this big crowd of people standing outside at the Washington County courthouse.

"Now people, when you go into this courthouse, if there is any resistance, you just say, 'Let him speak!'"

I started seeing these heads, sheriff's deputies, all around. I thought they were heads of security trying to intimidate me. All of a sudden one comes up to me.

"Weidner?"

"Yes?"

"You're under arrest." Click. The cuffs went on. Uuuhh!

"No-o-o!" My frustration was I wanted to go into that courtroom!

The main entry way of Washington County courthouse is on the east side. Around on the north side about halfway down the building is the entrance into the jail. So off I went and Mother and the train of people were following me down the sidewalk.

"What's the meaning of this?!" demanded my mother. We have her on film doing this. Some of the officers did come out of the jail entrance and they got taken on by the crowd.

"What are you doing? We want to see the warrant!" Dal Ferry and others were laying it to them. I didn't see that but I saw it on the film.

So, I was taken down to Multnomah county. I was arrested on the orders of Judge Baker for a probation violation because I had issued a subpoena to Milton Brown 10 days earlier. There was a warrant for my arrest for a probation violation. This is how vicious they are. They gave me a court-appointed attorney, this little gal that had been practicing for less than 6 months. I was using her because I needed to have someone to file papers. I was held from June 7th until July 16th in the Justice Center, a little over a month.

While I was in jail there I was cited by police Lieutenant Roy Butler of the Battleground Police Department in Battleground, Washington for simulating process. Butler has that kind of a grown-up football-player look to him. Crewcut, mid-forties.

"We're not gonna have any of that crap around here . . . crap goin' on . . ."

Tough guy. Pretty good shape but not very bright. I had subpoenaed him to a Common Law Grand Jury hearing. The jury wanted him to come and testify concerning the Battleground Mobile Home Park, a Kettleberg asset.

When we went to court in July on this probation violation my court-appointed attorney went with me and I had the crowd of people there. I was brought in heavily guarded in one of those prison suits, cuffed until we entered the courtroom. I fired her as we walked through the door into Dorothy Baker's courtroom, so I could represent myself.

"All stand," the bailiff intoned when Judge Baker entered the courtroom. The people did not stand up.

"He just fired me!" she complained. She was this little attorney.

"Well, I want to make a record here!" I had all my files.

"I'm canceling the hearing to have you examined to see if you can aid and assist in your own defense," Baker responded.

"No! I want to make a recor-" I was forced down, face down, on the council table by the guards. They put the handcuffs on behind me and Mother started to come up.

"You stay back or you'll get arrested too!" the guards warned her. I was hustled out of there. Baker left the courtroom when they started shouting at her.

"You're gonna pay for this Baker! This is tyranny!" Ed Snook said as he left the courtroom. All the people that were in the court were yelling.

"This is tyranny! This is tyranny! Let him speak!"

I was returned to a jail cell and held again awaiting this mental examination. They sent over this psychologist named Falder Colby. Falder Colby is about 6 foot one. If you just saw him standing someplace he kinda looks like Goober, on Gomer Pyle. He'd wear these glasses and try to sound like he was intelligent but you could tell he was a politically correct psychologist, who was hired by the state to do all of their bought and paid for analysis.

When they took me from the jail bay, the general population, to the examiner, I had to go through a strip search. You know what a strip search is - everything they strip - to go through the indignity of that - and he broke that up into 3 meetings so I had to go through 3 strip searches going to these 3 meetings.

The first thing he did is he read me my Miranda warnings. He was supposed to be my psychologist. You have a doctor/client privilege, like a priest/client privilege, so that you can speak fully and he can't be compelled to say what he was told in confidence. He was supposed to be helping me figure out how to get out of the predicament. But instead, he's coming and reading me my Miranda rights, like a cop! He would not allow me to speak freely. He kept interrupting, asking questions and writing things down. He kept not listening to what I was trying to tell him. The time came for the hearing to decide whether I could even assist in my own defense for violating my 3-year bench probation by issuing a subpoena to Milton Brown.

By now it was late July or early August of 1995. Fred Lenzer was prosecuting and I was representing myself. Lenzer called Falder Colby to the stand.

"Have you examined Mr. Weidner?"

"Yes..."

"And what is your diagnosis?"

"Well, I find that Mr. Weidner has a persecutorial delusion. He thinks that these judges are corrupt." He testified that because I have this delusion I am incapable of aiding and assisting in my own defense.

"Now, Mr. Weidner, you may cross-examine." I asked him several preliminary questions then came to the crux of the matter.

"Colby, isn't it a fact that the only reason you stated that I have a persecutorial delusion is because you personally do not believe that those judges are corrupt? Isn't that a fact?!!" His eyes got real big.

"Ye-e-s..." BANG!! Baker slammed down her gavel.

"I'm sentencing you for no longer than 180 days to the maximum security ward of the Oregon state insane asylum in Salem, Oregon." BANG, went her gavel a second time and she fled the courtroom.

180 days was the maximum for contempt. Of course, she was trying to get me salted away, that I'm nuts, because I was doing all these crazy things. She wanted to revoke the probation and make it jail time. Baker copied Ellis' technique. She ordered me out of the courthouse except on business but when I came in on business I was arrested.

So, I was chained up, shackled up, hand and foot, put in a van, and driven down to Center Street in Salem. I was brought into an area similar to a military depot. It's nicer than jail. The problem was that the rooms were very noisy.

"I do not want to have any needles stuck in me," I told this Beverly Brylski the head doctor in charge. She's an attractive woman in her mid-to-late forties, very prissy and businesslike. She decides whether or not you are competent.

"You say I have these delusions," I said to her. "What am I delusional about? A delusion is a belief not based on fact. What belief do I have that's not based on fact?"

"Well, I'm just gonna write down whatever you say," she replied.

One morning I was told not to eat anything because there was going to be a blood draw.

"There's not going to be a blood draw. I have a doctor that will come in if that's necessary."

I went back to my cell to get a phone number and all of a sudden these 4 big goons appeared, held me down and a nurse came in with her bag and drew blood.

Other times I was shackled up and walked under Center Street. On each side of Center Street there are state buildings connected by underground passages. I was walked from the one on the south side to the one on the north side and up into a doctor's office. They put electrodes on a table, electrodes on my head and flashed lights in my eyes. On another occasion I was bundled up, chained hand and foot and taken downtown to a doctor's office for a catscan.

They walked me through a reception area where people sat wide-eyed, looking at my chains. No name tags on the medical personnel.

"What's your name?" No answer. I thought they were gonna cook my brain in that catscan.

I met a few lucid people in the nuthouse. I could have discussions with some of them.

The one right next to my cell was strange. Martyr. He changed his name to Robert Martyr. Shortly after I got out of the District Attorney's office in the late '70's I was appointed attorney for him. He was charged with a murder. When I first met him in jail - his eyes - obviously he had problems. I went over with the police officers to the house in SE Portland and looked around where the event took place. It was a boarding house and apparently some neighbors came up to the door and were complaining about something. He pulled a gun and shot them. They had a sanity hearing and they found that he was insane. He went to the insane asylum on that sanity hearing and he'd been there for twenty years.

All of a sudden I looked in the next cell and it's Martyr. He's still there. I mentioned that to him. He would try to befriend and he'd been there so long he had a full house. Everything was like a home there. He had books. I would go down and look at the encyclopedias. I always like to read history. Almost all those were underlined, this heavy underlining by Martyr. But he would be so contentious. If I said the slightest thing he'd just fly into a rage.

"Ok, give me back . . . !!" so I tried to keep a distance from him.

There were no other political prisoners there at that time though Bill Mayhar, a political activist and brilliant constitutional scholar, went to the same place a few years later.

One of the staff told me some news one day.

"Judge Baker called today," he said.

"When will Roger be able to come home?" Baker asked.

"He was able to come home the day he arrived," he said to her. So, they all knew what was going on.

My supporters organized a big demonstration out in front of the State Capitol and outside of the mental institution, down on the street. They had a big crowd protesting my incarceration. Alan Gustafson from the Statesman Journal, Salem's largest newspaper, came also and I scored a couple of front page covers on the Statesman Journal. I was all bundled up in chains but it wasn't bad what

they wrote. The major media - Portland's largest newspaper, The Oregonian, local TV news stations - they wouldn't touch it.

One of my supporters, Yvonne Heinrichs, a grandmother activist from Salem, drove round and round the building, day after day, with signs plastered all over her van. FREE ROGER WEIDNER AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS. Her son had been convicted on spurious evidence and sentenced to 9 years in prison for a sexual abuse charge. She said she was just an outdoor woman before that, busy in her garden until her son got put away, then she came to life and started getting active. She had big red, white and blue bunting on her van and some pictures of me - old ones when I was in the service - prominently displayed on the side.

Ed Snook, editor-in-chief of the Oregon Observer newspaper, arranged to have a skywriter come. The skywriter was the old-fashioned kind where the plane actually writes in the sky rather than pulling a banner. They wrote ROGER up in the sky and it's on video, Roger in the sky.

I became a regular guest on the Jamison White talkshow calling on a payphone from the nuthouse. The show emanated from Portland but was broadcast nationwide. For 40 days I talked to Jamison White every day for at least 15 minutes. One time he called Judge Dorothy Baker on the air while I was on the other line and she picked up the phone.

"Hello? Yes?"

"Judge Baker? This is Jamison White on talk radio in Portland and we have Roger Weidner on the line - "

Click! He got pulled off the air shortly after that.

I was also interviewed by Inside Edition. It was a nationally syndicated program. I got to see it when it aired. They edited a lot out of it. There was just a very brief blip. I think I saw it in the nuthouse so it would have been some time before October 16th. They did not show the skywriter or Yvonne.

I filed a petition for a Writ of Habeas Corpus and the court appointed an attorney for me, Steve Gorman, a man in his mid-forties. He interviewed me at the nuthouse.

I was taken down into the Marion County courthouse, shackled and chained, into the courtroom of Marion County presiding Judge Paul Lipscomb. They had a huge crowd down there. When I entered the courtroom it was packed. The first motion that was heard was a motion to dismiss my petition for a Writ of Habeas Corpus. You could just feel the tension in there. Everyone knew they were trying to sock me away for good.

"Motion denied." There was so much pressure on the judge he denied the motion. I got on the stand, shackled, sworn and I testified about all this corruption. Judge Lipscomb sat there beet red. When I finished he asked state defense attorney Kathleen Cegla.

"Any questions?"

"No questions," she replied meekly. Ed Snook took the stand.

"Was it as bad as Weidner said?" my attorney asked.

"It was worse," Ed replied.

"Any questions?" the judge asked Cegla.

"No questions." My previous court-appointed attorney was also called as a witness to indicate the circumstances under which Judge Baker sentenced me to the insane asylum.

"We still have the Writ of Habeas Corpus in this country," Judge Lipscomb ruled and he granted my writ. So I was cut loose, brought back up to Portland, kept overnight in the drunk tank then brought the next day, the 16th of October, into Baker's courtroom.

This time the crew from channel 12 was in the jury box. They had a tripod and were filming the whole thing. It had an obvious effect. I don't know who called them to come down. The only times I received attention from the major media were when I was disbarred or thrown in the nuthouse.

Baker looked totally different. She spent some time at the beauty parlor to get up for this. She was all coiffured and saying that she sent me down there for my own good or something.

I was having some medical problems compounded by stress. That compromises you when you have medical pain. Baker asked me if I would comply with something. I said I would comply with whatever it was because my attorney warned me that if I didn't they might send me back to jail. I'd served 100 and some odd days of her sentence but I still had time. She could still send me back so I didn't say anything.

I was released mid-October of 1995.

CHAPTER EIGHT

In January of 1996 about 20 supporters and I went up to Battleground, Washington to the jail to serve a complaint to Lieutenant Butler. I had named him

in a racketeering complaint. Of course, the real reason for my presence there was to intimidate him.

"You're not going to serve papers to anyone! Now get the hell out of here!"

"Well, I am too," I said, so I was arrested.

Butler put me in a jail cell there in Battleground and then I was taken to Vancouver in a police car, handcuffed. I was held there for not too long. A day maybe. And this gal named Mello, who was helping for awhile, happened to be arrested at the same time.

Mello looks Mexican. A little on the stocky side, late 20's, early 30's, long hair. She used to come over to Portland with her boyfriend because the police were harassing her over in Vancouver. I started helping them with their problems with the police. She would come and go from time to time. That day when I was sitting there in a cell in Vancouver, all of a sudden, in comes Mello. She'd been maced and she was sitting there cussing the police.

"Mello!" And she was just like a blind person. She couldn't see me, but she recognized my voice,

"Roger!"

Spring of 1996 we were having a Common Law hearing someplace and I issued subpoenas without paying the fee so they weren't valid subpoenas. I issued them to governor Kitzhaber, judges that I've named in this conspiracy, the Attorney General and so forth. As I was leaving the governor's office after giving the subpoena to his clerk, a plainclothes state trooper, about 6 foot 2, probably 220 lbs came out of the governor's office and slammed me up against the wall.

"You can't leave that subpoena! You have to pick it back up!" he threatened.

"I'm leaving. Get the hell out of my way." He followed me down the stairs.

"You won't even talk about this, will you," he said in a wistful tone.

"I have nothing to say."

One night about 10 o'clock I was riding up the driveway on my bicycle, coming home, and I saw 2 guys standing by the window with a flashlight. The curtains were pulled inside.

"Weidner?"

"Yes?"

"You're under arrest." I couldn't see any police cars. I couldn't see anything. It was very dark.

"Well, I want to see a warrant."

"No, we don't have to show you that."

"Well, I want to see some identification." I'd walked back by the back door.

"No, we don't have to show you THAT." Because of their behavior I thought these guys might not be cops. I didn't know. If Dorothy Baker wanted me back in her courtroom all she had to do was call. I want to go into those courtrooms any chance I can get. I knew if they were a special squad, when they arrest you, they do a real number on you.

"I want to tell my parents then."

"No, you're not going to do that." And so I yelled. And when I did that, one of them took the mace and I ducked down because I know that is so painful to get in your eyes. Fortunately, it hit my forehead and not my eyes. It's a hot pepper. When you put it on you can't think of anything else. My parents came to the back door

"What's the meaning of this?" Mother demanded. They told her to stay away or they'd arrest her too. They handcuffed me and walked me up to the corner. They did wipe it off. But still, the irritant, it was not something you couldn't stand but it was certainly uncomfortable. I was taken into custody, held for a few days and brought back in front of Judge Dorothy Baker.

"I thought I told you not to issue subpoenas."

"Well, they were not valid subpoenas."

"Oh," she says, "I see where you're coming from. Well, I'm ordering that you can't issue valid or invalid subpoenas."

About 3 months later, summer of 1996, a Common Law Grand Jury was assembled in Salem and I issued notices to appear for this grand jury. Paul Vetrus set up the meeting at a church.

Paul Vetrus is the owner of Thrillville down outside of Salem. He and his 4 boys run that amusement park down there and they have these carnival rides - Skymaster, that shoots people up in the air - that they take around to these different events. I sent out notices, not subpoenas, to appear so that I wouldn't be bothered. One day I got a phone call.

"Mr. Weidner?"

"Yes."

"I'm with the Willamette Week and we're interested in your story."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that." I'd received some previous notice, though not much, in the Willamette Week, a local news magazine. Janette had received some too. They did a hatchet job on her but it was still notice.

"We'd like to meet with you."

"Well, we can meet down at MacDonald's." I was down there waiting at MacDonald's and I saw this fellow come walking in kinda hunched over talking on a mic. He saw me sitting there. I had described myself so he'd know what I looked like. He sat down and I handed him some papers. I noticed he was nervous. He wasn't asking any questions.

"Well, you're obviously not a news reporter," I said. I saw a couple of cop cars drive up outside.

"No, you're under arrest for violating this order." So, he arrested me over the notices I had sent out. I was held for about 10 days. I was then taken in front of Judge R.P. Jones, who was now on the case instead of Baker.

Robert P. Jones used to be a trial attorney. He's very arrogant, self-assuming and condescending to anyone that comes into his courtroom. He's a state judge. Jones sentenced me to the balance of the time that I had not served of Baker's 180-day sentence. I ended up doing about another 35 days. I think I got 20 days off because I had a medical problem and he did acquiesce because of a medical problem.

It was about this time that I met Jesse Lott, cousin to congressman Trent Lott, US Senate Majority Leader at the time.

Jesse is about 5 foot 7 I guess. He reminds me of Pecos Pete. He's tremendously tenacious and he goes after this corruption. He also bites off more than he can chew but I have the greatest love for the guy. I would do anything for him because he has this heart and he is committed.

Later, October of 1996, the attorneys for Norman Lindstedt, Joan O'Neal and Ken Shiroshi, moved to get an injunction against me from filing any more lawsuits. They called me a serial litigator.

Ken Shiroshi is an oriental guy, 5 foot 8, a bit portly. Joan O'Neal is an ex-nun who was a clerk for Judge James Ellis. She was then hired by the Bar Association's Professional Liability fund to defend Norman Lindstedt. She was a clerk, she went to law school, then she's working as a defense attorney. When Joan O'Neal showed up outside the courtroom I drew attention to her as she came walking off the elevator.

"People, this is Joan O'Neal. She's a shameless, treacherous thief." She walked into the courtroom. She began defending Lindstedt and when I confronted her she started freaking out.

"I'm demanding that Lindstedt resign right now. He has absolutely no right to be doing what he's doing." When people flip out and they can't control

themselves they get almost catatonic. She was looking at me and her eyes were just like the eyes of a wild animal. I addressed Judge R.P. Jones.

"I've seen vile, treacherous, shameless, murderers, thieves and pedophiles being given armed police escort in and out of these courtrooms while innocent people, who've had either their children, lands or other property shamelessly stolen from them, have been beaten up, maced and jailed for trying to speak in court about their injuries or witness for those who are trying to speak. We will not tolerate that kind of corruption in this system. If you sign that order I'm prepared to come back in here and arrest you Judge Jones."

Of course, I didn't have a big enough crowd. When they delay you the crowd starts dwindling. I would verbally flog the officers of the court and, as I was doing that, turn around to see who was leaving because as the crowd melted away I had to lessen my attack. The people start talking, they start having to leave, they have to go to the bathroom, they get nervous and all this. Judge Jones signed the order.

Years later, one afternoon when Jack Salter and I were at a copy center, I encountered Joan O'Neal. She was inside standing there and I confronted her.

"Jack, come here. I want you to meet this crooked attorney." She pounded on the counter and demanded.

"Call the police! Call the police!" The attendant came and ran me off. She resigned not long after that. She's no longer working.

In April of 1997 I was assisting Judy Lake in a property theft case against attorney Norman Webb. I'd confronted him previously in the courtroom, pointing him out.

"People, this is Norman Webb. He is involved in a scam."

He was doing the same thing to her that Ken Schmidt did to Chet Jones. The mother died and left some property and the attorneys were scooping all that up. His offices are there in Salem and I'd gone down to serve him some papers. He was to appear in court regarding this property. Webb came out of his office and flared up. He put on his cobra's cape, like a cobra hisses and rises up.

"You get off this property!" he said. "Right now! This is my . . ." walking around acting officious, the hackles up on the back of his neck.

"Get off the property! Take this OUTTA HERE!!" He drove me off and refused to accept service. So, April 16th 1997 I was down in Judge Dickey's courtroom in Marion county as a witness for Judy Lake on this order for a continuing hearing on her Petition for Injunctive Relief.

Judge Dicky has this purple drinker's pallor to him and he's as corrupt as they come. I served papers to Norman Webb outside of the courtroom. When we went into court I was called as a witness by Judy Lake to say that I'd done this. Norman Webb cross-examined.

"Mr. Weidner, you are a former attorney?"

"Yes."

"You've been disbarred?"

"Yes."

"For being arrested in the court?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Weidner, isn't it true that you have been judicially proclaimed to be incompetent to stand trial? That you have been psychiatrically determined to be insane?"

"No, in fact, I'm the only one in this courtroom who has been certified to be sane!" They just looked blank. It sucked all the wind out of them. My supporters, Lou Sutton and others were there stifling laughter.

I also went down to Clatsop County with Judy for a deposition on her case. I was in another court hearing with Judge Kahlberer sitting. Judge Dicky started to walk in and I pointed to him.

"Dicky is as corrupt as they come," I said. Dicky was standing in the doorway.

"He just said I was corrupt!" He just started whining like a little kid that I was saying that he was corrupt. On another occasion when he was on the bench, when he came in, we didn't stand up.

"I'm going to go out of this court and I'm going to come in again and I expect everyone to be standing," he says. So he left the courtroom and reentered swirling his robes and we're all still sitting there.

"I do not stand up in these corrupt courts," I said. I'm talking about how corrupt they are and, of course, they can't come out and deny it.

"Well, are you calling me - " I know what I'd say if they called me that.

"What are you talking about, you son-of-a-bitch? Tell me what you're talking about! I'm going to have you in court tomorrow! You calling me corrupt?!! We'll see who..."

With them, you call them that, and they have to try to do something so they will find something that you've done, some rule you've broken, some way to discredit you.

In Spring of 1997 we organized a rally down at the State Capitol to protest this corruption that's going on. I put an ad in the paper inviting people who had lost something to corrupt public officials to come to the rally.

During that demonstration a fellow named Larry Carver brought this effigy. His daughter was taken by Kay Toran, supervisor of the Child Services Division, a branch of the welfare department. Kay Toran is black so he brought a black dummy, a scaffold and hung her in effigy. It's been said that this was the first time in the history of the United States that a black woman was hung in effigy. It wasn't the fact that she was black it was the fact that she was taking people's children, but she just happened to be black.

They tried to make that a racial event, all those gay men legislators down there at the Capitol. They totally distort anything. They are incapable of dealing with truth. Absolutely incapable.

There are these ardent feminists down there like Kate Brown. She is touted as this most effective legislator. She and Vera Katz and all the rest of them, this cadre, this New World Order crowd, the gal that's running for governor, Beverly Stein, they're all cut of the same mold. Anything that is federal government, NWO, they are pushing. They can do no wrong in the press but the truth is absolutely repugnant to them. They've been conditioned to think this politically correct thought process that is strictly NWO.

We were outside on the steps of the Capitol and the Legislature was in session inside. They could observe the rally on their TV monitors. When Larry Carver hung a black woman in effigy on the Capitol steps the whole House of Representatives was called into recess, the Legislature adjourned and everybody came running outside. I can't think of the name of the fellow that was leading the charge but he is an openly admitted gay man, a Barney Frank sort of a guy. He came out and attacked Larry Carver on the steps of the Capitol. There were 5 of them but he was the ringleader. These legislators roughed Larry up and ripped that effigy out of his hand.

Larry went after them and demanded they give it back and there they were, yanking this black dummy back and forth. It was incredible. It was all on camera too because the TV news station was there and we were filming also. The TV news did run the story but they edited it and made it look like we were a racist group out there. That was the spin. So, we decided to file a suit against these 5 legislators.

The fact that this is going on and people are so mindless of it, that's what's so shocking. If you go around here and ask all of these neighbors they have no idea of any of this.

"Well, Roger's fighting something. I don't know." That's what they would say.

It was also at that rally that I met Will and Pamela Gaston. Will is a 76-year-old hippie. He wants to be in charge. He always wants to be telling you what HE thinks, but if he can get someone else to do the work, he will. He is fighting the fight though and I like him, personally. Before they met me Will would sit in the courtroom and Pam couldn't even come in and sit with him.

Will and Pam were struggling to retrieve his little daughter Melissa from the clutches of Kay Toran and the Child Services Division. I didn't know how corrupt the Child Services Division was. I knew there were a lot of problems with it but I didn't realize the degree. What I was concerned about was whether they were willing to fight. When I first got involved Will was going to court for termination of parental rights hearings.

"You are going to have to go on the offensive against this to have any success at all," I told them.

We called a second rally in the Fall of 1997. About 300 people came. This time Mike Rinkes came down with his flatbed truck and he had 5 hangman's nooses sporting effigies. George Hanson, the former congressman, came over from Idaho.

Hanson is a big man, about 6 foot 2 or 3, 240-50 pounds. He had been put through all that abuse by the federal government and so he was hurting. He came down and spoke at our meeting but because of his physical condition I think he was playing it easy. We had 2 meetings where he showed up, one at Gladstone and then down in Salem. Big crowd. We had a press rally there and then we went around through the Capitol serving those complaints, all 300 of us. The complaints contained civil rights violations against those 5 legislators that had been involved in tearing down Larry Carver's effigy. All the state troopers were opening the doors for us like waiters in some high class restaurant because this sea of humanity was coming through the State Capitol, taking it back. We were getting respect because we had more numbers.

Attorney Terry McCauley handled the case. Ed Snook was working with McCauley so he got several other people involved with McCauley but there were a lot of angry and upset people because McCauley would take these cases, would

take the money and then he wouldn't do anything. Carver's case was dismissed and McCauley was supposed to file an appeal. There was a settlement offer of over a million dollars that came in during the interim but McCauley neglected to file the appeal within the 30 day limit so the dismissal became final.

In 1998 I started going to court with Pam Gaston regularly. Pam Gaston, at one time, was an attractive gal. She is a little overweight. I went out to Pam's house quite a bit. She had the computer out there and I would work over her legal papers not so much to make sure they were right but to make sure they were focussed because she tends to repeat herself. I've been to court with the Gastons 15 or 20 times at least.

I told them how to confront. I taught her how to go into court and make a record. In the beginning she would go in and just start emotionally venting. I taught them there is a format that is in place and how to put on evidence. If the other side speaks you don't have to be interrupting what they're saying. You will be given a chance to respond to anything that they say. One party puts on evidence then the other party is given a chance to respond. If the judge tries to shut you down you tell him.

"I want to make an offer of proof!" That's how you put on evidence in a case.

I told her that it's important to be the moving party when you come into court. If you come in defending, in a corrupt system, then you have to explain other issues.

"We're not going to be talking about that," the judge will say. "All we're talking about is this issue that you've been charged with," he'll tell you when you're coming in as a defendant.

So, you want to be coming in as the moving party, in a corrupt system. Be the aggressor. The best thing is, if someone files something against you, you file a complaint. You file to strike the action they have filed or do something to it. You've filed a document and any time you file something then you can come in and speak about what it is that you filed. The party that has filed the document is the moving party so they are the first to speak. They state why they did this and all and then the judge will ask.

"Do you want to make a response?" and you respond to that if you are the respondent.

When the Gastons first started going into court it was Will who spoke. Pam was backing him up. But then she became more and more involved in these cases

and started doing most of the speaking. He would have a difficult time speaking because he was hard of hearing. He was not as deft as Pam was at picking up what I was trying to explain. He'd just get up, get emotional and start saying things and telling how intelligent he was. He always got in the fact that he had 140 IQ.

When they first filed an action against the state on those films we went in with a crowd of people. The foster mother, Hazel Spees, had made pornographic films of Will's little 5-year-old daughter Melissa. The Gastons found out about the video when a box of files mysteriously turned up on their porch. Among the documents was Hazel Spees' detailed confession. She had been instructed to make the video by Larry Lawson a Child Services Division supervisor. When Spees delivered the videos to Lawson he refused to give her a letter of protection admitting his complicity. So, she wrote a confession describing the deed and detailing his part in it. She wasn't going down alone. Involving the all powerful state was her best protection.

Paul Lipscomb was the judge. The DA, William Howell, the Deputy Attorney General and all the court personnel were so intimidated by the crowd that they waited in the side room until there were police officers in the courtroom. They were given an armed guard escort into the courtroom.

I went up and asked this DA Howell his name. He wouldn't give me his name. The judges were very hostile, very contrary to them, obviously very corrupt. In one of the hearings, because of the heat we were putting on the system, the judge let Pam have a jury trial.

In the jury trial I had them assert, as an affirmative defense, this conspiracy that was ongoing, in answer to the criminal complaint, the contempt that was filed against them. They asserted, and Judge Ertsgaard allowed them to assert, as an affirmative defense, that they were the victims of a conspiracy.

They had been cited for contempt for printing their little newspaper **A Voice For Children**. They had printed excerpts of the confession of Hazel Spees and demonstrated out in front of the school in Monitor, Oregon where Spees was a grade school teacher, handing out newspapers. At the end of the trial the judge instructed the jury on conspiracy. Only if they found that these judges, police, caseworkers, attorneys, foster mother and other public officials were, in fact, involved in this conspiracy, knowingly, only then could the jury find the Gastons not guilty. The judge basically instructed the jury that they must find the Gastons guilty because they admitted that they had violated the restraining order barring them from printing a newspaper. Only if they found, by a preponderance

of the evidence, that there was a conspiracy involving these judges, and it had to be intentional, only then could they find the Gastons not guilty.

The jury ruled in favor of the Gastons. They found that the police, judges, attorneys, caseworkers, foster mother, and other public officials were conspiring against the Gastons. It was a petit jury of six and five of the six jurors were state employees.

"Those same facts," I told Pam, "file a racketeering complaint that contains the allegations that you just proved in this contempt complaint because it's already been decided. File a separate action against them then move for Summary Judgment on that action." And they did it.

Pam Gaston is relentless in her drive to correct what she sees as a horrible victimization that they have been put through but she is a totally, completely controlling person. She is relentless and she will attack, without reservation, anyone. I don't think there's any person that she stands aside for. She has no ability to lead a group though because she runs everything like a tyrant. It has to be her way and she does not encourage or recognize anyone else's opinion. That is very dangerous to a group. It's almost fatal to this kind of patriot movement because she will attack most viciously those who have helped her the most.

Everything that we're doing should be handled by the District Attorney because it's a criminal matter what's going on here. But we're bound by the rules of civil procedure when we come into court. Only the District Attorney can bring criminal matters. The racketeering procedure was intended to make attorney generals out of private citizens because it's a private citizen charging criminal behavior on the other side. That's what a racketeering complaint is. But the legislature jumped on that and restricted the use of the racketeering statutes so it has to involve the sale of real estate. Probably it was motivated by my racketeering complaints because I heard once that Senate Bill whatever was called the Weidner Amendment. The paperwork they had in there was my paperwork.

What I see has happened to our society is that people have become detached. They've become so preoccupied in their own little pursuits that they've become totally detached from government. There is this cadre now of these NWO people, primarily from the large metropolitan areas. The newspapers and the media are all owned and controlled by NWO people. Politicians get the play in the press and the people that oppose them, like George Hanson, congressman from Idaho, and state legislator Gary George, the government jumps

on them for the slightest little thing, like they're jumping on me for the slightest little thing. This is how distorted it is.

CHAPTER NINE

The hostility against me had ended, basically. They stopped arresting me because that was what I was looking for. That gave me an opportunity to go into court. But I didn't want to be doing 6 months. I'd do a day a minute but not a month a minute!

Ed Snook's newspaper the Oregon Observer was publishing the stories and Jesse Lott had gotten involved. We were really turning up the heat bigtime. Jesse's name is well known because of his cousin Trent Lott and Jesse is very active in Oregon politics.

The politicians were avoiding me. They would talk to me but they would avoid me because when I'm around I'm talking about the corruption. When you're talking about the corruption to a politician they don't like to hear that because they have a duty to do something about it. It's almost like you have BO or something. They all just drift off. This is what is so shocking to me. This tacit acknowledgment that this corruption is going on.

Jesse is tremendous at pigeonholing and Jesse could get money from the Republican Central Committee for their campaigns. Trent Lott told the chairman to get money out there to Smith when Smith was running for office. When Jesse worked on the campaign for Victor Hoffer for Attorney General, he was the campaign manager. He won more counties than Hardy Myers did and he only had \$10,000 to work with. But he didn't win the big counties. He is tireless as a campaigner. He's very good dealing with people, Jesse is, and particularly politicians. He has no hesitation at all and because of his name they listen to him. Trent Lott worked with Jesse and he said Jesse could use his name too. He told him to be careful.

Spring of 1998 I won the nomination for governor of Oregon on the Reform Party ticket. I found out the Reform Party had been a power to be reckoned with but because of the internal squabbling it had fallen apart. I got my supporters to create the county chapters, get 4, 5, 6 people together, form a committee and choose their officers. I had people from different counties register as the chairman of the Reform Party in those counties and so I stacked the convention

and got the nomination. I tried to get involved in the gubernatorial debates but I was only allowed to participate in a few of them. My run for governor was more to draw attention to and get political support for what I was doing, rather than to actually be governor.

My whole purpose is to try to bring mass exposure onto the courtrooms. They say it's like bringing the candy man into the sun. When you go after the money powers in that courthouse, when people start talking and getting angry out in the distance, the closer they get to that courthouse the more timid they become. It's like there's some sort of radioactive field that keeps people from coming into the courtroom with that same kind of presence that they have out on the hustings. Out there they strut.

Pam's the only one I know. When she walks into court she bristles. She's got the hackles up and goes after them.

I knew I could not be governor although the possibility exists that all of a sudden someone may get enthused and come up with a million or 2 million dollars so I could get out my message. If people knew what I was doing they would carry me into that governor's office on a landslide victory. But it's that frustration of trying to educate the public as to the dangers that are in existence. They are in denial, most people are.

There was a debate at Rippling River. I was on the platform with Sizemore and Kitzhaber and was allowed to speak for 5 minutes, which was surprising to me.

One time I went down to a school and spoke to a high school student body in Philomath, OR.

It's difficult because there's no funding. I'm doing this on a shoestring and there's no staff to do the things that need to be done. I got on quite a few talkshows. It had the effect that I wanted it to have. I won 10,000 votes so it raised my visibility.

Being attacked by the system was just incredible as was dealing with Janette Kent, who was a wild card herself. So you have these wild cards that you're dealing with and you're trying to create a focus.

"People, focus. This is the issue."

There are so many diversions I'm not able to focus people's attention. They get nervous when I come around and start talking to them because they don't want to be hearing these things that I'm saying. It's very fatiguing.

The Reform Party had meetings. They were not well attended. We went to Eugene a few times, Brownsville, Roseburg, 30 or 40 people. You don't get the

crowds. Every time there's a crowd there's someone up there who wants to be in charge.

In September 1999 I went to court with Pam and Will Gaston on their racketeering complaint. They brought in this county Judge Fred Avera from a different county. He has a little bit of a badger look, the starey badger-eyed look, his eyes darting at you.

"Are these courts of constitutional due process?" She was confronting the judge. Pam was great at doing that. He got real quiet.

"Yes," he whispered. He seemed like this little boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Then he'd put back on the persona.

"... but I'm going to be dismissing..." He said it was frivolous and dismissed it. We all got up and walked out as soon as he said that.

The next event was they were going to terminate the Gastons' parental rights. Will was back in front of Fred Avera again. At the end the judge addressed Will.

"Is there anything else you want to say Mr. Gaston?" He asked him the wrong thing. Will stood up.

"Yes, I'm arresting you Judge Avera for misprision of a felony." When he said that all the guards came in.

"Stand up," I told everyone. When the guards come in you must stand up to challenge them, that is, all of you together. Whenever you are in the courtroom and they come in in a threatening manner you stand up as a group to confront them. That's an extremely important point because remember, all the courtroom is, it's a place to make a public record of the facts in your particular case. Will finished reciting the script for the citizens' arrest of a judge, court was adjourned and we were leaving. The guards were all postured standing in military type positions, threatening positions.

"Get their names, all these officers names here," I said.

"I told you to get the hell out of here Weidner," this officer McMullen growled at me.

McMullen's a very dour, slight built guy about 5 foot 10, sandy-colored hair, looks like Snoopy with this sad look on his face, this hard look all the time. I think he's got kind of a small man's complex. He wants to be throwing his weight around, threatening and intimidating

"I'm leaving, McMullen, but these are public buildings and I'll leave when I want to leave." He came up to me.

"I'm sick and tired of you Weidner," and he spun me around, arrested me and took me into custody.

"You're making a big mistake McMullen."

"Oh you really scare me Weidner," he sneered. And so, I was arrested at the Gastons' trial and taken out to the Almsville facility on the outskirts of Salem. I was only held 3 or 4 hours and released but I had no ride because I was riding with someone who had to go someplace else. So I had to walk from Almsville into Lancaster, maybe a couple of miles, no big deal. I called Yvonne and she came and got me.

The trial took place in February of 2000 at the Marion County Courthouse in Salem. They brought in Judge Deanna Darling from Portland.

Deanna Darling is about 5 foot 6, Clackamas County juvenile judge, seems very savvy, knows what's going on. She's an Oregon Law Commission member, sympathetic to Pam and seems to have an awareness to her. The courtroom was packed with my supporters. This was a criminal prosecution. Everyone was there because of the corruption that's going on. They were not there to watch the Saturday matinee.

The charge was trespassing. There was no order for me to stay out of that courthouse but officer McMullen said that he had ordered me out of the courthouse, thus, I was charged with trespassing because I did not immediately comply. They brought in this little Cynthia Botsios to prosecute. She was not an aggressive, snarling feminist like Martha Hicks or Kathleen Cegla. She had a slim build and a kind of a female sensitivity to her. She looked like she should be behind a typewriter not in the wage of battle representing the state of Oregon and all these attorneys and judges that I was suing. They assign my cases to a different attorney every time because the ones that have been in the courtroom with me before don't want to come back in again.

She was sitting next to me at the council table when she came in because she was the only attorney there to quash the subpoenas and the courtroom was so full of people the guards were sitting up there right on the front bench too.

In a criminal case you can issue subpoenas without a fee so any time they would prosecute me on any criminal charge I would serve the governor, these judges and everyone with subpoenas. In the past they've always filed a motion to quash them and the judge would grant it. Well this time I subpoenaed all these witnesses and 19 public officials and when Botsios moved to quash the subpoenas Judge Deanna Darling denied the motions.

"You tell your clients to stand-by," she said to Cynthia Botsios, the Assistant Attorney General representing all these state officials.

State officials have attorneys representing them for free. The Attorney General's office represents them for nothing. The Attorney General's office is supposed to be enforcing the law. It is not supposed to be the defense for a bunch of crooked public employees.

While I was reading my statement Botsios was sitting there literally drawn up in the fetal position. It's what we're doing. We're subpoenaing all these public officials and we're saying this is a conspiracy. We've put enough heat on the court system so that Judge Darling is not going to get in the middle of that. She was being accommodating to us.

Officer McMullen prosecuted me. He's not a member of the Bar but on traffic or minor infractions police officers will prosecute. When he began his prosecution he was just parroting why he had arrested me. Once that started Botsios got up and left because she wasn't there to prosecute.

McMullen called this big heavy-set guard John Schulz, who witnessed me being arrested. Then he called a gal who worked at the security checkpoint in the entry way to the courthouse to the stand to testify. He did not question me on the stand. After all that McMullen got on the stand. When he got through testifying then I cross-examined him.

He couldn't remember facts, details or anything else. I got him inconsistent with his testimony. When they concluded I didn't move to make any motions to dismiss the charges because I wanted to call my witnesses. I wanted to get Pam on the stand.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" says Judge Darling. "I'm dismissing this for insufficient evidence." To keep me from making a record she dismissed it.

August 16th or 17th of 2000 I had filed a suit for Declaratory Judgment against Janette Kent and Milton Brown just to have my interest declared in the estate. I was suing Janette Kent. She thought I was actually against her but I was just using this as a ploy, a tactic to get them into court.

The case was heard in Hillsboro, a suburb of Portland, out in Washington County. The guards were very nice because we had a huge crowd, a packed courtroom, over 80 supporters. This was the first time I was ever allowed to make a full record. It had been 12 years since I was first hired to work on the Kettleberg case. The presiding judge was Tom Kohl. You can tell he's a savvy guy.

I think he prides himself on his integrity. He allowed me to speak openly in his court so I have nothing critical to say of Tom Kohl.

The issue was the transferring of the case back to Multnomah county. I was trying to keep it there in Washington county. I testified for 45 minutes about why I could not get a fair hearing in Multnomah county. I have named so many of the Multnomah county judges, including presiding Judge Ellis, in a racketeering complaint, that prejudice would make it impossible for me to get a fair hearing.

When I finished, the people gave me a standing ovation in that courtroom. I'd gone from being shackled and chained in a nuthouse to a standing ovation in court.

I filed another racketeering complaint against McMullen naming McMullen and his whole crowd in the complaint. I filed it out in Clackamas county and it went to Judge Hollie Pihl's court in September of 2000.

Hollie Pihl must be in his mid-seventies. He looks like he's done too much drinking in his life. When he was on the bench he was cordial but mechanical. He has a very red almost purplish hue to his face.

McMullen was the lead defendant because they had dismissed that trespassing action against me. I still wanted to call all those witnesses. I had 65 people, big crowd, and they came from all over the state. The 15 attorneys representing the 28 defendants all were hiding in the jury room before the hearing because all 65 of us were in the courtroom. When they came into the courtroom they all came in together. They were afraid of being physically confronted.

I filed this racketeering complaint, malicious prosecution action, against the governor, 11 judges and 28 defendants in all. Their response to my pleading was that the statute of limitations had run out so the complaint itself was too late in filing. They filed a motion to dismiss it saying it was too late and that the matters had already been heard many times in many other courts.

"It's not too late. I've never been heard," I said. They spoke briefly then I got up on the stand and for an hour and 45 minutes, under oath, laid out all of this murder, theft, forgery, fraud, all of it and these attorneys looked like I was throwing rocks at them, just twitching and turning while I was describing all this criminal conduct. Finally I finished and made my ending remarks.

" . . . and not one of these attorneys will question the truthfulness of anything I say about the criminal conduct of their clients." Judge Hollie Pihl sat there like a burnt worm.

"Do you have any questions?" he asked the 15 attorneys for the other side.

"No questions."

Judge Hollie Pihl out in Clackamas county is obviously a very weak person because to hear all that he heard, with the other side not challenging any of it, he quashed all the subpoenas and granted the motion to dismiss my complaint.

"Mr. Weidner has failed to state facts sufficient to constitute a claim," he said.

"I don't know what more I could possibly say," I said.

I had documents to back up everything. Every thing I said I've filed in memorandums, complaints and supporting documents, where I lay it out in narrative form.

Something is not legally the truth until it's been established in a courtroom. You have an allegation of something, but once you go into a courtroom and give sworn testimony, stating a fact and it's not disputed, that is a conclusive fact. And that is binding on all subsequent litigation involving the same parties that were involved in the case because it's been asserted and it has not been disputed. Or, if it has been disputed, it's been decided by the jury. That is how the system is set up to operate. Of course it doesn't operate that way any more.

It's so criminal what they're doing to me. I could just take a net and scoop 'em up, any one of them and throw them in jail because they all are involved in this. They know it's going on. But it's so widespread the whole system is corrupted. That's the problem, trying to get the government to prosecute. All I'm doing is what the government should be doing, what they're paid to do. If I'm in an adversary proceeding in court I'm going to discredit the other side because unless I impeach it, that sworn testimony is conclusive proof of the matter asserted. When they don't challenge it, it's proof.

Ordinarily a person doesn't get up on the stand and testify without being asked questions. That's not normal. When I go into court it's a given that I'm going to testify. No one plays attorney for me, I just take over. It's a known when you go to court that you get to get up and testify. Absolutely. The reason I am in court is to make that record.

Next, Eric Kekel filed charges against me because of this action I brought out in Clackamas county. I violated Judge Ed Peterson's injunction forbidding me to file any more complaints.

Eric Kekel is well-groomed and mindful of his appearance. Pleadings he does well and his paperwork is ok. He reminds me of a dapper, slick attorney type, full head of hair combed back on the sides. He's Norman Lindstedt's attorney.

Judge Frank Bearden ordered a re-entered judgment, a court order, barring me from filing any more lawsuits. Something had been defective so they reentered it, Lindstedt and that gang. Kekel was moving to hold me in contempt of that order. Lawfully they can't bar a person from filing lawsuits but they do it. The only reason I've been filing them is because they stole the property and the system has been protecting the thieves by attacking me.

They filed a motion to move it back into Multnomah county. The hearing took place out in Judge Ellen Rosenblum's court February 21, 2001.

Ellen Rosenblum is a politically correct yuppie and a Kitzhaber appointee. She looks like a secretary. There is an officious, postured correctness about her. She walks very erect, is in her mid-forties and has an attractive appearance but she's a political kind of attorney and judge.

So, I asked Gary George, the chairman of the Government Oversight Committee, if he would write to Rosenblum to see if we could video it because I wanted to put the heat on them. Senator Gary George is about 6'2, late '50's, big man, a farmer from Newburg, very pleasant, very attentive when you're speaking to him. Just an outstanding person. He has a little nervousness about him when he's talking to you. But he's very concerned about all of this.

"I'm as dumb as dirt when it comes to these legal matters," he told me one time.

Rosenblum told George that he couldn't video, only the media could. So, Ed Snook of the Oregon Observer called. She said not video but still pictures were ok. I had a pretty good crowd of 35 or 40 people down there. All of them got dressed up in suits, a lot of the fellows, to make it look more impressive. She let me take a picture beforehand of the group in the courtroom, so, before it started, Carlos Lucero got up there and took the still pictures.

Carlos is a 20th generation Spaniard. He got in touch with me because he was raided by the police. They had the wrong office and raided him by mistake, handcuffed him and confiscated his equipment. He got me involved helping him to get those charges dismissed. We still haven't retrieved his property but we did get the charges dismissed. He was a candidate for State Treasurer. Great guy. Has a nice personality.

Charles Markley, Brown's attorney, held up the briefcase in front of his face when he was photographed. Brown and Lindstedt and that whole group of attorneys are together. They were trying to get me to be held in contempt.

Charles Markley is treacherous. He tries to get the scrubbed choir boy look like Norman Lindstedt and David Buono but he's as treacherous and as dangerous as they come. He knows that Brown is a murderer and a thief. When he showed up with Brown out at Tri-City I openly referred to him as the jackal. He lives off of the kill of Milton Brown.

When I go into the courtroom, if it's a situation where I don't want to get the hostility of the judge right from the start, I stay standing until the judge comes in. I tell people just to stay standing until she comes in so there's no show of respect for the judge. When court opened that day I did not make a motion, I was just responding, but I laid out a memorandum that documented all that I was saying.

Eric Kekel put on his argument, the reason why I had to be stopped from doing all of this. He said I was a serial litigator and that enough is enough. When he finished I got on the stand and made what was probably a 45 minute to an hour delivery. I laid all of this out, went through basically the same story. Attorneys Norman Lindstedt, Charles Markley, Ken Shiroshi, David Williams, Eric Kekel, 6 or 7 attorneys arrayed against me were sitting there twitching again.

They try to look normal but they have nothing to say. It's like they're robbing the banks and they're beating up and raping the women and they don't deny it, they just try to look nonplussed. They want to get it over with as quickly as possible and they hope that it doesn't penetrate and people do not react to it. They try to keep a straight face, groaning and turning in their seats while I'm talking about how corrupt their clients are. They were all defending Norman Lindstedt and Milton Brown, wanting to stop me from filing any more cases.

The outrageousness of it is that the whole idea of a civil system is that you come in, you prove something and then there is government action to enforce what you have proven. That's the whole idea. Then the judge, who is a state employee, orders the remedy based on the law that applies to those facts. When I was finished saying how corrupt Norman Lindstedt was I pointed at him.

"...and I'm going to arrest Norman Lindstedt when I get off this stand."

I got off the stand and was back at the council table. There was some other conversation going on between the judge and an attorney. Schneider, this guard, was sitting alongside fairly close to me.

Schneider has gray hair, he's about 6 foot, 210 pounds but I think he trained at the Adolph Eichman School for Police Officers. He's a nazi. You're supposed to be subservient when you're around him. He's supposed to be in charge. If you tell him he's a public employee he doesn't like to hear that.

"Who's in charge here?" I asked Schneider.

"If you try to arrest anyone Weidner I'm going to arrest you!"

"Well, what are you going to arrest me for Schneider?"

"I'm going to arrest you for rioting!" So I stood and told the judge.

"He's just threatened to arrest me."

"No one's going to be arresting anyone in here," said Judge Rosenblum. "I'm denying the motion to hold Mr. Weidner in contempt. I'm going to give you one more chance Mr. Weidner. I am ordering you not to file any more litigation. Court Adjourned."

We were all standing there waiting to leave and Lindstedt was acting like a trapped animal. I walked over towards Lindstedt and Schneider jumped between us in this kind of a martial art posture. There were 20 or 30 of us between Lindstedt and the door and Lindstedt was pacing back and forth like a nervous, caged animal. They sent in 4 armed deputies and gave him escort service out of there.

If only I could get the crowd to come around me and go forward. But when I say that everyone starts getting real limp because they don't understand, although they are beginning to see and comprehend. It's so frustrating for me because at all of these meetings they're so strident and militaristic.

"...and there'll be a day they'll take this cold finger - hands off the gun . . .!" and they talk all that stuff. But you get them in the courtroom and some little feminist attorney is there and they become totally paralyzed.

By this time I had appeared and testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee, an eight or ten member panel, one or two joint House/Senate Judiciary Committees, the Government Oversight Committee and the Oregon Law Commission, blasting this corruption at every turn.

Every time we were going into court and we were getting actions dismissed - the orders of Johnson in dismissing, Cinoceros in dismissing - and there would be an appeal to the Court of Appeals, fighting it, I would file compulsory process into the Supreme Court. This goes back to when we first started. I do the same thing there as I do in court. I begin a monologue and they just let me go hoping I will get off quickly. They don't ask me any questions.

State Senator Gary George has been very supportive of this. He's the only one down there that has been supportive. He was the chairman of the Government Oversight Committee and because of the squeeze he was putting on them, because of his activities, Derfler removed him from all of his committee assignments. Derfler is the Senate president and represents the Senate district that includes the Salem area. Pleasant guy but no backbone.

Originally I was just working with Janette Kent so everything was filed through her. I filed several Writs of Mandamus to compel Lee Johnson to have a hearing to remove Norman Lindstedt. That was the lock they had on it. With Lindstedt controlling the estate and Johnson the court, and Brown controlling both of them, they were just running this whole case right through the court process and we had no recourse. It was so obvious. The hearing to remove Lindstedt - they just refused to have it. It was denied without a hearing. Everything I filed, trying to compel them to do something, was dismissed. Without exception, they were all denied without a hearing.

CHAPTER TEN

In December, 2000, I wanted to do the same thing at the Tri-County Mobile Home Park, another Kettleberg asset in Clackamas, that we had done in Tualatin at the Tri-City Industrial Park. Only this time, not arrest anyone, just take over the park, set up an office and divert the rental money flow into a trust. So Jesse and I decided to do it.

"Ok Roger, you handle the legal and I'll handle the political." He tried to get Janette to sign it over but she refused.

"Well, I'll just give you part of mine," I said. So, we went out to that park with about 20 people. We notified the sheriffs and the police department that we were going out there to do it and when we showed up there was no resistance.

The park has 100 mobile homes paying \$300 a month space rent so that is a \$30,000 cash flow. We parked Will Gaston's trailer on there naming it the Offices of Roger Weidner, Janette Kent and Jesse Lott. We took over. Jesse and Lou Sutton went to work on their own, remodeling, going around and talking to the tenants.

Lou Sutton is 70 years old and hails from Scapoose out on the Columbia River. He's bald, good-looking guy, 5'10, ordinary frame, you can tell he works

with his hands. He made his living remodeling 11 houses that he rented and sold. Lou is a hard-working guy. Very responsible. Very civic-minded. Upset about what's going on and doing something about it. I met him about 5 years ago when I was someplace speaking to a group and he became interested in what I was saying. He's been very supportive of what we've been doing fighting this corruption.

I think Jesse thought he had an inside track because of his political clout and because he was tied in with Kennemer, chairman of the Clackamas county Board of Commissioners. He has a good rapport out there. Jesse was going to run that on his own, collect the rents, but he was not consulting with me on how he was handling this. Because of the stress of all this, any time somebody takes on a responsibility to do something I support him unless I see that he's going just totally, completely in the wrong direction. Jesse and Lou were there constantly for about 3 months and that was great. They got one of these trailers fixed up really nice inside and turned it into an office. He wasn't getting all the rents, he was getting only a few of them. Most of the people were still paying the rent to Brown. Jesse and Lou went to Brown's office to speak with Brown but he wouldn't talk to them.

Finally, 4 months later Milton Brown filed an FED action to get Jesse out of there. That's a landlord's action against a tenant. I thought, because of the clout that had built up, no judge would hear it. May 8th it was heard in Judge Herndon's courtroom out in Clackamas county. I was stunned. Herndon had no business hearing that case at all because he had been affidavited and because he had been involved previously with the Kettleberg case. Herndon used to be a trial attorney. He's about 5 foot 10, makes a good personal appearance, but very treacherous and very corrupt.

There was a crowd of us there. Jesse didn't consult with me at all. He was going to handle this thing on his own. He was talking to Gustafson more than he was talking to me. Terry Gustafson is the former District Attorney of Clackamas County. Jesse's strategy was to file a complaint against Herndon just a few minutes before he went into the courtroom on this hearing, thinking that would back Herndon off. But when he went into the court he was not prepared to deal with Herndon coming down on him. Ordinarily, when a lay person is acting as his own attorney the judge will be considerate. Herndon wasn't being considerate. Herndon was snapping at him because he wasn't asking questions, he was making statements.

"NO, that's not how you do this!!" So, I wrote up some questions and had Jesse call me as a witness and ask me these questions. He asked me the questions that I'd given him about this and about the documents.

"All these documents that have been signed and entered in this case are in furtherance of this fraud on the court and on the Kettleberg estate. They have no credibility at all," I said.

I went through these documents naming them, the document and who signed it, and what was the date of it. One of the documents was Herndon's own document! Herndon didn't say anything when I called his own document a fraud. He should have recused himself. There was no way in the world he could hear this case. I was laying out this whole story again, on the record, sworn testimony and when I finished Herndon asked Charles Markley, Milton Brown's attorney, if he had any questions.

"No questions."

So, I'm giving sworn, undisputed testimony about the fraud and criminal conduct of Markley's client, there is no evidence to the contrary and Michael Gentry, their only witness, was impeached. Gentry had been the attorney for one of the Personal Representatives, Carolyn Brune. When Herndon got up and left the court for a minute Jesse turned to confront Gentry.

"You're a no good rotten thief, Gentry! Deny it!" And he stood silent. Gentry froze up. Judge Herndon awarded Brown \$24,000 in fees against Jesse and the tenants are paying their rent to Brown. I spoke to Jesse about it.

"When you get into a fight you NEVER show weakness when you're hit. You go on the attack!" I counseled him to go back after Herndon. Name him. What I want him to do is to file a racketeering complaint against Herndon, Brown and Markley and go into the court with 100 people and do the same thing I've done, just lay this whole thing out on a Summary Judgment motion. That's the strategy he should follow. But they all follow their own instincts and only ask me when they get upside down some place. He should go after them right away because they have no defense.

The next issue of the Oregon Observer went out to all the judges with a picture of Judge Herndon on the front page. Brown showed up at the mobile home park a few weeks later and was selling Jesse's trailer, the one they remodeled, as abandoned property. He has absolutely no legal right to do that. When I saw Brown coming on the property I went down to him with a group and publicly condemned him.

"This is Milton Brown, he's a shameless treacherous thief. He murdered his partner, forged the documents, he's wiped out every partner he's ever had . . ." and he was just tweeking, twitching back and forth while I said this about him. He had his auctioneer with him.

"If you come down to number 8 Brown I'm going to arrest you," I said. I went down to number 8, went in and called the sheriff's office and said I was going to perform a citizen's arrest. They said to call 911 and then Sergeant Johnson from the Gladstone police department showed up. Johnson is mid-forties, gray/blond hair, 5-10 maybe 180 pounds, has kind of a drill sergeant persona about him. He tries to project that hard edge military type. When Johnson arrived with another police officer down there at number 8 I told him that I was going to arrest Milton Brown for murder and theft. He was writing this down.

"You're not going to arrest anyone or I'll arrest you," he said.

"Listen Johnson, I'm a former prosecutor. I didn't ask you for your advice. I just asked you to come down here and stand by." So that kinda backed him off a little bit. I went over to Brown and I grabbed him by the arm.

"I'm arresting you Milton Brown for the murder of Don Kettleberg and the theft of that property," and his eyes - I've known the guy for 30 years and I've never seen his eyes because they're right down in the corner of his nose. When they're real crooked like that they won't look at you. They always look down. You cannot get eye contact with a thief because he cannot look at you because he's lying. You have to be a very accomplished attorney to lie with your eyes open. Of course, an attorney is usually not lying, he's getting someone else to do it.

I was kind of fascinated to see what color his eyes actually were. He's a Shylock. If you want to know about Milton Brown read *The Merchant of Venice* and you've got a picture of Milton Brown. These little beady eyes, he's had his nose bobbed, he's had his ears laid back, he's had a hair transplant to make himself look ordinary, but if you saw him in his natural configuration he would be bald, big out ears, long pointed nose - an absolute Shylock - and these Eurasian eyes, slightly slanted back, a kind of unusual gray color, like a wolf's eyes. So I arrested Milton Brown and then Brown ran around and hid behind Sergeant Johnson.

"You stay away from me! You stay away from me!" he says standing back behind Johnson, looking over his shoulder while Johnson's talking to me. I wasn't intending on taking Brown into custody.

"Did you get pictures of all this?" I asked one of my supporters. Someone bought #8 and then they went to another unit, number 2, to auction that off. I was pointing out Brown.

"He's stealing this one too," and just making these statements to intimidate him.

I'm fascinated by Milton Brown because of his genealogy and what he represents. Milton Brown is the antithesis of everything that I believe in and the epitome of a miser. Everything for him is money. Everything is bought and paid for. He is totally devoid of any kind of moral conscience at all. That fascinates me that he has been able to corrupt to the extent that he has, to the extent that our culture has become a money culture. He is the center. He has the whole state, the whole court system, the state government circling and protecting him. He is what the laws are written to protect us against. It's completely upside-down. The thought that that little viper could do that is just mind-boggling. I had no idea when I became involved in this. I thought, naïvely, that once I exposed some of this they would be forced to break loose. Instead, there's been this coalescing around him by the whole system.

We left out of the Tri-County Mobile Home Park and there were 2 police cars parked about a block away with 4 officers in each one. They were waiting as back-up in case something happened. We went down to the Gladstone Police Department to report to chief of police King because I'd told King previously what was going on. King is about 5 foot 10, bald, cuts his hair short, pug-nosed, looks like he had maybe been a boxer at one time. He has that small face, fairly husky fella, maybe 180 lbs.

When I'd spoken with him before he was a little bit nervous talking to me, but not threatening at all in our previous conversation. Now I was back to tell him that Johnson threatened me with arrest. We walked in and asked for King. He came around the outside and Johnson was with him. I started to explain to him what I was doing, arresting, and that I was threatened by Johnson.

"Well I've read all that stuff that you submitted and it's a bunch of crap Weidner," he said.

"Well King, it is not a bunch of crap. I've testified to this in court repeatedly and . . ." Glaring, with Johnson standing by his side, he interrupted me.

"You're full of shit Weidner." I couldn't believe it.

"Well, you're obviously very corrupt King and in the pocket of Milton Brown," I said, "but you're not very smart King because you're saying this in front of all these witnesses here," and we left.

I went over to the city council and said that I wanted to speak at the next council meeting, which was coming up on June 11th. Gladstone. I showed up out there on the appointed day with 8 to 10 people. I'd asked King to show up and he showed up. Retired Marion county sheriff Jack Utterback and his wife Dixie showed up also. When they called my name I got up in front of that council, said who I was, pointed to King and said what I did out there.

"We will not tolerate this kind of corruption by our public employees. A paid public employee is down here to protect innocent people . . ." and he was sitting there beet red while I was doing this to him. And then when I got through Mother walked up to him.

"You should be ashamed of yourself!" and that was that. He didn't say a word.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

If you come to me from thousands of miles away and ask;

"Oh teacher, teach me about how you deal with this corruption."

"All the books I've read and all I've studied . . ." probably Harl Haas said it best when I went to work as a prosecutor in the DA's office back in 1973.

"When you get into something Roger, if you have 'em by the you-know-what, their minds and their hearts will follow." First you have to catch them doing something wrong. In this case, I caught not just one, I caught the whole system doing something wrong.

The problem has been to get enough public awareness to overcome the control that is in place. People have been telling me that it cannot be dislodged because it's so widespread. What is needed is more numbers of people to apply more pressure and generate more exposure. The hardest thing has been to get a broad enough support base to go after the corruption in the system. The frustration for me is that people think that they can read a book, read what the law says, go to law school or ask a friend. But they have to have the plan inside themselves. They have to understand it within themselves before they can go and do something.

People are conditioned to go see the police, make a report, talk to their attorneys and to act within the system, expecting it to come to their relief, as it should. But, because of the level of corruption it is incapable of coming to the assistance of anyone who has been targeted by the system to be taken down. If it's a state agency that is coming after you, any of the state agencies, or this group of corrupt attorneys of long standing, who have become a part of the system, that whole system is wired. By definition, if you're innocent, you're going to lose in a corrupt system.

Making people understand that the courts are not their friend is so difficult. All that courtroom is, it's a place to make a record. When you come in and ask that judge for something, or start asking him his name to intimidate him, thinking that your defense is going to rest on your ability to hook him on something, you're going to be ripped to shreds. This is the fatal flaw.

When you come into the courtroom you are the moving party. You are the injured party and you're coming into that courtroom simply to make a record, in the courtroom, of the injury that you have sustained. To do that you file the complaint making the charge.

And then, tactically, ordinarily, if it's not a fast money case, your lawyer is going to say he needs a 10 thousand dollar retainer because he's got to spend time taking depositions, collecting evidence, discovery and all these things that he has to do. That's what he tells you because he wants the money! That's what he's really after, obviously. And so, he takes these depositions. Supposedly, the reason he takes the depositions is to catch someone lying so you can beat them in court. Well, what I know is that it makes no difference whether they're lying because the court system is so wired against the victim.

In the Kettleberg case, and all these other cases, we've proven it. There is no dispute at all! At all!!! This theft is flagrant, outright and obvious but the system is protecting it. And I cannot get that reality into people's heads. The system is not your friend, people! It is openly protecting these murderers and thieves, giving them armed guard protection in those courtrooms.

"Mr. Brown, you don't have to produce any documents . . ." judges are saying and then are attacking the victims of his thievery.

The governor, everyone, is subject to a judge's order. The courtroom is the defining arena where your rights are either respected or ignored. And that's what is so hard to get through people's heads, the importance of that courtroom, so that the system can operate as it was intended to operate. When former Chief

Justice Ed Peterson and the Attorney General and all the rest of them are acting like this, the whole system has been sucked in. The corrupt core in our society has been able to completely subvert it so, instead of protecting innocence, it protects guilt.

Most people think that a judge has inherent power to do whatever he wants to do. During the litigation phase that judge is simply a referee in a litigation process where you have equal adversaries, equal before the law, duking it out and the judge seeing that that goes on in an orderly fashion. And that is what has been stripped out of the system. We now have this heavy-handed judicial system allowing thieving attorneys and bureaucrats to steal our property. State agencies are taking our lands, our children and our personal property. The only time that people react is when they personally have been hit. Something's been taken. Then they come up like a wounded bull.

"OHhh, they can't do this!" and they go talk to this attorney or that and they always think if they're busy they're accomplishing something. If the attorney has a big fancy office they'll write that big fat check, a retainer, borrow money from their family, everyone, and they want to think they will be victorious.

What I know is it's just like picadors in a bullring. Those attorneys are sticking that pipe into them and draining them of their vital energy. And they drag this thing out, and you get weaker and weaker, and your neighbors and family - everyone starts running away and then you are led into that courtroom and the judge is like the matador. He thrusts the sword right down between your shoulder blades and out you go. All your money's gone. None of your friends are going to want to have anything to do with you because they know it's going to cost them something. They don't want to hear it. It's going to disrupt their little lifestyle. That's what's going on.

Our legal system is based on the English common law. All our rules of evidence - what evidence is admissible, what evidence is not - come basically from the English common law system. A court is a place to make a public record. That's all that a court is.

We have an adversary system - a plaintiff, a defendant, and a neutral judge. Each side has an opportunity to come into the courtroom, put on his case and call his witnesses, to prove that the facts he is alleging give him the right to recover according to some rule of law. Each side has a right to put on its evidence, to cross-examine the other party's witnesses and to discredit those witnesses so that their testimony should not be believed.

In the English system there were the royal courts and there was no such thing as a constitution. There was no such thing as equal protection under the law and due process of law. The system was based on whatever the king granted to his subjects. Until the time of the Magna Carta in 1215, when King John was stripped of his absolute power, the kings had absolute life and death power over their subjects. The serfs had no rights at all. Through the Magna Carta, the local nobility put restrictions on King John.

In 1640 there was a movement by the international bankers to depose Charles I of England, which they did. He was beheaded. Oliver Cromwell came to power and that was the breaking of the stranglehold that the nobility had on the country, shifting it from the nobility - the landed aristocracy - to the bankers. The bankers - then as now - controlled the money, thus they controlled who was elected to Parliament. The English Parliament became a bastion of people basically working for the Bank of England. The Bank of England was given a charter in 1690 in exchange for a loan to the King William III. It became totally above any laws passed by Parliament. By 1694 the Bank of England was running England and also financing and running the international bankers' empire around the world.

America was colonized. Colonies are trading posts created by the bankers. The bankers acquire the people to go and colonize different areas whether it's Australia, North America, South America - wherever it is - it's creating their system in a new environment. Holland colonized in America. New York was called New Amsterdam. In about 1660 the British defeated Holland taking over her colonies and becoming the premier maritime power, vying with France.

France and England had been at war for a long time fighting over colonies. France controlled Canada and the Mississippi Valley. St. Louis was named after Louis the 12th. When the English took over from the Dutch and started expanding those colonies the French used the Indians to attack and massacre the settlers. George Washington was a captain, a soldier for the British government in those wars. That's when our court system, our rules of evidence came in, with the British system. The king appointed royal courts.

When this country was first founded it contained rugged individuals who looked out for themselves. The government, if anything, did the military function,

improved the roads and those kinds of things. But you didn't have all these social functions - medicare, social security, medicaid, childcare, aid to education - all these things didn't exist so each person was forced into self-reliance.

As the east coast built up people migrated across country but the migration was funded by the bankers to exploit the land, the mines and the timber for their own gain. They gave the people the opportunity to come out here and, there again, you had this rugged individualism that we admire so much.

For a long time the colonists were left to create their own money, their own activity. All that money does is it creates a medium of exchange to facilitate commerce. If it's issued by the government, no interest accrues. But the bankers reeled in abject horror to the idea that that kind of system would be set up. England and the Bank of England were taxing different products and getting their income that way. This continued until the 1770's and the French and Indian wars. The colonists - like today - if the business people are making profit, they don't want to disturb their lifestyle so they tolerate a lot of abuse in order to maintain what they see as a comfortable lifestyle.

Concerning the Revolutionary War, there's always rumbling for change, obviously, when you're a colony. But, like today, things have to reach a certain level before good people will stand up. I've found that people will avoid conflict as long as they possibly can, as long as things are bearable. When they become unbearable then they are forced to act.

The French and Indian wars put a drain on Parliament's reserves so they started imposing excise taxes, stamp taxes to pay for the wars that had been fought. The colonists had to have stamps on any transaction, any product that was sold. It provoked a rebellion in the colonies which became a full-scale revolution.

There's a lot of debate concerning King George the III. He was not a very bright man. The Parliament, like our congress today, was very much controlled by the money powers. There were some men like Edmund Burke and British Prime Minister William Pitt, men of moderation and restraint. But those voices were not being heard, as the voices of moderation and reason are very seldom heard in our congress.

There was a group of men in this country who were very much influenced by the French enlightenment, by Montesquieu, Rousseau and Voltaire. These men were in their late 60's and 70's when Jefferson and Madison were young men. They talked about the equality of man and that there is a social contract between

the people and the government. The concept was formulated that in this country we would have one class of citizens all equal before the law, and that the citizens are the sovereign authority. That's the idea that was incorporated into our Constitution, that in this country we were not going to have royalty we were going to have but one class of citizens.

This was not the case in England or any of the other countries. If you read the Declaration of Independence it's like a preamble to the Constitution. It explains the purpose for the Constitution and what was the prime concern of the founding fathers leading up to the drafting, ratification and enactment of our Constitution. Though England's absolute powers had been modified by the influence of the international bankers, there were still very definite and distinct classes of people, as there were in this country. There were the wealthy and the landed and there were the lay people who were the workers and had virtually no rights. They were, by and large, uneducated. When you talk about civil rights as a practical matter, they had none. They had no access to the court because they had no resources to get into court.

Because of the fear of the central governments, all the states were separate sovereign entities. They put up tariff gates at their borders and commerce could not move freely back and forth because of all the impediments. Every state imposed a duty for goods being moved in and it weakened them so much they were vulnerable to foreign attack, being a brand new country. So, it was recognized that there was a need for a central government, but a limited central government, that was able to do those things that the states could not do for themselves. It would have the right to coin the money, build roads and harbors, those things that had to be done to promote trade and commerce.

After the Revolutionary War there was talk of creating royalty in this country, of making George Washington George I of all these separate trading colonies up and down the Atlantic coast, but there was such a revulsion against central governments.

London was the central government of the world. It controlled much of America, of India, later China and its arms were reaching all around the world. The bankers were basically using the royalty as a front. They would loan the money so the royalty could live in their lavish lifestyle. Then they would turn the tax farmers loose on the citizenry to collect these exorbitant taxes, much like our IRS operates today. The same people - the international bankers - then as today - are calling the shots.

The Constitution was drafted almost 10 years after the Revolutionary War, incorporating these new concepts - the sovereignty of the citizens, equal protection under the law, and due process. Due process of law is simply a fair hearing with an impartial judge. If you do not have an impartial judge you do not have due process of law.

The fact that this was drafted and put into a formal document did not change the nature of our banking system. It did not change the instincts of the people who were running the commercial world at that time. It was looked upon by the world bankers as somewhat of an impediment.

Thomas Jefferson, having drafted the Declaration of Independence, was a moving personal force in this idea of the equality of the citizens. James Madison, James Monroe, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, governor Clinton of New York - this whole group of men was committed to this idea of a constitutional democracy with a republican form of government. So, they elected representatives to Congress based on population.

The Houses of Representatives in the respective states selected the senators to represent their states, like ambassadors. That was the original idea. US senators were not elected by popular vote as they are today. So that was the cradle in which our legal system was founded.

CHAPTER TWELVE

A courtroom is an arena. There are only 2 sides. There's the victim side and that of the victimizer. What a court system is intended to do is to protect innocence and to protect right and to punish wrong so that if you are injured by someone, negligently or intentionally, the system allows you to go into a courtroom, to lay out those facts and be vindicated and compensated for your injury. Now that's what keeps people civil.

A court is a place where sovereign citizens, parties that are equal before the law, can come into that courtroom with an impartial judge sitting there and sling as much mud back and forth at each other as they possibly can to discredit the other side and to enhance their position - that's the whole purpose - and to do it in a sophisticated way enough that you do not alienate a jury. The jury decides what the facts are in the case, who is credible and who is not, and at the

conclusion of that trial the judge applies the law to the facts and you have a decision.

If you have been able to make a full record, if the judge rules improperly on admitting evidence or excluding evidence, or in applying the wrong rule of law, you have an appellate court that determines whether or not one of the party's constitutional rights were violated in the trial court. That's all an appellate court does. It determines whether or not a party's constitutional rights were observed in the trial court. That is what you learn in law school. That is the basic structure of our judicial system.

But what has happened, quietly, like thieves in the night, they have come in like miners and sappers and they have subverted that process to the benefit of a very few. They've been able to put in enough corrupted, compromised public officials in these critical positions - chief justice, governor, legislators - to protect that corruption. The key to all this is for the people to come into the courts in large numbers, intimidating the judge, forcing him to allow a full record to be made of what is, in fact, happening.

But the system is so controlled that you have to file a pleading. And if you file a pleading that the judge does not want to hear, the other side will file a motion to dismiss it and the judge will grant that motion to dismiss. So you can never get the matter into the courtroom.

A pleading is a case at issue. You file preliminary motions, motion to strike, motions to make more definite and certain the pleadings. These are things that are supposed to bring the case to issue. But unless you know the rules you just walk into it blind and you're on a shooting range. You're just out there like a deer on the highway looking at them and they just rip you to shreds. They will assert something that may not have any basis but you don't know it.

"They failed to state facts sufficient to constitute a Cause of Action here . . ." and they just mumble these words.

"I agree, and I'll sustain the objection." They just talk. They make things up. Then they will write an opinion that really has nothing to do with the facts, they just write it as they see it.

"Do you run a corrupt court?" you ask the judge.

"Yes, I run a corrupt - " he's going to say. No! He'd never say 'I run a corrupt courtroom.' 'Of course, I'm very important! Well, I got the award of the week and I was judge of the year . . . ' and they always say this stuff.

"Anyone got \$25,000?" Jesse's going around saying. He's reacting to their criminal behavior as if it's valid. Pam sees it but Jesse doesn't. Ed Snook sees it but a lot of people don't. We are putting heat on the system by exposing these crimes against the people. We're forcing them to strictly comply with their oaths of office. That's all I've been insisting upon. Strictly comply with your oath of office. Conduct fair and impartial hearings so that the victim, the injured party, has the right to come into that courtroom and make a record of that injury.

If the government is coming after him for something, they have to show him a valid law, the authority, and they have to show that the facts support the action that the government is taking. This is an absolute **MUST** in our system. This is the very cornerstone of a free society, the constitutional limitation on government, the rule of law.

We have a form of government with a check and balance system, no single authority vested in a single individual because power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. We have 3 separate, co-equal branches of government, each a check and balance on the other. Because the Representatives are closest to the people, elected by popular vote, only the House of Representatives can introduce a revenue measure or raise taxes. If they are excessive they will be driven out of office. That's the whole idea, giving the public the control of the pursestrings. We then have a bi-cameral legislature, the House of Representatives and the Senate. That's one branch of government.

The second branch of government is the Executive branch, the President, who serves as the Commander-in-Chief of the military and he is to carry out and enforce the laws that are enacted by the Legislature. That's what he is. He is an executive officer. The House and Senate are kinda like his board of directors. They formulate a policy - now this is in the pristine world when the Constitution was drafted 220 years ago - and he acts as an executive officer carrying out the laws.

And the third branch, the Judicial, acts to determine whether or not the laws passed by the House and Senate meet constitutional muster, whether or not they in any way violate the Constitution. That's all that our Supreme Court does, oversee government to make sure it's operating within the bounds of the Constitution. The House of Representatives funds the executive branch, and it funds the Senate, so it has the power of the pursestrings over the government. The Executive can veto bills that the House and Senate pass. The House and Senate can override those vetoes with a 2/3 majority, which makes it very

difficult, and then any appointments to the Supreme Court are made by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. This is the check and balance system that was set up.

What our founding fathers were terrified about was tyranny and abuse and the horrendous impact that money has on running politics. They feared the corrupting influence of money in our political structure causing the elected officials, and soon all of government, to be working simply as lackeys for the money powers. The money powers are not interested in the general well-being of the public. All they are concerned about is maximizing their profits and maintaining absolute power and control. So, this was the fear that our founding fathers had. They set up this system of government, which guaranteed, in our Constitution, the rights of the citizens to due process and equal protection.

What I have come to realize - being in the system now for some 36 years - I had no idea that a system could become as corrupted as it has become. And why you don't realize that going through law school is because when you read decisions, every decision you read is framed in the context of equal protection, the balance of power and the observance of constitutional rights. That's how the legal decisions are made. What I've come to realize though is that the judges simply write what they want to write! What has happened now with the corruption of our process, and it has been corrupted to the core, is that if you have had your children wrongfully taken by some state agency, or if you've had your lands zoned out of use by the Land Conservation and Development Commission, or if you've had your inheritance or other property shamelessly stolen from you by corrupt attorneys, you cannot get those facts, those underlying facts - showing that criminal conduct by these agencies and these individuals - before a jury as the law provides.

I hear people say all the time . . .

"Oh, they can't do that, they can't do that." Legally they can't do it. The law says they can't do it. But they're doing it, and that is what is so insidious about what is confronting us. These judges do not hold up one hand saying this. You don't see plastered on the courthouse doors the warning of how corrupt the court systems are.

"We're corrupt! We're corrupt! Do not come any where near this legal system or you're just going to get beaten up worse than you have been already." You're encouraged.

"Oh, have you got a good attorney? Go get a good attorney."

The only time an innocent person goes to court is when something has been wrongfully taken from him. So, when something is taken you ask your friends and family.

"My God! What do I do?" Well, everyone starts giving you advice.

"Go hire this attorney. I know a good attorney."

Well, when you go get that so-called attorney and he's in that silver palace of an office, it is all intended to deceive you into believing that here is real competence. Here is the highest form of legal, scholarly talent. This is the impression that they try to create when you walk into these law offices. And, of course, what an attorney is primarily concerned about is the money! His concern is to get as much money doing as little work as he can. That's the whole idea!

He doesn't tell you right off the bat . . .

"Listen, it's just too corrupt. I can't do anything for you." He wouldn't make any money! He will show indignation and share your anger.

"Oh, they can't get away with that," until you sign that fee agreement. And once you do that, and you pay him a 10 or 15 thousand dollar retainer, he controls you because he has your money. If you become dissatisfied with him you have to go to another attorney and he wants 10 or 15 thousand dollars. So, you get just drained white.

This is the dilemma that a person finds himself in and what the attorney will do, he will put on an act. He will talk tough to get your money but that's the last time that you'll ever see indignation or outrage. Soon he's putting you off, telling you you have to do something, you have to do this or that, the court set it over for this reason or that reason and then he will get more and more testy with you, the client, the closer you get to the courtdate. In some cases, when you walk into the courtroom he will tell you.

"Now damnit, don't you say one word when we walk in there." And if you do try to speak in these corrupt courts the judge will tell you.

"You sit down and shut up! You let your attorney speak." So, you sit there, literally gagged, while your attorney mumbles some things that really are not the core problem that you're facing. That's the dynamic that is set up in our court system.

If you are in a law firm, and I've been there, your partners beat on you all the time to bring in as much money as you can. If you bring in a lot of money you have the best office in the suite. If you don't, you're relegated to the lowest

position, regardless of your talents. So this is the whole drive in the legal profession. Money.

What the public does not realize about our system now is that in many states, including Oregon, the courts have been consolidated. It used to be that each county was a separate entity within the state. The state was sovereign but it was broken up into counties and each one of those counties was an independent political subdivision of the state. About 15 years ago they consolidated all those counties in Oregon. Before that you paid your filing fee to Deschutes county, Clackamas county or Multnomah county. Now you pay it to the state of Oregon. And the judges, instead of getting their money from Multnomah county, Clackamas county, where the county commissioners had control over their salaries, now they're paid by the state of Oregon. So you have them operating within the county but totally immune from the political control of the local county commissioners, who have to appeal to the voters.

In 1934, the Bar Association was created in Oregon. It came from the Bar Association of England, the Inns of the Court in London. Our American Bar Association is a member. The whole purpose of this set-up is to insure protection for the money powers of the world.

When the Bar Association was first established in Oregon it was touted as a way of keeping unscrupulous attorneys from preying on unsuspecting people and a vehicle for continuing legal education to keep the attorneys abreast of the new changes in the law. Well, that may have been its purpose 65 years ago when it was drafted but about 20 years ago they required that all attorneys and judges be members of the Bar. The Bar also became the insurance company for all attorneys and judges. They are insured by the Professional Liability Fund doing business as the Oregon State Bar.

They say down here in Multnomah County if you've got a case worth more than 25 thousand dollars and you just get some attorney - the big firms won't take it because there's not enough money there - the little guy will take it who's just starting out - they will slam dunk it on something to make it appear as if it was the incompetence of your attorney. But, the reality is the system is just that stacked.

I'm told that the Oregon State Bar has only a couple of million dollars in reserves. If that was a clean court system and all this was going on and I was an underwriter with the state insurance commissioner, they'd have to post at least a half billion dollar bond to cover their exposure for the injuries that they've

caused. But when you have a corrupt court system, and a corrupt Bar, they can steal with impunity. They steal with the complicity of the judges involved.

Harlow Lennon, a judge for whom I had great respect, said he saw it coming in the system about 20 years ago. Arno Denecke, another judge, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was up to my place about 6 years ago. He said he was too old to get involved. Other judges, Anthony "Tony" Casciatto and Charles "Chuck" Guinasso, commented . . .

"Oh, you're gonna fight 'em, eh Roger? This oughta be interesting."

So, they became aware, as everyone in the system is aware now, that the judicial system has been totally, completely corrupted to the core. Does that mean that every case you are going to lose? For small fender bender kinds of cases or small personal injury cases you may be able to get a fair trial. But if the amount involved is over \$50,000, with the corruption that's in the system and the control that the insurance companies have now, you will see that those cases, except in rare instances when you have very large law firms that are able to force a trial, the insurance companies are winning all the time. The cases against them are dismissed on one pretense or another but there are no large settlements being paid, in spite of horrendous injury, particularly as it applies to injuries caused by corrupt judges or attorneys.

I'm not saying that all judges are actively corrupt, but the core. Ed Peterson was corrupt, Wallace Carson is corrupt, Herb Schwab was corrupt, Donald Londer, Multnomah Presiding Court Judge was very corrupt and James Ellis is very corrupt. So, when you have the presiding judges in the different courts corrupt, what they will do when they want a case to go a certain way, they will assign it to one of the other corrupt judges in that court so they know what the outcome is going to be. Multnomah County Judge Londer would assign it to Lee Johnson - very corrupt, he would assign it to Ellis - very corrupt, to Abraham - very corrupt, Dorothy Baker - very corrupt, Stephen Herrell - very corrupt, Bill Keyes - corrupt and Joseph Ciniceros - corrupt, so that the outcome was a foregone conclusion.

People will say . . .

"Well, how can they do that Roger?" Well, they do it because the public has allowed them to do it. Once again, we have become Venice. We have become a money plutocracy.

Venice was a republic but it was a totally money-controlled republic. There was no such thing as civil rights in Venice. You were the creditor or you were the

debtor. If you were the debtor you had no rights at all. The creditor had slaves. They could cut off their arms, legs, whatever they wanted, because slaves were property, just like livestock. And that is what people in our culture fundamentally do not understand. We're headed back to this master/owner/property plutocracy and all of us are property!

The government is basically a front for the money system. They have placed us into this domestic animal category and they are ready to put down any resistance emanating from these domestic animals. You are free to work, buy and sell, produce and consume, which they can tax, and as long as you don't challenge that you're left alone. But the minute you question or challenge their authority, down they come on you.

Government is forcibly changing our way of life, our culture, so that people cannot pose a threat. They're dumbing down the schoolchildren. They are targeting people in the second or third grade, telling them what they are going to do, giving them technical training but no political, no history, none of the truth. They are not being taught true history. They are being taught this manufactured history. They call people like me revisionists because we are trying to teach the truth rather than what has been taught. Schools are not teaching about the past acts that have led to past events. They don't want you to recognize the pattern of events.

People call this The Weidner Method now. Pam Gaston coined that phrase. All I've been doing is going into those courts with these large groups of people. The reason for the large groups of people is to intimidate the guards. When I realized what was happening, that the judges were blocking the litigant, the party, the victim from coming into the court before a jury and laying out the facts, and they were using the sheriff's office, and the guards that are provided to the court by the sheriff's office, to threaten and intimidate and arrest anyone who challenged the authority of that judge, then I started coming into the courts with these large groups of people and putting the stories into the newspaper.

When I first started going into these courts and trying to speak I was being arrested repeatedly for trying to speak in the courtroom in a normal tone of voice. What they should have done, if they took exception to what I was saying, they should have sued me for defamation and put on the evidence that what I'm saying is false, malicious, intentional lies. If they did that I'd have to prove the truthfulness of it. Of course, everything I'm saying is the truth and because it's the truth it's an absolute defense to any libel suit here in the United States. In

England the truth was not a defense in many cases. That's the influence of the bankers in England.

What they call The Weidner Method is simply filing a complaint charging them and coming into the court with this large group of people. Pam Gaston down in Mt. Angel, Oregon did this in the Marion County Court. She charged the judges and the state agents in the courtroom with criminal behavior in a racketeering complaint and then moved for what is called a Summary Judgment.

In a legal proceeding there is what is called a complaint. A complaint is simply a statement of the ultimate facts - who the parties are, what is the injury, where and when did it occur, and what are your damages. They are general allegations. Then, if the other side disputes the truthfulness of some or all of those allegations, then there is a trial called to allow a jury to decide who is telling the truth and who is not.

If you file a complaint and the other side doesn't respond, after 30 days you can prepare an affidavit in which you state the truthfulness, and give detailed explanations, of the facts that you are setting forth. An affidavit is just a sworn statement. It's like courtroom testimony. If the other side doesn't respond, or if they do respond, you are allowed to go into a courtroom and argue that you should be granted a Summary Judgment. What I call The Weidner Method is filing the complaint, waiting the 30 days, then filing a supporting affidavit and a motion for Summary Judgment. You put the story about the complaint that you filed - and particularly the affidavit - into a newspaper. You take that newspaper and pass it out to all the judges in the courthouse, the county commissioners, the sheriff, as many of the law offices as you can around the courthouse and as many concerned citizens as you can find who will read it, so that you heighten the public awareness of the corruption you are charging. When you go into the courtroom to be heard on your motion for Summary Judgment you bring this army of people which forces the judge, forces him, to sit there and let you speak.

This is what Will Gaston did. He went into that courtroom with 40 of us. This was his seventh or eighth appearance coming in with this large crowd of people and he stood up and read an indictment of the judge, about a 15-minute indictment of the judicial system and that judge in particular, Judge Fred Avera. He then arrested Judge Avera. He didn't take him into physical custody but he performed a citizen's arrest on him in that courtroom and walked out of the courtroom. If he'd tried that a couple years sooner he'd have been instantly arrested, off to jail and we'd never have seen hide nor hair of him again. But as it

was, he was able to speak in that courtroom, read the indictment and when the guards came in I told the people to stand up. We stand up in support.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Remember, all that a courtroom is, it's a place to make a public record. When you come in and you're sworn in as a witness, you take an oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If you lie, that's perjury and punishable by a prison sentence. It's a class C felony.

What I've come to find out is that in our system this is the time spoken of in the Bible where right is wrong and wrong is right. You come into the courtroom and you raise your hand and take an oath to tell the truth. But if you actually try to tell the truth you are arrested and jailed and ultimately thrown in the insane asylum, as I was, subjected to incredible abuse, as I was, to discredit you personally, but not to challenge you legally, which is what they should do. Not a word I've said over the last 12 years about this corruption has anyone challenged. But the method that we've set up is to file a complaint - that gives you standing - and come into the courtroom with this large body of people. Once you file a complaint you are a party. A party always has a right to speak. If you hire an attorney the judge will say you can't speak, only your attorney can speak.

This is the reason we tell people not to hire attorneys. You cannot do that if you want to prevail. The attorney is a part of the system and he will gag you so that the full story does not come out. And if the full story does not come out you don't have a complete case made in that courtroom.

You come into that courtroom, having filed your complaint pro se, you make your record of all these criminal charges then put that story in the paper and spread it as widely as you can to expose them. We've been doing this over and over again for the last 10 years.

When you file that complaint in an adversary system, you are making a charge against someone. You ran into me. You injured me. You said something that was false about me. You libeled me. You engaged in unfair competition in which the statute says you cannot engage. You came up and you punched me in the nose.

The common law includes what they call a Cause of Action. You have a right to be compensated by someone who injures you. If they do it negligently you're

entitled to compensation. If they do it intentionally you're entitled to punitive damages. The Cause of Action gives a person the right to sue, to seek recovery for the injury he's suffered. The injury gives rise to the Cause of Action.

Now, if you have a Cause of Action against someone, there are certain facts that you have to prove supporting that Cause of Action. You say one set of facts are so and the other side says a separate set.

What's happened in our system is they've put in all these rules, the Uniform Trial Court Rules, and all these different restrictions and statutes of limitation that cut off and limit your rights. If you don't bring that action within 2 years you can't bring it because of the Statute of Limitations.

When the injury is inflicted you have then this Cause of Action and you say one set of facts are so and the other side disputes it. We have an adversary system. You call your witnesses to put on your case and the other side has the right to cross-examine your witnesses to show that what they're saying is false. And the judge's function is simply that of a referee. If I'm the witness I'm speaking.

". . . and Harry told me that John was a jerk and he did all this before."

"Objection!" says the other side.

"What's the basis of the objection?" says the judge.

"Hearsay."

"Sustained." Then the witness says this.

". . . and I was someplace and the woman said that they saw him molesting a little girl . . ." but the case is whether or not he ran into you.

"Objection!" the other side says.

"Basis?"

"Hearsay." Well it's not hearsay because it's not offered to prove the truthfulness of something. It's just offered to prove that some event occurred.

So there are all these rules of evidence and the judge is there to see that these rules of evidence are applied and that each side gets a fair hearing.

All cases have some publication that publishes them. There is the Federal Reporter now, and in Oregon we have the Oregon Reporter and the Court of Appeals Reporter. You can get what they call horn books on evidence. I've got an evidence textbook that talks about hearsay and exceptions to the hearsay rule and these different factors. But that, to me, is something that is beneficial if you know it. But you only have a limited amount of energy and you have to maximize the return on the investment of that energy.

What I have found is the most efficient and the most efficacious is the presence in the courtroom of large groups of people and the talking in the courtroom, and in the lobby, about the corruption in the system. My suggestion to people, who want to do something is to work together, to tie together these different groups.

You may read some law book with information pertaining to your case but you don't understand fully all the intricacies of the law, the ins and outs and how treacherous people can be, because you don't know the rules. In the pit of your stomach you know that you don't know it that well. And that is something that you cannot acquire, you can't read it in a book. Any proposition that you put forward in a courtroom the other side will have a contrary proposition. It's not an exact science. There are so many variables in the equation that talk about the legislative intent, what they meant and what rules apply, what rules of evidence.

It's like walking on all of these spinning wheels as you're trying to go through the process. If you keep your head down and are trying to read a book while you are doing it you're going to get slammed.

Step back and say to yourself . . .

"This process is corrupted. The laws are there for the protection of the people but the individuals that are in those positions of authority are corrupted."

Instead of affording the citizens the protection that the Constitution guarantees to them, they are ignoring it, and they are giving their own interpretation to these statutes which, in most cases, are unconstitutional statutes. They are ignoring the unconstitutionality of them because the judge is ignoring the unconstitutionality of them.

Federal judges are put in there as political appointees by the president. They are appointed for life. You can't run against a federal judge. If you run against a state judge, appointed by the governor, then the system turns against you. It's a closed shop.

That's one of the reasons we were pushing so hard to create this Oregon Judicial Council, which would be a group of 10 elected lay people, 2 from each congressional district, to oversee the disciplining of attorneys and judges. It would be an independent agency so that when people are being put upon in these court systems, in these corrupt courts, they can go in and talk about the corruption - not the merits of their own particular case, but the process - to a body that has control over these judges and attorneys.

The process of enforcing the law has been corrupted. It's been turned upside down, on its head. That's the reality of what's going on now.

Once you learn the basic concept about equal protection, due process of law, you read the Constitution and some of those early cases - Marbury vs. Madison - (you can go to the law library, look that case up and it will give a site where that case was reported) and if you read the patriot literature, there is enough existing information out there now to give you a basic understanding of what your rights are. Speech, arms, unreasonable search and seizure, all these rights are limitations on government, the Constitution being a limitation on government action.

People say the following . . .

"Oh, well the Constitution doesn't matter any more." When people say that it incenses me. When you have that attitude you are saying your rights don't matter any more! You cease to be a sovereign citizen and once again become a subject. But you become a subject of the International Monetary Fund (IMF). And you become very exploitable and expendable, at their discretion, not yours.

Our whole system is based on this concept of the dignity of the citizen, that the government is there to serve the people and to protect the general public. If a guy is a rapist, a murderer, an arsonist, if he's out there causing great injury to people, he's got to be put away.

But what they are doing, they're creating victimless crimes and they're saying to the police, ' . . . oh, you don't have to use due process any more . . . oh, you don't have to have probable cause. You can go and stop anyone any time you want to . . . ' and when you have that set-up, and you have a corrupt court system that supports the police no matter what they do, the court ceases to be the arbiter where a person can come in and question the police officer.

All a police officer has the authority to do is to cite you for something that you have violated, investigate it and testify in court about what his investigation shows. If a police officer stops you, if you've committed a traffic crime, or a traffic offense, he can stop you and determine who you are but I tell people, 'You question him first.'

"Do you suspect that I've done something wrong? Why did you stop me?" when he walks up. You ask the questions and he has to answer you. Usually they will tell you that you did this or that. Then they will ask you for your driver's license, your proof of insurance, this kind of thing. There are questions about whether or not they have the right to do that, but they do it.

A lot of these patriots and common law enthusiasts give advice. 'Oh, don't do this if the officer does that,' and maybe, technically, they are right. But he will arrest you and take you to jail.

Police officers are peace officers. They have a duty to maintain order. If they see a crime in progress they have a duty to stop it, make a report and appear in court to testify if called upon. To maintain the peace is their primary responsibility. But they have shifted out of that and are being conditioned and trained to intimidate the public. They have become law enforcement paramilitary types where they're coming and kicking in doors for no reason at all. The whole system is breaking down.

Even though I used to be a prosecutor and worked in traffic citations, I didn't realize how fragile the basis is upon which the police are exercising their authority. The laws that speak about licenses being required - only if you are engaged in commerce, if you're a commercial hauler, do you have to have a license. This is what the statutes actually say. I didn't realize that. People have the right to travel freely on the highways. There has been a big commotion and a lot of activity over those issues but to me they are collateral issues and divert the attention away from the real core problem with which we are all plagued now and that is the total corruption of the judicial process.

I went to my 45-year class reunion. Virtually 95% of those classmates just want to sit around and talk about their golf game or something like that. It is this mindlessness. People have lost their ability to sense danger, just like a cocker spaniel dog in a house. You take that cocker spaniel dog and throw it out in the wild and it will be devoured. People have been so busy out playing, having a good time, acquiring their fortunes - you're acquiring them in a chicken coop people! You're all in a chicken coop! Some of you have more meat and feathers and fluff than others do, but you're in a chicken coop. If they want it, they grab you, jerk you into that system, FWUMPH!! You just implode. And to get that through people's heads - it's just mind-boggling to me that it's taken this long.

People have become so domesticated. A jack rabbit or a deer runs out of danger, as does any kind of wild animal. You domesticate it and it loses it's sense of danger. Someone is feeding it and caring for it. When you domesticate a human he becomes dependent upon being fed and cared for. He loses his sense of danger.

I saw that contrast between my father here in Portland and my grandfather and uncles up in Montana. They're always alert to their spread. If any activity is

threatening their property they're like a bunch of prairie dogs. Heads up, and they're looking at it. If there is a danger they come together and they take down the common danger. What's happened in our system is that the common danger is the government.

The government is simply bankrupt front organizations for the world bankers. We have been in bankruptcy since 1932, this country and every organization in it. All these government employees are just employees of the judgment debtor of the United States. We are assets. We are considered property. All of our lands have been pledged as collateral and we've already lost all that because we couldn't pay the debt. We couldn't pay the debt because of the interest on it. The bankers own that collateral now so they can do anything they want to with that land. But they don't come out and say that.

"We'll run this thru congress," they say, and our parks are turned into biospheres, off limits to the public.

The whole activity of the debtor is simply to pay the interest that is owed to the creditor. When someone goes into bankruptcy, a chapter 7, he goes into a reorganization. A creditors' committee is set up. The creditors' committee allows him to continue but it dictates the policy. Every member of the United Nations is a judgment debtor in bankruptcy or reorganization. The countries of the world are all in bankruptcy or in a reorganization of their debt. Everything in our country has been borrowed by our government and is owed to the world bankers now. They own us. This is as criminal as criminal can be but it's what is in place.

As a historian I tell people the history of civilization is not the history of equality and sovereign citizens. It's the history of master and slave.

Thousands of years ago there was a drastic change in the climate. Before that people lived nomadically like native American tribes lived here, nomadic people that followed the livestock. Tribal instincts and tribal cultures have existed for thousands of years. That has been the predominant way of life. It still exists today in places like Afghanistan. That is a tribal culture. Just as lion herds follow the livestock, the human tribes did also, and they had to stay tribally together in order to survive. Since the time of the ancient pharaohs, since the time of Sumer, people stopped being nomadic and roaming. They settled and planted. When that climatic change occurred people started growing crops at the base of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers - what is now Kuwait - and in Egypt. The

separation of classes of people developed and the division of labor. That is where civilization began about 5000 years ago.

Early on in Sumer and Ur, Babylon, which was near where Baghdad is today, was an outpost, a trading center much like Fort Collins was a trading center for New York. There was the fort in Detroit. Then one out in Kansas. The forts were there to protect the commercial activity from the hostile tribes around it.

The ancient cities had some place where they mined, gold usually, and they had commercial activity. So they set up a town, an outpost. Babylon became the first sophisticated commercial center. It drew people into it to perform the different functions that need to be performed and in turn became powerful in its own right, a child of the parent.

That child will turn and devour its parent. It will go back as a military power because it forgets where it came from. It has no memory. It will go back and conquer because that is the instinct of men who are power-driven to conquer, to control. You see this from the time of Sumer to Ur to Babylon.

There was a bartering system that went on as a medium of exchange. At the time of Babylon people began taking their gold and precious metals, depositing them, getting receipts and then trading with those receipts. That's when commercial paper money came into existence. There was a priesthood - money priests - who manipulated that money. Trade would come up through the fertile crescent, the area between the Mediterranean Sea and the Euphrates River, then down through Jerusalem to Egypt. When Abraham left Ur 4000 years ago commercial civilization was already in existence.

A commercial civilization soon structures a system of a very few at the top controlling everyone. That rich money class becomes very indulged, very decadent, very depraved ultimately and the structure of the society breaks down so there is no cohesion, no family sense, no protecting of the children and the elderly, just a general exploitation of everyone. Abraham left to go back into the wilderness and restore that human-caring kind of profile. He had to go back into nature to do it because the characteristic of commerce has always been ruthlessness. It's always driven by profit. Because it produces wealth it needs protection from the nomadic tribes on the outskirts always looking in to raid and carry off those riches. They are drawn to the easy lifestyle and the luxury.

Nineveh was the capital of Syria. It became the predominant power. The wall around Nineveh, about 16 miles long, was so wide 2 teams of horses could run abreast around the top of it. That wall was high also because, just as a farmer

puts wire around his chicken coop, if something is created that's attractive the wolves are going to come down and snatch it. That is the history of civilization. People had to build walls of protection because inevitably they were going to be attacked. Jerusalem was a walled city. Virtually every city was. And even when you talk about Wall Street, that was where they built the wall to protect themselves from the Indians right down there on the end of Manhattan island. They had this little enclave there, Peter Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam, and the wall went across the tip of Manhattan island to protect them, so they called it Wall Street.

Egypt colonized Athens. The Egyptians were a sophisticated culture and they soon drove the native tribes out of the area which became Athens. Then those tribal people were brought back in as soldiers. They became indigenous and involved in the culture themselves and soon they too became corrupt and decadent. So, it's an ever continuing cycle.

The early trade routes went from Sumer to Egypt through Jerusalem. In that society there were those who worked with their hands producing something tangible and those who were working for the money manipulators performing some administrative, regulating function. That was the dynamic that has always been. The military protected that economic entity. But it was always controlled by the people that had the money. The serfs were simply there to serve the needs of the money people. That's what went on in the far east and that's why Abraham left Ur. It became decadent.

On the eastern Mediterranean were Tyre and Biblos, which is Beirut. These were commercial centers, very sophisticated commercial entities. The epics of Homer were about this upheaval that occurred about 1000, 1200 BC. Cyrus overran and basically created the Persian Empire. For 200 years his progeny, and the progeny of those he conquered, gradually degenerated. Decadence set in. They were very effeminate men going around with earrings, looking like they do in downtown Portland today. These warring bands were drawn to that commercial enterprise and they overran it because it was decaying. Of course, after they overran it they didn't go back home to their rustic lifestyles. They stayed and became a part of that culture themselves and they in turn, and their children and grandchildren, become as decadent as those they overran. So, that's the cycle that goes on and you see that about every 200 years.

The people of Greece, this rustic people, overran Beirut and, at that time, Cyprus was a commercial center. The people of Greece were a very robust warlike people, much like the Norseman who, 1500 years later, overran all of Europe.

After the Greeks fought the Persians they got in the Peloponnesian Wars, fighting each other. So, Phillip from Macedonia came down and conquered all the Greeks. He was assassinated when he was about 58-years-old, leaving a son, Alexander, who was 20 and had this enormous 50,000 man army that was trained to the teeth. He had tremendous generals. Alexander the Great went back and conquered all that Cyrus had founded. He went way over into India, conquered all the Mediteranean and was the first person to conquer the known world.

In the days of Alexander the Great the known world was the Mediteranean basin. It was all fused around there from Athens to Constantinople to Tyre, to Carthage. That's where all commercial enterprise of the world developed. The reason it did is because they could ship by large commercial vessels, much more convenient than horse or camel caravans. But they were restricted without compasses. They had to go along the coastlines to wherever they went. For 2500 years, from the time of Homer up until the time of Christopher Columbus, trade was restricted to coastal trade routes.

In modern Rome or Tyre, a person that was born then could be brought to the year 1800 and he could get by. There was that level of sophistication. They had chemistry, they had medical doctors, they had diagnosis, they had all of these. They were very knowledgeable in a lot of the medical sciences, mining, and engineering. Tremendous feats of engineering were performed long before hydraulics came to be.

The Romans had large grain ships and would go down into Egypt, their bread basket. Caesar had world rule and all this pageantry and power until the Roman empire fell. Rome was overrun and the Roman culture shifted to what was then Byzantium. The last emperor died in the Byzantine empire. Byzantium, the Istanbul of today, became Constantinople, named for king Constantine about 350 AD.

That's when Christianity became a state religion but it incorporated much of the pagan ritual. What they call the Greek Orthodox church today comes out of that pagan ritual. The Byzantine Empire started falling apart when Mohammed came along in about 600 AD. He cut huge swaths into that. Then warlike tribes came out of central and eastern Europe, the Gauls, Visigoths, and Ostrogoths, and overran these commercial centers. They say there were tens of thousands of

miles of roads, high grade highways, built by Romans up until 300, 400 AD and then for the next 1000 years there wasn't a single mile of road built. It reverted back to a more primitive culture, the onset of the Middle Ages.

The Ashkenazis, of which Milton Brown is a senior, were Khazar tribal people like Attila the Hun. They looted India, they looted China, that was where their great wealth came from and it became the basis of their banking system. They interacted with each other and they had a system almost like a guild. They spread out and monopolized, ultimately, every market that they entered. They drove out other banks that tried to compete with them, by cutting profits.

The cities were always commercial oligarchies, like Venice. They had the doge, who was the chief magistrate in the old republics of Venice and Genoa. The political structure was much like it is today in New York or London.

If you say to me, 'Tell me 8 or 10 people that run this city,' well, I can go to Rockefeller Center and probably point out 3 or 4 of them. 'That one does,' I can say as I walk by their doors. I can go over to London, I can walk by N.M. Rothschild's and point to that door. 'Well, what interest are they promoting? Are they there promoting the general well-being of the people?' No, they are not. They are promoting the well-being of themselves and their financial institutions.

The commercial cities such as Amsterdam had a group of burghers who ran them. They were self-sufficient economic entities. Their legal system must have been some variant of what we have today; a sitting judge, solicitors, who do the legal work and barristers, who specialize in going before the Bar. It was a Maritime situation, commercial law. Always the economics dictate the kind of government you produce.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It is the money power that is at the very core of the British Empire. It has been expanded and totally controlled by the banking interest, which was excluded out of England around 1250. They were back in England by 1650 and by 1690 they'd become powerful enough to be granted a charter by William of Orange for 1 ½ million dollars. The Bank of England was established. In the beginning it was not controlled by the Rothschilds, it was controlled by other bankers, but the Rothschilds were a power to reckon with. In France the bankers fomented the French Revolution and wiped out all of the aristocracy through all these little

Jacobin cells, primarily funded by the bankers. The Rothschilds didn't actually take over the Bank of England until about 1815 after the Battle of Waterloo.

Nathan Rothschild was the House of Rothschild in England. There was a House of Rothschild in Paris, a House of Rothschild in London, a House of Rothschild in Vienna, a House of Rothschild in Frankfurt, and a House of Rothschild in Milan. Herschel Bauer, the original Rothschild had 5 sons and set each of those sons up. Nathan was in England and was probably the sharpest one of the group. After the battle of Waterloo, Nathan came into the London stock exchange and started selling all of his interests. People were watching him because they knew he had good intelligence. That was an indication that Wellington had lost and Napoleon had won. If that had happened there would have been many businesses wiped out in England. When they saw Nathan start to sell everyone else started selling too and it drove the prices down to virtually nothing. Then Nathan had his agents go in and buy it all up. By doing that Rothschild was able to gain control of the English banking system.

When the bankers overthrew England in 1650 the control shifted to Parliament and the bankers. Since 1650, what has transpired is the gradual and ultimate elimination of the last vestiges of feudal society. In its place has risen a commercial culture controlled by the world bankers with the whole world in a bankrupt status. We no longer have a feudal system. A feudal system is totally independent of the banking system. It's a military type of structure, which we have to have in order for people to survive. We have to have soldiers and workers. A feudal system is based on the cultivation of land and the protection of that cultivation.

France and England had historically been enemies. France was an agrarian land power and England was a maritime power. England had become a naval power pirating the Spanish galleons that were bringing the gold, looted from South America, back to Spain. France was a power when England was just a little backwater country. When England became a maritime power it challenged France for supremacy. This conflict went on all the way through the 18th century.

Spain, as it became more sophisticated, became ashamed of its slave trade, picking up all these slaves in Africa and taking them to Central America and the south and then picking up cotton and tobacco. Slaves and tobacco were its big money cargoes. Drugs too.

The China clipper ships were said to be carrying all this English tea. That was not tea, it was drugs. The opium wars in China occurred when the British went

in there and addicted the Chinese with the opium imported from India. It wasn't the citizens walking down the street in England that were doing that, it was those that controlled the commercial enterprise then, as they do now.

All our armies do, the armies of England, France, the US, Germany, they simply are guards for the world bankers' operations. That's what they do. And if the world bankers are threatened any place, any place - look what happened in Kuwait - WHAM! Instantly you have an army there at a moment's notice.

About our patriot movement, it's so hard to get any movement at all because there is no money involved but if, all of a sudden, I have unlimited money to go out and foment, put out publications, attack people viciously and libel them horribly, with impunity, or if I get people inflamed enough - this is what the bankers funded. Always it's the idea of supplanting the feudal system, which was the landed aristocracy. It existed worldwide.

Up until the Russian revolution Russia had been a feudal society, France had been a feudal society, Japan was a feudal society, China was a feudal society. The bankers replaced the feudal society with a commercial money-driven, borrower-lender type of a culture. That's what the bankers do. They loan the money to a country, they indebt it and they extend it credit. When they extend the credit, the country receiving the money has to pledge all its assets as collateral. The extension of credit forces that country into taking all of its profit and all of its gain and paying it to the bankers. It's just for the extension of credit. That's the dynamic and when you start messing with that - that's one of the reasons Lincoln was assassinated.

Lincoln was in a southern city - Washington is a southern city - right after the war. All this seditious element was still there and he was in a theatre, a public place, totally unguarded and his door to the box was left open so that a man could walk up behind him and shoot him in the back of the head.

Lincoln wanted to circulate greenbacks, which were treasury bills and not borrowed money. The intent of the greenbacks Lincoln issued was to fund the war. The bankers wanted 16% interest.

It's just like the Kennedy assassination. Kennedy issued debt free money just days before he was shot.

In the early part of the 19th century President Andy Jackson said he was going to root out those vipers, and it was the bank that he was after. Totally different types of personalities. Lincoln had such personal strength and humility. Jackson had strength, not humility. The bankers were against the idea of bringing

Jackson into Washington DC. He was lampooned and characterized as this wild west wild man and the only reason he was ever elected was because he had distinguished himself in the battle of New Orleans and had this hatred for the British, which was still lingering among the populace. That is what catapulted him into the White House.

Lincoln had only served in one elective office. He was a congressman for 1 term during the Polk administration, the only popular war we ever had, when we stole all that land from Mexico. He was indignant about it. He became known as 'show me the spot' Lincoln.

" . . . well, they invaded at San Jacinto or somewhere . . . " they'd say.

"Show me the spot! Show me the spot!" he retorted, because they were just fabricating this, giving it as an excuse to go to war to steal the land. So he was dumped, went back to Springfield, Missouri and became an attorney for the railroad.

The battle to abolish slavery was going on in the North. There was a moral repugnance in the North, though the South was saying God ordained slavery. As new states came into the Union the question was whether or not they were going to be free states or slave states. The idea was to bring in one in the North that would be free and one in the South allowing slavery. And then it was, 'well, what are we going to do with Missouri?' It was decided that the 49th parallel would be the dividing line in Missouri and this was called the Missouri Compromise. The Abraham Lincoln and Steven Douglas debates occurred. That galvanized and brought great attention to the issue because they were 2 very knowledgeable orators.

Prior to the Revolutionary War the citizens had tried to stop the slave ships from coming in but they could not get it stopped. Absolutely you cannot stop them because all that colonies are, all that governments are, is front organizations for the bankers. The bankers are the ones that drive everything. The world bankers foment all the wars. They have their men in place. They fomented our Civil War. They had agents provocateur there. They were financing the South in their campaign and using the newspapers to castigate Lincoln. They said horribly libelous and outrageous things about him, portraying him as a baboon and a monster, fomenting this split so as to impose martial law. That's what the Civil War was really all about. It was to create martial law within the united States.

Once you create martial law you create absolute control. Martial law was declared during the Civil War. After the war Lincoln was talking about bringing

these states back in as full partners right away. I think that's why he was assassinated.

The South was a very strong feudal type of a culture. The bankers had to break the back of that and Reconstruction is what broke the back. They appropriated all those farms, all those lands and straddled them with debt. Then they put Grant in there, who was a tremendous general but he was a guy like my father. He wasn't a politician adept at dealing with all the intricacies of governing. He was just a straight arrow guy.

Before 1871 the federal government was a very small entity. It did not have any of the reach it has now. It wasn't all these agencies. The United States, restricted to its Constitutional form, was quite limited. It was primarily concerned with duties, national defense, roads, canals and that sort of thing. The founding fathers wanted to limit its authority, its power, because they were concerned about central governments and standing armies.

The United States, Inc., came into existence right after the Civil War through the Reconstruction Act, which Congress passed in 1871. When it became a corporation, that allowed the bankers to assert their control over it. It wasn't bankrupt then but this heavy control of everyone in the country, what they called states' rights, was supposed to be the function of the states.

In 1871 our government ceased to be a constitutional republic and became a corporation. Originally Washington, DC was laid out as a separate unit and the federal government only controlled that district, the territories and possessions such as Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, etc. and the military bases worldwide. Those are the only areas where they have plenary powers. The federal government everywhere else is secondary.

We have sovereign states. The founding fathers were against central governments because central governments are the governments of the bankers. That was so 220 years ago, as it is today. The reach of the federal government into all of our lives is a usurpation of powers that were not given to the federal government by the Constitution.

The Constitution says that all authority not specifically granted to the states or denied to the federal government is reserved to the states and to the people. In 1871 they actually changed the wording of the Constitution to create this corporate entity. They changed its constitutional structure without revealing it. In 1871 they created this United States, Inc. which created corporate America and from that time on all of our rights have been eroded. It is

corporate America that is indebted. We and everything we produce, as property of the debtor, have been pledged as collateral for this open line of credit we have with the international banking system through our Federal Reserve.

The Bank of England is the central bank for all the world central banks and the corporate state of Oregon, through the Federal Reserve, is a debtor to that bank. All the states are corporations now. This is the control mechanism that is in place. They control us by having us in this position. Whatever they want to do, whatever program they want to implement, land use, whatever it is, the federal government just funds money into that program. That creates the whole body of people who go about doing all this social engineering.

What has happened though is we've gone through the industrial revolution and that industrial revolution created a whole new class of workers and a whole new social structure. All of these wars, Communism, Socialism, Fascism and all these isms, are manufactured and hatched by the bankers to change with the sophistication of our culture.

The world bankers created the financial panic of 1897. The House of Rothschild backed the Czar in the Russian/Japanese war of 1905. Kuhn and Loeb, their American agent, was backing Japan. Then the House of Rothschild withdrew its support. So, the Japanese came in and slaughtered hundreds of thousands of Russia's young men, weakening them and setting them up for the Russian Revolution.

The bankers created another financial panic in 1907 starting a rumbling to create the Federal Reserve system. Originally banks had been chartered by the states. When they started manipulating the markets, which they can do, that prompted the creation of the Federal Reserve. That was supposed to smooth out these fluctuations. Our Federal Reserve system is a privately owned banking cartel. It has an all-encompassing impact on the United States because it controls the economic activity. Extending the credit then pulling it out, they manipulated the markets and bankrupted this country, causing the depression. That's the power, the dynamic that was going on.

The history of the Balkans is a good example. When the Ottoman Empire expanded it expanded into the Balkans. There is a strong Muslim contingency there. There's also a strong Russian Orthodox religious group there. In Germany there was a military caste system in place. The Prussians were a military caste and so did Japan have a military caste. In Russia they had a military caste before World War I. Germany united under Bismarck. All these different states united

and they were challenging the economic supremacy of France and England. They had not historically been a colonial power. They had been divided. Germany was an easy mark for Napoleon when he invaded there 70, 80 years before. But under Bismarck it united and became a colonial power and it was challenging France and England, which were strictly controlled by the Rothschild interests. After the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 Wilhelm became the emperor. Then his son Wilhelm II. The military caste in Germany was a power to reckon with.

The bankers were busy in Germany but they didn't have the absolute control that they had in France and England. So, it was necessary to wipe out that caste and that's what they did. They provoked World War I and slaughtered off many of Germany's young men.

World War I was fought when the Archduke of Austria - of course, he was a Rothschild puppet too - was assassinated in Sarajevo. When that happened the Austrians invaded Serbia. The Russians then came in to protect that contingent.

This is what the world bankers do to create the incident. Germany then came into the war too and that's how they ignited World War I. The idea that the assassination of a single man could bring on this holocaust is absurd. Wars are always fought to create a condition

When the bankers founded the Federal Reserve in 1917 they funded the war. At the end of World War I, Germany was talked into an armistice with the promise of peaceful terms. The Versailles Treaty was negotiated by world leaders controlled by Rothschild agents. President Wilson was controlled by Mandel House, serving almost the same function that Kissinger did with Nixon.

Clemenceau of France and Lloyd George of Great Britain were both Rothschild agents. Germany had been promised peaceful terms but the House of Rothschild, at the congress of Versailles, reneged on everything and imposed conditions on Germany which were onerous and burdensome.

That gave rise to the roaring '20's when credit was much like it is now where they are trying to get everyone to borrow money. People are buying stocks on margin, putting 10% down. If you buy \$100 stock for 10% down you pay \$10. If it goes up 10% in value in a couple days you've made 100% return on your money in a day. So, you have this kind of mentality.

In 1929, 1930, they pulled the plug, just like they had done 10 years earlier in Germany, making Germany destitute. All of a sudden the Germans had to have a wheelbarrow full of money to buy a loaf of bread. Creating this kind of chaos was what gave rise to Hitler. When they pulled all the pins out, stopped the credit,

collapsed businesses and threw people out of work, then they needed a new kind of a demagogue.

That's the role that Franklin Roosevelt played but he was a demagogue with a smile. He was implementing all of the New World Order programs. During the depression all these bureaucratic alphabet agencies began coming into existence under Roosevelt. All of these right-to-work laws, previous to 1932, had been struck down by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional. Roosevelt packed the Supreme Court in order to expand federal power because Roosevelt was a lapdog for the NWO. Meanwhile, the harsh terms of the Versailles Treaty provided fuel for Hitler's rhetoric. He got people all worked up talking about it.

As a result of the beheading of King Charles and Cromwell in England around 1650, and the French Revolution in the late 1700's, royalty was overthrown and parliaments came into being. A parliament, of course, consists of bought and paid for attorneys, like we have today. They're all on the payroll, always more than one payroll.

These bankers caused the people grief wherever they went because they did the same thing that they've done in this country. They started taking over, compromising everything. They compromised all of the government offices. People became corrupt like they are in our government. When you compromise someone you do it quietly so they're forced to do your bidding for you because otherwise you will expose them and ruin them. That is how the banking cartels took over England in 1690. They fomented the rebellion against Charles the First when Cromwell came to power.

The bankers had been run out of virtually every country of Europe, every feudal society, because of their threat to them. They work in unison.

Parliaments are simply agents for the bankers. Are congresses that also? Of course! Originally it wasn't set up that way but it's become that way. It's not supposed to be. They're supposed to represent the people.

"What impact does money have on your campaigning?" If you say that to any of these elected people, what will they say?

"Everything." And so that's what's happened. We've become a totally money controlled culture. They're bribed, threatened, paid off - they would say supported. Their constituents are supporting them. The best way of dealing with that is just full complete disclosure of where your money comes from so people know who is controlling you. But these politicians will not say that they're controlled.

"Oh, no! We represent our constituency," they'll say.

"Where does your money come from and what steps do you take to protect those people who give you money?" you ask.

"I'll give my life!" the politician will say. That's everything.

Jefferson said that every 20 years the citizens should get mad and go down and clean out these corrupt public employees that are flagrantly violating their oaths of office and openly engaging in criminal conduct for their own gain. This is exactly why we had a revolution 220 years ago.

The conditions today are so much worse than they were with the money collectors then. The agents then were not taking your children. They weren't taking your lands. All they were doing was taxing you to pay the troops, the British troops that were over here fighting the French/Indian wars. But, they were not coming in and telling you how to raise your children or telling you what you could grow on your land. Of course, the industrial revolution hadn't taken off then yet and it was a small country of 2 1/2 million people. It had as many people in it - all the colonists - as we have in the state of Oregon today. It was one percent of our population today. But, the idea, the concept of a country where the citizens were acknowledged as the sovereign authority!

That's the whole basis of this country, politically, the sovereignty of the citizens and the limitations on government. The government can only act in accordance with the authority given it by the Constitution. If government exceeds that authority - either the Legislature exceeds it by passing laws that are unconstitutional, or the Executive through carrying out policies that are unconstitutional - you have a right to go into an independent third branch of government, the Judicial, and assert in a lawful form why they can't do what they're doing.

The whole idea of the judicial system is an independent, impartial body where that interaction can go on and the ordinary pressures and stresses that build up between government and people can be constantly released. That is the release mechanism, the court system, so that you have this ability to protect yourself if you have been violated. Well, what I know is that they've all fused together, the legislative, the judicial and the executive. That's what legislator Gary George said.

"It has become One."

They have an agenda and the agenda is this New World Order, to make us all submit to this economic political process that has been set up. We are a totally money-controlled culture, worldwide. Everywhere.

You hear talk about democratic societies and free markets but when every thing is bought and paid for, it is just the few that own, control and run everything. They are the ones that pay the politicians. They're the ones that decide what politicians are elected president, prime minister, premier and all the rest of it. Those people are the ones that hire huge staffs to run all these government functions. But it's totally money-driven. Everyone is working for money. And so, they will not question the source, they will not bite the hand that's feeding them. That process says that you have no rights. If you have no remedy you have no rights. Oh, we will say that you can do this, if we want to. But we can also say you can't do it. And so you have one or 2, very few, dictating policy for everyone.

If you took all the money away from all the judges and all the legislators, took all their financing away, how many of them would you say would come to work the next day? None of them! They're all money-driven and they're doing something for money. The whole system, and the citizens too, has become totally money-controlled and money-directed. Christ said, ' . . . be in it, but not of it . . . ' and we're all in it! But when you're of it, you get yourself in debt. They want to loan you as much money as you can possibly stand so that you're totally restricted and tied into their system, this big new one world economic system. That's what's going on.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

We have a maritime commercial culture that has come into being. Countries first became maritime cultures in ancient Tyre, around 1000 BC. The Phoenicians had astronomy. The cedars, like the cedars of Lebanon, were used to construct their ships. They had engineers and architects. After the fall of Rome, Europe went into the Middle Ages but the commercial activity did not cease. If you took David Rockefeller and could go back 100 generations you'd find exactly that same kind of person who is a commercial instrument, buying and selling. The numbering system and a limited alphabet system were developed to facilitate commerce.

That economic entity went to Venice. The Venetians were the Phoenicians. Venetians, Venetia-Phoenicia-Venetia-similar. Tyre was along the coast of the east end of the Mediterranean Sea and Venice up the coast of Italy. All the little islands and coastal cities in between were little merchant cities. It was a commerce-based culture, as was Carthage.

Carthage was an offspring of the Phoenicians. It was a colony of Tyre, totally based on commerce. Sidon, Biblos and Tyre were the major Phoenician cities but there were other smaller cities all over that area. Cyprus became a commercial center as did Crete, an old civilization too.

When you have that commercially based system, everything is property. Lives, everything is commerce. The merchant codes facilitated trade, which was the backbone of those commercial cultures. Those codes were applied to the people in that commercial system. That system existed around the Mediterranean and it became the law of the merchant. When you ship merchandise, the person who is shipping has to have a surety or a guarantee or a protection or he's not going to ship it. Wherever they traded they had to have military protection from the pirates that would prey on them.

Around 300 AD Rome started to fall. A century later Attila the Hun swept in. Venice was built on a series of small islands in the head waters of the Adriatic so that this mass of barbarians couldn't get out to them. That's how it got its start and kind of a rugged type of people were living there early on. In 3 or 4 hundred AD the Venetians became a military power in and of themselves. But there was no great statesman that came out of Venice. If you read about Shylock in Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, that's who came out of Venice and that is Milton Brown. That merchant of Venice named Shylock is Milton Brown incarnate because everything, EVerything is profit. But through the centuries it became a commercial banking center and by 1000 AD it was controlled by Constantinople in the Byzantine Empire. Constantinople had hegemony over that whole area.

As Constantinople became weaker Venice blossomed and became a republic. It was a maritime commercial republic and so it was not a land-based empire any longer, it was strictly a commerce-based institution. The ruling people were the ruling merchants and they had this republican form of government. They had a doge and a house and a governing body but all they were doing was directly passing the laws that protected them, the law of merchant.

There were no roads, just commerce in all seaports. Constantinople, Athens, Alexandria, Marseilles, the Cyclides Islands of Greece and many other little communities. All that commerce was going back and forth so they needed a uniform code giving merchants the ability to ship out their products and have them protected. They had to have bills of exchange. No mail service existed but they had corresponding banks, privately owned banks to facilitate this commerce. That developed for a thousand years around the Mediterranean before it ever went outside the pillars of Hercules and up into the Netherlands.

The Netherlands were trading colonies too, not to the extent colonies were in the Mediterranean but Amsterdam, Holland, New Harlem, all of those were commercial cities. But the people were so much more predacious up there. Pirate tribes would loot all the ships that came by. So the merchants got together in Amsterdam and the merchant empires of the world and formed the Hanseatic League for their common protection. It was similar to our UN. They came together for mutual protection and to police the pirates.

The countries were not like we have them today. They were city/states. They were these small commercial centers along the coasts everywhere. Anywhere there was a commercial center shipping products they wanted to be protected.

That system of commerce included private banking houses. These very wealthy families became banking families that facilitated trade. As feudal lords they would try to assert their might but the church of Rome was pre-eminent. It formed those wild barbarians into a docile peasantry. They were kept ignorant in fear and superstition by the church, which was the ruler over all of Christendom. In fact, the pope led armies. The de Medicis of Florence for example.

In Michelangelo's time one of the popes was a de Medici, Catherine de Medici's father or uncle. Catherine was from the de Medici family of Florence, Italy and she became the queen of France, the wife of Henry II. She had 3 sons who were all kings too, Henry the IV and two others. She was responsible for the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre. The Catholics were told to put X's on their doors then the soldiers and Catholics went in and killed all the Protestants. Brutal. They called families like the de Medici dynasty the merchant princes, family dynasties that were banking houses.

That banking skill developed probably 3000 years ago. You could go back into these commercial centers and go into the bankers' rooms and nothing has changed in 3000 years. It's always profit. How much is this product costing and how much

can we sell it for? What is the risk and what is the return? That is the very nut of our whole commercial system that has exploded now all around the world.

There was an ongoing conflict with the feudal aristocracy that was in place. But the advent of the industrial revolution gave rise to the ability to have unlimited wealth. Historically, countries would get into battles but they would fight like wild animals fight. They would come and they would huff and puff and skirmish and fight pitched battles, but they wouldn't destroy each other down to the last man. They would exhaust themselves and when they would exhaust themselves financially they would separate. But once central banks were created and people gained the ability to create perpetual wealth through the industrial revolution, then the slaughter and loss became enormous.

Up until the industrial revolution, the feudal powers controlled all the land mass and the huge armies. They were in control because they had the troops. These commercial centers would literally buy protection from the feudal system to be able to command their own troops.

Before the industrial revolution the banking houses were not central banks, except perhaps in Sweden. With the advent of the industrial revolution that banking system started eliminating all of the existing feudal systems because the feudal system would not recognize the pre-eminent authority of the banks. The banks could extend credit but they were dependent because the bankers do not have a population base. That's all that the armies originally protected was the wealth of the bankers. The armies were conscripted in these feudal societies. The people were owned by the lords and the barons. You had no rights. You were just property, you were a serf, in the feudal system.

I was stunned when I read that David Rockefeller was speaking to some press group 10 or 15 years ago and he was thanking them for their cooperation because this could never have been done if they had not cooperated. The media has a stranglehold on information and news. It's just mind-boggling the ability that the media has to keep from the people what is, in fact, going on. It's just incredible. The internet is probably one of the biggest tools against the media in this fight.

If you look at all of the revolutions, all the wars since the French Revolution, there has been this unabated move to eliminate all the feudal societies from the face of the earth, which has now been done. There is no country in the world that is not in debt to the world bankers. They're all in receivership too. We are in receivership. There is little or no difference between bankruptcy, reorganization

of the debt and receivership. If you are in a bankrupt situation you cannot pay your debts as they come due. That's bankruptcy. You are placed into a receivership. A receivership usually is a creditors' committee.

"Ok, this is how you're going to run your business," the creditors say. The only purpose for running your business is to service the debt that you owe. Pay the interest.

I have come to realize that that is the system that is in place now. Virtually the entire world is in receivership. At some point they will call in the debt and take possession of the assets and that is what they are doing right now. Look at what is happening to all of our lands! They're trying to run the people off the lands if they're out in these rural areas. By taking out the Savage Rapid Dam they drive them off their lands and drive them into the cities. This is what they're doing down in Klamath Falls. The same thing.

Wherever the government - Big Brother - comes now, that's what he's trying to do. He's trying to get you out of the backlands, the country, so that the corporate farmers can come in and take over there. You will be living in a city where you can be controlled. That's their basic strategy. The water is still shut off in Klamath Falls but I can't get them to really listen to me yet. They still think that they can hire an attorney some place and go some place and ask the system to undo what the other part of the system is doing to them. The system is restricting our use of the land, driving people off their lands and creating biospheres under the guise of protecting the wild animals. But what they are actually doing is dispossessing the people of their land and turning the world into a global managed plantation. It's an economic process. That law of merchant that used to apply only to the Venetian merchants has become the uniform commercial code (UCC) in which the whole world economy is now entrenched.

'Oh, we're going to have camera surveillance' and ID cards with your picture and your history on them 'to protect you' they say. But what they're really using it for is to protect themselves from us. If they truly want to protect us they should operate under the rule of law! That's the protection we need.

We have become like Gulliver and the Lilliputians. We've been lying down and they've been throwing these strands over us one at a time. At any time, one strand you could break. But these strands kept going back and forth over us. They're putting this web over us and once you're in that web by yourself it's impossible to break it. And the UCC is the ultimate web.

So the country, the United States, Inc., is a debtor and we are an asset of a judgment debtor, basically. That's what the UCC has done. When you are given your social security number, that is the mark of the beast, because that is your straw man. Your name all in capital letters is your straw man. When they come after you for taxes your straw man is the legal fiction that they employ and you are basically deemed to be a surety for your straw man. The assumption is that because you are receiving benefits you tacitly agree to this scheme. With that code it is a disputable presumption that you consent to be just a number in it. Your social security number is basically the mark of the beast because you're just an asset of a bankrupt debtor, who's only purpose in life is to produce wealth to pay off the bankrupt's debt. We are colonists. We're really only paying the interest. The debt stays. They want to keep the debt there so they can keep the control. That whole structure, that whole edifice that the bankers have built up, they cannot come and speak openly.

"We are your masters," although, I was shocked to see a political cartoon in the paper recently showing the British lion as a big fat plutocrat with a cigar and British money control powers, riding on the back of lady liberty with a harness! It looks to me like they're pulling back the curtain as in the Wizard of Oz. You hear the little voice back there, and you pull back the curtain and you see this little rat, I call him Milton Brown, this con man manipulating it all. That's what we are dealing with.

If people step up and say, "We will not tolerate that . . ." WHOOF!! Like Mother. Mother chases them away. I go up and arrest Brown. I chase him out of the courtroom. And still, nothing. The system that is supposed to have this mechanism in it, this release valve, is frozen. No matter what they steal, what they do, the children they take, Pam's children, property, whatever they take, you cannot by yourself, or even with a small group, penetrate it because the system is in place. People don't want to come to that realization but it's true.

In the commercial culture everything is an asset, including people. Revelations talks about how in the last days they are selling all these various goods, including slaves and the souls of men. Body parts, all of that. This is what they're doing. The commercial culture is dictating the kind of human beings that we are to produce by the programs, the education programs and all that. They're creating this kind of a mindless, spineless, asexual 'it' that will just perform a function for them. Like any other domestic animal they need this human life form to perform the services that they need to have performed in order to run the

global plantation. That's basically what they're doing. I look at people in stores and wherever I go and think, my God people! If you tell them to defend themselves, defend freedom or liberty, it's a totally foreign concept to them.

A commercial culture does not have a soul. It is driven solely by money. We live in the golden age of civilization. All of these things that we have, it is marvelous. But what frightens me is that it is totally heartless too. It has no soul to it at all. In the business world the drive for profit is the absolute controlling factor. It's what structures every business entity. It's what structures every political entity. It gives us all of these things. But step back from it and ask yourself.

"How can I control this fire that we need?" If we didn't have it we'd all be hoeing corn someplace on a little patch of ground, trying to subsist. But people think aHA!

"I've arrived! Here and now! Oh this is wonderful! We just love to play!" and they become totally pleasure-driven. That's all they want to do is please themselves. They want to retire, they want to play, they want to play golf.

"Oh Roger I can't stand it. Don't talk to me. I just want to have fun. I just want - I just want - I just want . . ." like children.

Adult animals out in the wild, what do they do? They protect the young ones from danger. If wolves come up they will put the children in the middle and drive off the wolves to protect that animal herd.

Should we do less?. We're human tribes. We're totally dependent for the quality of our life on one another.

What I'm seeing that is so dangerous is the evaporation of people with a sense of adult responsibility. People! What - how are we being managed? How are we being run? Are you watching them? Are you scrutinizing them? And this is what they do not do. It's so hard to get people to do it.

Without the world banking community and that financial component we would not have the high tech quality of life that we have now. It is essential to have the money for the research. Even the wars were the impetus for so much of the science that we have today. But what is so dangerous is the unwillingness to see the danger with which we are all confronted. It is so hard to make people wake up to that. This is a design by a few to control everyone.

The very nature of a commercial entity, it's very function, is to protect and increase it's wealth. It has a life of it's own. That is to protect it, to increase it and to diminish risk and threat to it. That economic equation is the driving engine.

But, if you let it get out of control it's like a train going down the track with no throttle. And it's the people that have to be the throttle, that have to restrict it and limit it. And you do that by compelling the government to comply with the rule of law.

But the only place you can do that is in the courtroom. You cannot go out and confront them with arms because you're then a terrorist and you'll be wiped out. So, you have to go into the courtroom and that's why they've kept such an iron hand on these courtrooms. Security and 'All rise' and it's this very defined and ritualized procedure. The more corrupt it is the more ritualized it is.

It's like the British - Her Majesty! The Empress of India! The Sovereign of All! It's just to dazzle the eyes of the commoner. The temples and the churches they build.

They build these huge mosques so that when you walk in, the peasant who can't read, can't write, he's just awestruck. When the ones from the crusades went into Constantinople it was just like taking my father when he was a 10-year-old kid, raised in a small town in Montana, and putting him into New York City with the subways and skyscrapers. It would just be overwhelming to him. Always they want to overwhelm you with the form so that you don't address the substance.

And the substance is that in this country there is one class of citizens, all equal. Equal protection, due process of law, that means a fair hearing, before you can take anything from a sovereign citizen. That means the ability to go into that courtroom and to speak in a normal tone of voice, charging anyone with whatever you want to charge them with. If I'm saying something false let them challenge me, question me in a courtroom, under oath. If I've said it falsely and maliciously I'm liable for what I've said. But they've put these political prostitutes in there who protect the perpetrators. The very people that the system is set up to guard us against, they're protecting! They've just spun it around.

What has happened is that the separation of power, the concept that you have 3 different branches of government, each forming checks and balances on the other branches, to prevent centralized absolute power from being vested in one authority, that has evaporated. They give lip service to it but into these judgeships they have placed individuals who simply rubberstamp whatever action the government takes against you. Where I really see that is in the federal courts when they created the Internal Revenue service. The authority to tax by code is limited. The IRS has broadened that to include all individuals. Originally a person or individual was a corporate entity. Only those that were living in the

District of Columbia, or the territories, were subject to the tax. Nowhere in the internal revenue code does it say that a person, an individual has to pay the tax. But they interpret that and they make you file these returns and if you don't they come after you and prosecute you.

The US attorneys are all appointed by the Attorney General. The Attorney General can hire and fire all US attorneys and this is what Janet Reno did when she came into office. She fired 92 US attorneys all across the country and put in her own people, who would be amenable to her policies. Reno, of course, was acting under the direction of President Clinton, who is a lapdog politician for the New World Order.

So, they have taken over the control of the executive branch. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were not controlled by them that much. The first few presidents were mindful of that. But before long, particularly with Van Buren, who was from New York, there was this strong control that comes out of the banking centers. So, what I have seen is that the Executive branch and the court system are totally controlled.

The court system no longer performs the function that it was intended to perform. No longer is it an open arena where a citizen can come in and challenge the constitutionality of an act that has been passed. That was the original intent of the court system. Now, of course, they've turned this whole thing upside down. It was supposed to be separate equal branches of government where, if legislation was passed there had to be some way to challenge it. The mechanism for challenging it was to go into court and have it struck down as being unconstitutional. But now, if the president doesn't veto it, it goes into existence.

If there are some filthy, vile pornography films that are being pandered to the public the money interests will come in and protect their profits.

"Oh, you cannot stop that, why that's first amendment, freedom of speech." But when a person has been wrongfully taxed or their property taken and due process has been completely ignored and they say it's unconstitutional, many judges have given an entirely different response.

"I don't want to hear the Constitution mentioned in this courtroom!!!" They don't say that to the big movie moguls when they come in about constitutional rulings. The whole system has become corrupted by the money powers.

Now if you've got some huge law firm and you've got crooks on both sides, then you may get a fair fight. But, that's the problem. The system has been corrupted. The little guy, if he's up against the insurance company, if he's up

against all these government agencies, it's all stacked against him. He hires a small sole practitioner not realizing he is David against Goliath because the agency, his thieving attorney, the judge, they're all working together. That's what is set up in our court system. They work together. If the corrupt attorney or agency files a motion to dismiss your complaint the judge will grant it out of hand. He's not supposed to do that.

In the Gaston case they have all the facts on their side. There's no dispute as to those facts. A jury found that the judges were conspiring in Judge Ertsgaard's court. So it was assigned to Judge Fred Avera's court and Avera, on the motion of the state, dismissed the complaint saying it was frivolous, totally ignoring what had been established in the previous case. This is how treacherous and shameless our court system has become.

Suing Janette Kent was partially just another way to get it back into court but also, I'm a 25% owner of that estate by fee agreement. I want to be judicially declared the 25% owner so that I can pursue these individuals as an owner, in my own right. That's the reason I filed that lawsuit against her and also it gave me the opportunity to go into that court out there and rip 'em apart, just talk openly with all those people in that courtroom. They entered their motion for change of venue and I appealed that.

You can file anything. The problem is what kind of action? Will the other side move to dismiss it? They probably will.

There are Oregon Rules of Civil Procedure about a complaint stating that you have to name the parties and the underlying Cause of Action. When you have the case Pam has, there are probably 2 or 3 hundred different cases that could be developed out of the fact basis that exists in her case. She's been victimized by the system. She and Will Gaston are being criminally victimized by the corrupt judicial system, by the Child Services Division.

You have the courts trying to protect the Child Services Division, which became involved in covering up pornography, engaging in pornography and I'm not so sure that those judges haven't been themselves viewing that, not with a critical eye but for entertainment purposes.

The Oregon Rules of Civil Procedure can be found in the Oregon Revised Statutes. There is a section called Oregon Rules of Civil Procedure. That is available.

A courtroom with a judge is simply a place to make a record.

If I was governor of this state I'd make judges wear referee striped robes, black and white like referees - not these black robes like a priest's robe - so people would see them for what they are, referees in a dispute. But that, of course, is how the system has been corrupted. They put into place these judges who ignore their oaths of office and have an agenda. That has evolved into a situation where they are always against the victim, the person coming into court for relief. The judge is always on the other side.

Usually, most of the judges that are like this are cowards, they're that shameless. They're usually cowardly men. They will not stand up for the truth. They hide behind their robes. They have the police officers, who are trained in crowd control and intimidation and they usually get the biggest ones to come into those courts, to sit there and control the crowd and to intimidate them.

"Stand up! Take off your hat," they say. Do this! Do that! Those are all means of intimidating the people.

To break through that, I realized I needed people. When I go into the courthouse I get the crowd of people and I get them in the lobby of the courthouse. That serves 2 functions. It intimidates the guards but it also focuses the attention of the group.

I've found that people, when they come into the courthouse, so often, unless they are experienced, they get very nervous. They want to be distracted. They have to run off and go have a cigarette or go to the bathroom or go call someone. They have a nervousness and they want to do something to break that nervousness. They will walk into the courtroom visiting with one another and not really being totally attentive to what is going on. \

Because of that I've been arrested numerous times whereas I may otherwise not have been, just because they were distracted talking, visiting with one another.

"People, pay attention! Pay attention!" I say. When they paid attention the guards would back off. When they were distracted the guards would move in. So, that's what I do. I get the people in the lobby of the courthouse.

"This is what's going on here." Kettleberg case - "Brown and Hahn murdered their partner, forged the documents, these judges are protecting this." In the Chet Jones case - "forging those documents out there and running through sham proceedings" - in the Gaston case, the Murietta case, all these different cases, that's what I do. I get this large crowd of people. All these clerks see that crowd assembling and know why I'm there. When they see that crowd coming in

talking about the corruption it intimidates the hell out of them. They go and lock their courtroom doors and I'll see them standing inside looking at us out in the hallway. This is how intimidated they are.

This gal Sue Guthrie is being prosecuted by the Bar. She's an attorney. She's been helping out somewhat but she was sensitive about having us come in because she didn't want to be too closely associated with the group. Now, she's being run through prosecution. She's calling me for help. I tell people, with what's going on, you cannot ride 2 horses. You're either with the crooks or you're with the victims. You have to make that choice.

People don't want to do it because they're afraid. They're gripped by fear. They're going to lose something, their standard of living, or something is going to happen to them. They're going to lose some money. That's what motivates most people.

People think the system runs on automatic pilot. In a free society, the number one responsibility of a citizen, if he's fortunate enough to have been born in a society that protects his rights from birth, is to recognize and preserve those individual rights for himself and his progeny. That's not the history of civilization at all. The history of civilization is master and slave. In this country, through the revolution, we created the Constitution as a protection against tyranny. But it cannot stand by itself. It needs the support of the honest citizens in the community. And what I'm seeing is that people just, out of fear, a threat or apathy, they will not stand up. They will run away. And when you run away from tyranny you play right into the hands of the tyrant because, of course, that's what he wants you to do! He wants to threaten and intimidate you. When you stand up to a tyrant they always fold and run away. Their whole game is bluff and I see this with these judges.

"I'm warning you Weidner . . ." threatening me in the courtroom and then I see them out in the street.

"Come here judge. I want you to talk to these people about the corruption that is going on in these courts," and they run. They take off and they run.

The laws make the citizens the sovereign authority. That's not what the courts tell you but that's the reality. All judges take oaths of office to uphold the Constitution. The citizens do not take oaths of office to uphold the Constitution. We are the sovereigns. We are the ones that these public officials take an oath to protect. When people realize that, and they go into the court, they watch those court proceedings just like they would watch if they were

looking through glass while burglars were raiding their houses, not in awe, but just intently. They watch what is going on.

Look at these judges not with eyes of respect but look at them with a controlled contempt and observe what they are doing. What I tell people when I go into those courtrooms is this.

"If the judge says anything to me people, you say in one voice, 'Let him speak!'" The whole group says it. 'Let him speak!' or 'Let her speak!' And when the group does it, it's hard for that judge to take on that entire body of people. If he wants to hold the whole body in contempt he'll tell the guards to clear the courtroom. But he will not arrest the whole body of people. If you have the single person standing there at the bench trying to speak, the judge will tell him to be quiet. The judge will have the guard arrest him on contempt charges. The party that's in the courtroom is trying to remember what he's to say, and then if he has to take on that judge too, there's just a tremendous amount of stress on him. By the crowd taking on the judge then the crowd backs the judge down. That's the key.

On a case I was at in Judge Herrell's court I told the party that if his attorney wouldn't speak up, fire the attorney. So, the attorney didn't speak up.

"Fire him! Fire him!" I started saying in a controlled whisper.

"Clear the courtroom!" the judge said.

"People these are sham proceedings," I said.

"One more word out of you Weidner and I'll have you taken out of here!"

"That's the same thing you did to Janette Kent when she tried to speak the truth in this courtroom," and WHAM! He got me.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

It was awfully hard for me to make Pam Gaston understand the process of how a case goes through the court. When it begins, first of all there are motions. If either side has a motion that they want to disqualify the judge, that's usually heard first. Then they will ask if there is any opening statement. You get up and tell what your case is about, and the other side does too. Then you call your first witness, they call their witnesses, then you cross-examine. You call rebuttal witnesses, and you make a closing argument telling what the facts show.

Well, Pam would want to start trying the case and would become argumentative and would just insist on speaking. So, it was a little tough at first to get her to understand the dynamic. Now she does, and she does very well at it. But she's rare. I've found few that have the ability to do that. They get upset and angry. I try to have them impose a mental discipline so they're not reacting each moment to what they are feeling.

Most people want to tell you what they feel. They're mad, they're happy. They cannot take themselves out emotionally and speak objectively. You have to take yourself out of your past and view it with a dispassionate quality because if you get angry, it's like short-circuiting your memory. A person that is angry simply cannot think. He is filled with emotion and rage and his memory shuts down.

All that a courtroom is, is a place to make a public record of events that have occurred in the past. What you are doing is coming into that courtroom and relating those events that happened in the past. You're doing that through witnesses' testimony, and people want to listen to that.

But if you come in and, ". . . he's a crook!" and you just get angry, then people watch your anger and they watch the judge react to your anger, and they do not pay attention to the facts in the case. That's what goes on.

There's nothing worse for a person than to have his children taken from him, particularly if he thinks the children are being abused while in foster care. This is so often what I'm finding, to my horror. I'm finding that these children are being abused, or they're being brainwashed in these foster homes, turned against their parents, horrible stuff. And the parents are just in a state of shock. I see this so often. They walk almost robot-like, trying to cope with it. They cannot detach themselves from it and deal with it objectively. They are totally subjectively involved in their problems.

You get a whole group of people like that, it's so hard to work with them because when someone is injured and grieving, what they want to do is tell that story. It's all boiling inside of them, and they want to tell it. That has a soothing effect, to release it and tell it.

But what I tell people is that we are at war. And you simply cannot have a bunch of soldiers going around telling each other about the horrible personal things that happened to them because it takes the focus away from the primary purpose for which they are there: mutual protection.

People get impatient and short with each other, and they can't listen to it and they don't listen. When someone is grieving, they're not listening when another person is speaking. At best, they're just waiting for their chance to tell their own story, hoping that someone can help them.

Even though you lose, you still win because what you are doing in these courtrooms is exposing the corruption that is going on. And the worse it is, the better it demonstrates to the public, who cannot believe it, what you've been saying about how corrupt it is.

Judges, like this Fred Avera will comment:

"You have a good point there Mrs. Gaston. Yes, I understand that . . . " acting like he is going to go along with it. And a lot of judges will do that all throughout the hearing.

"But I find this other is so . . . " they will say at the end. That puts doubt into your supporters' heads that maybe there is something wrong with your case. And, when it creates doubt in your supporters minds, they back off. They start questioning you.

"Well, why didn't you do this? You should have done that . . . " which just absolutely fatigues you to listen to.

So, I tell people that the worse it is in that courtroom, the better it is, because what we do is put it into the paper, and we spread it out for everyone to see how horrible it was.

When I was getting into this early on, some of my supporters would look to compliment, at any turn, the judges that were hearing the case.

"They finally gave him a fair hearing," they would say.

He gave me a "fair" hearing, but he ignored the evidence and ruled against me, which he never should have done. But my supporters made it sound like I got a fair hearing. Well, he let me speak, but as far as ruling on the merits of the case, there was no evidence to support what he did.

People will say that the system can't do that to them, or that they're right. They will find something that will confirm their belief that they are right.

Causes of Action, when you are injured are what we learned in law school. If it's a tort, there's no contract. You have a duty. We have duties one to another. And if you violate that duty and you injure me, and you don't have justification for doing it, you've committed a tort. They call it a tort and I can sue you for damages. You run into my car. Negligent. You don't keep your sidewalk clear of ice. This is how issues come before a court.

But in law school, they do not teach you how to deal with corrupt judges. Never, ever is that even mentioned! The judge may have made an erroneous ruling, and you can appeal it because he did not follow the proper rule. In a court system it's all supposed to be based on precedent.

There is a certainty to the law. There's the case law that deals with certain kinds of cases. You go into the law library and you read a case, and then you go to what they call Shepard's, and you can "Shepardize" it. Shepardizing lists subsequent cases in which the ruling has been overturned, reversed or modified. This is the research that goes into practicing law. When you prepare trial memorandums, you are supposed to give all this law to the judge. The judge looks at it, and he's briefed. He doesn't know the facts in the case, he just sits. But you submit a memorandum, the other side submits a memorandum, both showing what case law supports your position. This is what is supposed to go on. This is what we learned in law school. You put on the facts that support your position. And then, at the conclusion of that, after each side has put on its facts, the judge speaks.

"Anything more you want to say, Mr. A?"

"No."

"Anything more you want to say Mr. B?"

"No."

"These are the findings of fact that I'm making. I'm finding yut da da da, and these are the conclusions of law that I am finding, this rule applies . . ." and so you have a foundation laid there where the facts are presented, the judge applies the law to the facts, and you have a decision. And then you appeal that decision if one side or the other doesn't like it for whatever reason. Perhaps he made an error. But it's all in the record.

Well, that is what they give lip service to. And that's what your attorney will do when you go to see him. He will pull out a law book off the shelf.

"Well, here in Jones vs. Smith, it says they can't do it," and he's trying to win your confidence.

"No, they're not going to get away with . . ." depending on how much money you have, because the meter is always running in his head. And it's always, 'How much money can I get out of this case? How much is it going to cost me? What are the pros and the cons of it for me?' from a money perspective only. He's always looking at it from his side, but he has to convince you.

This is why they don't talk very much, lawyers don't. They're feeling you out. What they want to do is win your confidence so that you become totally completely controlled by them.

"We need 10 more thousand," he'll say.

"Ok, here you are."

Do this. Do that. They get in this position of control over you. And, if you've got a good attorney, and you have a clean court, you want to do exactly what he says because that's the expertise you are buying.

It's like going out into the wild. Whom do you want taking you through there? Do you want some old scout who's been across that swampland a thousand times and has the scars to show for it, or do you want someone who's just been giving tours down at Disneyland in Jungle World?

The real world experience is not what you learn in moot court in law school. You do not learn treachery and deceit and duplicity and set-up and sham proceedings and all of that. That is what you cannot acquire by reading a book.

"Roger, I just didn't see it," Ed Snook said. He got mad at me early on, when I was talking about the corruption of the judges.

Now he sees it. And once you see it, it's just like you've been deceived by someone. You have an image in your head and you react based on that image and that perception. Once you see the person do something totally out of character, you see them for what they really are.

You have a perception, even with mates sometimes. Each side tries to put on an air, a pretense, to try to impress the other. They each want to have the other think highly of them. But they're just creating an image.

A lot of people do that. They create images for each other. They play-act with each other until things get to a certain point. Then you see it, you've been around, and WHAM! You see a totally different side.

Well, what's so dangerous is that, with the law, the other side is always the money! Always, the money is controlling in a situation. The little guy can virtually never, ever win. It's impossible.

So, that's what has evolved, and that's the reality of what we're living with. And anything else people think other than that, they're naïve. And if you try to tell people they are naïve they just rear up at you, and you have to coax them because they have to be led at their own pace. I've learned the hard way that you just have to let go of them until they will come to you.

Janette Kent would get furious at me and attack me. She thought my angering the judges was causing her grief. But she has been totally relentless in fighting the corruption. It took her 12 years to finally realize that the court system is corrupt.

Pam Gaston has some of that in her too. She gets enraged, and when that happens, anyone who's around her gets verbally clawed and mauled. But she, too, is relentless in the courtroom.

Every time someone does what I say, they prevail. That is The Weidner Method.

All I'm doing is creating the environment where the rules of law are observed. And I'm doing that simply by bringing this body of people in and forcing that court system to do what I learned was the process 35 years ago, and that's to allow you to open up and make a record of whatever injury you've suffered. But look what has happened in the system, now that this "New World Order" crowd has taken over.

The bought-and-paid-for politicians have appointed these judges, and no one will run against them. You have to be a member of the Bar to run for judgeship. If you take one on and you start talking about the corruption, they'll hit you just like a viper strike. It is a poisoned environment. Those people in it are existing off of a poisoned environment. If you threaten that, you threaten them. They are all interlinked together. They've all covered each others' backsides for so long, they've gotten to the lowest common denominator where they're covering and protecting someone like a Milton Brown, who none of them will even acknowledge that they know! They won't even acknowledge that they know him, and here he was a member of the Bar.

I'm a wordsmith and I cannot think of words bad enough for him. He's a murderer, a vile, treacherous, shameless, thieving murderer, and he gloats over it. He boasts about it, about doing people in, causing them death by his treachery.

Brown once traded a man his office building for the man's farm so the guy could retire and get rental income. But Brown controlled the tenants that were in his old office building. As soon as he made the trade, he had all the tenants move out of the office building so that the man couldn't make the underlying mortgage payment. Brown had his farm and then he foreclosed, so he got his building back. And the guy came looking for him just mad as hell, looking for him, and he ultimately died, he was that distressed.

"Well, I guess everything's coming up roses," Brown says, with him dead up here. And he also wiped out Doctor Brady and built his home on Brady Road. And so, every day, he drives back and forth over Brady. This is how sicko this guy is, and he's being protected by our judicial system. You cannot get anything any worse than that.

The evil is the pretense. If those judges sat down there with patches over one eye, scars, and flew the Jolly Roger in the courtroom, and that's what they should do, then when you came in, you could clearly see who it is. You could see the wolf, not the wolf in sheep's clothing. And that's what the whole system has evolved into.

At the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars, after the battle of Waterloo, the French House of Rothschild and the English House of Rothschild met together. From that time on, these historic enemies, England and France, were locked-at-the-hip allies. They fomented the Civil War. They were going to break the South, in league with Mexico. They had French and English armies in Mexico waiting to invade when, at the request of Abraham Lincoln, Alexander II sent the Russian fleets off both coasts blockading the harbors, and that stopped them. Czarist Russia came in as our ally against the House of Rothschild.

That's basically what was going on. That's how powerful you are when you control the banking houses of France and the banking houses of England. Look at the map of the last century and where the French flag and the English flag flew around the world. They say the sun never set on the English empire, and it never set on the French empire either.

I read these books. In 1895, the world bankers met in Basil, Switzerland. In 1895, they had a supply line from England to South Africa, the Boer war, and they were supplanting the Boers, who were from Amsterdam. Holland was a maritime power before England, and Holland established South Africa. At the congress in Basil, the bankers planned the future world wars, the creation of the state of Israel, and the creation of the super international banker state of the United States.

Through the Spanish-American war, the bankers took over Spain's possessions. We took over Cuba, the Philippines, Hawaii, Puerto Rico. All of that came in to us at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War.

Then, right away, there was the war between Japan and Russia, in 1905, when the Rothschilds were feeding both sides and then pulled support away from Russia. That was to allow the softening up of Russia. Imperial Russia was standing

in their way. They had shown their might in our Civil War, and so they had to be reduced. Wilhelm, Von Hindenburg, Moltke after the Franco-Prussian War, all of these Germans were a military caste that was running Germany, and they were a power to reckon with. They had thumped Napoleon III, who was Rothschild's Prince Charming. And they were expanding into these foreign markets, competing with England and France. England and France were the imperial powers. Spain was in decline, so it was just basically France and England.

We were an isolationist country. England and France were creating the international markets. France went into Indo-China. They were looking for raw materials and markets. They wanted the raw materials, then they do the processing of the product and they would make the money. That's where the money is made, taking a raw material, paying little or nothing for it, getting cheap labor, manufacturing a product, selling it and controlling the markets. That's their whole focus. That's what they do. And so they planned those wars.

The communist movement was an outgrowth of the French Revolution. That was when it was first foisted on the people. It was done as a means of turning the poor against the rich. But it was done to eliminate the rich and not to upgrade the poor. That was just a pretense, and it always is.

If you look back, if you look behind the Russian movement, if you look behind Lenin and Trotsky, Lenin's brother had been hung for an assassination attempt on the Czar. Lenin was used by the international bankers at the time of the Mensheviks and some of those other groups. The Bolsheviks were actually the smallest group, but they were the most ruthless. Lenin was put in there by this international bankers group. When that happened, of course, they slaughtered the royal family, anyone who had nobility. They wiped out all of the young men of fighting age, and they wiped out the aristocracy, the intellectual class—slaughtered them by the millions to create a condition. It's not to win the war, but it's to create a condition. And that's why you can never, ever, say it's over.

"Oh, we're going to win! The war's over!" as with Japan or Germany.

"Oh, we've conquered them, and freedom rings!" Well, they've got us by the throat now. They do! They control our politicians, they control our judges, they control our bureaucracies, they control the CIA, all of these alphabet soup agencies, and our justice department, that's what they're doing. This New World Order has put them in there, so that we just have a huge consumer army of dumbed-down people out there working, literally, on the global plantation, doing some little function or task.

If you're skilled as a doctor or as a builder, you can make a lot of money doing those tasks, as long as you stay out of the legal system. But if some crook draws you into that system, once you're in there, it's just like going out and running in a gold field and boy, you pick it up.

"Hey, I've got all this money! I've got it all in my pockets," and they let you prance and dance around, but you're encompassed by a circle of thieves.

"Hey, I'm wealthy! Look at me . . ." until they want it. And as soon as they want it, they just reach out and they sue you. And they pull you into that courtroom. And as soon as they pull you into that courtroom, WHZHTT! They strip you to the bone.

I see people in a little bubble on top of a piranha pool.

"See me," and they're out there swinging their golf clubs and having their dinners, and they're talking and driving around in their Suburbans and going and talking about their trips and their vacations and all of that kind of thing. And then all of a sudden they get into a divorce, a business, or some event that draws them into the court system, and then they implode.

I had one just called me tonight.

"Why, I had this and I had that, and now my wife ran off with my best friend and I'm being arrested and charged." Just being completely devoured.

They think if they tell you that yut tuh tuh, yut tuh tuh, it just rocks my head. They just want to tell someone. They always want to tell you what happened, over and over again. You can speak for a thousand years and it's not going to change the system.

The only thing that changes the system is what we are doing. We're standing up, we're telling the truth, and we're speaking the truth in those courtrooms. If you don't do that, we are doomed. We're absolutely doomed. We are doomed to live just like chickens in a big chicken yard. And the chicken keeper—who is the wolf, tending the flock—he just reaches in and grabs you.

And who is it? Well, it's the other attorney, it's your attorney, and it's the judge. And what do they want? They want every nickel that you have. That's what they want. Your attorney wants it, the other attorney wants it, and the judge is bought and paid for, and he doesn't get anything unless that happens.

So, it's the dog and pony show that's put on in front of you by your own attorney, setting you up to walk you in there. That's the treachery. That is the evil. And how those men can look themselves in the eye in the mirror, I simply do not understand. I don't know how they can possibly sleep at night.

The reason you pay an attorney the exorbitant fees that you do is because he's going to become your alter ego. That's what you pay him for. You pay him \$200 an hour, and he needs that because he's got a secretary and a staff and a researcher and all that, and he's had to go to school to learn how the system works, to learn the laws, and to learn how to take on your case and go in and fight for it. And even if you've got a clean court system, you're always dealing with an opponent who is trying to pull a fast one. Always. And you've got to be on your feet and deft enough to anticipate that, to prevail.

The only reason an attorney should ever take you to court is if he can assure you:

"I think we can do it. I think we have a good chance." Otherwise, save your money.

If it's an impossibility, he should be saying:

"Cut your losses." I can never get any of those people in the patriot movement to understand that.

I tell people:

"Listen like you're in class." I'm not asking, 'What do you think?'

That's what is so difficult to do. The core of my problem is the inability to get people to sit and listen to what I'm telling them, not as a theory. I find that in the patriot movement everyone has a theory. Everyone who gets up and speaks wants to talk about what they know. They want to have other people listen to what they are saying. And they're simply naïve about the system.

"Oh, they've got the blue-fringed flag on it, or they've got the capital U. They've got my name all in capital letters and it should be in upper and lower case," they say. And maybe it should be. But that's not the core problem. It's that you cannot get into a courtroom and talk to a group of people in a normal tone of voice about what has, in fact, happened to you. I think in large part honest people are just naïve.

My father was pathologically honest. Never, ever was he in a cutthroat business environment. He was just never around that. My mother said he sold cars for a short period of time, but he got beat out of a couple of commissions and just would have nothing more to do with it. He worked in the fire department where you take an order, you give an order, you don't lie, you don't cheat, you don't do those things. And that's the kind of a climate I grew up in. My mother and father would call me on that in a minute. I would never come and brag that I cheated someone or got by by lying. That was never acceptable. It was

condemned. What I'm seeing now in our culture is that how you deceive other people is what is glorified.

It's all deceit, the whole system, the government system. Here we hire these people to do certain ministerial functions, to provide public services, to construct public works, safety and those kinds of things, and they take an oath that they will do this, respecting the rights of the citizen.

And what do we have? We have a political structure that is totally money controlled and protected by an armed force that is tantamount to a national police force.

What we are drifting into is national socialism. It's Nazism, which means national socialism. That's where you have a central government, which our founding fathers tried to prevent. Central governments and standing armies, they knew then as we know now, are controlled by money. That's the whole purpose, the control of the power structure. And what is the power structure? The power structure is the money structure. The people always have to balance that. You cannot do away with it. If we did not have the money structure we would not have any of our highways, we wouldn't have any of our improvements. You have to have pools of money to create the engineering and all these things that go into making new products and new designs. You have to have that.

If it depended on people like my parents, we'd all still be living on farms, having little plots of land, everyone growing their own food and making their own clothes. We need those skills, but we need an enlightened, informed and alert citizenry watching them all the time, watching our public servants, who are our employees. We are the employers. You watch the employees to make sure that they are doing what we employed them to do.

We created the Security and Exchange Commission to regulate the stockbrokers. We have the justice department to prosecute criminal behavior. We have all of these statutes on the books that I could use to prosecute anyone that I've come into contact with, either because they are actively participating in fraud or they are public officials who know about the fraud and are not doing anything about it. That's called misprision of a felony. That's when a public official is informed of a criminal act and doesn't do anything about it.

When the Constitutional Congress came together and selected George Washington as the Commander-in-Chief of the continental army, the committee members were all out there giving him advice to do this and do that, and he just had to assert his authority. In ancient Rome when they had a disaster, when the

barbarians would be at the gate, they would give one person dictatorial powers for 6 months to deal with it.

We have chaos in this patriot movement because they get these huge egos that they are right. If you say, "You're not right," they will argue. I've had them threaten me with arrest at these meetings for just trying to explain to them not that I know everything, but just saying what I do know. And I do know how the court system works. That's what I'm expert on. And I know that they don't know how it works. I've seen them in court. They talk like buc buc buc buc buc, until they get into court and then they get frozen vocal chords and they come back out. It's the hardest thing.

Now with this judicial counsel, and with the paper, I want to set up an editorial board, so you have a group of six or seven people like a board of directors. I hope, as we continue to expand, things will become more orderly. There is no council that makes a collective decision based on the best judgment of the participants and then carries that out. You can't get them to do that. They all have their own agendas and they're seeing issues from their individual perspectives. You can't get them to take their personal problems and set them aside. That's always pulsating in their consciousness because it's causing them so much grief they're inclined to it. But I think with this newspaper going out everywhere, what I know is that we've overthrown this corrupt regime. They cannot show up in court. That's the key.

What they're trying to do is starve us out because in our system, without money you can't fight. It has been difficult for me to create a financial support base because they will dry it up right away, given the enormous magnitude of this. I've tried changing the venue to federal court but it's basically the same wherever we go. It is so shocking to me that it can go on this long. We've completely exposed all this. There's no one challenging the truthfulness of anything that I'm saying. I'm arresting Milton Brown. The police are threatening me with arrest for performing a citizen's arrest on him. This is how corrupt the system has become.

I became aware of the corruption in July of 1990. I was first arrested in February of 1991. Before that, when we had our first trial before Judge Crookham, he conducted a fair trial and Janette Kent won. I had no idea that this corruption had been set up in the system. I had a regard for virtually every judge. Some of them I didn't think were very bright, but I never questioned their basic integrity. Subsequently, Crookham retired, Londer took over and this

whole movement set in to protect the theft of an estate, in the Kettleberg case, which is now worth around \$100,000,000. What they now know is that, when we come into that courtroom, if the guards are threatening at all, we will confront them.

When I was out at Judge Sealander's a couple years ago—I'd been brought into Sealander's court previously, chained up, four guards on me in that courtroom, in shackles—when I came back again, I brought Lou Beres, Jesse and others in the courtroom with me, this big crowd, and all of a sudden there were six or eight guards coming up the steps into the courtroom. As they came in—and I handed out papers to them whenever I was out there—I confronted them.

"You guards know what's going on. These attorneys and judges here are forging these documents, stealing this property, and you're doing nothing about it." And they just gave me this 'big look.' They went over and sat down. No more threat.

They know that when they arrest me, they have to bring me into the courtroom on the arrest charge. And when they bring me there in custody, I turn on them in the court room. I've subpoenaed the judges into the courtroom and put them on the stand.

"I've named you, haven't I judge?" I've had nine of these judges on the witness stand, charging them.

"I've named you, Judge Peterson," while he's sitting on the bench in his robe, former Chief Justice of the Oregon Supreme Court. They never question.

If I talked that way about you, you would get fire in your eye, and if I had you in a courtroom and was attacking you like that, you'd tear me apart.

"What are you talking about, you son-of-a-bitch?" You'd just rip me to shreds, showing me out to be a liar, a fabricator and a perjurer.

When I started this, guards were peaking around the corner and stalking, simply for my coming into court to speak. No alarm bells went off.

When I tell people that, it's like ringing a bell in a vacuum. You're ringing it, or you're yelling and making sounds, but people do not react.

That thing that is going on with the farmers in Klamath Falls and elsewhere, tragic as it is to them, is also developing an army of people that will fight. If you will not fight, if you won't stand up to them and risk going to jail, and go to jail, you will just be like a bunch of barnyard chickens. What do the chickens do when the wolves come into the chicken yard? They all scatter. However, they could all

turn and go after that wolf, no matter if they're a chicken or not. They've got a beak. They can peck.

My petite, 90-year-old mother does that. When she turns on them, it completely undoes them. They have no way of dealing with that. But you have to have that fighting instinct.

THE END

THE WEIDNER METHOD

A Summary of Tactics and Strategy

- 1) Request permission to videotape the proceedings.
- 2) Use the Freedom Of Information Act to get your records. Anything with your name or your child's name on it belongs to you.
- 3) Bring crowds into the courtroom, the bigger the better.
- 4) Speak to the crowd in the corridor and focus its attention. This also intimidates the guards. Tell your supporters that, when the judge tries to shut you down, they should all say together: "Let him speak! Let him speak!" Remind everyone to pay attention in the courtroom. When they pay attention, the guards back off. When they become distracted, the guards move in.
- 5) Speak to the guards and police officers standing around. "You guards know what's going on. These judges, attorneys and state agents are kidnapping these children, rigging elections . . ." or whatever else your case is about.
- 6) Do not rise for the judge if you know he is corrupt. Remain seated when he enters if you want to show that you know he is corrupt.
- 7) Bring binoculars or opera glasses into the courtroom and aim them at the officers of the court for closer scrutiny. It intimidates them.
- 8) Mentally discipline yourself not to think or react emotionally.

- 9) Make the record in the courtroom.
- 10) Stand up together as a group when the guards enter in a threatening manner. If the guards are threatening, get their names.
- 11) Even if you lose, you win, because you are exposing their corruption. Exposure of corruption and the wrath of the public are two things that they fear.
- 12) The worse that it is in the courtroom, the better, because when the story gets into the paper, the people will find out how horrible it was.
- 13) Publish the stories in the newspaper and in any other form of media possible.
- 14) Spread those papers around to every state office, every judge, attorney and government employee and the surrounding community to frighten the public officials and heighten public awareness. Don't forget the police and the courthouse guards.
- 15) Get your tapes of the proceedings from the clerk right away, before you leave the courtroom, so they won't be edited.
- 16) Every time a judge dismisses a case and you appeal it, file compulsory process in the Supreme Court and add his name to your racketeering complaint.
- 17) Issue as many subpoenas as possible, and as often as possible. It makes them nervous.
- 18) Confront and loudly point out the crooks wherever and whenever you see them.
- 19) Do not hire an attorney. Be your own lawyer.
- 20) Realize you may go to jail.
- 21) Don't give up. Be prepared for a long struggle. Once you begin, you must keep up the pressure.

22) In brief, file a complaint, put it in the newspaper, go into court and make the record, prepare an affidavit, wait the 30 days, then come into the court and move for Summary Judgment.

23) Network with others by joining a judicial reform group such as JAIL4Judges (<http://www.jail4judges.org>), which is dedicated to restoring judicial accountability across the country.

24) Inform yourself about the law and your legal options from such groups as:

Erwin Rommel School of Law

<http://www.rommellaw.com>

American Pro Se Association

www.legalhelp.org

Nolo Law for All

<http://www.nolo.com>

Legal Self Representation/Pro Se

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Legal_Self_Representation

Individual attorneys:

<http://www.jurisdictionary.com>

<http://www.citizensjustice.com>

ABOUT ROGER WEIDNER

Roger Weidner's overall goal is to restore constitutional government to the people of Oregon.

Roger is a native Oregonian, residing in Portland, Oregon. He is a 1956 graduate of Cleveland High School in Portland. He attended Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah in 1956-57. He joined the army in 1957 and served in the Honor Guard Platoon of the 101st Airborne Division until 1959. At the conclusion of his advanced Airborne infantry training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, he was designated one of two outstanding trainees in his company of 250 men. Roger returned to Portland, where he graduated in 1963 from Portland State University with a B.S. degree in Business Administration. He went on to

Lewis and Clark Law School, graduating with a J.D. law degree in 1968. While attending college, Roger worked as a full-time Portland City fireman.

Roger continued to work as a firefighter until 1973, when he joined the Multnomah County District Attorney's office, where he became the Director of the Consumer Fraud Department in 1975-1976. In 1976, Mr. Weidner went into the private practice of law.

Roger became aware in 1990 of the widespread corruption in the Oregon court system, specifically involving the Donald Kettleberg estate case. Since 1988, Mr. Weidner has been engaged full-time in fighting the corruption and judicial abuse that is having such a devastating impact on so many innocent people across the state of Oregon.

Roger Weidner is single and the father of three grown children: Michael, Paul and Stephanie. He is the son of former Portland deputy Fire Chief Leo Weidner and his wife, Frances. Roger has three brothers: Leo, Bruce and Stephen. He is Vice-President of Oregon Judicial Watch, a state-wide non-partisan citizens' court-watch group, and is Lt. JAILer-In-Chief of the Oregon chapter of JAIL4Judges (Judicial Accountability Initiative Law), a non-partisan group committed to restoring judicial accountability across the country. Roger is also a student of history.

For the past ten years, Roger has been travelling around the state assisting people who have been wrongfully injured by corruption in the Oregon court system. He has developed a broadly-based grassroots support organization.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

(comments by h. hammond, to which Roger may or may not agree)

This is a book that had to be written. I have written it truly and accurately to the best of my ability. Everything in the book has been freely stated by Roger Weidner many times to many people on many occasions. The numerous people charged in this book with duplicity, treachery, corruption, racketeering, fraud, murder and treason have been so charged on the record in court and do not deny any of the charges.

The Weidner Method is written in first person, Roger Weidner. Words and phrases not dictated verbatim by Roger amount to, cumulatively, less than half a page. The spellings of the many surnames are Roger's spellings. Six years of research and eight months of labor went into the creation of this work. It is

extracted and compiled from lengthy interviews with Roger beginning in 1999 and from public records, public knowledge, newspaper articles, eyewitness accounts and personal experience. Roger cooperated with me fully throughout the project and never opposed it in any way. He willingly submitted to interviews again and again and commended me for disrupting my life to get the word out.

I have read the entire manuscript to Roger and he approved it all the way through, telling me repeatedly that it was "tremendous." The corrections he offered were few and minor.

Writing this book was like unraveling a mystery. It was like someone dumping thousands of puzzle pieces on a table and saying, "Put it together." Through my six-and-a-half years of communication with Roger Weidner, including four years of in-person association, I was able to gain a vague grasp of the big picture, enabling me to attempt this book. This is the result of that time and energy. It is entirely at my own expense that it has been conceived, researched and brought to completion.

It is my view that this information is of legitimate public concern. The public has a right to know. Therefore, I am offering The Weidner Method free of charge, and I encourage the copying and dissemination of it.

A MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR

(comments by h. hammond, to which Roger may or may not agree)

It is my hope that Americans in every county in the country will converge upon their courthouses and use The Weidner Method to fight any kind of case. Throughout my 20 years of research about government corruption, The Weidner Method is the first solution I have ever encountered. If nothing else, it will expose duplicity and make the entire community aware of it, a necessary first step.

Government child-snatching, IRS extortion, voting fraud, government racketeering, health food laws, lawyer malpractice, property taxes, the necessity for citizen oversight of government agencies, unlawfully mandated 501(c)3 non-profit status for churches, lack of protective tariffs, overwhelming imports, mind control, national security abuses, land rights, heavy-handed police, unlawful search and seizure, conflicts of interest, federal funding of abuses, Federal Reserve audit, freedom of worship, poisoning of the air, land and water through chemicals in the water, chemical fertilizers and pesticides and chemtrails, food labeling that

is misleading, nutrients that are synthetic, issues concerning hybridized seeds, public schools, taxation, too much government, alloidal ownership of land, improper regulation of industry, unlawful and unconstitutional laws and statutes, lawyers holding office, any and all ways in which our constitutional rights are being denied—all these and countless other issues can be addressed in the courtroom using The Weidner Method.

The government should be restructured from the bottom up in cells of 10 families as described in the writings of Kelly Hoskins, author of the Hoskins Report. Senators should again be elected by state legislatures, illegal aliens should be incarcerated, deported and the borders sealed, no more foreign aid, fractional reserve banking should be outlawed, debtfree money should be issued by the Congress, solar technology, which was running factories 100 years ago, should be unsuppressed, natural healing should be unsuppressed, the truth should be unsuppressed, return of the media to the private sector—all of these and countless other issues can be addressed in the courtroom using The Weidner Method.

According to history, when a nation is in transition from one form of government to a different type of government, as we are now (making the transition from freedom to enslavement), there is a point in the struggle, a section of time, during which it could go either way. I believe we are presently teetering on that brink.

The above (and below) comments are observations by h. hammond.

The purpose of this endeavor was to put the story in chronological order so people could grasp the concepts and defend themselves. Roger speaks in half-sentences and jumps from the present to 3 thousand years ago, in the same sentence. It is impossible to comprehend his method by listening to him, no matter how many years you invest. I hope The Weidner Method makes it clear and concise. If there are any questions folks can contact me at hhammond@linuxmail.org or, contact Roger. He is in the Portland, OR phone book.