



WHITE HONOR

Meriwether Lewis,
A Modern Journalist,
And The Enemy Jews

James
Thomas
Laffrey

White Honor

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By James T. Laffrey

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This book reveals vital truths about the great White explorer and governor Meriwether Lewis, the Lewis family's effort to exhume his corpse based on the formidable case built by famed forensic scientists, the U.S. government's deceitful machinations against the family, the lies of the late infamous author Stephen Ambrose, and a White journalist's rocky road toward Honor through discoveries on love, race, and the historic infiltration of America by the enemy of humanity.

The people, places, and events in this book are real.

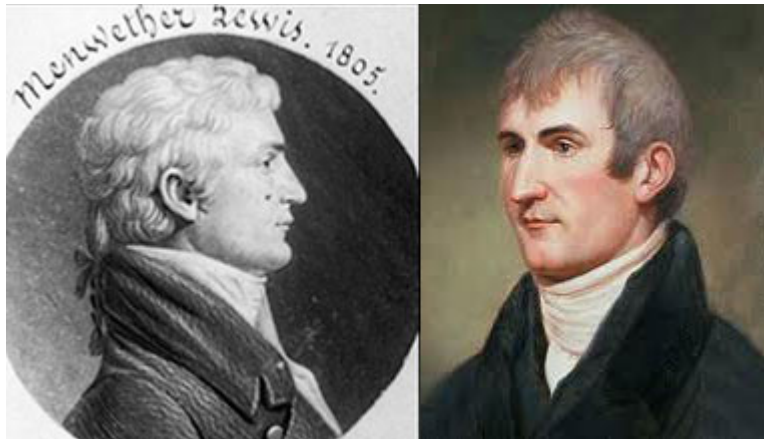
The story is true.

This book is autobiography as narrative.

People named in this book are, of course,
free to publish their own points of view.

James T. Laffrey was a newspaper and tv journalist while ignorant of who owned the media corporations and networks. Now, Mr. Laffrey is a web journalist, author, educator, and dedicated defender of our White race against the one true enemy of humanity.

Dedication



Meriwether Lewis, two portraits

To Meriwether Lewis, a model man.

And to every White person who knows that the Meaning Of Life is To Improve the self, the family, our race, the countries we claim, and the civilizations we have made.



The Meriwether Lewis Monument.

Tennessee Governor Austin Peay, the tallest man, center, in 1925 celebrated Meriwether Lewis' birthday, August 18. With him, from left, were P.E. Cox, state archaeologist, John Trotwood Moore, state historian, and Dr. J.N. Block.



The Meriwether Lewis Monument, 1906.



The Meriwether Lewis Monument
as seen in 1996, having been partially buried
decades earlier by the United States central government.

1 Bachelors

Jim eased his two-door Honda down the narrow, tar-and-chip lane skirting the little-known, secluded cemetery of historical import. In the heart of Lewis County in the middle of Tennessee, he stopped in the five o'clock shadow of an old oak standing between the road and the center of his attention: a monument-topped grave.

Leaving the car, he put his hands in the pockets of his roomy, brown, woven overcoat to hold it close. The sunlight slanted at him, splashing yellow on his reddish-brown hair as he stepped across a shallow ditch and onto the grass of Pioneer Cemetery. He squinted as he strode into the amber blaze until the erect shaft of the monument effected a solar eclipse. He took pause. The blinding backlight reduced the stone structure to silhouette.

The inscription on the east side of the plinth faced him but was obscured, illegible in the rough triangle of darkness. He proceeded on, against the solar current, wading around the north side of the monument and stopping out west. Turning his back to the sun, he watched his shadow fall against the chiseled rocks. This side of the plinth was etched with the fewest words. He had to bob and weave to read the eroded epitaph:

Meriwether Lewis,
Born near Charlottesville, Virginia,
August 18, 1774
Died October 11, 1809, aged 35 years.

"Thirty-five," Jim whispered. "And still a bachelor, though yearning not to be." He sagged under the weight of it. "So much like me. Except that I have accomplished so little."

2 Starrs, Inquest

Onstage, Jim smiled at the famous guitarist who was urging him to plug in his own guitar and start playing along. The stage was awash in colored lights. He could see the back of the lead singer lamenting to the crowd, "It's just my imagination, once again, running away with me. It's just my imaginaaa-tion, running awayyyyyyyy with meeeeeee."

The gray-haired, well-dressed drummer was grinning at Jim from behind his kit. The third guitarist on the boards, on the far side, began a solo. The first guitarist was driving the rhythm with his primal riffs and glancing back to see why Jim wasn't playing yet.

For want of a pick. He checked his pockets. He looked on top of the amp. He looked down to the floor, but it was too dark there to see. He felt in his pockets again. He was going to have to unplug his guitar so he could go look in his guitar case for a pick. But the song was about to end. For lack of a puny pick, this chance of a lifetime was lost. "Ughhh!"

The radio alarm went off. Instead of music, a commercial was in progress. Jim got up and killed it. The time was 3:30 a.m., and he felt beat. He recalled the dream. *Frustration, as usual.*

He showered, turning to happier thoughts, such as leaving work early, after his duties were done on the first edition of the *Nashville Banner* daily newspaper. The reason: attending the Coroner's Inquest into the death of the great White explorer and governor Meriwether Lewis. He dressed, ate a quick bowl of cereal, tied back his reddish-brown hair, brushed his teeth, knotted a tie, donned a sport coat, and drove the five miles north on Granny White Pike into downtown Nashville and to the parking lot of the *Banner*, the city's afternoon newspaper.

At his desk, he began every morning's first task for the Copy Desk Chief: skimming Nashville's morning paper, the *Tennessean*. This morning, atypically, he looked forward to it. He expected to see something about the Coroner's Inquest. Not until he reached the editorials page did he strike pay dirt.

"Exploring Lewis' death," said the headline on a short editor's opinion piece at the bottom of the page. "Just in time for Tennessee's 200th birthday," it began, "a history lesson." The second paragraph gave a little background on "the famed explorer" who "was believed to have committed suicide, but the strange nature of the wounds suggested to investigators years later that murder may have been the cause."

The next 'graph began, "No one knows for sure," and it went on to introduce famed forensic scientist "James Starr" as "pushing for an exhumation of Lewis's body."

Jim muttered, "They can't even spell his name right." Jim had not only met Professor James Starrs but had personally rented a car to ferry three of Starrs' team and their equipment from the Nashville airport to the town of Hohenwald, the location of the Inquest.

The editorial went on to say that something science "might be able to glean is whether the shots fired were impossible to reconcile with a suicide by an apparently very drunk Lewis."

"Holy shit," he said aloud, drawing a look from the nearby Wire editor. "What crap!"

The Wire editor: Kristin Whittlesey. In her 20s. Pretty. Always coated in makeup that made her look like one of the clones in Robert Palmer's music video of "Addicted to Love." She was steadily dating a Graphics man at the *Banner*.

"Jim! I don't think I've ever heard you swear," the apparently White Miss Whittlesey said, smiling.

"Did you see this editorial on Meriwether?" He thought she may have read it because he had told her about Meriwether the week before.

"Yes."

"It says he was 'apparently very drunk.' Nobody can know that."

"That ain't all," she said, keeping her eyes on her tube, long fingernails clacking on her keyboard.

The editorial mentioned Stephen Ambrose's bestseller about Meriwether, called *Undaunted Courage: Meriwether Lewis, Thomas Jefferson, and the Opening of the American West*. It said Meriwether's "courage and brilliance ... dimmed as Lewis was beset by alcoholism and depression at what he considered a failed mission."

"Fuckin' shit!" he said, half for his battery mate's entertainment. "And they call themselves 'journalists.'"

She responded with one of her closed-mouth, guttural grunt-laughes. Like a one-blurt snore. Always a joy.

He wondered if the *Tennessean*'s official position was going to come down in opposition to an exhumation. He reached the editorial's final sentence: "Now Tennesseans get a chance to solve a mystery and perhaps write a new chapter in their own history."

He sighed. "Well, that spells relief."

"Story's on the B front," she said, without looking up.

On page B1, the main headline said: "Was Lewis a victim of the Trace?" The Trace was the historic trail from Natchez, Mississippi, to Nashville, called the Natchez Trace. The main headline was followed by a smaller headline: "Exhuming explorer's body aim of inquiry."

The story was by Larry Daughtrey, a veteran journalist and husband of one of the state's Supreme Court justices. It said the Inquest was "a dream come true for American history buffs, or

for anyone who loves a mystery." Jim found the story fair, thus far, covering the basics with a fun touch. It included a sentence about the Inquest, which "is a form of legal inquiry dating to Tennessee's early history and English common law but unknown in modern times."

"Close enough," he thought. But near the end of the story, came this:

"After his return, Lewis was a national hero. But he began to drink heavily, perhaps suffered from venereal disease and endured severe bouts of depression."

Jim shook his head, then shook it off. He hurried through the rest of the *Tennessean* and turned his attention to getting the *Banner* out.

"Hey, can I get some background on the Meriwether Lewis story from you?" The inquiry had come from reporter Craig Miller, at 6:30 a.m., notebook in hand, amid the hustle and bustle of the newsroom churning toward the 8:45 deadline. About 30 years old, bald on top, the apparently White journalist was personable and professional.

"Sure," Jim replied. "I'm glad you were assigned to this story. I have a keen interest in this one, you know."

"Yeah, that's why I came to you. You seem to be the *Banner's* expert on Lewis and Clark."

Jim liked the sound of that. "Ask away."

Mister Miller showed him a fax from the office of James Starrs, the forensic scientist and law professor leading the effort to exhume Meriwether Lewis's remains. The fax included some background on Starrs and the explorer, and it listed the experts in the order they were to appear in the Inquest. Then, Miller asked for some basics. Jim filled him in and gave a brief critique of the morning paper's reportage. Miller thanked him and began to hustle off, but stopped. "How long do you think it'll take to get there?"

"About an hour and a half, depending."

Jim wished he were leaving now, too, so he wouldn't miss anything. He walked across the roomful of waist-tall cubicles to his boss's office and got the okay to leave after the first edition was done. But the team worked more smoothly than usual, and at 8:35, he fled.

At 10:15 a.m., journalist Jim drove through Hohenwald on Route 412 and out the west end. On the left, the little airport. And on the other side, right where it was supposed to be, the National Guard Armory. Inside, two uniformed guardsmen pointed down the hall to the left. Someone was speaking over a public address system. Jim stepped through an open metal door into a large room, like a small gymnasium but with a ceiling too low for basketball. If it were a basketball court, he would have been standing in the corner, near the baseline. At the far side of mid-court sat the full Coroner's Jury, facing left.

Farther left, at a lectern, was John Guice, a historian from Mississippi. The apparently White man's face was brightly lit as he stood in the edge of a projector's beam. Behind Mister Guice was a large projection screen displaying what appeared to be a copy of a letter. Two dark-suited men sat facing the jury. Many rows of metal folding chairs formed a "U" around the jury area. Jim guessed the audience's chairs to be 80 percent full. He scanned the crowd. It looked to be a mix of local officials, residents, a few media types, and members of Starrs' team here and there.

At mid-court, back row, center-aisle seat, sat Starrs. Jim walked over and stooped at Starrs' left. "Good morning, Professor," he whispered.

"Ah, Jim." The sturdy scientist smiled at him with warm green eyes. His face aimed downward slightly as he looked over the top of his reading glasses. His bushy gray eyebrows lifted

out of the way, wrinkling his forehead up to his mostly bald pate. His dark suit over a white shirt gave him a learned-yet-approachable elegance, matching his personality. A neatly trimmed gray beard and mustache finished the look. He put his pen down onto the pad on his lap and extended the hand. Jim took it.

"Have I missed much?"

"Of course. You missed my persuasive eloquence." Several heads turned to observe the slight commotion. Starrs paused a beat to complement his hyperbole. "And you missed my friend Arlen 'Jim' Large, who made a fine presentation. And now, John is up. But your counterpart from the *Banner* has been here from the start." He nodded toward the right, where Miller sat about 25 feet away. "He introduced himself. Miller? A fine, likable fellow, don't you think?"

"I do."

"Would you like to sit down here?" Starrs motioned to the seat next to him, vacant except for a folder and a pile of documents.

"Yes, but not yet. I'd like to work the room a little, first." With a nod from Starrs, he backed up a few steps and stood tall. He felt unusually confident and relaxed. The first person he had spoken with was the leader of the whole shebang, who had welcomed him warmly.

"I mean, the fact that Lewis changes his route to avoid the British in the Gulf of Mexico," Guice was testifying, "shows he is a pretty sensible person. Now, this Russell at Fort Pickering writes a letter that some guys on the boat said that Lewis tried to take his own life. All right, let's get this in perspective. This wasn't any ole Joe on the boat. This was Governor Meriwether Lewis, the biggest hero since George Washington. Surely if those gentlemen on the boat had watched him try to kill himself two or three times, well, as they floated on down the river, as they stopped in Natchez and were drinking at Natchez, they would have talked about this. As they got down to New Orleans hanging around the wharf, they would have talked about this. We would have heard something from some other source about an attempt by the Governor to kill himself, in my opinion. It would get in the New Orleans paper. You can't keep things about big shots a secret like that. But we have nothing but this one instance of hearsay by Russell on this."

Jim spotted George Stephens, the team's forensic geologist, in the back on the right. He crept to him.

Mister Stephens' hand gave Jim's a good hug. The geologist's eyes, behind thick lenses, and his body English both exuded a shy White charm. They touched base, then listened to Guice.

Jim saw Nancy Raber, a thirty-something law student and Starrs' assistant, stand up at a table on the far side of the room. Carrying some papers, she walked around behind the audience, smiled and waved to him. Her multihued dark-blond hair was pulled back in a barrette, which glinted with reflections of the projector's glare, as did her specs. She continued on, and out the door.

"Frederick Bates was the territorial secretary under Lewis," Guice was saying to the jury. "Bates preceded Lewis on the job by a year or so. I hate to use the words, but Bates despised Meriwether Lewis. He was jealous of him. He was envious of him. He did everything he could to hurt Meriwether Lewis, but yet nowhere can we find any evidence that Bates accused Lewis of incompetence nor can we find that Bates accused Lewis of being an alcoholic. And if your worst political enemy, if your worst political enemy is not going to bring to attention your mental incapacity, who in the world is?"

Jim took an open seat next to Miller. "Hey, man."

"Hey. Skipped out, huh?"

"Hell, yeah."

They focused on Guice. "It's just like the other night," the thin, suited historian was saying. "And I started to say this in jest earlier, but I didn't want to offend anybody. The Natchez Trace is still not safe. Last night, the car in front of me ran into an entire herd of cattle!"

Amid the laughter, Miller leaned close. "There's some major media covering this thing."

"Yeah? Who?"

"Right there, in the sharp suit." Miller nodded toward the right. "He's the Associated Press guy. Behind him is Larry Daughtrey of the *Tennessean*. In the back, there's a big guy. He's with the *Boston Globe*. There's a guy from a paper in Richmond, Virginia. And a couple of the Nashville tv stations are here."

Just then, two men carried some big black cases through the door. One guy looked camera-ready, familiar, wearing a white shirt, dark tie. The other wore jeans and a t-shirt. They set their cases down along the back wall, popped them open and set up a tripod and a large tv camera. On the camera was a big red "5" for Channel 5, the CBS station from Nashville.

On the P.A., another historian, Ruth Frick from Missouri, was being introduced to the jury: "So, Mrs. Frick is here today for two reasons, first because she has researched Meriwether Lewis herself because of her interest in her ancestor John Colter, who was a member of the Lewis & Clark Expedition and who is credited with discovering Yellowstone, I believe. Of course, we all know that the Native Americans discovered Yellowstone, so I guess Colter was the first European American who discovered Yellowstone. Secondly, Mrs. Frick is conversant with the voluminous papers of this perfectionist lady Grace Lewis Miller who dedicated her life to collecting and organizing information concerning Meriwether Lewis and his death."

Jim gazed off to the left and saw *Banner* photographer Steve Lowry scanning the crowd. Mister Lowry, looking scruffy, appeared to be seeking someone—probably Miller. He caught Lowry's eye with a wave, and Lowry came over.

"Hey, when's the gun demonstration?" Lowry whispered, stooping next to Miller. "I can't be here all day, I've got some sports shit and a fat-cats party to shoot later. Those old guns throw a flash, and smoke. That'll be my best shot of the day. When is it, do you know?"

Miller offered, "The firearms guy, Luke Haag, will be up this afternoon, if they follow the program."

"Who would know for sure?"

"I'll ask Starrs," Jim said. "He would know."

"Cool."

At the table where Jim had seen Ms. Raber come from earlier, Starrs sat with her and a man he had yet to meet.

"Pat Zickler, this is Jim Laffrey," Starrs said. "Pat is the coordinator of the Meriwether Lewis Project. Jim is our right hand in Nashville."

Jim knew he didn't deserve that. But he liked it. He and Mister Zickler shook hands awkwardly on the table in front of Starrs, who sat between them. Zickler was a short fellow with a stiff grip, close to 50 and looking sharp in a presidential blue suit. A hair dressing made his raisin-colored coif shine. His wire-rimmed glasses reflected the light from the slide projector that Mrs. Frick, apparently White, was using during her presentation.

"Do you know when the gun demo will be?"

"At the pace we're going, Luke will be first or second after lunch. Why, if I may be so bold?"

Jim smiled. "A *Banner* photographer is here. He says he's on a tight shhhedule," he added, affecting a British accent.

"Shedule, eh? Well, I certainly hope he stays for the pistol shoot. That is our big bang. Our, uh, smoking gun, if you will."

He chuckled.

"Oh, it's a stunt," the Professor continued. "But there's nothing wrong with a little theater. It would be better, of course, if we had Meriwether's pistols. But no one knows what happened to them. We do have a reasonable facsimile. For the jury, though, the demonstration does have legitimate evidence value. For one thing, they will hear the blast. You know, the question remains about the servants. According to Mrs. Grinder's story, the servants bedded down in the nearby barn. But the gunshots did not wake them. One would expect the servants to come running at the sound of gunshots coming from the governor's cabin."

Jim was enjoying this, already well familiar with multiple, contradicting tales from the owner of the inn known as Grinder's Stand. But he feared this conversation was distracting nearby audience members from the main show.

"Secondly, the jury will see how large these pistols are, and how heavy. The jury will see how awkward these pistols are to load, let alone shoot one's self with. Which, of course, brings me to the main point, which is the idea that Meriwether shot himself twice. Why, how absurd. It is just simply beyond credulity. The jury will see that. We *hope* the jury will see that."

"Yeah."

"Well, tell your photographer he should face a firing squad were he to miss the shoot this afternoon."

"Ha ha, I will. Thanks. I'll see ya later. Pat, good to meet you."

"Likewise."

As Jim walked around behind the audience, geologist Stephens was introduced to the jury. He opened with: "I realize I'm probably the single person standing between all of us and lunch, so I will try to be brief." He efficiently described factors in predicting the condition of the remains of Meriwether, such as the kind of soil above and below the grave and the drainage characteristics of the land. He said the situation was quite promising because the drainage was good, and the monument acted as an umbrella, directing rainwater out and away from the remains.

Jim found photog Lowry and gave him the poop on the gun shoot. Then, he sat beside Miller and updated him.

The Coroner asked the land man Stephens: "From any of the tests that you've done, was there any way to indicate if he might have been placed, for example, inside of a concrete container or a wooden container or whatever?"

"No, sir. I would have to say from our results there's no way of telling."

Soon, Stephens was excused and the lunch break announced. As the audience rapidly exited, some of Starrs' team grouped up. The leader asked Jim, "Where can we eat in this town?"

"I only know of two fast-food places. Both are on Route 412 back through town. A McDonald's and something else."

Starrs shook his head at the sound of McDonald's.

"There's a restaurant a block or so off the main drag," Jim continued, "but I've never been in it. And I don't know about any other restaurants."

"Time is of the essence, so we probably have to settle for fast food. Okay. I can take a few in my car. Who else can drive?"

"I can take one," Jim said with a laugh. "I'm in my two-seater today."

Miller had sidled up to Jim.

"Craig," Jim said, "wanna take us to lunch?"

"Sure. I can take three—after I move some junk."

By the time Miller, Jim, Stephens and Mitchell Calhoun—the team's videographer—had transferred some of Miller's stuff to his trunk, squeezed into Miller's aged compact, and hit the road, the Professor was long gone. They drove through town and out to McDonald's without seeing Starrs.

"McDonald's, it is."

"Good enough?"

"Okay by me."

"Yeah, all right."

"Who wants to split this coupon with me?" Jim offered. "It's a 'buy one sandwich get one free' deal."

Nobody jumped at the opportunity. But when all was said and done, the geologist had saved a buck. They sat at a round table by the front windows, which faced south. Sunlight flooded in. It was so bright, everybody was squinting. After a few bites and some superficial chitchat, Jim cleared his throat.

"So, George, how much are you making as an expert witness in this case?"

George Stephens had a Quarter Pounder with Cheese heading for his mouth. He froze and glanced at Jim, the questioner, who offered a friendly little grin.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"As far as I know, there's no money in it for any of us," Stephens said. "Acourse, it may be that some get help with expenses. But you'll notice I paid for my own lunch—with your help."

"Yeah," he chuckled. "Where does the money come from for Starrs to do a project like this?"

"His pocket, for starters. He said last night that he had spent about \$2,000 of his own money, so far. Now, I imagine he bills some of the expenses to the university. And he has a nonprofit organization called Scientific Sleuthing Inc., which may provide some funds. Not much, I bet."

"Hm," he said, swallowing a mouthful. "Why do you and the others do it?"

"Different reasons, I think. Friendship. Interest in the case. And fun. Acourse, there's a good deal of work, too. But it's really fun to go places, such as here, meet interesting people, such as yourself, and do the investigative work, dig people up, and, ultimately, solve mysteries."

Jim could relate to that. He would love to do that.

The behavior the geologist had described was an ancestral White trait, though Jim had been indoctrinated to be race-blind and, thus, had no awareness of why he fit that profile. Science, itself, was invented and advanced by Whites, and then criminally corrupted by the enemies of the White race.

At this moment, journalist Jim's level of knowledge nudged him to follow the money a little further. "So, as far as you know, does Starrs ever make any money on the projects?"

"No."

"Amazing. He needs to find a way!"

Soon, time to go. Outside, Miller set the muffler to rattling, and the packed sardine can tooled back to the armory.

Inside, as the crowd reassembled, a tall, wide man in a sloe suit was coming from the direction of an overhead cooling system. He had black hair, glasses, looked happy. Jim recognized him as one of the two district attorneys presiding over the Inquest. The room was hot, but the big guy quipped as he hustled on by: "I need to make sure the AC stays off!"

Jim laughed, thinking he understood. The air-conditioning unit had been a noisy distraction late in the morning. The D.A. must have figured that sweat was the lesser of evils. Jim turned to Miller. "What's his name?"

"That would be—," the reporter said as he looked at his notes, "District Attorney General Joe Baugh, out of Franklin. The other suit is District Attorney General Paul Phillips, from east Tennessee."

A couple of televisions already set up on the tables. Joe Baugh gaveled the proceedings to order and called the next witness, Tom Streed.

Mister Streed, a criminal psychologist, was a solid block of a man. He tended to tip his silver-haired head down a little, requiring him to look out from under his full gray eyebrows. He put a wheel of slides into the projector. Half the room lights were turned off. He used the word "suicidal" as a mnemonic device. Each letter in the word stood for criteria accepted by the U.S. Centers for Disease Control in identifying a person's potential for suicide.

"The 'S,' for instance, is for sex," Streed said. "Men commit suicide three times more frequently than women. The 'S' is also for support system. Did the person have friends, for example. The 'S' is also for subintention of death—did the person unnecessarily involve himself or herself in risk-taking behavior or have a so-called death wish?"

Jim thought, "This is going to take forever. Interesting, yes. But—." He wondered how a crowd full of burgers was going to take to Streed's methodical presentation. He sat back, trying not to burp aloud—at either end—as his Mcburger and Coke instigated a situation in his gut. By the time the criminal psychologist got to "C," Jim wondered how many in the audience were mulling suicide.

During "D," Streed clicked the remote control and up popped the image of a Far Side greeting card by cartoonist Gary Larson. The single-panel cartoon showed William Clark, second in command of the Lewis & Clark Expedition, and his mother. The mom was looking at a newspaper and talking to her son. Streed read the caption aloud:

"Here it is again, William, front page: 'Lewis and Clark Expedition declared a success.' See what I mean? His name is always first. I'll tell you, son, if you don't do something about this now, you're going to be playing second fiddle in the history books!"

The cartoon got a good laugh. Jim, along with this above-average group at the Inquest, were typical Americans in their ignorance and tolerance of the media's corruptions of White history, funny or not. The documented truth, easy for anyone to learn, was that Lewis had been appointed leader by the president, and Lewis had hired Clark, his close friend from the army, to join him.

Streed said, "I think it's a humorous play on whether Governor Lewis or anyone near to him might have been distressed."

The presentation continued with more "D" stuff. Starrs, sitting across the room, was checking his watch, looking perplexed. Jim strolled over there.

"We need to find a way to signal him," Starrs said, now standing. "He is taking too long. The jurors are full of lunch and getting drowsy. We need to get Luke Haag on and wake them up."

Starrs walked around to the far side of the audience so he would be in Streed's line of sight. Jim imagined that Starrs would use his right forefinger to make the hurry-up motion—like reeling in a fish with one finger. But compared to the bright light on Streed, Starrs was in the shadows. It seemed that Streed did not see him. How would it look if Starrs or Ms. Raber simply walked up to Streed and whispered in his ear?

"No, we can not do anything to undermine his authority before the jury," Starrs said. "We will simply have to wait." The leader turned to sit. "Geez." He wrote something on his legal pad and conferred with Zickler. Jim went back to sit by Miller.

By and by, Streed was asked a question about Meriwether's supposed melancholy.

"In terms of Lewis's desire to seek out and obtain a wife," the psychologist replied, "I don't know how to say this humbly, but my experience has been that often the relationship that one has with a spouse leads to suicidal ideation more frequently than the lack of it."

That got a few guffaws from the audience. And a few tsk's, too. Streed was excused. He had been less than exciting but quite thorough. If the jury had stayed awake, Jim thought, a favorable verdict was a done deal.

D.A. Baugh introduced Jerry Francisco, Tennessee's chief medical examiner from 1971 to 1988. "I believe," D.A. Baugh said, "that you did the autopsy on Elvis Presley. Is that correct?"

"That's correct," Mister Francisco replied. The corpse expert talked about the black powder used in all the guns related to this case. The presence or lack of the powder on Meriwether's skull or other bones and personal effects would be strong evidence. Also, he went into some detail about how bullets travel through flesh, organs, and bones.

"And if it goes into the brain," Francisco said, "enough damage will be there that the capacity of the person to produce other conscious, intentional actions are gone, and, therefore, the shot to the head, if it was first, if it indeed blew out the front of the skull, it probably produced significant brain damage. And if there was significant brain damage, there was not time or consciousness to inflict a second shot.

"From what I know about the events," he said to the jury, "from what I know about the circumstances, and from what I have learned today—and I've learned a lot of interesting information today—in my judgment, there is insufficient information to claim that this was suicide or this was a homicide. I don't think I could do it. I would have to say I don't know."

Then he was asked: "Would you address the issue of the frequency of two shots being used in suicide?"

"In my experience, probably less than one percent of the time, multiple shots have been used."

D.A. Baugh swore-in the next witness. "Would you state your name and occupation please, sir?"

"Lucien C. Haag. I'm a criminalist and firearms examiner for my own consulting firm in Carefree, Arizona."

"Must be a nice place."

Mr. Haag smiled. "It's a nice place."

Jim recalled meeting Haag, along with Starrs and most of the other scientists, in the Nashville airport two days prior. Jim had rented a car to help ferry the team and equipment the

hour-and-a-half to the "high forest" town—the meaning of the German "Hohenwald." Upon their handshake, the burly, brown-haired criminalist had put a vice grip on him, squishing the cartilage from between his knuckles. He would never shake with Tool-Hand Luke again.

"All of the firearms of that era used the same propellant—black chemical," the witness testified. "It's a mixture of potassium nitrate, carbon and sulfur. The differences were in the granulation."

He explained that a finer grain of black powder was used in the priming pan than in the barrel, itself. The priming pan was an attachment that held a small fire that was supposed to light a bigger fire, in the barrel. It would all become clear when everyone watched him load the gun, Haag said. "The priming pan was used in all flintlock arms. All of the firearms of that period were flintlock firearms. The pistols we are talking about were so-called horse pistols, large pistols for personal protection. And they were large caliber, substantially larger than we see today. The pistol here is .69 inch in diameter."

That's the size of a dime, Jim thought. More than half an inch. Less than three-quarters of an inch. The ball, only a shade smaller than the barrel bore, would be a big hunk of lead.

Haag showed slides of the loading process and of various guns and projectiles. D.A. Baugh explained that the shooting would take place in an adjacent building, the National Guard's shooting range. The audience could not fit into the room, nor would it be safe or prudent, the D.A. said. But the audience could watch the entire proceeding on closed-circuit tv. With that, D.A. Baugh declared a short break while Haag and the jury filed into the shooting range.

3 Triggers

Jim overheard Starrs nearby, explaining to Stephens that there wasn't room for the whole team to go in with the jury, so only himself, Haag, and Marty Fackler, the wound ballistics expert, would go in, plus Mister Calhoun, who would run the camera and send the audio-video feed into the main room.

Meanwhile, it was a good opportunity for a pit stop. The restrooms were directly across the room from the main entrance. Where Jim was sitting, the men's room was 15 feet away. He got up and went in. Pleased to find no one else in the john, he stood at a urinal. He was about to flow when the restroom door opened. No flow. In his peripheral vision, he saw an older fellow in bib overalls step up to the adjacent urinal. Jim heard him unzip, then hock up a spit wad and let it drop. At the sound of the plop, Jim almost laughed. He kept it in, but he quaked once. And the urine flowed. Jim finished first and went to the sink. It sounded like the older fellow had low pressure. Jim washed his hands and wiped his face.

"Ahh," the elder said as he zipped up and walked to the sink. "I'm looking forward to the shooting of that antique pistol. Aren't you?"

"I sure am."

"A helluva way to go. But I don't believe he did it. Do you?"

Another man walked in.

"I don't know," Jim said, about to open the door. "But I hope you're right."

Just outside the door, he bent down and drank from a water fountain. Then he stood aside and viewed the scene. Many in the morning's audience had not returned after lunch. Now, with the jury out of the room, and a few members of Starrs' team out of the room, and a handful of media types gone, too, he felt some disappointment. There ought to be a big crowd of Lewis Countians here, he thought.

"Wake up." A female voice. Ms. Raber was coming from the ladies restroom. She bent down to get a drink.

He said, "Where is everybody?"

Raber looked up through her glasses, making her eyes look huge. A drop of water ran down her chin. "With the firing squad."

He laughed. "I mean, the locals. There aren't many here."

She finished another sip, wiped her chin. "Yeah, Professor Starrs mentioned that earlier."

"This being a Monday, I guess they're at work, huh?"

"Uhhhh, yeah," she said, going from hesitance to mock surprise. "Why, that's the ticket!"

She'd used an old Jon Lovett line from tv's "Saturday Night Live," with which Jim was very familiar, though completely ignorant of the fact, and the import of it, that Lovett and the show's producer, and the bulk of the cast, were jews. Most of the jews pretended to be Whites, letting the viewing audience wrongly assume they were White.

Jim thought about the pleasure of Raber's company. Despite her pretty face, he wasn't romantically attracted to her, which was precisely why he was relaxed with her, which was precisely why he was a draw to her, or so he guessed.

"Oh," she said, getting close and talking low, "do you know if any National Park Service people are here?"

"No." He started to scan the sparse crowd for green or brown uniforms, or suits with a smirk.

"Somebody told Professor Starrs that someone with the Park Service was here, but we don't know who it is."

"If I find one, I'll let you know."

"Good. Hey, are you coming to dinner with us this evening?"

"I don't know. I haven't been invited."

"I'll invite you."

"Do you have the authority to do that?"

"Well, no. But I'm sure the Professor won't mind. He likes you."

"He does? Well, the feeling's mutual." He looked again at Raber. Those goggles were glued to him.

"So, are you coming? It's going to be outside at the b&b, under the trees. A barbecue, buffet."

"I don't know. Since he's paying for it, I really need an invitation from him."

"Oh, you're being silly," she said. "I'll talk with you later." And off she went.

He sat down directly in front of the nearest tv. The screen flickered. Then, silent, it showed a live shot of Haag, the firearms expert, and Mister Fackler, the wound ballistics expert. Haag had the flintlock pistol mounted in a vise. His right hand was on the pistol's handle—a long, gently curved piece of polished, reddish-brown wood. His left hand cradled the long, fat barrel. Jim noticed Haag's shirt—soft pink. Over it, a white lab coat open at the top, revealing Haag's brown tie adorned with a repeating pattern of tan-colored diamonds. A small microphone was clipped to the tie. Haag swiveled the gun so the barrel pointed up. Suddenly, the sound came on. "I'm going to load this gun with a charge of 2F black powder. The 'F' has to do with the size of granulation. This is a coarse version."

The sound cut off. Haag poured the powder down the barrel. Then he held up a lead ball and placed it in the barrel. Jim was surprised that Haag didn't wrap a patch of cloth around the ball. The sound cut in.

"During the revolution, you could shoot an undersized ball with a patch around it to hold it in place." He used a rod to push the ball down in the barrel. Then he chose a different rod and pushed more. "The ball is seated against the powder. Now, we're two-thirds of the way there. The next step is to prime the pan."

He swiveled the gun into shooting position, and he filled the pan—a little metal tray on the gun—with powder. "This is the 4F powder, the fine powder."

The sound cut out. Jim watched Haag pull back the hammer. Haag pointed to a piece of flint in the hammer. The tv screen went blank.

"Please stand by," someone in the main room said. The audience laughed. Conversations broke out. Calhoun came into the room and walked toward Jim. "Technical difficulties," said the videographer. He checked the wiring to the tv Jim had been watching and to the one facing the bulk of the audience. With that, he departed. Two women who had been sitting on the back row moved up near Jim and looked at the tv. Still blank. He thought how stupid it appeared to be, sitting in that big room, among strangers, and staring at a blank tv. He looked away. The screen flickered. The sound was scratchy. Suddenly, the picture was clear, the audio clean.

"Okay." It was Calhoun's voice. "We're up."

"The first shot of the two I'll attempt here today is going to be through 29 inches of Ordinance Gelatin," Haag said. "This is the material Doctor Fackler, I assume, will talk more about. The last thing I'll tell you before I fire this shot: Don't count on it going off on the first try." He donned headphone-type hearing protectors. He put his hand on the grip, finger on the trigger. "All right."

Haag pulled the trigger.

"Click."

No bang.

In the main room, a few chuckles. On screen, he pulled the hammer back, again.

"All right," he said, and pulled the trigger.

"Click."

He cocked again. He pulled the trigger.

"Click."

"For those who are counting," he said, "that was three."

Jim watched Haag's face, wondering what was going through his mind. Was he embarrassed? If so, he hid it well. Jim glanced at the audience. Some were starting to mutter.

On screen, Haag peered at the priming pan, touched something for an instant, and was ready to go, again. He cocked. The audience seemed to be holding its breath. He pulled the trigger.

"Click."

Jim laughed. He had to let some tension out.

"Okay," Haag said, "I'm going to do one procedure here to freshen the charge. Handling of these, if you get oil from your hands on them, prevents the spark, although I could see some sparks." Soon, he was ready. He cocked the gun and pulled the trigger.

"Click."

"I'm going to have to re-prime this in a moment. First, let's try a few in quick succession." He cocked the gun. He pulled the trigger.

"Click."

Cock.

"Click."

Cock.

"Click."

Cock.

"Click."

"Well," Haag said, "this is one of the embarrassing moments. It fired in tests yesterday. Okay, I'm going to re-prime it." The next minute passed like ten. Then, the shooter announced, "I'm ready to give it another try."

Jim watched 11 more tries, 11 more times the gun did not go off.

Haag quipped, "Remember, the British had just as much trouble!"

Jim laughed, but few in the audience did. Could they hear clearly?

Haag said, "I'll tell you what. I'd say put your next witness on and let me work on this."

The tv went blank. The audience broke into giggles and grumbles.

After a short recess, the jury was reassembled in the main room.

D.A. Phillips announced, "We'd like to call Jerry Richards."

FBI special agent Richards. Document examiner. Retired. Mister Richards painstakingly compared known samples of Meriwether's writing with the writing on various documents in question. The bottom lines:

"Here is the last will and testament," the document expert said. "Meriwether Lewis not only didn't sign it, he didn't write it, either. However, that is in the court records as his last true will and testament." Jim was thrilled. But Richards went on. "It is probably a copy, and somebody who filed it didn't know which was which, and that's the one that got filed in court." So: the document probably was valid.

Jim's emotions got yanked by reports on other documents, too. There always seemed to be a desirable conclusion followed by a backing off. He could only hope that what he learned from the FBI guy's testimony would help him get a clear grasp of a second document examiner's testimony due the next day.

The D.A. announced, "I think we're ready to shoot again."

The jury, et al, repaired to the firing range. Jim watched tv again.

Haag came on. "First of all, of course, as soon as you left, the first try, it fired." He described the deformation of the lead shot, and he showed the burnt patch, in which he had wrapped the ball when he reloaded. He directed everyone's attention to the gun, which he said was already reloaded. He put his headphones on. He cocked the hammer. He pulled the trigger.

"Click. Pshht. Bang!"

Jim marveled at the big bang, and the time elapsed. From the pull of the trigger, it took a count of "thousand-one" for the ball to blast out. First, the flint struck a spark, which ignited the powder in the flash pan. The powder burned in a flash of light and puff of smoke. Then the flash ignited the powder in the barrel, producing the big bang, followed by fire and smoke out the barrel.

"This is truly the smoking gun," said Tool-hand Luke.

When the court was reassembled in the main room, Marty Fackler was called. The wound-ballistics expert, sporting an "Abe Lincoln" beard, had been a career military surgeon who retired in 1991. Since then, Fackler worked as a wound-ballistics consultant. Jim's favorite part of Fackler's testimony was a comment about the assassination of President John Kennedy:

"People doubted the projectile could have gone through two people," said the mini-Abe, while showing slides of various bullets and shells. "It could have gone through three. You get very, very deep penetration with that particular first generation of full metal-jacketed bullet."

Jim's media-fed ignorance meant that he had no way to know that he had just been subjected to a half-truth. If deliberate, the half-truth was a lie, purposely misleading the audience to

continue buying the government's absurd story about the JFK assassination, including its "magic bullet," an impossibility proffered as truth by the jew Arlen Specter on the government's Warren Commission, which was a committee appointed and authorized to supposedly investigate and report on the atrocity. Instead, the committee, decorated with the name of a supreme court "justice," was a coverup committee.

Soon, Haag joined Fackler, and the two described the spate of evidence likely lying among Meriwether's remains. When they were excused, court was adjourned for the day. Resumption was set for 9 a.m. the next day, Tyrsday, the fourth of June.

During the exodus, Jim noticed Starrs talking with a woman who was taking notes. A man next to her held a tv camera. It said "ABC" on the side. She had short blondish hair. She looked familiar. Jim turned and chatted with Calhoun as the videographer broke down his equipment. Then, he went to the restroom. When he emerged, everyone he knew was gone.

Outside, the ABC pair was putting their equipment into a sedan. Jim walked over to their car as the woman sat with the front passenger door open. She had her skirted legs hanging out, changing from dress shoes to something more comfortable. He introduced himself as a fellow journalist down from Nashville.

"Erin Hayes," the correspondent said and shook hands.

He looked past her to the guy who was sitting in the driver's seat.

"Jim Hill," the guy said and waved.

"Jim. Good to meet you," Jim said and waved back. He wondered: Are these two a couple? Are they staying the night?

"You know," Ms. Hayes said, "I worked at WSMV in Nashville in '87 and '88."

"Oh," Jim said, thinking timing is everything—or most of it. "Are you guys staying overnight—to get the verdict tomorrow?"

"I wish we could," she said. "But we have to be back in Chicago tonight, and we have something else to do tomorrow."

"You came down from Chicago today?"

"Actually, we came up from Atlanta today," she said. "We usually fly, but we had to drive up here today, and we figured we may as well just drive the rest of the way to Chicago tonight."

He chuckled with her. "So, you're based in Chicago?"

"Right."

"How rewarding is it to work for a network?"

They laughed.

"Well, I don't know about Jim," she said, throwing a glance over her shoulder, "but, uh, the money's okay, but the work schedule—."

"Yeah," the Jim in the car said, rolling his eyes.

"It's not really a schedule," Hayes continued, "it's your whole life."

The Jim in the car cheerfully agreed, then he gave a quick list of where they'd been the last few days and where they would likely be the rest of the week—if no "crisis" sprang up to divert them.

"So, what happens to the footage you shot here?"

"It'll be part of a larger piece on Meriwether Lewis the network is putting together," she said.

"Good. Do you know when it'll air?"

"Uh—." She looked at Jim Hill, in the car.

"July 5, I think."

"Yeah," she said.

"Well, I look forward to seeing it."

"Thanks." She stuck out her hand. "It was nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you, too," he said, shaking her hand. He wondered what might have happened had the pair been staying the night nearby.

She asked, "Do you have a card?"

"Yes. Do you?" He pulled a card from the sport coat pocket where some people would have a hanky. He checked to make sure it wasn't one of the old ones that said "copy editor." Hayes got hers from a small purse. They exchanged.

He pretended not to watch as they drove away. He thought about her smile, those legs. "Ah, dream on, boy. You flatter me." He laughed and started his black Honda Del Sol. "She wasn't that cute, anyway."

The sun beamed in. With his left hand, he hit three toggles, sending both door windows and the rear window down simultaneously. He strapped himself in and mulled his next move. He had an urge to go straight to his apartment. He was starting to crash after the long, exciting day. But he had a suspicion he was missing something. He hadn't been invited to anything—except supper, by Ms. Raber, which hadn't been consummated. He didn't want to be a nuisance by barging in on anything. He decided to cruise by the b&b on his way out of town.

At the b&b, Calhoun stood alone, outside. Jim pulled in. Calhoun said, "Hey, can you take me out to the monument?"

"Sure. What's happening?"

"There must have been some mixup, and they left without me. But Starrs is out there doing something, and I oughta tape it."

"What a happy accident. This gives me a reason to be there."

On the drive out Route 20 to the monument, Calhoun explained that he had gone to his room to get more blank tapes. When he came out, everyone was gone. He said his video equipment was in Starrs' car. "By the way, nice ride."

"Thanks. Best car I've ever had."

They chatted about wheels and deals until they entered Meriwether Lewis Park. They tooled past the Park Service's inaccurately named and poorly reproduced Grinder's Stand, the tiny inn where Meriwether spent his final night of life. Just past the Stand, they entered the oval lane around Pioneer Cemetery.

"That's a tv satellite truck," Jim observed. "Ah, it's Channel 5, again, out of Nashville."

"Oh, yeah. I met one of those guys at the Inquest."

As he steered down the one-way loop around the cemetery, he noticed several cars at the far end and a couple clumps of people standing on the northwest end of the lawn—where there were no grave markers. Starrs was near the monument with the freshly familiar female Hayes interviewing him and her man Hill with an ABC camera on his shoulder preparing to shoot. "Well, well, well," Jim said as he parked ahead of the string of cars lining the north end of the loop.

Calhoun jumped out and went to Starrs' rented blue Taurus to get his video gear. Jim locked his Honda and crossed the narrow road. There, in the grass, he stood between ruts at the rear of the white tv truck. The back door was open. A guy sat at a console of television screens and videotape

machines. Jim introduced himself. Bob Trull was the technician's name. Then the familiar man with makeup on his face came to the truck.

"That get it?"

"Yep," the technician replied.

"Okay," mister makeup said. "Tell 'em we got live if they want it." He looked at Jim. "Hi."

He introduced himself and extended a hand. In the background, the technician talked to the news director in Nashville.

"Dan MacDonald," the made-up man said. He smiled and let go. "What do you do at the *Banner*?"

"I'm the Copy Desk chief. So, you might go live on the 5 o'clock news?"

"Yeah," Mister MacDonald said. "They may want a live teaser or an intro before they roll the footage we shot earlier."

"You're on standby, huh?" He grinned at the irony.

"Yeah. Yeah. Hey, I know a few folks at the *Banner*. And our Larry Brinton used to work for the *Banner*."

"Yeah, 'Stree Taw.'" Actually, the name of Brinton's daily segment on the tv news was "Street Talk," but Jim had pronounced it like Brinton did on the air, clipping off the word-ending consonants.

Dan laughed. "Larry's a great guy, though. And he sure gets the scoops."

"Yeah."

Jim fully lacked any awareness of what "the scoops" by any and all so-called journalists never touched: the actual ownership and control of the tv networks and all major newspapers by jews. The popular media were a vast tool, and playground, for the jews infesting it, most of whom pretended to be Whites.

He glanced up into the truck and saw a two-shot of news anchors Vickie Yates and Chris Clark on one of the tubes. "Well, I'll get out of your way. It was good to meet you."

"Yeah. See you around Nashville."

Jim walked up onto the level lawn of the cemetery. He approached Ms. Raber and an older woman from behind and swerved to their left, putting the older woman between Raber and himself.

"Hi. Jim, this is Annette."

"Hello," Annette said.

He put out his hand. She let him shake hers. "Annette, uh, what's your last name again?"

"Bass," she said, with a hint of bother.

"Thank you." Jim thought she must be the wife of Bill Bass, the famed founder of the great Body Farm. He glanced over at a small group of men standing to the right. Mister Bass must be one of the gray heads over there. He'd met Bass once before but had grown fuzzy on his looks. In fact, he was fuzzy on several of the silver sleuths in Starrs' group. Bill Bass and Jim Large were two of them.

Raber picked up the ball: "Annette was about to tell me about an accident on the Natchez Trace last night."

"Oh?"

"Yes," Mrs. Bass began, talking toward Nancy. "It was late, and we didn't know the area. We were following friends in another car who said they knew the way. Well, we drove some distance. And you know, there are no street lights on the Trace. It was very dark."

Jim observed the activity in the cemetery. He kept Mrs. Bass in his peripheral vision so if she were to look at him, he could revert to eye contact and show he was listening. To the front and left, toward the monument, geologist Stephens was helping Calhoun. Front right, Starrs was doing a walk-and-talk for the ABC shifts—as Jim now preferred to think of them.

"Suddenly," Mrs. Bass said, "we see our friends slam on their brakes and they hit something!"

He realized he already knew the punch line. He looked at the back of Mrs. Bass's head, then at Raber. Past Raber, Dan MacDonald stood in front of his camera with a tv light on himself even though he was facing west as the lovely sunlight came slanting in from just above the full, green treetops.

"We almost ran into them before we were able to stop," Mrs. Bass continued. "We could see animals out there. We thought our friends must have hit a deer."

Raber broke eye contact with Mrs. Bass and looked at Jim, which spurred the elder to turn to look at him, which spurred him to flash-pan down to Mrs. Bass in time to meet her glance. She took a half-step back so she could see both his face and Raber's. "We thought, 'How odd. Why didn't the other deer run off?' We could see these animals out there, on both sides of the road. Then we realized," she said, putting her hands out at waist level, palms up. "They were cows!"

He and Raber laughed. Some heads turned toward their little uproar.

"Can you imagine?" Mrs. Bass said.

"Were your friends hurt?" he asked.

"No, everyone was fine."

"Good." He quipped, "Free steaks for all concerned, eh?"

Obviously, Mrs. Bass didn't get it. Raber probably didn't, either.

"When I lived in Michigan," he explained, "when somebody hit a deer, they'd take it home and enjoy the free venison." Furthermore, as Jim well knew, in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, anyone who killed a deer and let it go to waste would be shamed.

Mrs. Bass turned toward Raber and picked up where she'd left off. He strolled over to the group of men. Meanwhile, The ABC pair packed up. Starrs was alone, waiting, in the sun, near the center of the cemetery. The Channel 5 guy moved in. The group of men continued their discussion without acknowledging Jim's presence. He began to feel unwelcome. Did they not want a journalist in the group? He noticed his shadow. Did they not want a ponytail among them? He decided he might be overthinking the situation.

He moseyed over by Calhoun and Stephens, close to the interview. They shared nods, remained silent, and watched the two-man show. MacDonald's questions showed he knew nearly nothing about Meriwether Lewis nor the Inquest. Starrs avoided all the opportunities to embarrass him. Instead, he gently put MacDonald back on track with informative, often colorfully worded responses. The air was cooling and the sun was nestling into treetops before Starrs was asked for a final comment. The senior forensic scientist said:

"Meriwether Lewis knew what happened to him that night. Now, his only way to speak to us is through his bones."

Starrs strode toward Jim, Stephens and Calhoun. His expression was weariness, though his singular, determined gait remained strong. "Whew," he confided. "I am glad that's over with."

Raber came over as Starrs continued. "You would think a professional journalist would be better prepared, more knowledgeable about his subject, wouldn't you, James?" Starrs cast a mischievous grin.

Jim smiled, enjoying their rapport, and nodded. With both arms, Raber held her writing folder against her bosom. Despite her age, she had a schoolgirl charm about her. She politely paused to be sure she wasn't interrupting. Then she leaned toward Starrs. "Did you ask him?" Her question was to Starrs, but her eyes were on Jim.

"Ask him? Oh, yes. James, my man. Rumor has it that you know the National Park Service people who have lurked at the Inquest but have yet to come forward and reveal themselves to us. I fear I have misread you, my son."

He laughed. "You're kidding!"

"Our source was quite serious."

Raber asked, "You don't know?"

"That's right, I don't know." Despite their seriousness, he laughed again, entertained by their accusation. "I would have told you. I've never met anyone from the Park Service, nor do I know any names of any Park Service people or what any of them look like." He smiled. "But, you know, what would it matter?"

"To have a mole among us?" Starrs said. "Telling them our plans, our strategy?"

"Oh. Yeah. That's a good point. Who told you this crap?"

"Our source must remain anonymous." Starrs had a glint in his eyes.

Oh, the irony. Jim felt modern journalism was being eaten up by a cancer of unidentified sources. He guessed Starrs would agree, so he surmised that Starrs had meant his words as a jab at journalism. "You guys," said Jim, "I like you. I admire you. I would tell you if I knew." He put his hands on their shoulders for a second and said, "And I'll tell you this: I'll ask around tomorrow. If they're in the room, I'll find them!"

The two seemed satisfied. Starrs changed the subject as they all began walking toward the cars, the Channel 5 truck drove away, and the nearby group of men and Mrs. Bass joined the Starrs migration. "Jim," he said, "would you like to join us for dinner—on me, of course. That is, if you have not grown too tired of our company."

He saw Raber's grin. "Ha," he responded, "I'm concerned you're tired of mine. But I graciously accept."

Jim rode alone as the caboose of their little fleet on the way back to Hohenwald, a town with a German name because settlers from the German area of Europe had arrived in North America long before the American Revolution and had steadily spread across the continent, establishing peaceful, productive communities. They had formed the White backbone of modern America, but since World War One they had been wrongly demonized by the jew-owned media and erased from the history books, which now glorified the Indians, Mexicans, Africans, and other nonWhites as if the nonWhites had invented and built anything of value in the White-founded, White-built United States of America. Jim, a product of those corrupted history books and jew-owned news networks, was, himself, half German, yet he was entirely ignorant of the import of race and his ancestors' history.

Cruising alone in his two-seater, his thoughts turned to the morrow, the second and last day of the Inquest. The event was scheduled to last only another half-day. He refused to miss another minute of it.

At Armstrong's Bed & Breakfast, a crowd had gathered behind the house next door. Among them, he found Annette Peery, the apparently White owner of the b&b, where Jim had stayed for

pleasure once before, and got her permission to use her phone. He called his top copy editor and asked her to sub for him the next day. Then he called his boss.

"You can kill two birds with one stone," replied Tony Kessler, *Banner* news editor. "It's unlikely we'll have a reporter free to go down to Hohenwald tomorrow, so you could let us know what happens." Kessler was the most soft-spoken boss Jim had ever had. He was also the most even-keeled boss, at least as far as outward appearances. Again, Jim's indoctrinated ignorance made him oblivious to the fact that his boss was a Jew. At the same time, another Kessler was the head of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, and the two Jew Kesslers looked like they could easily be brothers.

"Uhhh, Tony, I'm not comfortable with stepping into a reporter role, here, since I'm personally involved."

"I can appreciate that." Kessler sounded like he was reciting a lullaby. "At the same time, with our staff size, I can't justify sending someone down there tomorrow. And you work for the *Banner*, and you're there."

Jim waited. He waited for the order, except that Kessler never phrased an order as an order. It was always in the form of a question. *Banner* "Jeopardy."

"What do you think about calling us if the jury issues a verdict by second deadline—or if something else big happens?"

That is not a question, Jim reminded himself. It's an order. He envisioned a slippery slope. Today, it's a news tip. Tomorrow, or next week, or next month, because of "our staff size," Kessler might ask him to be the reporter on all news in this historic case. "Besides, you know more about this story than anyone else on staff."

Jim didn't want to argue it. He figured there was no way the verdict would come before noon, which was the only way it could make the second-edition's deadline.

"Okay."

"Okay."

"See ya Wednesday."

"Right."

He pushed the "off" button, set the phone down, and followed his nose.

The scent of outdoor barbecue took him to the grill and buffet table, where he challenged the strength of a paper plate. Then, with one hand, he filled a plastic cup half-way with tea from a large, stainless-steel container marked "sweet." Moving the cup a foot to the right, he filled it the rest of the way from a container marked "non." Fully loaded, he eyed the various tables on patches of red-brick patio among large trees. There would be no full-group discussion, here. The tables were too distant from each other and the assemblage too large. The only place left to sit was at the end of a bench at a long picnic table. He wanted a chair. Back support. But he took the spot. There was no one close to him who he had met before. Empty of social energy, he listened, smiled now and then, and chuckled appropriately.

"Ha Ha Ha!"

It was a big voice. Loud. Familiar. It punctuated the diners' din like a bass drum in a brass band. At a table 30 feet away sat Joe Baugh, the district attorney general. He was with Starrs and some other VIPs from the Inquest. Jim wondered about the ethics of that. But then, Starrs said something about "Inquest specifics" being off-limits.

A tiny droplet touched down on his arm. He looked up into the high, green, natural canopy, which was lit from underneath by a few electric yard lights in the style of old gaslights on black poles. Another drop kissed his forehead. Bird pee? A few drops later, it was clearly light rain. The

high crowns of the trees were catching most of it. Some of the women felt the wetness and fretted for their hair. Someone said "lightning," and folks began carrying their desserts and drinks inside to the b&b dining room. He watched them go. He felt alone. He heard a female say "wait for me." She wasn't talking to him.

Heading to his car, he realized a song was playing in his head. Little did he know that all of the music he had bought had come through jews, who owned the music industry, blocking from broadcast and chain-store sales any songs truthful about vital history or particularly inspirational to Whites. The current approved song was an old favorite. He didn't have the tape with him. So, as he began the long drive to his abode, he started to sing, joining the tune and secret-jew singer already in progress:

"Hours are like diamonds. Don't let 'em waste. Time waits for no one; no favors has he. Time waits for no one. And it won't wait for me...."

4 The "Enemy"

"Hello! I wish the hair looked this good every day!" Jim decided to let it hang loose. He had played the game of first impressions yesterday, with the ponytail, and a coat and tie. Today, he would wear jeans, and a green henley shirt—no collar, a few buttons at the top. Over that, a funky, light-brown, sport coat. Up close, one could see specks of blue and maroon in the coat's weave. Shoes. Shoes were a problem. Only two possibilities. His Rockports that he always wore to work. But they were black. Or his brown casual shoes. The casuals would have been a shoo-in but for their white soles. If only they were brown like the uppers. The half inch of white was too bright. Staring down at them, he sighed. "Oh well, you'll have to do."

Heading out for Hohenwald, he drove to the nearest newspaper rack. He fed the machine a quarter and a dime. It irked him that he was paying for the competition's paper. When at work, he got it free. He pulled on the door. It wouldn't open. "Ughhh!" He pushed the coin-return button. "Robbed!" He laughed. "Oh, the irony."

Along the way, he stopped at a gas station linked with a convenience store. Inside, he bought a *Tennessean*, the morning paper, off an open shelf. Back in the car, he took a look. The object of his desire was at the bottom of A1. "Archaic proceeding opens in explorer Lewis' death," said the story's main headline.

"How lame. They could have said that yesterday."

The deckhead said, "Coroner's jury hears testimony doubting his suicide on Trace."

The story, another by Larry Daughtrey, began: "The testimony unfolding here yesterday contained all the elements of modern courtroom drama: sex, drugs, violence and deep mystery."

The story was a good and fair one, though short. Jim was happy it contained no nonsense stated as fact. He had to laugh when he read the second to last 'graph:

"During the day, jurors watched a test-firing of a replica of one of Lewis' pistols, a .69-caliber weapon that threw a round ball almost three quarters of an inch in diameter. Lewis' weapons have disappeared."

He was amused by what the story did not say—that the firing "test" failed the first 20 times. Had Daughtrey written about the misfirings, and more? If so, his editors had cut the story either for content or to fit the hole.

As Jim entered the armory building about 15 minutes early, he had one thing paramount on his mind. If there were any National Park Service people there, he would find them. If he had to, he would introduce himself to every man, woman, and child with facial hair in the place.

Entering the hearing room, he looked straight ahead with the intent to systematically scan left and right. But right there in his crosshairs sat a large man in a Park Service uniform. A patch on his sleeve said "Natchez Trace Parkway."

"Gary Mason," the federal fellow replied to Jim's introduction. The guy's big, meaty mitt exerted a powerful yet respectful grip. He was handsome, a clean-cut Paul Bunyan of a man. Jim sat beside him. Mason was a natural resources specialist who was acting chief of resource management. His boss, the superintendent of the Natchez Trace Parkway, had sent him to observe the hearing. Jim found Mason cordial, even personable. He tried to get down to the heart of the matter.

"Do you have a position on the proposal to exhume Meriwether Lewis?"

"Well, first I should say, we haven't been approached."

"You mean you haven't been asked for permission for an exhumation?"

"That's right," Mason said.

Odd. Why was Starrs angry at the Park Service, and why was he doing a Coroner's Inquest if he hadn't formally asked for permission yet? Then again, was Mason telling the straight truth?

"Secondly, the Park Service has a longstanding policy against exhumations. In the rare case where we allow a grave to be disturbed, it has to fall within strict guidelines." He went on to recite federal stipulations, one finger at a time. It sounded like the door to an exhumation was closed and locked. Mason continued, "There is an application procedure, required by federal law, which an applicant can follow to seek permission for an exhumation. As I said, if the proposal meets the guidelines and is judged to be of sufficient scientific merit, then it may be approved."

"Who decides if the project is of sufficient scientific merit?"

"The Park Service."

Uh huh. "What if the Coroner's Jury, here, returns a verdict in favor of an exhumation?"

"Well, I can't speak officially on that, but presumably it would still be a Park Service decision."

"Hmm." He paused, glanced across the room, looked back at Mason. The big fella seemed comfortable with the silence. "On a different subject," Jim queried, "do you know when the gravestones on Pioneer Cemetery were removed and those white markers were installed, below mower level?"

"I know it occurred, but I don't know anything about it. Well, let me think. The Natchez Trace Parkway was established in 1938. I know it would have to have happened before then."

"Okay. Uh—." He looked Mason in the eyes. "Is there anything that you think I should have asked, but didn't?" It was a question taught to him by his favorite journalism professor at Tennessee Technological University, where he had earned his journalism bachelor's degree. Occasionally, the question had spurred a revelation.

"No. Well, actually, there is an event we're about to publicize."

Jim expected some lame public-relations announcement.

"The final section of the Tennessee portion of the Natchez Trace Parkway is completed. It's finished all the way to Nashville. Opening day will be June 22nd. The National Park Service

cordially invites you to the dedication ceremony on the 22nd, which will be held at the northern terminus at Highway 100. The southern end of the final section is at the arch bridge at State Route 96. You know the one? It's a beautiful bridge."

"Yes, I love it. Will there be any entertainment?"

"Yes. Vice President Al Gore is scheduled to attend. And a public concert will be held, with Amy Grant scheduled to perform. Also, a military band."

"I'll tell the appropriate folks at the *Banner*," Jim said.

"If they have any questions, they can call our Tupelo office."

"Okay." He switched his notebook to his left hand and extended his right hand again.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Mason."

"You're welcome."

"I appreciate it."

He had an urge to go directly to Starrs, but he knew better. He stood behind the audience as the hearing was being called to order. The Coroner spoke into the microphone. "It has come to our attention there are several descendants of Meriwether Lewis here with us today — and yesterday."

Jim thought: Relatives, yes; descendants, no.

The Coroner asked the relatives to stand. Four people rose in the front-two rows on the left.

"So that the court reporter can make this a part of the record," the Coroner said, "if you would, begin right over here and give us your name and the town where you live and what your connection to Meriwether Lewis is, please." The Coroner pointed to a large man with short dark hair, some grays mixed in above the ears, wearing a plaid shirt and blue pants.

"My name is Keith Van Stone. I live in Hermitage, Tennessee, right outside of Nashville. And Meriwether Lewis was my great, great, great, great uncle."

Next to Mister Van Stone, a woman watched him, smiling through the "greats." From what Jim could tell from behind, she appeared older than her apparently White kinsman. She was shorter, wore glasses, and had gray hair almost down to her shoulders. "I'm Annie Laurie Van Stone. I live in Nashville. And I think that my—that Meriwether Lewis was my great, great, great—." She turned to Mister Van Stone. "Three 'greats' or two?"

"Two."

"Great, great uncle," she said. "His sister was our grandmother—great, great grandmother."

Jim's grin bent into bemused confusion. Meanwhile, an aged male voice came from a head of short gray hair above a blue-green suit coat.

"I'm Doctor William Anderson. I live in Williamsburg, Virginia. Lewis's sister Jane was my great, great grandmother, which makes me his great, great, great nephew."

A younger man next to the doctor spoke up. His hair was very short, mostly dark, with a bald area on top, and he wore a light blue shirt. "I'm William from Alfredo, Georgia." Putting his hand on the doctor's shoulder, the younger man continued, "This is my dad, so just add another 'great' on there."

Some in the audience laughed. It seemed that everyone smiled. As the Coroner thanked Meriwether's relatives for coming, they got a warm round of applause. Then, co-master of ceremonies, District Attorney Paul Phillips, called the first witness of the day:

"Doctor Dillon. Doctor Duayne Dillon."

The bushy-brown mustachioed document examiner and criminalist stepped to the lectern. Mister Dillon was asked about his independence as the second document examiner to testify.

"I didn't know until I came here to testify," he said, "that both document examiners in this matter had looked at the same material and would talk about the same material."

Suddenly, Ms. Raber was at Jim's side. "The hair. I like it," she whispered, smiling, copping a feel of a lock on his left shoulder.

"Thank you," he said softly. "Hey, did you see who I was talking to?"

"Yes, a Park Service person."

"Yeah. Ya know, he said the Park Service had not been asked for permission for an exhumation yet. Is that right?"

"Hmm."

"If that's true, it seems weird to be having a Coroner's Inquest."

"Well," she began, cautiously. "That's interesting. There's a letter—but I don't know if Professor Starrs would want me to tell you about it."

He watched and waited.

"Of course, we already know he likes you."

"Yeah."

"I'll tell you, but don't tell him I told you, okay? At least, not until we know it's okay with him." She edged closer to his ear. "He received a letter from the Park Service that talks about the exhumation and the ground-penetrating radar. It's dated two or three years ago."

"Yeah?"

"It was in response to something the Professor had sent to them. I got the impression it was a rejection from the Park Service. I could look at it again. Would you like to see it?"

"You have a copy with you?"

"Yes."

"I'd love to. Thank you, Nancy. Hey, how about a *copy* of it for me?"

She paused, in thought. "That would be better. I'll make one for you today, but it may be a while."

"Okay. Thanks."

"I'd better get back. He might need me for something."

They smiled.

D.A. Phillips asked Mister Dillon: "This is the same document that is the Major Russell statement about the circumstances of Lewis's death?"

"It is."

Jim knew of the Russell statement. Russell had been the commander at Fort Pickering—at present-day Memphis—who provided lodging to Meriwether when the great explorer and governor fell ill soon after leaving St. Louis on the fateful trip. Russell's statement had been written about two years after Meriwether's death. It was the source of the supposed report that Meriwether had tried to kill himself twice on the boat from St. Louis. The statement was also the source of absurdities about Meriwether's death—an event Russell missed by about 300 miles. Russell had claimed to know that Meriwether was mentally deranged, hallucinating about nonexistent enemies, that he shot himself twice and one of the balls exited near the bottom of his backbone, and in the morning he was cutting himself from head to foot with razors.

The copy of the Russell statement that historians had relied upon appeared not to have been written by Russell, Dillon testified. No one knew who wrote it.

Dillon clicked the projector control. "This is a slide of all of the Meriwether Lewis signatures I received, dating from 1801 through shortly before his death. My examination revealed

no deterioration in these signatures." He clicked and showed slides of writings by Meriwether that he had studied, including samples from long before his 1809 death and samples immediately before his death. "I don't purport to be able to diagnose mental state from handwriting. In order for anyone to make such a determination, there has to be a change in the writing, and I find no change in the writing of these letters at all."

Dillon added, "I have in the course of my work done experimental work and observed the writings of individuals under the influence of alcohol, for instance, which does often markedly affect writing, sometimes with not particularly high levels of alcohol. There is none of that type of change within any of this writing by Meriwether Lewis."

D.A. Phillips asked about a letter Meriwether wrote to President Jefferson's successor, President James Madison, while Meriwether was ill. Dillon said the letter had more crossed-out words than usual. But the changes seemed to be for clarity or emphasis and not for any error in grammar. Furthermore, the letter appeared to be a rough draft. Then, Dillon showed, again, the last letter Meriwether was known to have written. "This one had virtually no corrections in it."

Jim spied Starrs sitting at his table to the far left and eased over there.

"Jim," Starrs said. "Why, I hardly knew ye."

"What do you mean?"

"You are disguised in the hair of Sampson. Whatever you do, don't let her cut it."

"Ah, yes. Good to see you, sir."

"Likewise. I hear you have spoken with the opposition."

"Yes." He told Starrs the who, what, and when.

"True. I have not specifically asked for permission for an exhumation."

He waited.

"It was clear by their response to me in 1993 that their position was quite firm against an exhumation. Rather than risk an official denial, I decided I needed to strengthen my position. The next step is the jury's verdict, here. Then, providing the verdict is favorable, I will send the Park Service another letter. With all this support behind me, maybe they will be moved from their previous position and grant permission."

Jim nodded. They watched Dillon conclude his presentation. Starrs excused himself to go chat with the witness. Jim walked back to the rear of the audience, where he was met by two women. The thin one of the two, whose name Jim later recorded in his notebook only as "Alice," introduced herself and her friend as writers from Memphis. Alice was aware that Jim had just come from the company of Starrs. Apparently, she wanted to pump him for information. He cooperated minimally. Then, the subject turned to Meriwether Lewis. Alice spoke forcefully. In fact, it seemed that she wanted the whole room to hear her pronouncements. Jim did not disagree with Alice, but —. "Excuse me. I must go to the bathroom." He smiled and made his escape.

Happily alone in the restroom, he approached the two urinals. The one on the left looked to be full of rancid orange juice. The one on the right held clear water, but the front edge of it had yellow drops and a few wiry pubic hairs on it. Below it, the floor was damp but not puddled. He spread his feet to straddle the damp spot, unzipped, and was careful not to make contact with anything. He took a deep breath, exhaled, and let it flow.

He heard the next witness, Reimert Ravenholt, being introduced over the public address system. The former, longtime government administrator and medical doctor was an act that Jim didn't want to miss. He had met Ravenholt at the b&b and knew the bureaucrat was a troublesome brew.

After thirty-five seconds, he stepped back, so as not to get splashed, and pushed the flush lever down. Quickly, he washed his hands, wiped his face, and exited. He took a seat in the back row just outside the restrooms. From this vantage point, he could see Ravenholt straight ahead, with nearly all of the audience fanned out to the front and left. Ravenholt, uncommonly tall, standing fully erect, was speaking in a measured yet personable way.

"Although Professor Starrs and I may differ somewhat with respect to the diagnosis, I agree very heartily—we agree very heartily—with his Voltaire quote, 'To the living we owe respect, but to the dead we owe only the truth.'" Then Ravenholt spoke more to the audience: "I am impressed that Hohenwald is a lovely community of more than 3,000 people, and has offered us the most generous southern hospitality."

D.A. Baugh quipped: "I hope ABC News got that."

The crowd chuckled. In response to questioning, Ravenholt launched into details about where he grew up, about neurosyphilis, and syphilis in general—which he said Christopher Columbus's group got from the American Indians and took back to Europe. He told of his readings on Meriwether Lewis. Jim jotted in his notebook: "kinda windbagging, while lending prestige somehow."

But the audience was growing impatient, shifting in their seats. Ravenholt described the three phases of neurosyphilis. Someone in the audience kept coughing intermittently. Minutes later, Ravenholt began an account of his travels along the Lewis & Clark Trail. He showed slides of his visits to various Lewis & Clark sites. Jim first thought the travelogue would improve Ravenholt's likability. But soon the testifier showed a shot of himself at a narrow stream on the Continental Divide in Montana.

"I happened to be alone that day and had to set my camera to do it," Ravenholt testified. "And I did what a member of the expedition did: I bestrode the Missouri River. There is the source of the Missouri River between my legs."

Jim couldn't help but laugh.

"Right," said D.A. Baugh.

A movement caught Jim's eye. To the left, toward the door, a slender woman with long blond hair took a seat near the middle back of the audience. She looked like a journalist, maybe on-air talent who might soon be joined by a camera operator. His view was obscured, so he refocused on Ravenholt.

D.A. Baugh asked, "Is this where Lewis met the Shoshone Indians?"

"I'll come to that."

"Let's kind of—we don't have a terrible amount of time, we need to kind of come to the point of your—."

"In the next one—," Ravenholt continued, cutting off the D.A.

A few laughs called from the crowd. The cougher laughed, too. A while later, the D.A. diverted Ravenholt from his trip and onto specifics about malaria and more about syphilis. Soon, Ravenholt began reading from an 1892 publication to support his position.

"Neurosyphilis is most frequently encountered among the higher intellectual types."

He continued reading perhaps a dozen more sentences from the 104-year-old source. In a few minutes, a juror, Tony Turnbow, questioned him about tuberculosis. Ravenholt admitted he couldn't rule out tuberculosis as the cause of various maladies among Lewis and his men. Also, he said he couldn't rule out many other diseases.

Later, as Ravenholt ended a few sentences on HIV and AIDS, the D.A. thanked him and attempted to order a break.

Ravenholt said, "After the break, I would just like to read something in conclusion."

"I think the Coroner will want to take you before the break."

"Let me just finish that then. In my conclusion, I wrote as follows."

Jim recognized what followed as what the doctor had told him at the b&b when they had first met. Ravenholt's bottom line was that it was supposedly "obvious" that Meriwether died of syphilis contracted "most likely on the night of August 13, 1805," during the expedition. But Jim knew that Meriwether's writings contained not a word about himself suffering from a venereal disease, and the doctor's conclusion was quite a stretch.

As Ravenholt's narrative reached the point of Meriwether's departure from St. Louis, he asked the D.A. if he should continue after the break.

D.A. Baugh said, "I think if the jury doesn't have any more questions, your time is about up."

"Well, I think I must say, as Lewis came to Fort Pickering—."

Jim chuckled along with several others in the audience. Ravenholt would not stop nor be brief. Continuing several more minutes, he then purported that Meriwether grew irritated with James Neelly watching his every move as they traveled toward Nashville. Neelly had been an Indian agent for the U.S. government and based in Nashville. Neelly had first met Meriwether during his illness at Fort Pickering and offered to accompany him overland to Nashville.

Ravenholt spoke as if he were Meriwether: "How do I get Major Neelly off my back? Just slip a couple of the horses, particularly Major Neelly's." He opined, "I suspect that Lewis may very well have done that to separate himself from Major Neelly."

Jim thought, "Ravenholt's writing a damn novel up there."

The filibuster dragged on. The ex-government agency administrator narrated a tale of Meriwether's final hours. Jim thought, "He's reciting Mrs. Grinder's stories as fact, as if it were all on videotape."

And Ravenholt claimed, "Lewis's mother was fully accepting that this was suicide."

Jim thought he knew better: 30-some years before, the author Vardis Fisher had written *Suicide or Murder? The Strange Death of Governor Meriwether Lewis*. Fisher's book refuted Ravenholt's assertion. After a couple more minutes, Ravenholt gave a short speech about insanity in the 1950s.

The D.A. said, "If we don't conclude now, I think that they're going to think *we* are insane, so—."

Ravenholt interjected, "No, if—."

"If you could go ahead and conclude now, we need to go to a break."

"In recent decades, you know, in every—in many, many trials, somebody imparts a definition of insanity which is far and far removed from what actually was at play when this was put into law."

The D.A. said, "Any other questions?" Seeing none, he said, "Thank you, Doctor Ravenholt."

The offender finally relented. The D.A. announced the long-awaited break. The relieved crowd broke into chuckles and chatter. Jim couldn't tell if Ravenholt understood the reaction—he didn't show it.

Suddenly Starrs came up behind and said, "This proves that I was letting everything hang loose! To allow such a thing. What an idiot, eh? Geez!" He snickered and rushed off. Jim smiled and jotted the statement in his notebook. He marveled at the outburst. It seemed quite out of character for the Professor.

After the break, D.A. Baugh introduced Bill Bass, the anthropologist from Knoxville and famed for the Body Farm, where actual cadavers were placed in various natural settings and studied as they decayed. Such science had provided the basis for many crime-solving, forensic assertions acceptable in court, such as accurate estimates of the time of death. However, the public had been misled by Hollywood's absurd exaggerations and fictions.

The intro for Bill Bass was long and impressive. Mister Bass's expression seemed to say, "Enough already." But Baugh read on. "He is widely credited by forensic scientists with being the father of forensic anthropology in the United States. He took semi-retirement in 1992." Baugh looked up from his notes and said, "We have no intention of allowing Doctor Bass to retire completely."

Finally, Bass had the floor. Jim appreciated the taut questioning by D.A. Phillips and doctor Bass's succinct answers. Within a few minutes, the father of forensic anthropology covered much ground. He said the remains of Meriwether could be studied on-site, if necessary. He expected a skeleton well worth an exhumation. And the dig could be done with no damage to the monument, by tunneling in from the side.

Jim could see half of the blonde's head through the crowd. No sign of an accompanist. He panned toward the door. Many people had walked inside a few steps and remained standing despite the several empty chairs. Nearer, he saw geologist George Stephens, one of his lunch companions at McDonald's yesterday. Quietly, he walked to him, exchanged whispered greetings, and sat beside him. As they watched Bass, Starrs came by and whispered something in Stephens' ear. Starrs left. Jim thought about asking what Starrs had said. But he decided, much to his dissatisfaction, it was none of his business. If Stephens wanted him to know, he'd tell him.

"As a matter of fact," Bass was testifying, "you and I have sat here the last day and a half listening to all of this information, and I hope that you feel somewhat like I do. I felt like clapping after every one of the experts gave their testimony. You have listened to some very, very good information—something that you really could not get to read—but that we were able to put together here to look at this situation."

To a question about evidence of syphilis, Bass said: "Syphilis will show up on the bones. I'm not sure it will show up in the four- to five-year period that Doctor Ravenholt is talking about, but it is a possibility."

D.A. Phillips asked, "As a forensic anthropologist, do you recommend excavation?"

"Absolutely."

After a few minutes, Juror Turnbow asked about safety and stability during the excavation.

"I'm not an engineer," Bass began, "but since I will probably be the individual going down there, I hope they do a good job of holding the thing up. I don't want to end up under that thing permanently!"

Everybody shared a good laugh. Soon, Bass was thanked and excused. Jim waited in anticipation. The crowd did, too. Was it over? Would the jury exit to deliberate? A few of the officials held a short conference. D.A. Baugh leaned up to his microphone.

"Mister Coroner, I understand we have two people, Doctor Starrs and Doctor Guice, who want to address the jury. We made that known to you, and you said that you do want to hear them. And they understand the time constraints that you have. So, Mister Starrs?"

Starrs issued a warm thank-you to everyone involved, but especially Meriwether's kin. "I want to thank the relatives who have taken the time and interest to be here representing not only themselves but so many other relatives who are overwhelmingly in support of my position that

there is a need through scientific means to resolve this dispute over the death of Meriwether Lewis. If the relatives had in any way, shape, or form disagreed with my proposal, I would not be here today."

Starrs told the jury: "By the analysis of the remains, we are preserving the remains. These remains, yes, I consider to be in sufficient condition for analysis today. But they will not always be in that condition." He went on to say, "And therefore, after the analysis—carefully and in a dignified way conducted—we would then put him into a vault that would remain intact, impermeable to the weather for centuries to come."

Jim thought it a good point to rest on. But—.

"Of course, we would observe anything and everything that the National Park Service would require of us. I'm sure their requirements might not even reach the requirements of our own individual scientific requirements. I thank you very much."

"Doctor Guice," the D.A. said, "would you like to come forward?"

As before, it seemed that 10 years melted off Guice's face as he spoke.

"Thank you. Can you hear me? Indeed, after hearing Doctor Bass's calm and marvelous testimony, I started not to stand up again. However—."

Jim squirmed as Guice began to attack Ravenholt's testimony. Ravenholt already had done a good job of that all by himself.

"Many of Ravenholt's assertions are highly speculative, highly speculative," Guice offered. "And I say this for the benefit of the relatives here. I don't think we have any conclusive evidence of the type of behavior that Doctor Ravenholt asserts."

Next, Meriwether's relatives were given a chance to speak. The most senior, Doctor William Anderson, raised his hand and was sworn in. Amid shallow breaths, the elder said, "I have heard about Uncle Meriwether ever since I was four or five years old. But from this Inquest, I think I have learned at least as much as I already knew. I'm delighted that so many people here are interested in the cause of death. And I, as a physician, have been twice as interested as any of the rest of you are."

The doctor drew a deeper breath. "I love facts. I love truth," he testified. "I don't like speculation. I don't like conjecture. And I can't see any other way to get the facts than to examine the bones. I was trained in pathology, too. I know about what you can find. And I'm all for it."

The Coroner asked if any other relative of Meriwether wished to speak. None did. Then, he took his turn to thank everyone present and to praise the event. To Jim's surprise, the Coroner even lauded the media for being "courteous in every move they have made." And he solved a little mystery for Jim when he said the courthouse had been too busy to allow the Inquest to be held there, and he thanked the National Guard for the use of the armory.

With that, the jury filed away to deliberate. Jim looked at his watch—11:42 a.m. Lunch time! As he considered what to do, it was announced that the jury would take a break to eat. Immediately, most of the audience did, too. He stood and saw Alice approaching in earnest. He feared she would collar him to eat with her.

"Jim, I have just met a most interesting woman."

"Yeah?"

"Her name is Judy Runions. She says she is related to the Runion we were talking about earlier—the other man rumored to have been around Grinder's Stand the night Lewis died."

"No kidding? Where is she?"

Alice pointed into the audience. "She's nervous about talking to the media. She doesn't want any of the tv cameras on her. And she doesn't want to talk in front of her kin, who are with her. But I think she'll talk to us."

Why was Alice including him? Whatever, he was happy for the opportunity. "Will she come over here, by the wall, and talk with us?"

"I'll go see," Alice said.

He leaned against the wall. Within a couple of minutes, Alice came back. She had her friend and a middleweight blond woman in tow. Alice introduced Judy Runions, perhaps 30 years old. He reached to shake her hand. Already, her whole body was shaking with nervous trembles. Hesitantly, she allowed a brief clasp.

"I don't know if I should be talking about this," she said.

He watched Alice crowd Mrs. Runions in an attempt to comfort her. He half expected Alice's overbearance to run the woman off. But Runions wouldn't have walked over here if she didn't want to talk.

"You need to understand," she said, "there's a stigma on the Runions and the Grinders around here because of people's suspicions that they had something to do with Meriwether Lewis's death."

Alice asked questions, helping Runions along. Jim nodded.

"I'm related to Thomas Runions by marriage. This story is handed down by my husband's family."

Jim remembered an obscure story that had Thomas Runions' rifle-butt print and moccasins prints in the soil outside Grinder's Stand on the morning Meriwether died.

"Thomas was a half-breed Indian," Mrs. Runions continued. "He was friends with Robert Grinder, who owned Grinder's Stand. And Thomas was married to a niece of Robert's. I'm married to a descendant in that line."

"Judy," Jim interjected softly, "how do you spell your last name? It sounds like you have an 's' on the end. I think that when I read something about Thomas, his last name had no 's'."

"Yes, it has an 's'." She spelled out Runions. He thanked her. She continued and appeared less shaken, more confident. "The family story is that Lewis was drinking and was probably drunk. He made advances on Mrs. Grinder, who was there by herself. They say she called for help, and help came." Mrs. Runions issued a small chuckle.

Alice was busy writing.

Jim asked, "What do you mean by 'help came'?"

"Thomas came and saw what Lewis was doin' and shot him."

Alice asked, "Was he ever tried in court?"

"Some family talk is, there was a Coroner's Inquest. They say Thomas was let go. Some say the Grinders were tried in another county, and they were, uh, acquitted. But all the records were burned up when the courthouse burned down."

That rang a bell. He'd read of a convenient courthouse fire. He waited while Alice finished her questions.

"Thank you very much, Judy," he said, without extending his hand this time.

Alice and her friend walked away with the tale teller. He was hungry. He found Starrs across the room and queried, "What are you doing for lunch?"

"We have someone bringing a bucket of chicken and trimmings from town," Starrs said.

"We would not want to be absent were the jury to make an early reentry."

"Yeah. I guess it's too late for me to go get something."

"I would invite you to partake with us, but someone else is buying. However, I would guess you will be welcome, though you may be asked to chip in a few dinero."

"I'd be happy to."

Stephens and Calhoun rustled into the room carrying bags of vittles. They plopped them down on a vacant table. Jim's money was rejected but his presence accepted. A few other members of Starrs' team joined in and pulled up chairs. Jim sat at one end of the table. If he looked to the left, he could see kitty-corner across the now empty audience area to the main door.

The group made small talk. After a while, he found an opening to share what Judy Runions had told him.

"Yes, the folktales are many," Starrs responded. "Most are quite farfetched, and all unsubstantiated. I am afraid that the only truth which remains to be found lies buried under that monument in Pioneer Cemetery."

The group did not disagree. Jim set a thigh bone aside and used a paper napkin to wipe the oil from his fingers. The thin, bleached paper was too delicate for the task. "What are the options for the jury?" he asked Starrs. "Do they have a simple yes-no vote, or is it more complicated than that?"

Starrs finished a sip through the straw in his beverage and set the waxed-paper cup on the table. "The jury has three basic options. They can, of course, find rightly in our favor." He smiled, with an index finger in the air. "That is to say, they can urge an exhumation. Two, they can shoot us down by saying that despite all the evidence presented here, they conclude that Meriwether Lewis committed suicide. And third, they may simply say the case is not worth pursuing and just simply drop it."

Jim glanced to the left. The blonde had entered the room. He had had a follow-up question for Starrs, but lost it. No better way to derail a train of thought, he told himself.

5 The Odds

She sat near where she had earlier, which was about 30 feet from the team's lunch table. Jim offered a couple glances her way, hoping to make eye contact. But she averted each time, seemingly determined to avoid eye contact while trying for nonchalance.

By and by, the lunch party broke up. He and Nancy chatted as they cleaned off the table and tossed the trash. People had straggled back into the room and milled about, or sat in twos and threes and talked. The blonde could be seen now chatting with Stephens along the wall behind the projector screen. They were viewing Starrs' display of monument photos and biographical info on Meriwether. Jim and Raber talked, pondering Starrs.

"You would know," he said, "is he as admirable as he appears to be?"

"Yes," the Professor's assistant replied. "I don't know all there is to know, but I know a lot. He was telling me recently about all his children. He has something like nine kids, and then he adopted a grandson after the grandson's mother got into some difficulty. That's wonderful, to me."

"Wow."

"He's an excellent forensic scientist. You know all the exhumations he's done, right?"

"I think so."

"And he was president of the American Association of Forensic Scientists. He's also a law professor, of course. That's why I'm working for him. You know, he was quite the civil-rights lawyer in the '60s."

"I did not know that," he said, intrigued.

"Yeah. He traveled through the South, fighting for equal rights during all that awful racist violence. In fact, he told me that one night, he and whoever was with him bedded down on the porch of the home of a black civil-rights activist. And in the middle of the night, the house was firebombed!"

He smiled in ignorant admiration and fascination. "Was anyone hurt?"

"Apparently not. Luckily not."

Jim did not know that the whole “fight for equal rights” was organized, funded, and directed by jews, the race who had actually owned and operated the slave trade that wrongly brought the low-IQ, boatless Africans to the American continent. The famous negro born Michael King but renamed “Martin Luther King Jr.” and Rosa Parks were two of many of the African race along with a few duped Whites who were trained at a jew-Communist school—the Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tennessee—in the mid-to-late 1950s. With that training and further guidance by jews, those Africans later performed their now-infamous, public, anti-White stunts, which were glorified by the jew-owned media.

Furthermore, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, more widely known by the initials NAACP, had been founded, funded, and led by jews for many years until the jews let well-trained Africans in America pretend to direct the operation. All of them were anti-Whites. But Jim, too, in his ignorance, was functioning as an anti-White. He thought, as trained by the jew-owned media and by so-called “higher” education, that Whites were unfairly “privileged” in America—the country Whites had founded and built. Whites must bend over backward as models of extreme tolerance, self-sacrifice, and generosity toward all other people who he had been taught were all supposedly “equal” with him and were all full “Americans.” Thus, he saw Starrs’ service to the “civil-rights” movement as a kind of heroism.

Jim, focused on Raber, had had his arms loosely folded. He swung his right hand up to his chin and pieced together what he had heard about Starrs’ historical exploits. “He’s bio material.”

She nodded. “And you’re just the person to write it.”

“I’m serious,” he said, charmed by the idea.

“Me, too. Who better than you?”

“Why, thank you, Nancy.” They stood there a moment. “Let’s not tell any other potential writers about this idea, okay? I’m going to give this some serious thought. This could be an opportunity of a lifetime.”

“Okay. Well, I need to go attend to the great one. Oh, by the way. I haven’t forgotten about the letter I’m going to copy for you.”

“Me, neither,” he said at her smiling departure.

He decided he ought to meet at least one more of the journalists at the Inquest. But first, a pit stop. In the restroom, he found the urinals occupied, so he went into the lone toilet stall. He heard his two predecessors flush, walk to the sink, and make small talk about Meriwether. By the time he finished and exited the stall, one of the men was departing. The other was about to throw his paper towel away.

“Hey, you look like a journalist,” Jim said, going to the sink.

“How can you tell?” The guy canned his paper wad and grinned.

Jim ran hot water slowly so the noise wouldn’t intrude on the conversation. “You look like that young guy on the ‘Lou Grant’ tv series a long time ago.”

They laughed. “I’m sure it wasn’t the reporter’s notebook and pen sticking out of my pocket.”

“What notebook?”

They laughed again and introduced themselves. The guy was Carlos Santos out of Richmond, Virginia.

Jim should have suspected that he was in the presence of a rat-faced jew, similar to the one on the tv series featuring the jew Ed Asner. But Jim’s ignorance rendered him oblivious.

He dried off, they shook hands, and went out by the drinking fountain. The subject drifted from journalism to Meriwether. Jim answered the Virginian's questions related to the case. They drifted to personal stuff.

"Married?"

"No. You?"

"No."

"Children?" They laughed.

"No."

He was glad the Virginian didn't add "as far as I know," which many men say as if it would be macho and admirable to have unknown offspring out there, somewhere. "Me, neither."

"Have you seen the blonde over there?" The Virginian nodded in the direction of *the* blonde, who had taken a seat in the middle rear again.

"Oh yeah. I first thought she was a journalist, too. I don't think so, now. But I still plan to find out."

"What, you're just going to walk up and ask her?"

"Yeah."

They each stole a glance her way.

"Ahh, she's probably married—with children," Jim said. "Ya know, the older we get, the fewer there are left."

"Hunh. Tell me about it," the Virginian said with a frown.

He decided he would tell him about it. "Have you ever thought it through, done the math, on how bad the odds really are of meeting the kind of woman you're waiting for?"

The Virginian raised an eyebrow.

"I have. Take Nashville, for instance, where I live. A million people. You'd think there'd be a bunch of good candidates, right? Well, let's do the math. First, cut that million in half because only half of them are women. That's 500,000. Actually, they're not all 'women.' Many are girls. Only 10 percent of them are around the right age. That leaves 50,000. Now, what percent of women appear attractive to you?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Let's be real generous and say one in 10."

The Virginian grinned.

"Ten percent of 50,000 leaves us 5,000. Now, uh, oh yeah! How many of those attractive women are single? In our age range, damn few. But let's say 10 percent, to be generous again. That leaves 500. Now, a lot of those are single moms. So, let's knock off, say, a hundred. We're at, uh—."

"Four hundred."

"Thank you. Okay, 400. Now, what about compatibilities? I won't put you on the spot. I'll make myself the target. I'm not religious, which means I could knock out 90 percent of them, at least. Uh, 90 percent of 400 is, uh, 360. So, I'm left with 40."

The Virginian was smiling.

"Now, I could go on. We could go into sex, politics, sports, whatever might be important to us. But let's jump to a biggie." He looked at the Virginian, waiting for it.

Jim should have had "race" in his list, but he was as race-blind as Jewry could hope for in a White man.

"Here it is: How many of those 40 attractive women are going to be attracted to me?" He waited a few seconds, letting it sink in. "Maybe one," he said with a chuckle.

The Virginian chuckled, too.

"Hell, maybe two. I feel good today." They shared another laugh. He glanced past his newspaper peer and saw Raber approaching. She waved and went by into the ladies restroom.

"Now, finally: What are the odds I'm ever going to run into that one or two?"

The Virginian's face showed it wasn't funny anymore.

"In the city," Jim continued, "the woman and I probably don't live or work near each other. And people have to be in the right mood when they run into somebody. I mean, if we're so lucky as to be in the same checkout line in a store, what are the odds that either one of us will even have the guts to speak?"

"Awful."

"Awful is right." He felt unusually good. Not only had the Virginian listened intently to his entire speech, he seemed to completely understand. Jim glanced across the room at the blonde. He thought he caught her looking at him, but just for an instant, before she quickly looked downward. He turned his back to the audience and stepped to the water fountain. As he started to bend down, Raber emerged from the restroom.

"Here, let me hold that for you," she said.

He laughed and hesitated, hovering his head a foot above the spout. "Okay."

She grabbed the handle. "Okay. Get down there."

They both laughed. Raber turned on the water. He took a long drink. He came up for air. Another drink. "Okay," he said, wiping his lower lip. "Now, I'll hold for you."

"No, no. That's all right. I don't know if I can trust you."

He let her do it herself, with one hand on the knob and one to secure her glasses. He thought about saying he was insulted. But he didn't want it to sound serious. He wanted to say something funny. Seconds passed. Too many.

She finished. "I was just kidding, you know."

"I thought so."

He introduced her to the Virginian. The pair chatted. Jim stood by but stayed out of it. Nonchalantly, he focused on the blonde, taking in visual cues to personality. He waited for her left hand to be exposed so he might see if she wore a ring.

"Well, it was nice to meet you," he heard Raber say.

He looked at her and met those goggle eyes. She said, "I'll see you later."

"Good." He smiled as she turned away. He wished she were his sister.

That was how deeply duped he was.

He looked at the Virginian, then at the blonde. Calhoun now stood erect at his tripod and camera, about three feet up the aisle from her. The two were conversing. "She's probably married, or from far, far away," Jim said to the Virginian. "Or both." He grinned. "It's time to solve *this* mystery. I'm going over there."

"Let me know what you find out."

Star was born where Meriwether Lewis died. As she grew up, she played on his grave.

Star's parents often packed picnics and piled their little tomboy and her younger sister into the car for the mile drive to Pioneer Cemetery. There, the girls would pretend to be Indians and explorers. They'd chase each other around the family quilt and across the lush green lawn of the graveyard. Star, with her big ears pink and pigtails afly, would sprint to the Meriwether Lewis Monument. She'd hide behind it on the shady north side, only to be flushed out into the sun again by her sister coming 'round from the south.

The girls would clamber up the monument's base—a 7-foot square, pyramidal stack of brown slab stones. Five feet up, the siblings would reach the inscribed plinth. The 4-foot square Tennessee marble plinth was topped by a sparkly white limestone shaft two-and-a-half feet thick at its base and 11 feet tall. Star, a half-step ahead, would put her back against the spire and her buns atop the plinth. Her sis would settle alongside, and they'd both splay their skinny legs from beneath cute cotton dresses and twinkle their bare toes in innocence and glee.

From their perch, the two could spy several curving rows of white marble markers. Each 6-inch square marker was set in the ground with its flat top flush with the surface. Each face was inscribed with the name and nothing more of the Lewis County pioneer whose remains lay below. To the girls, the stones formed long narrow hopscotch paths through the freshly mowed grass.

Star's father would amble over, light a Lucky Strike, and launch into what he knew of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. She'd envision everything he described: Meriwether hiring his best friend—William Clark—to be co-captain of the Corps of Discovery; the expedition's hardship of pulling boats against the mighty Missouri's current; the joy of meeting friendly Indians; the fear of hostile braves; the heart-pounding attacks of abominable grizzly bears; the grand spectacles of the torrential falls and majestic mountains; the supreme pride in reaching the Pacific; and on the return trip, Meriwether getting shot in the ass by a near-sighted hunter in his own party.

Early in the telling, Star's sister would escape to play with their mom. But Star would stay put till her butt went numb. Then, she'd read the inscriptions on the plinth again. She loved to read—every cereal box, every book, every road sign, every bumper sticker. At the plinth, she and her dad would stoop down, or stand off to the left and then to the right—trying to use the highlights and shadows of the eroded letters to reveal the messages etched in the weathered limestone. She most liked the epitaph on the eastern face:

His courage was undaunted; his firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibilities; a rigid disciplinarian, yet tender as a father to those committed to his charge; honest, disinterested, liberal, with a sound understanding and a scrupulous fidelity to truth.

Many of the words were too big for Star to understand. But each reading was as a spring shower, wetting her roots. And each season found her absorbing more and more, drawing each word, each phrase, deeper and deeper inside her until she held the whole of it within.

Perplexing, though, was the story of Meriwether's death. Her dad had told her that most books said Meriwether shot himself—twice. But other books and many of the local folks told tales of murder. She didn't want to believe the story of suicide. She had grown up with Meriwether as a part of her. He was a hero. To her young brain, a hero would never commit suicide; therefore, Meriwether did not commit suicide. But then, murder seemed almost as absurd.

Through her teen years, she returned to the monument again and again to read the praises of Meriwether Lewis and to ponder his fate. The remote Pioneer Cemetery became her favorite place, her personal getaway. She would bike the mile from home on her sting-ray and make a lap around the monument on the narrow gravel lane encircling all the graves. It became a habit, and then a tradition, to say, "Hi, Meriwether," as she rolled up close. Usually, the basket on her handlebars carried a comfort food she had packed at the house. She'd munch her "PBJ"—peanut butter and jelly sandwich—with an oak against her back and ponder life, love, the birds and the trees, and the 35-year-old bachelor decomposing a few yards away and several feet below.

The hero hibernated within her as society's current carried her to adulthood, through college, a brief career, then marriage and children.

Now a mom, Star was proud that her son shared her relish for reading and her admiration of Meriwether. At breakfast, on the first Monday in June 1996, the 6-year-old boy read the ingredients of Cap'n Crunch to his sister, though he was often interrupted by the 3-year-old's attention span. After Star's son finished with "BHT to preserve freshness," she wondered which chemical it was that made the Crunchberries grate their gums.

For lunch on this sunny, late-spring day in west Knoxville, Tennessee, the trio headed into McDonald's to kick off a play date with another stay-at-home mom and her kids. Star, leading her strawberry-blond daughter by the hand, opened the heavy glass door. Her slender, sandy-haired son saw a headline through the window of a newspaper machine: "Inquest Probes Explorer Lewis' Death." He peered at the fine print.

"Mom! Mom! It's about Meriwether Lewis!"

She and her pair huddled in front of the machine. The June 3, 1996, *Knoxville News-Sentinel* said a two-day scientific inquiry had already started in her hometown of Hohenwald, 275 miles west.

"Oh, it's today!" she shrieked. "I need to be there!"

Jim marched down the aisle. As he approached her, head-on, she glanced up at him, then down to her lap. Apparently, she had finished talking with Calhoun. He nodded at the videographer as he stepped around his three-legged equipment. Jim's mouth felt a little dry. A lump was forming in his throat. He swallowed it away. He looked at her. She looked at him. He felt it.

"Hi, I'm Jim Laffrey," he offered, bending down and extending his right hand. She seemed slightly nervous, which made him less so. "I'm a journalist with the *Nashville Banner*."

"Hi." The blonde's accent made the "hi" sound akin to "ha." "I'm Star." She smiled. Eyes the color of spring maple leaves. She looked down at his hand and slid hers in. Their thumbs met. They squeezed.

He thought she must not be a journalist because she would have said so. Her hand felt like home. He didn't want to let go, but did. "If I may ask, what brings you to this great event?"

"I'm a Meriwether fan—from way back."

"Excellent." Aware that he was blocking the view of an elderly couple sitting behind her, he pointed at the open chair to her right. "May I sit down there?"

"Uh, sure."

"Thank you." Her knees swung toward him as she made room to get by. The knees were bare, lightly tanned. He averted his glance to the empty chair and settled there. She straightened up and brushed her hair back a bit with her near hand. Her mane still covered her ear as it draped gracefully over her shoulder and a few inches down her back.

"So," he said, "how far back do you and Meriwether go?"

"Birth, practically."

"Wow you're old."

She flicked a look at him, and then she got it and allowed a half-grin. "I was born and raised just a mile from the monument."

"Really?"

"Oh yeah," she replied, making brief eye contact again. She kept her body aimed forward. "I grew up there. I used to go to the park all the time. I can remember my family having picnics on the grass by the monument. It's always been my favorite place."

As she talked, it seemed that her nervous energy was mellowing into a joy for the conversation. He watched the profile of her face—those green eyes, her cute nose, her active lips. She seemed to be wearing little if any makeup, which made her all the more attractive. "So, you live nearby?"

"Oh, no, I live in Knoxville, now."

He noticed her left hand on her lap, a simple gold band on the ring finger. Her left thumb fidgeted with the ring for a moment, turning it. He asked, "Family there?"

"Mm hm. My husband and two children."

Damn it. He knew he shouldn't feel so disappointed, what with the odds and all. But he did.

She launched into descriptions of her children, where her husband worked, and why they were living in Knoxville.

He was torn. He had a mind to excuse himself and deliver the bad news to the Virginian, but he didn't want to leave her. As she spoke, she rarely looked directly at him, so he let himself pan down. He didn't dare feast his eyes on her, but he eagerly snatched nibbles. She wore a white shirt, maybe a designer t-shirt. Over it was an unbuttoned, cool-pink sweater. He admired her posture, how sweater and shirt bulged in front. Not big. Just nice. Her skirt's stone-colored cotton cloth ended three inches above her knees. From the cloth's edge, legs. Bare legs. Smooth legs. All the way down. At bottom were flat-sole shoes of a white, woven material.

Ugh. Physically, all he'd ever wanted.

"But I didn't find out about this until yesterday," she said, exercised. "Unh. My parents should have let me know. I've missed almost the whole thing. I hate that." She described how she had first learned about the Inquest. It had been at a McDonald's in Knoxville. Her son had noticed a headline in the *Knoxville News-Sentinel*.

"Are you related to Meriwether in any way?"

"No. I wish. Are you?"

He shook his head, wearing a little frown, pooching out his lower lip a bit.

"You know, I'm a journalist, too."

"Really?" He was delighted, though he realized he had just said that word twice within minutes.

She turned her body toward him. Her right knee almost touched his left one. She allowed more eye contact as she described her college career, narrating a slice of life at each school she had attended: Columbia State, Middle Tennessee State, the University of Kentucky.

He mulled the Kentucky connection a moment, reminding him of a unique girlfriend, briefly his, then gone in a snap, never really knowing what went wrong.

Star seemed to have reached the end of her college story when she abruptly changed the subject. "I met some of Meriwether's relatives today." She pointed toward the front rows of the audience. She said she had "shot them and the antique pistol" lying in an open case on a table in front of the relatives.

"You shot them?" he said with mock surprise, fishing for more humor.

She laughed. "It sure wasn't suicide!"

He marveled at her quickness. As he laughed with her, he looked down. Under her chair was a purse. He guessed her camera rested there. He looked into her eyes. "Where are you on the question of murder or suicide? Or did you just tell me?"

"Mm," and a nod. She scrunched her eyebrows inward. "I can't believe he killed himself. I've never believed that."

"Why?"

"I've just always felt that way." She seemed to be searching her brain for files she hadn't opened in a long time. "I never did put much stock in Mrs. Grinder's story." He loved that, and nodded encouragement. She went on to recall portions of the inn owner's story. "She said she heard the shots in the middle of the night, but she didn't go look till dawn."

"Yeah, *two* shots," he smirked.

"Yeah!" She bent over in laughter. "Like Meriwether is gonna miss with the first one."

They nodded in disbelief. "And it's all hearsay at best," said Jim, "because Mrs. Grinder didn't write a thing. The first one to write something down was an Indian agent." Her eyes widened in apparent eagerness for more. "Yeah, this Indian agent, named James Neelly. He wasn't even there at Grinder's Stand that night. He rode up the next day and got the story from Mrs. Grinder—or so he says in a letter he wrote two weeks later to Thomas Jefferson."

"You think his story is suspect?"

"Yeah," he chuckled, "in fact *he's* a suspect." He liked her stare locked on him. "I don't want to make too much of it, but Neelly's whole story is fishy. He was supposed to be traveling *with* Meriwether, but he says two horses got away from camp the previous night so he stayed behind to find them. He appears at Grinder's Stand the next morning, right after Meriwether's death. Then, he keeps Meriwether's horse, knife, and rifle! Yeah. That's like keeping somebody's car and computer nowadays. And when Meriwether's trunks arrived in Virginia, the contents were all jumbled up, including his journals from the expedition. Ransacked. Neelly was the last known person to have opened them." He feared he was talking too much. "But Neelly is just one of several suspicious characters."

"Mr. Grinder."

"Yeah. He was supposedly on the farm 20 miles away. But the next day, Neelly says he made a deal with Mr. Grinder to tend Meriwether's grave."

She nodded, her hair swayed, her eyes blinked.

"I hope you don't mind me saying, I love your green eyes."

She looked away.

"Are they naturally that green, or are those colored contacts?"

"They're contacts," she admitted, not looking at him. "But they're clear. So, what you see is what you get."

He wasn't sure of her mood, given the way she snapped off that "what you see is what you get." But he didn't fret, given her married state. "I spoke to a woman in the audience today. She told me a family folktale saying an ancestor of hers killed Meriwether."

Star jumped back in. The two of them wound their way through more hearsay about the Grinders and Runions. She brought forth bits he had never heard before.

He reveled in how easy, how delightful it was with her. Then, he saw her wedding band again. It pained him. He wondered just how much they had in common, and how great a couple they could have been. "Do you play basketball?"

"Yeah! I've played basketball all my life. In high school, I—."

"Tennis?"

"I love tennis."

He almost regretted having asked. He found himself in the company of every athletic guy's dream: an intelligent, gorgeous, witty woman who would play sports with him, too.

"I'm better at tennis than basketball," she said.

They volleyed a few minutes, then spun away from sports and back to the cemetery. He told her about the gravestones, which led him to relate what he had learned from the Park Service man that morning. "Mason said the Park Service had never been asked, officially, to okay an exhumation. So, I asked Starrs about that. He said it was true. He said he was doing the Inquest to bolster his position before making an official request." Her attention was intense. "But," he continued, glancing away, "well, I probably shouldn't tell you."

"Huh! Come on. You can tell meee."

Charming. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have brought it up. But since I did, I owe you something. Uh, Nancy Raber, Starrs' assistant—you've probably seen her with me?"

She nodded.

"Well, she has some information about previous contact between Starrs and the Park Service. I don't know if it'll amount to anything. But I'm intrigued."

"Me, too."

"I can't say any more about it now."

"Sure you can," she said, mischief in her eyes.

"Maybe later, after Nancy gives me a copy of the info."

"Now you're talkin'."

He looked up to find the jury reassembled and the crowd chattering, charged with anticipation. Reaching into his sport coat, he extracted two tools of his trade. He opened his notebook, flipped to the first blank page, and sat poised with his pen.

"We have a verdict," D.A. Baugh said.

Jim and Star met in a hopeful glance. She looked ahead again at the jury. She sat tall, leaning slightly forward. A clock above the bathroom door showed 1:35 p.m.

The next person to the microphone was the Coroner. Jim noted the slim fellow's long-tailed undertaker attire as he announced: "After deliberation, this jury has submitted the following report to myself as Coroner of Lewis County. The report reads: To the Coroner of Lewis County this 3rd day of June 1996—."

Star leaned over and whispered, "That's wrong." He nodded and jotted "June 4" at the top of the page.

"This decision was rendered by jury convened into the matter of the death of Meriwether Lewis," continued the Coroner. "Whereas, the following decisions were made by unanimous agreement.

"Number One: There is very little tangible evidence for this jury to base a credible ruling as to the matter of murder or suicide.

"Number Two: Because of the importance of the person in question to the history of Lewis County, we feel exhumation is necessary for closure in this matter."

Star muffled a shriek of joy. "Yes!" She bounced on her chair.

"Excellent." He wanted to celebrate with her. But the Coroner was still reading aloud.

"Number Three: We further request that it be taken into consideration that exhumation be carried out with an examination being done on-site, and that the remains of Meriwether Lewis not leave the site of Meriwether Lewis Park.

"Number Four: That the remains be returned in a timely manner to the same grave site from which they were exhumed.

"This is the jury's verdict. As far as their deliberation, as Coroner, I have received this verdict and I have accepted it and so order it to be."

Jim wondered what Starrs thought of the limitations the jury had imposed. But he looked at Star. There was celebrating to be done. He hesitated, giving her time to initiate a hug and kiss, as if she would, then he extended his hand and they shook. He dropped his pen onto the notebook on his lap and sandwiched her hand between his. She followed suit. They held eye contact a second more.

She pulled. He let go. He scanned the room. Starrs and his merry men, and a happy Ms. Raber, too. Beaming faces, joyful handshakes, pats on backs. In the audience, scattered groans were drowned by claps and cheers.

"Oh, I want to write that down," he said as he put pen to paper. "It's the quote of the year—so far." He wrote: "We feel exhumation is necessary for closure in this matter."

District Attorneys Baugh and Phillips thanked the Coroner and jury and said the Inquest was adjourned. Jim and Star stood with the audience. Some picked up their things and filed out. Others milled about, sharing the moment. He watched as Star touched various people nearby. He guessed they were old acquaintances.

"Isn't it great?" she exclaimed.

"Wonderful," a gray woman agreed. The overalled man with her said: "First time in years a jury made sense!"

He spotted Starrs coming around the back of the audience from the left. He turned to him. "Congratulations!"

"Thank you, thank you," he said, giving a vigorous handshake. "It is a team victory," the captain added, "and you are a part of it."

Jim knew he hadn't done anything significant. He wished he had. Yet, he always felt he must keep some measure of journalistic distance. He didn't know what to say.

Starrs leaned close and admitted, "I would rather they hadn't put that straitjacket on us."

He nodded. "I wanted to ask what you thought of that." He saw Raber approach behind Starrs. He greeted her. Starrs excused himself and went on around the room.

"We did it!" Raber giggled.

He grinned as he reached for a handshake. "We. I wish it were."

"It *is*." She gave him a little slap on the arm.

"Oui, oui."

She shot him a playful frown. "See ya later." And she followed her Starrs.

He turned to see half the people gone. Star was six feet away, talking with two older women. He sat down and took a deep breath. He wanted to bask in this happiness.

Soon, she returned, bent down and retrieved her purse. "I left my children with my mother and dad, so, I should be going."

He stood, waiting a moment, giving her the initiative on the goodbye process. Would it be a quick two-step, or a waltz?

She took one step and paused. "What happens next?"

"You mean, with Meriwether?"

"Yes."

A Tennessee waltz. He enjoyed it.

Indeed, he was dancing deliberately, though he had no moral right to be doing so. Jim lacked the only moral education that can override the hormones, that can control the desperation of a guy concerned that he was too late to beat the odds, that can stop a man from doing what a lifetime of tv programming and broadcast songs had mistaught him. That supreme moral education is one based on race. Jim would never have flirted with a brother's wife in his own family. If he had been taught that all White men were brothers, he would have had a racial code of honor that would

have kept himself, and this other man's wife, safe from dishonor. Such a code did not, could not, hold across racial lines. Generally, the other races' ill behavior could be controlled only by fear or physical force. The White race was different. Thus, for Whites, the media-propagated mind-poison "we are all one race, the human race" had served to obliterate all honor. In Jim's case, his malnourished trait for sexual honor extended only slightly beyond the family to close friends. Star's husband, a complete stranger, rated no deference.

"We hope the National Park Service will be influenced by the verdict and say 'okay' when Starrs officially asks for the exhumation."

"Yeahhh? And your 'secret information' has something to do with that, right?"

He met her green eyes, smiling. *Deep smit*, he admitted to himself. "Is this your interviewing style that you're displaying for me, here?"

"Is it working?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it is," he sighed. They laughed. He glanced around and then stepped half way to her. "It's a letter. Nancy has a letter from the Park Service to Starrs. She implies that it's significant. But I won't know till I see it." Suddenly, he saw, over Star's shoulder, Nancy Raber coming in the door. He swayed slightly to his left so Star would partially eclipse Raber's line of sight. He locked her into eye contact while trying not to change his facial expression. He had only a couple of seconds. "Please don't mention the letter. Don't even say the word."

He introduced the women to each other. Starrs' assistant turned to him. "I didn't get a chance to make that copy for you, yet. There's no copier here. There's one at the local newspaper office, which is where I've had to run to for the last two days. I can make it on our way out of town, if you can wait and drive out with us."

"Oh, good. When will that be?"

"In a few minutes. As soon as the Professor finishes talking with people, I guess. It can't be long because we have a plane to catch in Nashville."

"Great. I'll wait."

The women exchanged nice-to-meet-yous, and Raber walked off. Star raised her eyebrows at him.

He nodded. "Yep, that'll be the letter." They resumed their slow three-step toward the door.

"I don't think she likes me," she said.

He liked the implications. "I didn't get that feeling," he said, shaking his head.

"Mm. Well, maybe it's a woman thing."

"Explain it to me. I can understand a woman thing."

She looked at her watch. "I've really got to go."

She wasn't going, though. He took her hesitation to be an opening. "We should talk again."

"Why?"

"We have a lot more we can share about Meriwether Lewis. We only scratched the surface today. And you know a lot about the Grinders and Runions and others around here—stuff I want to know."

"And the letter?"

He felt her playful charm, again. But she was oddly avoiding eye contact. "Probably," he said.

"Well, uh, do you have something to write on?"

"Yeah."

He handed over his notebook and pen. At the bottom of the page, under the quote from the jury, she wrote her full name, mailing address and phone number. He got out a business card, and they made the exchange.

"Thank you." He had that hugging feeling, again. He stuck out his hand. "It's been a pleasure."

"It has."

"I'll write. Wait for my letter. I'll write first." Then he realized how that sounded—like don't call me, I'll call you. He laughed. "Really, I will."

"Okay." She turned, her hair swirled, and she disappeared out the door.

He stood there a few seconds, holding the image. Blonde. Brains. Pink. Stone. Legs. Legs. Legs.

"I thought you two were joined at the hip!"

He knew the voice. "Ohhh," he said, in mock disapproval. He turned to face her. "We have a lot in common."

Raber smirked, feigning disbelief, and kept walking on by.

"Oh, she's married, anyway," he said, sending the words chasing after her.

8 Digger

Jim turned to face the room. It felt vacant, now. In the left corner, a reporter thanked Starrs and departed. The interviewee picked up his briefcase and came trudging toward him.

"Oh, James, I tell you," the Professor said, with a shake of his head. "This entire proceeding may have been all for naught."

"Such pessimism? So soon after victory?" He smiled hopefully.

"No, not pessimism. Realism. This last reporter, he said he had called the Park Service, and already they are making strongly negative statements. Can you believe the gall of them? Why, the ink is not yet dry on the jury's verdict and they are as much as saying the jury means nothing to them, the people of Lewis County mean nothing to them."

They walked out the door and into the hall.

"Maybe the reporter got it wrong," Jim offered. "It wouldn't be the first time. Heh heh heh."

"No, it wouldn't. I hope you're right. That's why I held back in my response to that reporter."

As they exited the building and were drenched in warm sunshine, Starrs squinted and added, "Thank you for the positive thought. I shall carry it with me until proof arrives to the contrary."

They shared a smile. Someone called to Starrs and asked him to pose for a photo with some people. He obliged. Jim hung out with Raber, Stephens, and Calhoun. The latter three lived in or near D.C. and would share the drive and flight with Starrs. Jim enjoyed their company and grew sad, inwardly, as their departure loomed. All chatted while watching their leader converse, in turns, with the dozen or so people standing around.

The bearded scientist professed his thanks to the last few folks, then broke away, saying he had a plane to catch. He looked at his watch. "Oh, I wish we had time to visit the monument once more. But we do not." He looked at his companions. "But there will be more times, eh?"

Raber told Starrs that she wanted to stop at the newspaper office to make a photocopy for Jim. It sounded to Jim like a reminder rather than a first notice. Starrs nodded. He got in his rented blue Taurus. Stephens and Calhoun, too. Raber hopped in with Jim.

At the *Lewis County Herald* office, Raber, Jim, and Stephens went in. While the copy was being made, the journalist and the forensic geologist looked at a few items for sale.

"Hey, this mug says 'Lewis County' on it," Jim said. He turned the mug half-way around. "And a Tennessee Bicentennial logo on the other side. Tennessee is 200 years old this year." He liked the mug. He thought about buying it but noticed the bicentennial logo was metallic. It would throw sparks in the microwave oven. So, he put it down. He rejoined Raber at the counter, who handed over the copy. He tri-folded it and slipped it into an inside pocket of his sport coat.

Stephens placed three mugs on the counter. "I'll take these," he said to Byrne Dunne, the owner of the little weekly newspaper.

"I thought long and hard about those," Jim said.

"Yeah, they're nice," said Raber, picking one up.

"It's yours."

"Oh, George. You didn't have to do that."

The geologist picked up one of the other two and handed it to Jim. "A thank-you gift."

"George. Thank you very much." He put a hand on George's shoulder a moment. "But a thank-you for what?"

"Oh, the ride down here from the airport. And the good company."

"Well, you know I feel the same."

They shook hands. Jim reflected on the good impression he had gotten from Mister George Stephens when they had first met in the airport. He relished being so right. He extended a hand to Ms. Nancy Raber, but she deflected it and gave him a hug. They said a few words but didn't need them. Meanwhile, Stephens paid for the gifts.

The trio said goodbye to publisher Dunne and went out to the cars. Starrs was sitting in the driver's seat with the window down. The Professor's hairy, tanned forearm rested on the sill. He leaned out the window. The bright sunlight lit up his forehead, nose, and beard. His right hand emerged from the shadow. Jim took it. They held a tight grip.

"James, you know what they say about parting."

"Yeah. Thank you, sir."

"Oh, no. Thank you." Starrs gave a final shake. "Till we meet again."

"I'm looking forward to it."

"That may be sooner than you think!"

He got in his Del Sol. A hint of Raber's perfume wafted with his sigh as he watched Starrs' car head away. Still holding the mug, he reflected on the last four days. It sure had been sweet. He'd been on a high. Now, withdrawals. He felt hot. He set down the mug, got out of the car and took his sport coat off. He unbuttoned the few buttons on his henley t-shirt and pushed up the long sleeves. He glanced at the Lewis County newspaper office. It reminded him of work—tomorrow—the alarm at 3:30 a.m. He determined to push out such dread and be happy for today. Ride the wave. He folded his sport coat and put it on the passenger seat. He popped the trunk, unlatched the removable roof, and stowed it. He hopped in, donned a baseball cap, and headed for Meriwether.

He tooled once around Pioneer Cemetery. There were several senior citizens walking the grounds. He guessed them to be three couples of tourists. As he rounded the north end of the loop, nearest the monument, he tipped his cap. "See ya soon."

"Greetings, Kristin," Jim said at 4:20 a.m.

"Good morning, Digger!" The young Wire editor laughed. Her teeth were bright behind full lips the color of dried blood. The lipstick was thickly but perfectly applied, as was the rest of her model mask. She appeared eager for his reaction.

"'Digger,' eh?" He grinned and plopped down at his tube.

"We all decided yesterday that 'Digger' is your new nickname!"

They chuckled.

"Could be worse. Actually, I kinda like it." It was the truth, yet also he knew that liking a nickname was the quickest way to kill it.

"How was your day—er, day and a half?"

"Fabulous." He gave her a quick briefing, recalling the camaraderie, the misfires, the meals, the verdict, the mug. "Anything happen here yesterday?"

"Oh, no. Except the general dread among us department heads for the Editors Retreat later this week."

"I share your pain."

He stopped talking, knowing Ms. Whittlesey needed to get back to work. *GOYA*, he thought, and grinned. "GOYA" was just one of a large repertoire of colorful terms the previous Copy Desk chief, C.B. Fletcher, had used to humorously gig his staff. The first time C.B., apparently White, had used the term on him, Jim had had to ask what it meant. The balding, bright-eyed C.B. had leaned close and whispered, "Get off yer ass." They had shared a laugh. And it was the beginning of a singular relationship. Soon C.B. began a long, tortuous decline in his battle with cancer.

It was C.B.'s death that had hastened Jim's rise to chief. Throughout that time, Jim had accepted without significant question the cycle of treatments and suffering inflicted upon C.B. week after week in the hospital. The young White journalist was gullible to the big lies from institutions backed up by corroboration from the big media he believed and helped to publish. Later, he would be slow to learn and accept the fact that the chemotherapy sold at extreme profits by the medical monopoly was poison not medicine. Toxic so-called medicine was but another tool used by jews in their drive to "abolish" the White race, as was said by jew professor Noel Ignatiev, and to cure the "cancer of humanity," as jew Susan Sontag had said in referring to all Whites. Yes, the truth about toxic medicine would come with difficulty, but it would come. A far more difficult truth to learn and accept was that about jews, themselves. It would require, first, acceptance of the Reality of Race. Only after that prerequisite was absorbed could the Reality of Jewry be approached. For journalist Jim, would that vital truth ever come?

He grabbed yesterday afternoon's *Banner* seeking a quick scan of Miller's story on the Inquest, though it was old news now. He found the story on B1. It dominated the page and included a nice photo spread. "Experts urge explorer's bones be dug up," the top headline said. A fair and comprehensive story. He rushed to the morning *Tennessean*. It would have yesterday's verdict and the National Park Service's reaction to it.

"Lewis case unsettled even after jury vote," the B1 headline said. The story was a body slam. It confirmed the fears Starrs had expressed the day before. Park Service officials in Washington, D.C., said that "regulations do not allow historic burial areas to be disturbed unless threatened with destruction by development, park expansion or natural forces." Daniel Brown, the superintendent of the Natchez Trace Parkway, was quoted as saying, "The burial site of Meriwether Lewis is hallowed ground, and efforts to exhume the body would be a derogation of the resources we are entrusted to preserve." Brown added, "It is premature to assume that you could necessarily satisfy the mystery that surrounds the death of Meriwether Lewis by an exhumation."

"Premature"? "Assume"? Jim sneered. *Didn't the asshole pay any attention to the Inquest?*

The story quoted one more Park Service official. Paul Winegar, a spokesman for the Southeast region. He said the regulations kept scientists and family members from plowing into the nation's cemeteries. He was quoted as saying, "When you set a precedent, where does it end?"

Jim shook his head, knowing that Winegar had spouted one of the scoundrel's favorite bastions, the "all or nothing" defense. One more item in the story disturbed him. It quoted District Attorney General Joe Baugh saying that no further legal action was planned. "Lewis County and the state of Tennessee have done all they can," Baugh said.

I wonder what Starrs would say to that, he thought, and threw the paper aside. It was 5 a.m. He was getting a late start on his duties. *I'd better "bow my neck"*, he advised, recalling another gem in the C.B. Fletcher collection.

Hours later, the *Banner* story on the Park Service's stance came through the pipeline. He was disappointed to see Miller had not written it. It was an AP—Associated Press—story, out of the AP's Nashville office, one node in the network of AP offices employed to edit or rewrite local stories for countrywide distribution. The article stated bluntly that the NPS "plans to block efforts to exhume." One surprising sentence claimed, "Starrs said he expects Brown to stick to exhumation conditions outlined in a 1993 letter." The letter was not mentioned again. He guessed that the "1993 letter" was the one of which he possessed a copy. He had tried to read it late yesterday, but his then-foggy brain saw it as a stew of government gobbledygook. He decided he should attempt a careful reading this night.

He left the press building at 12:30 in the afternoon, his daily E.T.E.—"estimated time of escape." He was beat. Yet, he had laundry to do. After that, he had more homework to do: preparing his presentation for the Editors Retreat, which would be no "retreat" but instead a challenge, even a competition. Finally, after the eating, cleaning, excreting and everything else, bedtime came, 7:30 p.m. But Game 1 of the NBA Finals came on tv, and he perked up to watch basketball's Chicago Bulls charge toward another championship. It did not bother this race-blind man that Whites had been almost completely pushed out of the game they had invented. In fact, his favorite player, his reason for watching, was a particular African, Michael Jordan. At half-time, he hit the mute button and, again, went one-on-one with "the letter."

Dated Oct. 25, 1993, the three-page letter was from Daniel Brown, the superintendent of the Natchez Trace Parkway. Jim thought of the "Parkway" as only the pavement. But he came to realize it was like an open hotdog bun. The Natchez Trace highway ran down the center crease. The buns were part of the parkway, too. The historic Natchez Trace trail, what was left of it, was in the buns, as were the little park areas, including the Meriwether Lewis Monument and all of Pioneer Cemetery. The entire Parkway was in the huge hands of the central bureaucracy in Washington D.C.—supposedly serving *We The People*. He refocused on the letter. It was addressed to Dr. James E. Starrs. On Page 1, Brown stated that the ground-penetrating radar had been approved back in 1992 because no digging was involved. But Starrs' proposal to perform a "trenching investigation" adjacent to the monument posed a problem.

Hmm, Jim thought while glancing at a commercial on tv, still muted. *A "trenching investigation."* *That's news to me.*

The bottom of Page 1 made clear that the Park Service saw the trenching as the slippery slope to an exhumation. He understood their fear: If they allow one kind of digging, they might be trapped into allowing the whole thing. On Page 2, the NPS drew their line in the dirt. Brown said the feds would give no further consideration to Starrs' request "without first consolidating the proposed research into a single comprehensive proposal."

Jim summed up his interpretation: "They want the exhumation in there so they can deny the whole kit and caboodle. They'll find it easy to reject the proposal—once and for all—if there's an exhumation involved."

Then, Brown's writing got deceitfully cute. He wrote that "the legislative background concerning the Meriwether Lewis National Monument focuses on the life achievements of its namesake in lieu of the manner and circumstances of his death."

"Ha," Jim reacted aloud. "In other words, the feds have no interest in Meriwether's death. Period. Our government chooses to be ignorant of the history they are supposedly dedicated to preserve!"

The rest of the letter was devoted to an application process that Starrs could enter. First, after receiving the "comprehensive proposal," the feds would decide if the "proposed investigation is essential to a significant research concern." If that decision is negative for Starrs, the letter said, the project would be dead, then and there.

Hell, Jim thought, they just said that they have no interest in Meriwether's death. Obviously, they've already decided an exhumation is not "essential" to them!

He read on. Brown wrote that the next step, should Starrs get that far, would be to apply for a federal permit from the National Park Service. Starrs' application would need to provide details on each member of the scientific team, the methods they plan to use throughout the probe, and how they would record data, prepare artifacts, and ensure the safety of artifacts. Starrs would also have to show proof that the team is financially bonded, and the team would have to agree to bear "these and associated costs."

The letter ended with the names of two Park Service people who might be able to help Starrs initiate the application process.

Jim shook his head. *No wonder Starrs had revived, saddled, and spurred the old Coroner's Inquest to try to improve his hand. The feds had stacked the deck.*

The tv screen flickered, catching his eye. The second-half was about to begin. He put the letter aside and vicariously ran with the Bulls to victory. He had no idea that the owner of the team, shown on tv, was not White but pretended to be White. Jim assumed that Whites were in control of the teams and the league, thus Whites must be responsible for the darkening of the game and must be to blame for the obviously unfair officiating. He had refereed basketball at several levels and knew that good refs could always call a fair game, by the rules, equally applied to all. University-trained Jim still had no clue that basketball, and all major televised sports, were controlled by jews, not Whites. The commissioner of the NBA was frequently shown on tv, and Jim thought he was looking at a White man when, in fact, he was looking at a jew. Journalism school, and every other institution of "higher learning" he had attended, had never mentioned who really owns and controls the major leagues, the biggest corporations, and the banking system of the USA. In order to achieve that vital knowledge, if he possessed both the necessary intelligence and journalistic curiosity, he would, someday, have to dig up that information himself.

The next day, he was groggy, indeed. The Wire editor alerted him to a new AP story on Meriwether. It quoted Starrs as saying he would not take the Park Service to court. Jim couldn't believe the sturdy Starrs would be packing it in.

That evening, at the dinner to kick off the Editors Retreat, the owner-publisher of the *Banner* gave a speech on "change" that sent every department head scrambling to change their planned presentations, which would begin the next day. Jim stayed up late to rant and revise.

The next morning, he worked the *Banner's* first edition before scurrying to Lowe's Vanderbilt Plaza Hotel for the Editors Retreat. He found himself seated by the owner-publisher, a huge physical presence, by the name of Irby Simpkins. Much to Jim's delight, his presentation was well received. Simpkins praised him both during and after his speech. Simpkins ended the day with an impromptu talk, which was a rallying cry. The owner-publisher vowed that he was working to reverse the *Banner's* sagging circulation. Jim felt buoyed. He left with a new enthusiasm for his job and his peers. But exhausted.

The next day, Washing Day, should have been a glorious day off. But he had to "retreat" again. The chore of sitting barely alive through half of a day off—without pay—began to make the previous night's enthusiasm seem but a dream. When true "retreat" finally arrived, he exited as a sleep-deprived shell of his former self.

At his apartment, desperate, he tried a nap, though mid-day naps had never agreed with him. Ninety minutes later, he awoke a zombie. He was tempted to go back to sleep.

"No! It's Saturday!" he pleaded to the white walls. He got up, shaved his neck and jumped into the shower. He recalled his glorious days with Starrs and crew. "It's been a week already. Where did it go?" As he shampooed his long hair, he drifted into thoughts of other long hair. Long blond hair. He'd had these thoughts every day, and the urge to write her, every day. But he fought it. He didn't want to appear too eager. "It won't be today," he gurgled, through the hot spray.

"Hey, dude." Victor Hollingsworth, the *Banner's* crime 'n' courts editor, was phoning. Mister Hollingsworth was a fine journalist, but the prime reason he had hung his hat in Nashville was to pursue a career as a singer-songwriter. So, he and Jim had not only the job in common but also music, as Jim was also an amateur guitar player and songwriter. A handsome, young family man, Hollingsworth's banter was laced with fun, smarmy humor, while his musical gems were hook-filled laments of melancholy. "Let's celebrate the end of the so-called Retreat."

"Will alcoholic beverages be involved?"

"Of course!"

He and Hollingsworth met up at the Big River bar and restaurant. After a beer there, they hopped to the Hard Rock Cafe, to Laurel's, to the Bound'ry, and finally, to South Street Bar and Grill. Early on, it was fun. But his friend, Hollingsworth, smoked, as did most patrons of bars, and Jim grew sick of it. Worse were the attitudes of the women. The men, he endeavored to ignore. But the women—

"This town draws the worst of 'em," he reported to his fellow journalist.

"What do you mean?"

"Nashville is one of the few celebrity towns in the country. New York is another. And Los Angeles. I lived in L.A. for a winter. That's where I first observed this. And it's the same thing here. Not counting the Vanderbilt University snobs, there are two main kinds of attractive women: The ones looking for a powerful man to make them stars, and the ones looking for a star man to ride to wealth and reflected glory."

"That's heavy, dude."

They laughed. "Sad but true."

He woke to Sunday on a mission. Today, he would write to Star. No more delay. It had been five days. *Plenty*, he figured. *If it were her writing to me, I'd have been happy if she'd written the very next day!*

On his Macintosh Performa computer, he made a dupe of stationery he had created months before. The top of the page looked like a newspaper's nameplate, titled "The Mild Manor *Banner*." In the left column, he keyed in: "Meriwether Lewis?" "Jesse James." "Lizzy Borden?" "Calvin & Hobbes?" After the last one, he typed, in tiny size, "(Just kidding!)" He knew Star would get the connection of the first three to Starrs, as they were a trio of the Professor's several exhumation projects. The last one, he hoped, would be funny. It was a reference to the death of his favorite newspaper comic strip, "Calvin & Hobbes." The creator of the strip had pulled the plug.

In the wide right column, he typed the letter. "Dear Starlene." It was the name she had written in his notebook. He sprinkled humor into a few paragraphs about the recent newspaper stories on Meriwether and Starrs. Then he turned personal.

It was a pleasure to meet another fan of Meriwether Lewis. I enjoyed our conversation, but we only scratched the surface!

When you and your family next visit my neck of the woods, I hope you'll call so we can trade more information. And maybe we can think of ways to aid Starrs' efforts.

Sincerely,

He printed the letter. In the first few 'graphs, he found word choices and phrasings he didn't like. He scribbled some edits and set it aside. A couple hours later, he typed the corrections into the computer. An hour later, he made another adjustment or two and printed again. He imagined her reading it. He imagined her. He shook off the daydream and again imagined her reading. Guessing she would like it, he signed, inserted, licked and stamped.

He wrote to Starrs. With the second draft, he was satisfied. In the narrow left column, in big letters, he had typed, "We feel exhumation is necessary for closure in this matter." And in little type, the attribution: "The coroner's jury, Hohenwald, Lewis County, Tennessee. June 4, 1996."

In the right column, the letter:

Dear Jim Starrs,

You're quitting on Meriwether? Why, it must be true: I read it in the evening news!
I'M KIDDING!

Thank you again for giving me the best personal-professional experience of my recent history. Getting acquainted with you and your superb group of scientists and assistants was a pleasure rarely equaled. If Nancy and/or George are close at hand, please say hello for me.

I stand at the ready to be of assistance to you. If anything develops, I hope you'll keep me posted. I'm optimistic of ultimate victory—for history, probably for Meriwether, for science, and for you.

Please find enclosed the clippings of Meriwether-related stories from the two Nashville dailies. I think you'll find the *Banner's* coverage solid.

Sincerely,

Before sealing the envelope, he added a postscript, a "P.S.," requesting information on how to subscribe to Starrs' nonprofit publication about forensic science in the courts, the "Scientific Sleuthing Review."

Finally, he posted the letters, picked up a pizza, opened a Guinness, and settled in front of his Sony 20-inch tv for Chicago Bulls, Game 3.

At half-time, he packed two travel bags.

The next day, he hit the road.

The trip had been planned for months. He intended to explore Florida's Panhandle. But now, foremost on his mind was Meriwether. Second, escaping the *Banner* for good.

After the Editors' Retreat, he had reviewed his history at the newspaper, which brought him back to reality despite the owner's cheerleading. Since he had been hired into the *Banner*, each promotion had required him to begin work earlier and earlier, until now, forced into the unnatural wake-up time of 3:30 a.m., his body clock, chemistry, and daily life were upside-down. He went to bed in daylight and got up in darkness. And the changes that had been made at the *Banner* had not been made according to journalistic principles—as the owner, Simpkins, exhibited no training nor real knowledge of journalism. The *Banner* was being driven down the drain.

The third goal on his mind: moving. He did not want to work for the *Tennessean*, the morning paper owned by the Gannett corporation, which, as all the *Banner* editors knew, was violating the joint-operating agreement in order to bleed the *Banner* of subscribers and hasten its death. Jim felt he must move to a different city to find a new, suitable job in journalism. Florida's Pandangle, including the capital, Pensacola, was a potential place to resettle. But there would be no migration till after the exhumation, at least.

On a gorgeous day, guiding his Del Sol across the bridge spanning the Apalachicola Estuary, he ached with sadness, as he had known that he would. His first journalism instructor, Verle Barnes, had written the book *Portrait of an Estuary*. The book was all about the Apalachicola Estuary and Barnes' love for it. The author deplored the construction of this bridge as a destructive intrusion into the ecosystem. And he blasted the bridge's purpose. It was, he wrote, to aid and abet the erection of more rich folks' summer homes, motels, and accompanying gas stations on the eden at the end of the bridge: St. George Island.

What an irony, Jim thought. *The bridge is here. The estuary, somewhat damaged, is here. But Verle is gone.*

He blinked back a tear as a tide of memories swept in. The worst, from 1993: One of Barnes' two daughters had called with news. Just outside of Crossville, the author-educator's car had collided with a truck on a rain-slicked interstate. Verle Barnes was dead at 43.

"I miss you, man," Jim said, aloud, to the bay, the birds, and the breeze.

He spent the day in near solitude on the beach in St. George Island State Park. His mind was fertile. Ideas sprouted like seaweed. In the late afternoon, while driving back across the bridge, he was jolted by an inspiration. It was an idea he'd had before, but as a bare bone. This time, it came with flesh. He reached over to his pen and writing pad on the passenger seat and scribbled right-handed: "Do M.L. on Net!" He loved it—a website about Meriwether. A flood of details came at once: Do a section on Meriwether's death. Do a short biography. Post a transcript of the Coroner's Inquest. Provide the latest news on the effort to exhume. Make the website interactive: Do an opinion poll on whether to exhume Meriwether, and another poll on Ambrose's book.

"Money," he thought aloud. "The site has to more than pay for itself."

He knew, at that time in the 1990s, that almost no one was making money with a website—outside of porn.

The immensely profitable porn industry—which Jim did not know was created, owned, and operated by jews—was growing exponentially on the Internet, and it would make further leaps in growth when credit-card purchases became a digital norm.

Jim figured almost no one drew income with a website because they had not tapped an appropriate market. He would tap the Lewis & Clark crowd: history buffs, readers of the bestselling Ambrose book, and students. He could sell merchandise, beginning with t-shirts. He had already sketched some designs. Then, a revelation hit him, as if he were the first. Develop a business on the Web, and live anywhere there's a phone jack! He could be his own boss. What bliss.

Back in Nashville, after the trip had been marred by loneliness and disappointment, he craved companionship, preferably female. He called Brenda, an old acquaintance he'd re-met months before at a charity running event. At the time he had first met her, the apparently White Brenda was living with an African.

Jim had fully accepted the interracial relationship, as he had been well-indoctrinated to do by tv, newspapers, movies, music videos, and even textbooks.

Knowing she was romantically unattached again, he had invited her over for an earlier Bulls broadcast, and they had entered some foreplay after the game. This time, Brenda arrived in sweatpants and sweatshirt over her curvy figure. They talked about the team. She threw him some passes. He playfully avoided getting romantic.

"What's wrong?" She sat back in a pout.

"Well, Brenda," he began, putting a hand on her shoulder. "You know I like you. We have fun together. We've let ourselves kiss and hug before. And it was good, you know. But we don't have enough in common. I mean, after the Bulls, we're about done." She looked sad, but she didn't disagree. "So, I decided that it would be best if we don't get romantic anymore. I'm hoping that since we haven't gone very far, romantically, we can stay friends. I think if we had sex and then pulled back, we might not be able to stay friends."

She frowned, seemingly resigned to the truth. But—. "I'm not wearing any underwear, you know."

"I yi yiiii." He sighed and chuckled. "I thought you were swinging kinda loose up there."

"Down here, too."

It took some strength to resist. When she left, rejected, her expression suggested the pull-back would be too much for her.

Meanwhile, the waiting. Day after day, he worked and waited, hoping for mail from Star or Starrs. Coming up empty, he busied himself with his website plans.

On the second Tyrsday, he opened the mailbox. One envelope lay inside. He lifted it and tingled with both excitement and nervousness. As he opened the envelope, he reminded himself of her marital and motherhood status. But maybe she was unhappy in her marriage. Anyway, it would be fun to be friends. Pulling the folded paper from its sleeve, he braced himself in case it said “go away.”

Star's letter began by thanking him for the Meriwether news summary. But she wanted more:

What's all this about suing or not suing the feds? Please bring me up to speed.

So, did you get a copy of the LETTER? Oh, I forget, I'm not supposed to know anything about it. I want to see it. You trust me, yes?

Then she reported ordering Vardis Fisher's book *Suicide or Murder? The Strange Death of Governor Meriwether Lewis* from her favorite bookstore, Davis-Kidd Booksellers. And she called attention to a book by David Chandler, *The Jefferson Conspiracies*. She said it posed an interesting theory of corruption associated with Meriwether's death. He proceeded on to the next 'graph.

I'm thinking about putting together a Meriwether Lewis home page for the Internet. What do you think? (Notice I'm trusting you with my idea.) Want to help with the data?

He laughed in astonishment. He read the paragraph again. "Amazing."

I'd love to get my hands in monument dirt. But hey, you've sat at the table with these guys—how do we get in?

He noted the "we." Then she signed off:

Good to hear from you. I look forward to your next letter.

Star

It was too much for a married woman to say to a single man, especially for her to say to him. He knew that. He wrote back, upping the ante.

A ship of shame was preparing to sail, with him as the ignorant captain, and her with one foot already aboard.

The next day, he received a letter from Starrs on the Professor's George Washington University Law School stationery.

Dear Jim:

My thanks to you for the clippings from the Nashville newspapers. You have indeed been most 'user-friendly.' I thank you ever so much for all your assistance and your support and ever so pleasant personality. Let us hope that the Meriwether Lewis project keeps moving forward so that we can be in touch again and frequently.

Yours aye,

Himself

Above the "Himself," Starrs had signed in pen, "Jim Starrs." Enclosed with the letter was a form to subscribe to Starrs' "Scientific Sleuthing Review."

Jim filled out the form, wrote a check for \$20, sealed them in an envelope and posted it.

During the following weekend, he wrote again to Starrs. He mentioned his trip to Florida and the latest *Banner* editorial. He told of his website plan and asked for reactions, advice. He also asked if Starrs had an email address. Finally:

Last—but certainly not least: Have you presented your proposal to the Park Service? Are things going according to plan, or are you rethinking?

In a few days, he received an email from Star, their first. Her biggest response was to a caution he had issued.

Keep my powder dry! Ha! There's a lifetime burning in every moment and you're telling me to keep my powder dry.

He laughed at the boldness of it. He guessed she was purposely provoking him, and he approved. There were a few more lines, answering questions he had posed in his letter.

This ship's captain had her aboard. It was a "red sky in morning," to which ignorance paid no significant heed.

Over the following weekend, he finished reading the Ambrose book *Undaunted Courage*. He reflected on the title. "Hell, undaunted gall!" He seethed at the way Ambrose had planted his opinion throughout the book as if it were fact. Jim feared for readers who would be misled. They might become an army opposed to exhumation, like Ambrose was, without ever getting—as radio man Paul Harvey always said—"the rest of the story." Yet, he couldn't help but wonder about the so-called "gaps" in Meriwether's journals, something Ambrose claimed as proof of his opinion. Jim wished he could spare several hundred dollars to buy the latest and most complete set of the Lewis & Clark journals, being published under the scholarly editorship of Gary Moulton, to see for himself.

The next day, July arrived. At the *Banner*, underpaid and overworked under the constant stress of deadlines, deadlines, deadlines, he ended a conflict with one of his staffers with an insult, which he immediately regretted.

When he got back to his apartment, he played devil's advocate with himself, and he didn't like the results. He sank into a dim view of almost every major aspect of his life: He greatly

disliked his job. When not at work, day in and day out, he was alone. Frankly, lonely. As for launching a website, how long would it take? How much would it cost? And could he handle it alone? Otherwise, who could help?

The Fourth of July went by, another holiday alone. Six more days crawled by. Frustrated, he composed another email. Knowing of Star's interest in poetry, his next tack was to verse.

In the subject line of the email, he typed, "holes, rule 1." Below, he dispensed with any further introduction.

Star light, Star bright, I haven't heard from Starrs in fortnights.
I wish—nay, hope—to get the dope
on how he plans with Brown to cope.
A Star in the constellation,
Selina spins consternation;
Orbiting, revolving in the night,
reflecting, refracting, polarizing light?
Particles or wave, Druyan and Sagan,
a duel/duality on Lewis' reputation.

-- Your Obt. Servt. (get it? i'd bet on it)

He doubted Star would understand the reference to Carl Sagan and Ann Druyan. For him, the reference ran deep. When the famous Sagan and Druyan had met, Sagan was a married man with children. Sagan eventually divorced his wife and married Druyan. By all accounts, Sagan and Druyan were now living happily ever after, even amid his fight with cancer.

Jim did not know that Sagan was a jew, and that Jim was self-validating his intrusion into Star's marriage based, in part, on the "model" behavior of a media-deified jew. Jim thought that Sagan, the apparently admirable scientist, tv star, and author, had ended a marriage with children in order to jump to a potentially better mate, therefore Jim could give Star the same opportunity, if she were so inclined. The decision would be hers. Jim did not see Sagan's behavior, and the similar examples constantly presented on tv and in movies, as a pattern. He did not realize that the pattern was aimed at Whites. He had no idea that Sagan, and the owners of the tv networks and Hollywood production companies were all jews, and that the jews were deliberately poisoning the minds of White Americans by defending and even glorifying the anti-family behavior of jews both in fiction and in real life. The jews were pretending to be Whites, and their media were romanticizing the anti-family behavior of the supposedly "White" husbands and wives on nearly every tv show and in nearly every movie. Thus, Jim was guided by the authority of the media to rationalize his own anti-family behavior instead of stopping himself and rejecting that authority and that behavior as the dishonorable, anti-family, anti-White behavior that it truly was.

As for the sign-off of his email to Star, Jim was betting that she would understand it. "Your Obt. Servt." was an abbreviation for "Your Obedient Servant." It was a line that Meriwether Lewis had often used in ending his letters to President Jefferson and others.

Star's reply came with praise, a veiled complaint, and a surprise: In a couple of weeks, she and her family were to move from Knoxville to the Nashville area.

"Holy moly." He chuckled and felt a nervous excitement again. "She will be close." Also, he noted that her slight complaint was against her husband. "Wow."

In the upside-down world that Jim was born into, a world immersed in jew-produced images, slogans, rules, songs, videos, movies, news, and entertainment, Jim thought his spiral was heading upward. On the ship of shame, he thought the distant cloudbank was heading away.

Weeks passed without hearing from Starrs. He didn't mind much, though, because he was swamped with work. It was time for the annual evaluations of all employees, and he took it seriously. He agreed with the publisher's recent speech on the topic, that if evaluations were going to do the company any good, they had to be accurate, tough, and well documented. After completing the process with his staff, he had one last evaluation task. Judge himself. He did so, then met with his boss. Soft-spoken Kessler said he was happy with his performance. Then, surprisingly, Kessler launched into a discourse on worry. Jim appreciated it because the gist of it seemed to be: "Don't take things too seriously. Do what you can do and go on. We don't want to burn out."

"Too late," Jim thought as he strode to his desk. "I burned out on the *Banner* long ago."

August 1, William Clark's birthday, arrived. Jim wished he had a kindred spirit with whom to celebrate it.

August 4 marked his four-year anniversary with the *Banner*. This, he had no desire to celebrate.

On August 12, he received a fax at work—a rarity. It was from Star, though it was sent from her husband's workplace, informing him that she and her family were "now in Nashville."

He daydreamed about how close she was, how close he wanted her to be. That night, in bed, he fantasized. His memory had grown fuzzy. His mental image of her was in soft focus. He used his imagination to sharpen it. A song he had written several years prior came to mind. The title, "Wet Dream."

"I touch the softest part of me, and pretend that it's you. I feel the tingling, and hope that you do, too. My eyes are closed, closed to reality. Slowly I lose control, and your love rushes over me."

With that, his excitement peaked. But when he came down, he felt acutely alone. The song kept playing in his head, and on came the verses that drove the song's melancholy point home:

*"Why am I solo (so low)? Oh, I don't feel like sex alone.
Why don't I have somebody to love? Why, why, when I wanna give so much?
Dreams, and magazines, and imagining. And sometimes I cry when I come."*

"Yeah, it's a Wet Dream."

"Yeah, it's a Wet Dream."

Jim, so earnest yet so ignorant, had no idea that such a graphic song, still rather tame compared to much of the output of the music industry, was in no way in harmony with his White

heritage. He had been born and raised in a nearly artless society. The so-called arts were jew-infested and jew-promoted industries of corrupted craft, never rising to the level of art. As had happened in ancient Rome, 1920s Germany, and now the United States of America, the so-called arts had grown, year by year, in sculpture, in images, and in songs, more graphic, more degenerate, more anti-love, pro-lust, anti-commitment, more shallow, more childish, more anti-wisdom, more anti-heritage. Jim, in writing this particular song, had merely followed suit. His "Wet Dream" song was, in his mind, an attempt at an emotional, vivid, somewhat shocking, sexualized song that could thrust him into the company of his influences, including the media-glorified Mick Jagger, Ted Nugent, Prince, and worse. Jim actually thought that he had a chance to be "discovered," funded, and published by a music company. He had no clue that the industry was owned by jews who typically closed out White men. Green, wide-eyed White boys and girls were still invited, used, and abused by the industry. White men may have, occasionally, been lured and teased into low-level dead ends. But usually White men were rejected outright. His fellow journalist and friend Victor Hollingsworth, a handsome, charismatic, singer-songwriter and guitar player, whose best songs were every bit as catchy and engaging as those on radio and tv, would never be allowed a toe in the door.

The next day, during a tolerable workday, a phone call came on an outside line.

"Jim Laffrey on the *Banner* Copy Desk. How may I help you?"

"Jim, it's Nancy Raber. How are you?"

"Nancy! Great to hear from you. What's happening?"

"Well, I asked Professor Starrs if we had heard from you lately. He said, 'Oh, I have not replied to him for some time!' So, he told me I should call you and touch base."

They talked about their favorite subject. Raber said Starrs was working on political options to put pressure on the National Park Service. He was talking with people in the Legislative branch. And some relatives of Meriwether were pitching in, to some extent. Jim took notes. Then, he brought up his website idea. Raber said she and Starrs liked the concept. She suggested that the website and "Scientific Sleuthing Review" could help each other. Jim agreed. Then, the *Banner* hotline rang.

It was the direct line from the Composing Room, informally known as "Paste-Up," where they still actually printed out the headlines and articles as sent by computer from the Copy Desk, and cut and pasted those pieces onto boards, one board for every page of the newspaper. Those boards were then specially photographed, and the photos were turned into printing plates and secured to the drums of the printing press, where a seemingly endless ribbon of blank newspaper would be stained by that day's "first draft of history."

He asked Raber to hold. He handled the hotline issue, and returned to her.

"I'm sorry I can't talk longer. We're on deadline, as usual."

"That's okay."

"Oh! One thing, though. What's the email address there?"

She provided a string of 24 characters. He thanked her, said he would email soon, and got back to work.

The next day, he put the long email address to work.

"Let's see if I can yank the exhumationist's funny bone," he said to himself, with a mischievous grin.

Hi Jim, it's Jim,

It was a pleasure talking with you through Nancy yesterday.

Forgive me, father, but here's what I did since my last confession:

"Being the impatient sort (belying my outward, low-key demeanor), I assembled a Corps of Discovery from my most trusted cohorts. (It was an exhaustive process since so few of my associates met the first qualification: ownership of a lantern and shovel.) We went to Hohenwald. We dug where no human has dug before (or at least since 1848).

"When I opened the end of the casket, I was hit by the fragrance of aging feet. As I re-trained the lantern light, I found my nose mere inches from their soles. They said, 'Brooks Brothers.' It being a tall box, I climbed in.

"The pants were a fine black cloth. The suit coat's lapels were offensively unfashionable. The neckwear was blue-and-white striped (just as Mrs. Grinder said!), and the knot impeccable. Finally, as my noggin bumped against the headboard, I found myself face-to-face with the answer to one of history's paramount mysteries: Jimmy Hoffa!"

Professor, I could tell you I'm on the lam, running from the Mob, please send money. But I know you're the admirably skeptical type. And you're a busy man.

Your Obt. Servt.,

Starrs soon replied:

You know, I was once engaged by tv to find Jimmy Hoffa. Never thought of looking in Tennessee. But as I have said time after nausea, you never know for sure what you will find once you start digging until you have found it (or not).

I may use your Jimmy Hoffa item in Scientific Sleuthing Review—of course only if you will not permit it.

Yours for more ayes,

Jim Starrs

Nothing like humor to make one feel closer than miles would seem to permit. Jim wished something would happen, or something would need to be done, to bring Starrs back to Tennessee.

Meanwhile, the weekend came bearing Meriwether Lewis' birthday. He spent the lovely Sunday, August 18, at the monument and in Hohenwald. But he felt lonely, there, where last time he had been with the whole gang amid the excitement of the Coroner's Inquest. He dropped by

Armstrong's Bed & Breakfast. Annette Peery, the owner, came to the door. They settled at the kitchen table for an hour, talking about the Inquest, Hohenwald, the history of the b&b, and what Starrs might do next.

As he rose to leave, she said, "I'm happy you stopped by. Jim, let me give you some pies to take with you."

Commonly called "fried pies" in the South, they were essentially an envelope of pie crust with a moderately sweetened filling inside. In the rare restaurant selling them, they were fried on a grill, or pan fried, not deep fried. From his Michigan upbringing, Jim would have called them big turnovers, or a kin to the famous Scandinavian pasties, which were not fried but baked, still popular in Michigan's Upper Peninsula where Norwegians, Swedes, and Finlanders, all Whites, had settled long before, trying to make livings from mining, lumbering, and fishing. Mrs. Peery always kept some of the Southern fried pies on hand at the b&b for guests. They could be bought locally, in a small variety of fruit flavors and one non-fruit. For Jim, the pies had become a comfort food and special feature of his visits to Hohenwald.

"Thank you!" was his heartfelt reply. "But I don't know about *some*. How about two?"

"Oh, don't be bashful. You know, the Armstrongs made these pies themselves before they sold the pie business."

"Interesting! Who makes 'em, now?"

"A factory up in Centerville."

He picked two chocolate pies. She urged him on. He passed up the standard apple, cherry and blueberry pies. He picked coconut. Annette got a small paper bag to put the pies in.

"Usually," he said, "I stop at a store while I'm in town and buy a couple pies. I was forgetting to do it, today. You know, besides the taste, which is better than the rest, I like to buy these pies because the bag isn't glued at the end the way all the huge companies do."

"The staple."

"Right! I love that one little staple. At first, I was concerned that it was less healthy than gluing the wrapper shut. But I soon came to appreciate it as a homey, lovable quirk."

She nodded, smiling. "I hope they never change it."

"Me, too."

He departed, glad he had taken the initiative to visit the kind proprietor. "That was a good thing," he said to himself as he made a right out of the driveway. Before he left town, he pulled over and took off the roof. He motored out of Hohenwald and tooled up the Natchez Trace, enjoying the leisurely pace, the breeze, the trees. He realized he had an exuberant old song in his head. "Good Thing," by Paul Revere and the Raiders. He let loose, out loud:

"... Well, it's a groovy world, girl, let me sing it to you. Good. Good. Good. Good thing. Such a good thing, girrrrrl!"

Later, he drove across the beautiful, white span of the bridge over Route 96. It was his first time to cruise across the structure since the June 22nd opening of both the bridge and the remaining section of the Trace to Nashville. He soon found the new north section to be a snake in the grass, writhing around hills, ravines and dense patches of trees. In no hurry, he swooped his Honda left and right, following the back of the slithering, venomless beast. But he made a mental note: "In a rush? Then this ain't the way to go." The sun had yet to set when he parked outside his apartment. Nonetheless, it was bedtime. Dread of the 3:30 alarm set in.

After a manic Moonday in *Banner* hell, he was on his Macintosh, modem engaged, when his computer beeped. The email service said another email just came in. It was from Starrs. After a

humorous intro, the Professor asked for help. He wanted a copy of each editorial the Nashville daily newspapers had published about the Meriwether Lewis case. Starrs said he was planning to meet with legislators, and the positive editorials would come in handy. Jim had copies of the editorials in his file cabinet. Happy, he replied "Will Do" to Starrs. Then he prepared the copies for the next day's snail mail.

The week plodded by while, in his free time, he busied himself with work on t-shirt designs. On Washing Day, he bought a new, faster modem for his computer and used half the day installing it and trying to learn its fax features. Then he went to a movie theater to see "Tin Cup."

On Sunday, he drove 120 miles east, to Crossville, and visited with family. While driving back to Nashville, the dread of Moonday morning at the *Banner* kicked in. The thought recalled the old song by Bob Geldof's former band, the Boomtown Rats.

Jim did not know, but "Rats" was an appropriate name for Geldof and cronies, part of the parasitic rodents of humanity, the jews, many of whom were, indeed, "rat-faced," as the age-old metaphor said.

He sang:

"... I wanna shoot, oo oo oo, oo, ooooot, the whole day down."

To get rid of the melancholy, he pushed-in the cassette tape that was hanging in the tape player. The first song to play was about work and being tired of it. But it was a rocker with a great melody, and it helped him feel better by facing the feeling head-on, with the energizing camaraderie of male group choruses:

"I'm working so hard, I'm working for the company.

I'm working so hard, to keep you in the luxury. ..."

The lead guitar ran with the melody, soaring, swooping, and soaring again, as the song faded to the end. Jim knew that such apparently positive, energizing songs were rare in the output from the commercial music companies, but he did not know why. Why weren't there songs about success? Why weren't there songs about solving problems? Why weren't there songs about the best of history? Why was nearly every song about the same small set of topics: complaints, lusts, and stupid infatuations? It would be nearly two decades before Jim would figure out the answers, which all boiled down to one.

Moonday afternoon, after working so hard for the company but nowhere near luxury, he called up new Star-mail.

Her message showed that the ship of this journalist and the wife of another man was now out of sight of land.

Jim,

I'm old-fashioned. You call me.

Star

"Hello."

"Hi, I'm Jim Laffrey."

"Oh, hi. I'm Star."

He waited a moment in case she was going to continue talking. She didn't. Suddenly, the pause felt like an awkward, gaping hole. He scrambled to fill it. "I'm glad we finally—" He stopped, realizing she was speaking, too. She stopped at the same instant. He didn't want another gaping hole, so he quickly jumped in. "Oh, I'm sorry. I was talking over you." As he spoke, he heard her say almost the same thing. He laughed. He heard her chuckle. "Go ahead," he said.

"I'm sorry. I'm not feeling so good right now."

"Oh. What's wrong?"

"My mother just called. My maternal grandmother is in Saint Thomas Hospital. She was coming back from Michigan yesterday when she had another stroke." He coaxed some specifics from her. She shared, sadly, and then asked: "Will you change the subject, please, so I won't start crying again? I like the sound of your voice. How about talking to me for a bit?"

"Okay. Uh, the website plans are coming along nicely." He went into some detail.

"What did you do over your three-day weekend?"

He mentioned his new modem. "The hookup was easy. I just unplugged the turtle, plugged up the rabbit. Now, I be layin' beans with the best of 'em!" She laughed. He continued, touching on the movie he'd gone to and describing his family visit in Crossville.

"I'm familiar with Crossville," she said. "We go through there all the time when we drive between here and Knoxville. We stop at the Crackle Barrel—that's what my daughter calls it."

He laughed. "I call it The Crack." He paused as she cackled. "I used to boycott the Crack—all the Cracks—because of their policy toward gays."

The journalist had employed the "happy" term demanded by the media instead of the correct term "homosexuals." He didn't know any better than to use the term enforced by the jewsmedia. He was a well-indoctrinated member of his generation of race-blind sheeple, ignorant of how detrimental homosexuals were to a race.

"But I started going back again," he said, "for two reasons."

"They changed their policy, right?"

"I think so, but that's not one of my reasons."

"The coffee?"

"Well, no. But the coffee is good. No, one reason is, I learned that some gays were getting jobs at Cracks. I guess they did it to show spite for the policy, and show they could beat it. Two, there's just no other place to get whole-wheat sourdough bread French Toast with blackberry topping and whipped cream!"

She seized the subject and spoke at length about things she liked to make, which all sounded good to him, and then she asked, "What do you like as comfort food?"

"Comfort food? You mean, like, food that calms you when you're worried, or food that won't make you throw up when your stomach doesn't feel good?"

"Mostly, the first one. But it could be both. Or either. One of my comfort foods is good ol' PBJ."

"Peanut butter and jelly sandwich?"

"Mm hm. Another one is sugar cookies." She continued, sounding warm and contented.

"How are your kids?"

"Children," she replied, correctively yet playfully. "I teach them what my dad taught me, that little humans are *children*. *Kids* are baby goats."

They bantered about that, and then she changed the subject to writing.

After their trading thoughts and methods, she put the mental pen down. "Well, I need to go."

He mentioned getting together for in-person pleasure.

"Yes, I hope this weekend. In the meantime, we have email. And the phone."

"Right. Okay."

"Okay. Bye."

"Bye."

He pushed the "off" button and sat back. "Gosh, that was nice." He picked up a pen and wrote as much as he could immediately recall.

Next, she turned up the heat, by email, with a poem she titled "Moonshine."

Intoxicated, he blurted out, "My gosh! She's got looks and brains and everything!"

His exclamation was a line from a song he had written and made a demo-tape of years before. Usually, he'd written songs with someone in particular in mind. But this one had been purely imaginary. Now, he realized it was a fit for Star. His brain restarted the trigger line of the bridge and let the tune play through the celebratory call-and-response chorus:

"She surprises me. She's got looks and brains and everything.

"She surprises me. When she talks about love, she smiles at me.

"Every move she makes—she makes my day!

"Every move she makes—ooo, I ache!

"She is on my mind—all the time!

"Every move she—Every move she makes!"

The next day, after work and after lunch at the closest Crack, the southside Crack, he went to his calendar and jotted: "Good day at work (rare anymore)." But he felt exhausted. He was torn between taking a nap or just going to bed, calling it a day. He went to bed. But he remained awake longer than expected. It was his right wrist. It felt swollen from within. Repetitive stress. He had learned to hit combinations of keys with rapidity, but the repetition of the odd fingerings—for myriad codes required as directives to the computerized printers—was taking its toll. On his back, he laid his right arm out, palm up. That seemed to help.

The next day was Freysday. After work, he got some mundanes out of the way: Krogering, laundering, vacuuming. In the evening, he sought relaxation. He tried tv. Summer reruns. He settled on C-SPAN. He got up to get a Guinness, an Irish favorite also lauded by the Professor, when the phone rang. "Hello."

"Hi, it's me."

"Star!"

"I am at The Kidd. I was hoping you could come over, too."

"Yeah, sure."

"You're not busy?"

"No. I can be there in, um, how 'bout 10 minutes?"

"You're sure? You don't mind?"

"I'm sure I don't mind." He almost laughed. "Where will you be?"

"Uh, in the history section, where Meriwether is."

"Beautiful. See ya there."

"Okay. Bye."

"Bye."

He brushed his teeth, washed his face, donned shoes, threw on a sport coat and got to The Kidd in 10. He looked into the box canyon of books that was the history section, and he saw her, in left profile, standing, eyeing a wall of faces and spines. Her mane was longer than he'd recalled, and it looked brighter. Her lips were dark red. Mourning, because of an ill grandmother then in a hospital. Her top was white, long-sleeved, form-fitting, with a high neck. Its tail was tucked into jeans. He dared not look lower. If she were to see him coming, he didn't want her first view of him to be with his eyes on her body.

"Star. Hi."

She turned her head and returned the greeting. Her smile was reserved, crooked. Probably nervous. He was almost close enough to touch her. Her body language was not one of a warm welcome. Only her head turned toward him. He stuck out his hand. He'd rather have a warm hug. Handshaking struck him as inappropriate. But they did it. She quickly turned back to the books, said she was looking for something. She drifted away a few feet, entered a corner, and turned her back to him. An awkward situation. She had invited him here, but—.

She wheeled around and said she needed to go to the children's section; she wanted to get something more for her son's birthday. "Will you come with me?"

"Sure."

She went. He followed. Across the room, up the wide staircase, past greeting cards and a cashier, and into the children's section. She moved quickly along the shelves. She pulled out a thin one. "Oh, I love this picture book. Do you like this? My daughter loves it, too. Oh, but you wouldn't be familiar with any of these, would you?"

She left him holding the book. She hadn't looked at him during the exchange, and now her back was to him, again.

"I might," he said, a little perturbed at her assumption. After a few more minutes of following behind her, he grew perturbed at the whole situation.

"I'm feeling a little silly, here, Star. I thought you called me over here so we could have a conversation, interact. This is our second time, ever, to be in each other's company, and I've gotten almost nothing but your back—not that I mind the view." He chuckled.

She turned to him. "Oh, I'm sorry." She touched his arm, then took a step away and half-turned toward the books. "I'm not myself. Grandmommy is really not—. I'm just so worried about her. Here, I'll get this and I'll be done. She pulled a book from a shelf chest-high.

"I don't want to rush your shopping for your son. I only wanted to feel included—and welcome."

"I know. You're right," she said, touching his arm for a second, again. "Come on, I'll pay for this, and we can go somewhere to talk."

"Okay."

He heeled downstairs and to the row of cashiers by the front door. But feeling heelish, he moseyed over by the door, leaving her alone to pay.

Outside, she suggested they go somewhere nearby to eat. He proposed La Paz, a restaurant with a bar and outside seating. She invited him to ride in her Isuzu Trooper. At La Paz, she said she needed to call her husband to let him know her location. She picked up her car phone—a cell phone—and punched in some numbers. He listened, silently, to her side of the call.

"Hi, it's me.

"Yes.

"No, it's so sad. How are the children?

"Jim and I met at the Kidd and we're going to get something to eat and talk.

"Okay.

"I will.

"Love you, too."

Was that a slight tone of discomfort in her sign-off? He imagined her husband's "Love you," which had come first. His was probably said in earnest, tinged by suspicion. Jim didn't like the thought of meeting him, though that seemed sure to come, when he would have to feign starting a friendship already betrayed.

But race-blind Jim would be capable of that, too, and his corrupted intelligence would find a way to rationalize it.

Inside, the place was busy. For an outside table, he and Star had to wait. They went to the bar area. She claimed a couple of stools in a semi-private corner opposite the far end of the bar. He joined her after getting their beers.

"There's no Guinness!" he reported, in mock disgust. "So, here's your Miller Lite. I resorted to Dos Equis."

"Thank you."

"My pleasure."

"Miller Lite reminds me of being in high school."

"Miller reminds me of high school, too, but without the 'Lite.' A friend and I would go to the beach with longnecks."

"Yeah?" she said. "A friend and I would take yard chairs down to Little Swan Creek and sit in the water with our bathing suits on and sip our Miller Lites. I can remember getting quite blasted."

He laughed with her. She continued reminiscing. It was nice seeing her face for a change. She seemed to be trying to talk her way out of being nervous. The right corner of her mouth was drooping. Her forehead looked tense—probably from worry. He noted the darkness of her eyebrows compared with her long hair. She might pencil the brows. But his guess was that the blond mane was not her natural color. He hoped he was wrong. He viewed the plague of bottle blondes as a sad display of lack of self-esteem. He knew some dye jobs were for fun, which was fine. But when done to deceive, it irked him. He'd much rather have, in this case, a truthful brunette than a lying blonde. He saw a trace of a scar above one eyebrow. Her upper lip was a bit thinner than he remembered.

In a few minutes, they were led outside, under an awning. The night was warm. Diners chattered happily. He grew more comfortable as they ate and drank. He saw that she was more relaxed, too. The right corner of her mouth no longer drooped. When the plates were cleared away, he made a sketch on a napkin of his plan for the website home page. She praised it. They discussed what they would like to add to the site in the near future. To him, they seemed right in sync.

"Yes, a page on Sacagawea is a wonderful idea," he replied to her initiative. "You could write that one, right?"

She nodded.

"I'm really looking forward to doing this together," he said. "I'm excited about it. With the two of us sharing the work, I think we can make it go."

She agreed, but her face looked troubled.

"Worried?"

"Huh? Oh, yes, but not about this. No, I just—my grandmother is on my mind. And I'm tired."

"Yeah, I understand." He looked at his watch. "It's way past my bedtime."

"Oh, that's right. You've been up so long. I don't know how you do it, getting up so early to go to work."

"Yeah. It's awful," he said, showing a half-smile to soften the word, though he meant it. Fatigue was hitting him. His forehead felt heavy.

"Let's go, then."

"Okay."

He paid the bill. She drove them back to the Kidd. He imagined what they might do for a goodbye. When she stopped the Trooper next to his car, he put out his right hand. "It feels a little weird to just shake hands, but I guess it's the right thing to do." He watched her look down, nod, press her lips together, and take his hand. They held, then slid apart slowly. "Thank you, it's been great," he said, opening the door.

"Thank you. Bye."

"Bye."

He sat in his car and watched her pull away. His right hand felt warm. She sat at the parking-lot exit, waiting. For what? Maybe she was waiting out of courtesy, a courtesy he had learned among his fellow Whites while finishing his growing up in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. If so, she would be waiting to see his lights come on, to show that his car had started, that everything was okay. He started the car, turned on the lights. Sure enough, she proceeded on.

A week later, they did it again. He arrived at Davis-Kidd and found the parking lot packed. He saw Star's Trooper, as expected, but he couldn't park near it. After finally finding a spot, he walked to the front door of the store. It felt like Halloween, though the date was September 6. The store windows were decorated ghoulishly, and so were some of the young customers milling about the front door. He knifed his way a few feet inside. Through the crowd, he glimpsed a woman at the center of attention. She appeared wrapped in the window decorations. Suddenly, he was grabbed by the arm.

"Let's get out of here," Star said, "It's Anne Rice night!" He laughed as she dragged him out to the parking lot.

He, and apparently she, had no idea that such expensive promotions on the book circuit were almost exclusively for jew authors – with Anne Rice being a part of the jews' corruption of Halloween's ancient White origins. Such tours by authors of the "chosen" usually hopped among locations of the big bookstore chains owned by jews, though the grand Davis-Kidd, likely owned by jews, was not part of a known chain.

"Where to go?" she said.

"Hmm. Well, it's another nice night. How about Dalt's? They have outdoor seating, and I love their Long Island Tea."

"Okay."

"I'll drive this time," he said. "Hey! We can go topless!"

She acted taken aback: "*You* can go topless."

"Ha ha. I mean, I can take the roof off the car."

"I know what you mean."

He knew it would be quicker and easier to do it alone, but he welcomed her offer. He showed her how to release the latch on the passenger side, and they lifted the roof and stowed it in the trunk. They talked about music on the five-minute ride to Dalt's. After parking and replacing the roof, he carried a small paper bag. She noticed.

"What's that?"

"Oh, let's say, a gift for my business partner."

"No!"

"Yes."

She stopped. "Let's go back to the car. I don't want to make a scene in there."

He smiled. "No scene. Come on."

They were seated at a black-iron table and chairs on the patio. The tabletop was iron mesh. He could see through it, to her lap, her khaki shorts, a few inches of bare thighs, bare knees. He ruined his view by placing the bag on the table. Her eyes seemed eager. But the right corner of her mouth exhibited the droop again.

"Go ahead," he said.

She looked around at the people at other tables, opened the bag, and pulled out the gift. She softly squealed in delight. "The shirt!" She held it up beside her. "Oh, it's wonderful. The picture of Meriwether is excellent. And the monument, it's so realistic."

"It's one of only two in the whole world. You and I have the only ones." He beamed as she put the shirt on over the t-shirt she already wore. "I wish it looked that good on me."

"Oh, it would look better on you. You'd fill it out."

Just then, a waitress arrived. They ordered. Star reached into her purse. "I have something for you, too." She handed him a fortune cookie wrapped in plastic.

He chuckled. "I like fortune cookies." He extracted the Asian confection, broke it in two, and extended the paperless portion toward her. "Want half?"

"No. Thank you."

He popped it in his mouth and munched as he pulled the paper from the other half. He crunched and swallowed. "Oh, if only this were true!"

"What does it say?"

"You are the master of every situation."

"You are."

He laughed and thanked her.

The rest of the evening was pleasant enough. He thought her oddly reserved. Even so, there was nowhere he'd rather be. As they got in the car to leave, he decided he would try to inject some humor into the drive back to the Kidd. But as soon as he steered the car onto the street, her offer made him perish the thought.

"I should tell you why I've been no fun lately—tonight. I'm sure you could tell."

A tiny shiver darted down his spine. He glanced at her, then ahead at the road. "I find you good company no matter your mood."

"Well," she said, slowly, "I found out today that my grandmother died."

He exhaled in dismay. "Star, why didn't you tell me earlier?" He put his right hand on her shoulder. She was looking down, trying to control her emotions. He slid his hand onto her back, just below her neck, and lightly massaged. He wanted to stop the car and wrap his arms around her. But he felt he should try to control his emotions, too.

"I already cried all day. I didn't want to cry all night, too."

"Oh, Star," he sighed, giving her shoulder a slight squeeze.

She sniffed, reached into her pocket and pulled out a tissue. "I told him I just wanted to get away for a while."

Him? Ah, the husband.

"But I didn't want to burden you with this, too."

"Oh, it's no burden," he said, softly. "That's what I'm here for. We share with each other. The happy, and the sad, too."

She told a little more about her grandmother. Gently, he asked a couple of questions directing her to happy memories of her ancestor. Minutes later, he parked next to the Trooper. She was breathing easier. The bookstore was closed, the parking lot deserted. She asked for a subject change, and soon they loosened up again. He was glad to find her flexible about religion and only slightly troubled by his position, which was that all religions were superstitions inflated into grand, supernatural absurdities. She kidded with him about children, the subject of which reminded her of something, naturally. "Oh, I'd better call home. Wait a minute."

"Okay."

She went to the Trooper to do it. Getting back in his Honda, she said, "I need to get going."

But she pulled the door to, and the roof light went out.

"That's all right. It's late, anyway."

He waited to see what she would do as a parting gesture. The street fluorescents cast soft particles of light on her. He looked into her eyes. She met him there. They stayed coupled for two seconds more. She slowly turned, opened the door, got out, and pushed it to. She climbed into her Trooper. He watched as she started it, turned on the lights, put her seat belt on. He waited for a last look and a wave. But she aimed her eyes straight ahead and pulled away. He started his car and turned on his lights. She paused at the street, then drove off.

A few minutes later, as he entered his apartment, his phone was ringing. He ran to it and picked up just before the answering machine would have kicked in. "Hello."

"Thank you for a wonderful time tonight."

"I hoped it was you."

"Who else would it be?"

He liked that. She sounded as if she didn't want there to be anyone else. "No one. I thank you. It's always wonderful with you."

A moment of silence.

"You didn't shake my hand tonight. Why?"

"I was waiting to see if you would initiate contact."

"I wish I had."

Mmm. Wow. "I've had the urge to say something to you all night. But I probably shouldn't."

"There's no need to say it. We know it."

"We say it without saying it."

"Yeah. We do. Don't you think?"

"Yeah."

"Good night, Jim."

"Good night, Star."

Contrary to the calm surface of the sea around their ship, with the moonlight attempting to cast its spell as it glittered off the ripples, he stood by the phone and ticked off the dangers below the water line: Married with young children; the husband acknowledged as a nice guy—. He stopped, chilled already, as that had been enough, in his previous experience, to keep a wayward wife from following through. He stepped over to his calendar and wrote: "On the record, I think ... it will end. And it won't end well. May not even get started! 12:15 a.m."

Such awareness. He didn't want to be correct, but the journalist had set down his prediction in ink. Still, his White honor, a mental trait passed to him from his chain of ancestors all the way back to western and northern Europe, lay dormant. It did not kick in. Why? He had exhibited other fine mental traits of his race: honesty, monogamy, earnestness in work and fairness in play. Why not exhibit honor in this situation of love and marriage?

Little did he know that the models he invoked in order to rationalize his dishonorable behavior were all jews, from actors, to singers, tv-scientists, and politicians—all famous, made famous by jew-owned media because they were jews. When, if ever, would this White man, always eager for knowledge and truth, cut through the media fog and learn the vital truth? He would not be the first to learn it, nor to publish it, if he were to do so. Books and other publications by fine Whites awaited, including Henry Ford and Eustace Mullins, to name only two of the many. But in his de facto, anti-White state of skewed consciousness, his current reaction to such publications would likely be revulsion. That would be inadvertently self-destructive revulsion.

A minute later, he came as close to honor as he was then able:

"Don't have sex till she files for divorce—if we ever get that far."

He spent the weekend with computer trouble. The hard disk didn't want to spin. On Moonday, a tech expert at the *Banner* said he could fix it for free, plus parts. Gladly, Jim took the computer into work. Meanwhile, his job got more stressful. Late Tyrsday, he wrote on his calendar: "Work. 'Hate' is an awfully strong term."

That night, he went to sleep, finally, on his back, again with his right arm stretched out, palm up.

The next morning, in the still chill of 4:20 a.m., as he walked across Broadway Avenue to the *Banner* building, his throat constricted, like someone was pushing on it just above his breast bone, forcing it half closed. He tried to swallow it away, but it wouldn't go. He didn't recall this as being an early symptom of an impending heart attack, but he took it seriously, just the same. He sat on the sidewalk. He tried to relax, to breathe easily and deeply, think better thoughts. In a couple of minutes, he improved. Vowing to not take anything too seriously that day, he got up and went to the front door, pushed the top button on the security box, and waited for the magnetic lock to click.

11 Jurisdiction and Destruction

Every gap in the news from Starrs made it seem to Jim like progress on the Meriwether Lewis front was a long time in coming. Every task toward righting the recorded history of that great White man was a labor of love. He continued to pursue leads he came across on his own. But without requests from the Professor, the only challenge he had—and he always needed a challenge—was Star. He navigated onward over turbulent seas on his chosen course, fixed on one heavenly body.

The pair made a plan to sell t-shirts at the annual Meriwether Lewis Arts & Crafts Fair near Meriwether's monument on October 12 and 13. That was a month away. In the meantime, he would find a silk-screening company and have a batch of shirts made.

After another week of emotional rollercoastering by phone, they met to attend a musical performance of songs based on the history of women's rights.

Jim had followed the anti-White lead of crypto-jew actor Alan Alda and declared himself a feminist. He and, apparently, Star had bought the jewsmedia's deceitful "rights" campaign, the main goal of which was to elevate women to displace the White man from all levers of authority, public and private. Another goal was to mislead White women out of motherhood, homemaking, and family caretaking—pillars of a nation's health and survival—until too late to fulfill those racial imperatives. Feminism, the weaponized arm of "women's rights," was a creation of jews, publicly led by jewesses such as Betty Friedan born Goldstein, Bella Abzug, and Gloria Steinem. Feminism was pushed in song by the jewess Helen Reddy, pushed in sports by the homosexual jew Billie Jean King, pushed by jewlywood in programming featuring jewesses from bottle-blond Angie Dickinson to blob Roseanne, and all of them had been glorified by every big medium delivering the jews' propaganda into every home whether by paper or electronic appliance.

Indeed, feminism, deceitfully presented as a boost for women, was a weapon of destruction against White families, urging wives to abandon their necessary biological roles, urging single women to shun White men, to supposedly “free” themselves sexually by promiscuity, to demand power in every workplace, and to put family on the backburner indefinitely if not forever. “Housewife” and even “homemaker” were vilified as dirty words across the board in the jewsmedia monopoly. At the same time, nonWhite women, especially Africans, were being portrayed as savvy, capable leaders being held back only by the supposedly evil Whites. The entire "women's rights" campaign was on a parallel track with the "civil rights" campaign, which was a deceitful name for the pro-African, pro-all-nonWhites, effort to likewise displace and impoverish Whites. Both were protocols of the historic jew agenda that had been well exposed a century earlier but remained unknown to everybody who received their history and news from only jew-controlled sources.

The musical event that attracted Jim and Star was at night on the campus of Vanderbilt University, a private business in education, indoctrination, international race-mixing, and government contracting. Nearby was the remnant of the Peabody teachers’ college, named for the secret-jew George Peabody, an institution that Vanderbilt University had incorporated. Also nearby was Belmont College, named after the secret-jew August Belmont, who had changed his family name from Schönberg to sound deceptively nonjewish as he served, along with Peabody, as one of the many frontmen for the infamous Rothschild family of international bankers, jews, based in London. None of these vital facts about the jews were taught at these institutes of “higher learning,” of course, nor allowed to be taught at any American school.

After the “entertainment,” Jim and Star strolled the campus. On their path through the night amid the buildings, lawns, large trees, benches, and soft lighting, they proceeded on to romanticized memories and to frank, emotional expressions of desire.

If these two had been completely lacking in White qualities, they could have, and likely would have, avoided the pining and the complexities and simply had an exciting sexual affair. But they could not. Jim was in it for a wife, a partner for life. Thus, under all of the circumstances, there seemed no choice to him other than holding course straight into a strengthening storm.

On Washing Day night, she called from Hohenwald, where she was visiting her parents for the weekend.

"Jim, there's going to be a public meeting about Meriwether here on Friday!"

He called Starrs. The Professor knew of the meeting and said he would have called soon to spread the news. Astonished, Starrs asked how Jim had learned of it so fast.

"Oh, I have a reliable and gorgeous source in Hohenwald."

"I see. And when will I meet this exceptional source?"

"Friday. Let's plan on it."

He called the *Banner*, giving them the scoop on the upcoming meeting.

On Moonday, eager for the workweek to fly by, he found the job more irksome than ever. For starters, he found out that his boss was unaware that he, Jim, compiled and edited the “People in the News” column every day. The column, a collection of bits about celebrities from or visiting Nashville, was the second task he did each day, taking a full hour, plus. His boss supposedly thought the Wire editor had always done it. Jim sent a memo to his boss's boss, asking if the recent modest pay raise could be boosted by this revelation.

Of course, unknown to Jim was the fact that the boss’s boss was a jew, too, named Pat Embry.

Two days later, Jim received a noncommittal reply. He knew he could take that, and with a dollar of his own, buy a cup of coffee with three creams and two sugars. As a side dish, deadlines were being broken left and right. A few section editors had taken the notion that deadlines were for everyone but themselves. So, stories came through the Copy Desk too late for Jim's copy editors to develop good headlines and do thorough editing jobs. Ironically, the Copy Desk tended to get the blame for broken deadlines. He asserted that the Copy Desk deserved blame only one-third of the time.

With his sights on Freysday, Wodensday intruded with an invitation he could not refuse. At 6 p.m., as appointed, he knocked on the Star family's apartment door. It swung open to reveal her familial four. He immediately shook hands with the husband, surprised to find him an inch or two shorter than his wife. He shook hands with Star, who he judged absurdly beautiful. Her blond hair flowed over an elegant black top. Her pants were multicolored, loose on the legs but wrapped around the hips and tied at the waist. He steeled himself to an evening of avoiding Star in his eyes.

The children clamored for his attention. The little girl sang a song to everyone's delight. The boy invited him into his bedroom to play a video game. Since Star's husband needed time to change out of his work duds, Jim obliged the boy. But he found the game distasteful, an assault on two senses in which kickboxers sent blood spattering with every other strike.

He announced, playfully, "Too much violence! Can we play a friendlier game?"

But as the boy dug in a drawer for another game, the pizzas were delivered and everyone gathered at the dining table. After supper and an hour of benign discussion, he made an amicable escape.

Thus, he had shown, though to only himself and his goal, how low he could go while thinking he was, overall, heading upward.

Meanwhile, a most welcome invitation came. Professor Starrs informed him, by email, that the next American Academy of Forensic Sciences national meeting was scheduled for February in New York City. Starrs planned to stage a reenactment of the Inquest for the very learned audience. And the Professor suggested that Jim attend.

Starrs also responded to a previous question from Jim in regard to a book Star had mentioned:

The Jefferson Conspiracies book is junk, ribaldly so. The author and I were in regular touch while he was researching it. I gave him all my research results. He refused to give me any of his, and then he up and died before the book was published and left all his research sources to his surviving spouse who promptly lost them, so she says. I don't believe they ever existed. However, those who like the many fantasy tales spun by Stephen Ambrose will be bound to like The Jefferson Conspiracies. Remember the old saying: God has mighty powers but he can't change the past. That's why he created historians.

That same day, he paid a return visit to a silk-screening company. He picked up two large boxes of Meriwether Lewis t-shirts to be sold at the upcoming Meriwether Lewis Crafts Fair and, eventually, on the website. When he returned to his apartment, he found a new email from Starrs. After some fun and informative small talk, the forensic scientist erupted in optimism:

The meeting with Congressman Bob Clement was a marvel. He gives even a skeptic like me a rejuvenation of belief in the value of the American political system. Apolitical as I am, I came away wondering why we don't have more Bob Clements, or do we? He immediately signed on to aid in every which way in convincing the National Park Service to agree. He will be arranging a meeting in his office with the NPS big-wigs for that purpose. He also agreed to make a presentation on the House floor.

I am now "proceeding on" with other congressional contacts. Please do not "deep throat" me on these strategies. You are the one newspaperman I have met who has not piranhaed me.

In due course, I would think that the *Banner* might want to cover the highlights of these movements, certainly Cong. Clement's remarks on the House floor on the occasion of the anniversary of Lewis' death.

Be well, stand sturdy, and drink Guinness to be sure of both,

Jim Starrs

He replied quickly:

Dear Professor,

Thanks for trusting me. As Bob Woodward hasn't blabbed who Deep Throat is, I won't be blabbing, either. If the info gets leaked, it won't be because of me.

On Clement, I hope he's not schmoozin' ya, pulling the blue-and-white striped wool over your eyes. Seriously, I'm sure you would be able to tell, given your experience with the political animals. A real meeting, putting on real pressure, would be great. But remarks read into the Congressional Record, probably in front of an empty chamber—this offer isn't the equivalent of kissing a baby, I hope. Who reads the Congressional Record, after all?!

Thanks, also, for keeping the *Banner* in mind for the time to print the scoop.

Meanwhile, I must replenish my supply of Guinness.

Your Obt. Servt.

Jim's take on the political animal hit the nail on the head. But only as a dupe of the jews would he mention Bob Woodward and that *Washington Post* reporter's "Deep Throat" without disgust. Jim did not know that Woodward was a secret-jew, with his partner Carl Bernstein an open jew, and that the secret source dubbed "Deep Throat" was a scam. It was the jewsmedia who had made the secret, anonymous, unidentified source a fully accepted cancer on the body of journalism.

The "honor" of being that infamous source "Deep Throat" was later bestowed on a top FBI man, a secret-jew, for public relations purposes. Knowing none of that deceit, Jim had put on display his ignorance about his dear journalism and about politics at their highest levels—the highest levels being the worst. However, his audience of one, the Professor, had shown no signs of being any less ignorant than the journalist in that regard.

On Freysday, October 4, he hurried from work after the first edition. As prearranged, he went to Star's apartment to pick her up. During the drive to Hohenwald, she turned her back to him and snuggled down in her seat. Then she rested her head against his right shoulder. He smiled. She did most of the talking: about her parents' rocky history, her percent of Cherokee Indian blood, how she and her dad liked to search for arrow heads.

He wore one of his Meriwether Lewis t-shirts under a sport coat. In the Hohenwald Community Center, where the meeting was held, many people ooh'd and aah'd over the shirt. District Attorney General Joe Baugh took a photo of him and bought two shirts. During the public meeting, each of the officials was allowed to give a speech. The congressional representatives, two National Park Service people, Professor Starrs, and local officials each got their turn. After the speeches, the public was allowed to ask questions.

For Jim, the interesting parts were the positions the congressmen took. Republican Senator Fred Thompson did not attend, but his representative took a neutral course. Republican Senator Bill Frist did not attend, but his representative took a neutral tack, too. Democratic Congressman Bob Clement did not attend, but his representative played both sides of the fence. Republican Congressman Ed Bryant, in whose district Meriwether's monument resided, did attend. Jim found Bryant sharp and personable. But Bryant sat high atop the fence, refusing to dangle a leg down either side. Jim wondered why the legislators were being so careful over such a simple issue, especially when it seemed obvious that most of the local people were in favor of an exhumation.

On the way back to Nashville, he and Star stopped for a late lunch at the TGI Friday's restaurant in Columbia. In a booth, they touched hands across the table. They touched legs under the table. When they got back in his car, he leaned over and kissed her on the left cheek. It was the first time one's lips had ever touched the other.

The next day, Washing Day, they rendezvoused with the Professor at Blackstone, a restaurant and brewery on West End Avenue near the campus of Vanderbilt University.

In the parking lot, after greetings, Jim walked between Star and Starrs. He put his hands on their backs and announced, "Finally, my stars are aligned!"

Inside, the trio sampled Blackstone's darkest beer. Starrs raised his glassful and said, "If you can see through it, it is not worthy." He studied the beer a moment, holding it up to the light, and said, "Guinness it ain't. But it shall suffice."

The three agreed that Guinness was the best commercial brew. Starrs praised its Irish origins, a White bloodline from which he and Jim sprang, as Jim was half-Irish from his mother, with his paternal half German. Then, the leader offered a reason why he liked Jim so much. "You remind me of one of my sons."

Starrs freely shared stories about the son, and other sons. Then he entertained with tales about other family members. The Professor said his wife prefers that he refrain from eating red meat because of its alleged link to prostate cancer. "When I am away from home," the elder said, "I allow myself to eat red meat when it strikes my fancy, but I do not tell her. But about cancer of the prostate, I told my wife that *disuse* is a stronger causative factor than red meat!"

After the laughs subsided, Starrs talked about one of his daughters, a single mom. To Star, he said, "She is lovely, like you."

Jim asked, "How old is she?" Star gave him a look as if to say he should have no such interest. He liked that.

"Jim tells me you have children," Starrs said to Star.

"Yes. A boy and a girl. They're wonderful."

"So, you're a single mother, too?"

Jim knew he had told the Professor that Star was still married, so he wondered if the investigator was testing her.

"No, I'm married," she said. "He's home with the children right now."

Starrs changed the subject. Soon, the scientist was telling colorful stories about his exhumation cases, including Alfred Packer, the Colorado Cannibal; Huey Long, once a U.S. senator and governor of Louisiana; Jesse James, the outlaw; and Frank Olson and Olson's tragic link to the CIA.

It had been four months since the Coroner's Inquest in Hohenwald, and now, here, Jim felt as though living a dream.

"I have struck upon a new strategy today," Starrs said. "Would you like to be the first to hear it?"

"Of course!"

"Meriwether's death occurred in the state of Tennessee before the feds took over the monument site and thereby acquired jurisdiction. So, if Attorney General Joe Baugh, a state official, files for an exhumation for the purposes of investigating a crime that occurred before the feds gained jurisdiction, how could the National Park Service stand in the way?"

"I love it," Jim said.

"I think it has legs, as they say," the Professor said. "I shall pursue it. By the way, did you notice the out I offered to the Park Service yesterday in the public meeting?"

"What do you mean?"

"According to the Park Service's own policy," Starrs said, "they allow for exhumations when remains are threatened with deterioration or destruction by natural forces. So, if they seek an out, or if they seek an excuse to make an exception and allow this exhumation, they can seize on my statement that the remains are in a state of deterioration and destruction *now*, due to natural forces."

"Oh yeah," Jim said, "but that Park Service guy from Atlanta scoffed at the notion. That guy carried a smarmy attitude throughout the meeting, I thought."

Starrs agreed. He said he might take both arguments—jurisdiction and destruction—to the chief of the National Park Service and to the Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt.

"That reminds me," the Professor said. "Did you hear Stephen Ambrose on NPR some weeks ago?"

"National Public Radio?"

"Yes. Ambrose now claims, without a shred of factual foundation, that Meriwether Lewis was a drug addict, popping three opium pills a day. So now Meriwether Lewis was bankrupt, syphilitic, alcoholic, manic-depressive, and a drug addict. Oh, I tell you. The gall of that man."

They nodded. In the pause, Jim found the timing right to make a proposal he'd been harboring. "Speaking of gall, I have an idea that was first kindled at the Coroner's Inquest. Your assistant Nancy was telling me about your career as a civil-rights lawyer and about your family, and

I know a lot about your exhumation projects. Well, I realized that you, sir, are biography material. And I'm the person to write that biography." He reached into his sport-coat pocket.

"Hm. Well. I am flattered."

"Here's a rough outline of the book, according to what I know so far," he said, unfolding a piece of paper and placing it before Starrs.

"Obviously, you have given this a good deal of thought," Starrs said. "But do you think it will be practical, given our other full-time pursuits and the physical distance between us?"

"A lot of phone calls. And a few visits to D.C. Then, in a few months, I could take a leave of absence from the *Banner* to finish the book by the middle of next year. At that point, the book would wait for the results of the exhumation."

Starrs nodded. "Let's give it some more thought and talk more about it soon."

"Good."

The rest of the evening was riveting and delightful but for the very end. Starrs shared a brush with melancholy. He lamented that he was getting on in years.

"If I were to become unable to continue carrying the torch for Meriwether Lewis, who would? No one. I do not see anyone with the expertise, the credentials, the drive to suffer the slings and arrows of the Park Service and others and see this through. I must say, that worries me."

Jim wanted to proclaim, *I will!* But he knew he lacked the credentials and the money to lead the effort. He said, "Well, you're not going anywhere, are you? You look healthy to me. Or are you trying to tell us something, here?"

"No, no. I am afflicted with nothing terminal. And as long as I can hoist a Guinness, I shall carry on!"

All shared a laugh. Minutes later, they went three ways in the night.

On Moonday, after work, he did some research in the Tennessee State Library and Archives, looking for items related to Meriwether Lewis that Starrs could use. As that week crawled by, he grew more giddy for what the weekend in Hohenwald might hold in store.

Jim drove onto the dewy, coarse grass of a recently mowed field and parked next to the Trooper. Star and her husband were setting up a card table and two chairs. It was 7:30 a.m. on a clear but cold October 12 morn. Dressed in several layers topped by his jade, down-filled winter coat, he could see his breath as he unloaded his two big boxes of t-shirts.

"Greetings, you two," he said, trying to sound cheery as he neared the table.

Star, her blond hair loose, as always, catching the sun, wore an army-style camouflage overcoat. She said, "Hi, there," as her husband said "Hello."

She got out two banners she and her husband had made on their computer. One said "Meriwether Lewis T-Shirts." The other, "Murder or Suicide?"

"Whaddya think?" she asked.

"Excellent."

As a mild breeze came up, he and Star held the banners at the edge of the table as her husband applied tape to hold them in place. They chatted about the weather forecast and the prospects for sales. He and Star folded some shirts into piles on the table and put their money box behind the shirt stacks.

"There," Jim declared. "We're open for business."

Their little stand was half a mile from the Meriwether Lewis Monument and the official Meriwether Lewis Arts & Crafts Fair, which was all inside Meriwether Lewis Park. Outside the park, along Route 20 to Hohenwald, there were many roadside sale tables. The amateur retailing created an annual, five-mile-long yard sale.

Star said she needed to go back to her parents' house for a while. She hopped into the Trooper and drove off.

He was alone with the spouse.

They sat behind the table, facing the road and the morning's low, autumn sun. All hands hid in coat pockets against the chill. The two broke the ice with awkward small talk. That slid into

sports, and the dialog warmed as they found something in common. They had both been pitchers on school baseball teams. They played verbal catch for a couple of innings, then the husband shifted on his chair, faced Jim, and started throwing strikes.

"Ever been married?"

"No. Came close a time or two. And I've had a few long relationships. The longest lasted for, uh, about two years. But no, never married." He saw the husband nod while looking him in the eyes, perhaps mulling whether to go with a fastball or curve.

"Tell me if it's none of my business," the husband said, "But I'm just curious—."

"It's okay with me," he said, bracing for the high hard one.

"Is there anyone special in your life now?"

Jim looked out toward the road, squinted in the sun, saw some people down the road on the opposite side. But no one was close by. He figured if he answered, "Yeah, your wife," the husband would change up from pitches to punches. He didn't want that. But he didn't want to lie to the man. Two whole seconds had gone by in thought. He had to start his answer. "Hmm. No, not really. Oh, I have a couple of female friends, but no. But I wish." The husband cocked his head. Jim continued, "I've waited a long time for the right woman to come along. And the older I get, well—" He shook his head.

"Oh, there'll be one," the husband said, turning toward the road and taking the sun full in the face, again. "God will send the right one along. You just have to be patient."

"I, uh, I don't share your belief. I should think God would have more important business somewhere, like stopping terrorism or child abuse. But I'm being patient."

He expected the husband to pepper him about religion. Instead, he received a brief sermon on "God's desire to help good, honest people." Jim nodded. When it was over, despite a head full of potential responses, he let the ball lie.

The men slid into post-game patter. After a few more minutes, Star returned, with children, and parked along the road. The husband got up to leave the field.

Star and spouse conferred by the driver's door. Then she came to join Jim as her husband drove the troop away.

"I'm glad you're back," he said.

"Me, too. Anything happen?"

"We talked. Didn't sell any shirts. There aren't many people walking around, yet. And most of the ones who come by in cars don't stop."

They sat down in the chairs. He observed, again, her camouflage coat. He frantically looked around, saying, "Where'd you go? Star? Star!"

"Funny."

She was wearing rather thick makeup. He guessed it was for sunblock purposes. "I need to don some sunblock."

"Good idea, my fair-skinned boy."

At his car, he looked in an outside rearview mirror and applied goop to his nose, cheeks, chin, and neck. He retook his place next to Star.

"I hate to say this," he said, "But, uh, we're partners in lie, now."

"Oh?"

"You know, like partners in crime? We're partners in lie. He asked me if there's anyone special in my life right now. I said no, which of course is a lie. And I regret it. I wish I'd told him the truth. I feel like driving to your parents' house and telling him. Right now."

"Don't do that," she said, firmly. "They'd kill you."

He laughed.
"I'm serious."
"Kill?"
"If *he* didn't do it, Dad would."
"Violent types, are they?"
"Not normally. But in this case—. Just don't go."
"I'm not going."
"Good."
He patted her on the back. "Thanks for the warning."

Jim's level of pacifism was just what the jews had ordered. He saw the threat of violence from a husband against the home-wrecker as wrong. Indeed, Jim was a home-wrecker. He rationalized it as "giving her an opportunity." He was unable, or refused, to see that his behavior, from the get-go, when it had gone beyond anything but self-controlled respect toward her and her apparently White family, was dishonorable and divisive. He was like a jew, himself, now, driving himself like a wedge into the family of four, lying when the threat of deserved retaliation loomed, and suggesting that the family-defenders—the victims—would be the extremists.

He even analyzed the position of the husband and told himself that the husband's only true beef must be with his wife: She had been committed to him. She had chosen to break that commitment. That was how Jim had applied his White intelligence, talent for analysis, and ability to problem-solve—all quite corrupted.

This convoluted mindset had been trained into him, piece by piece, by the relentless barrage of songs, tv programming, movies, and real-life examples of home-wrecking defended and glorified by the jews in their "entertainment" publications during his entire lifetime, thus far. White heritage, including the requisite of honor and the absolutely justified violent defense of one's family against any invader, were submerged under the jew tsunami.

Through the morning, Jim and Star talked as freely as ever, though sold only two shirts. At lunch time, her husband returned and presented them with tuna salad sandwiches made by her mom. The afternoon was a repeat of the morning but without the chills.

Though the two spent hours alone, and had previously spent many more hours alone, they had yet to utter or write a particular word in all its glory. This afternoon, through some silence, it was on his mind as Star queried for his current thoughts.

"Something wonderful," he replied. "Do you have an idea what?"

"Well, yes."

"What?"

"I don't want to say," she said. "You tell me."

"Well, I want to. But I don't want to." He chuckled. "It seems too early. It's something I—. Well, if I say that, I'd give it away. It's, uh, it's too early. I should wait."

The White mindset about love, if that mind has partially survived the media onslaught of mind-poison against it, is that an explicit expression of love carries with it a promise, a commitment. Jim had a personal rule to wait for a romance to last a year before taking that next big step. The other reason for his hesitance was his skepticism, based on experience, that had receded but had not been relieved.

As sundown approached, after only a handful of shirt sales on the day, they packed their wares into their vehicles and parted with but a tentative plan to meet there again the next morning. He headed west, straight into the setting sun. In his mirror, he saw the rear of her Trooper shrink into the distance. He felt depleted. His face hurt.

"Oh, hell. I forgot to put more sunblock on. Damn it. I should know better by now."

He cruised slowly into Hohenwald, noticing most other yard sales had also packed it in for the day. When he turned into the driveway of Armstrong's B&B, he felt doubly relieved: The sinking sun was no longer in his face, and he had reached his resting place. As he yanked his parking brake, he saw a car roll to a stop next to him. He was startled to see Star's husband at the wheel.

"Where's Starlene?"

He heard the question as he stood up next to his car. He looked across the trunk at the spouse, who was already standing and appeared flustered. Was the question actually an accusation? Staying on his side of the car, he replied, "I presume she's at her parents' house. We left the sale site driving in opposite directions. I'm surprised you didn't see her."

"The reason I ask," he said quickly, "is our daughter has a temperature of 101. I'm rushing to buy Motrin right now. I didn't see Starlene, and then I saw you, and I just thought you would know where she is."

Jim shook his head and wrinkled his brow in concern for the daughter. He studied the mix of emotions on the man's face as the husband spoke again, somewhat nervously.

"You know, uh, I guess she's told you she's been very upset over her grandmother's death and other family problems, and our move to Nashville and all."

Jim replied carefully, "She has spoken on most of those things."

"She tries to handle stuff like that herself. She holds it in. And it—it festers."

He waited, seeing sadness in the man's eyes. Maybe they were moist.

Suddenly: "Well, I'd better go. Don't tell her that I brought all this up with you, okay?"

Jim gave him a quizzical look.

"I mean, you can say I told you about the fever and going to buy some Motrin."

"Uh, I don't see any need for secrecy," he said softly. "Please don't take offense, but since I met her before I met you, I wouldn't be comfortable keeping this from her, especially since—."

"I just think it would make her more upset if she knew. There's no need to tell her, is there?"

He saw impatience, now. "It's not a matter of need. It's just—."

"Well, I need to go."

"Okay," he said as the man opened the door of his sedan. "I hope your daughter will be okay."

"She will. Don't worry."

"See you tomorrow." Having been cut off twice, he simply watched as the man backed out and drove away.

Upstairs, he showered, pulled on his pj's, enjoyed a fried pie, flipped open a notebook and recorded the day's events. Then, he lay awake, fretting and fantasizing.

In the morning, he called her parents' house. The spouse answered, said Star was taking a bath, and suggested a meeting time of noon.

"It being Sunday, most people are in church till then, anyway," the husband said.

Agreed. After hanging up, he jotted in his notebook, "Of all the people who could have answered—. But he was nice. Noon meet for more sun-poisoning, posturing and pining."

Jim arrived early at the sale site. He left his car there and walked through the woods, taking a short cut to Meriwether's monument and the arts & crafts fair. It bored him, as nearly every arts & crafts fair ever did, infested by useless nicknacks and lacking something—something he would not be equipped to put his finger on until decades later.

Back at his car, the couple arrived, and except for a surprise from Star, the afternoon proceeded as predicted: his three p's.

While the husband was away, Star took a turn at digging their hole. "A present," she said. She took a ring off her middle finger and handed it to him. He looked it over, waiting for words of sentiment. "I got it from a guy I know who makes jewelry," she said. "He has a booth at the crafts fair. He asked me to watch his stuff while he went to pee. When he came back, he said I could pick from a few things."

"So you chose this for me. Thank you." It was a circle of black stone. Smooth, shiny. Flat around the inside. He looked for an inscription and found none. He wasn't sure which finger to try it on—a ring finger or a pinky. Where would she want him to put it? "You didn't say any words of affection when you gave this to me. And you got it more or less for free. So, I'm wondering. On a scale of zero to 10, how much does this mean to you?"

He watched her think for several seconds.

"Mmm," she uttered. "I'm trying to think of the right words. You always say just the right things. Um." Fifteen more seconds. "Well, I'll just blurt it out. It's a 10."

He said, "Wow." He thought, *I'd have been happy with an eight*. He tried to put it on his left ring finger. Too small. He put it on his left pinky. "That's good. A bit loose. But I like it."

Soon, the Trooper arrived. Time ran out. An awkward few minutes shuffled by as they packed it in.

With a final pause, he said, "See ya back in Nashville."

On the Natchez Trace heading north, he set the cruise control at 55.

"Ahhhhh. I'm glad that's over."

The passing of a week and its end brought a new Moonday and productivity. The journalist was delighted to welcome the Professor back to Nashville. They met in the afternoon at Red, Hot & Blue, a restaurant on Elliston Place one block north of Vanderbilt University. Starrs was in town to attend a meeting of the Zodiac Club.

"Never heard of it," Jim said.

Starrs explained that it was a private group of male VIPs. Each member was at or near the top of his profession. Former Tennessee governor Winfield Dunn was a member, along with a federal judge, an owner of a law firm, the CEO of one of Nashville's largest companies, a vice chancellor at Vanderbilt University, and more. Twelve in all. "District Attorney General Joe Baugh was invited by the Zodiacs to speak about Meriwether Lewis," Starrs said. "And Joe invited me."

"Can I go?"

"Ha! Sure. Bring a journalist along. Oh, by the way, there is a journalist in the group: one Fred Russell, as I recall."

"Freddie Russell! He's a *Banner* guy. He's a nationally known sports writer. Old guy, in his 70s, I think. Well, well."

"A *Bannerite*, you say. Anyway, I am looking forward to the meeting tonight," Starrs said. "If Joe and I can make our case, perhaps these very important personages will bring influence to bear in our favor in this neck of the woods."

"Hope so. Hey, I was wondering. You were a civil-rights lawyer. How did you go from that to forensic science?"

"A fortuitous event, indeed. Oh, as an aside, let me say, you need to start taping our talks so I won't have to repeat these stories!"

They laughed. He figured the biography was a go.

"My father had told me, 'Do law school, become a lawyer. But be sure to do something you enjoy, too.' Decades passed. I became a law professor at George Washington University. The years went by. Then, one day an FBI man came to visit me. He said he had tried to get GW to start a forensics department, but the administration turned him down. I immediately saw the value of such a department. And I had always been interested in science and enjoyed every association with it. To make a long story short, I seized the moment. It was quite an endeavor, to be sure, but I talked GW into doing it—with me as chairman."

"That's a major, and amazing, career change."

"Ah, fortune smiled upon me that day. The FBI man came to me. I had never met him before in my life. No connection whatsoever. Fortuitous, I say. Fortuitous, indeed."

Jim had thought himself a well-read, insightful man, yet he was entirely green when it came to such semi-secretive groups as the Zodiac Club and the "fortuitous" opportunity reportedly instigated by the FBI. As usual, as trained, he automatically, unconsciously, imagined White men with the power, from the Zodiacs to GWU to the FBI. He lacked the knowledge-come-wisdom to properly suspect that one or more influential Zodiacs would be jews, and that GWU and the FBI had long been infested with that race—most of whom pretended to be Whites.

As lunch progressed, Jim asked his enviable friend about one of his exhumation projects. "Huey Long in New Orleans: I know he was a United States senator, and he was a governor of Louisiana. He was killed. But you didn't exhume him, right? You dug up a Doctor Weiss?"

"Right. Weiss was accused of assassinating Huey Long. But when we examined Weiss's remains, we found evidence that Weiss was holding his hands up defensively when he was shot. And he was literally riddled with bullets. The evidence suggested that Huey Long was killed in the volley of shots delivered by his many bodyguards. Perhaps, by accident."

"Wow. I'll plan to get that whole story on tape in the near future."

Jim was unequipped to ask the most important follow-up question: What were the races of those key men? Decades would pass for him until such events shrouded in mystery, doubt, and lies would reveal themselves under the light of that vital knowledge—race. He would learn that the very popular Huey Long was assassinated in 1935 as he was running for president against the secret-jew president Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was amid his first term in a four-term reign, extending the Depression, contriving the Second World War, and duping the Whites of America to go abroad to kill the Whites of Germany.

Huey Long was White. Doctor Karl Jacob Weiss was a jew. Various historical sources spelled Weiss's given name with a "K" or a "C," and some replaced the middle name "Jacob" with "Austin." "Jacob" was an obvious jew name, which would be a reason for the name-change, as jew sources routinely omitted the fact of the doctor's jewness. The word "weiss" is German for the color "white." Thus, there was a family-name change—a deceit for which jews had been known throughout history. It would have been nothing but typical that Doctor Weiss's ancestors back in Germany had adopted that most blatantly dishonest name to trick the good, true Germans. Weiss's father-in-law, a jew judge, had contrived a reason for Weiss to be in the Louisiana capitol building that day. There were solid witness accounts, including that of Gerald L.K. Smith, one of the most popular Christian political speakers of all time and a friend of Huey Long who was there at his side

when Weiss fired. The best witnesses agreed that Weiss shot Long, and then the bodyguards shot Weiss. Long walked from the scene under his own power and was helped to a hospital, where he lived until a jew doctor performed “emergency” surgery, not waiting for the specialists who were enroute.

The *New York Times*, owned by jews since 1896, reported a massive turnout for the funeral of Weiss, thus treating the murderer as a hero and martyr—as they likewise commemorated their other infamous assassins, including Leon Czolgosz, the killer of President William McKinley in 1901.

The jews had even tried to claim that John Wilkes Booth was innocent of the Abraham Lincoln assassination. Booth was the younger brother of the famous actor Edwin Booth, who was a clubmate with secret-jew Samuel Langhorne Clemens and other crypto-jews. Yet, the jews maintained factions on both sides of most controversies, always with one faction defending the jew.

In the Huey Long assassination case, while Weiss's wife's side of the family did not protest, Karl Jacob Weiss's parents always argued in public that their son was innocent. The parents passed that torch to the killer's son, of course also a jew.

Jim possessed none of that knowledge related to race. Therefore, he had no chance to possess the wisdom for which racial knowledge was a prerequisite. Accordingly, he was too ignorant to wonder about Starrs, “Himself,” and why the renowned Professor had offered a conclusion in defense of the jew Weiss based on an interpretation of a tiny slice of the total mass of evidence.

"You know," said the famed forensic scientist, "it is interesting how I received permission to exhume Weiss's remains. I always have to meet with relatives and make my case. In this instance, I had to meet with Weiss's son, who also is a doctor. On the telephone, he invited me to the hospital where he works. When I arrived, he rather impersonally greeted me. Then, he swept me along with him, in a busy fashion. He took me into the Emergency Room and then an Operating Room. Given my credentials, I was passed off as a qualified guest. And there, before me, he set a woman's broken arm. Then, he operated on the arm. It was quite an experience."

"Cool. You'd barely met, and he did this?"

"It gets better. That evening, we were in his home, with his wife. It was after dinner, and they poured us each a glass of wine. Weiss was praising this wine up and down, saying how wonderful it was. Then, he asked me if I agreed. Well, I had a decision to make. The wine was awful. Just dreadful. Yet, I was there to get his permission to exhume his father."

"So, what did you do?"

"It occurred to me that I could tell him what he wanted to hear. I could keep him happy, and he would probably grant his permission for the exhumation."

"Yeah?"

"I told him, 'It's rot gut.'"

Jim erupted in a belly laugh. The release felt delightful. He noticed other diners in the restaurant looking at him. "You—ha ha ha. You didn't."

"I did. I simply refused to gain his permission under false pretenses. Of course, you may say it was only a glass of wine. But I told him straight out. And it was the right thing to do because his wife declared, 'He's honest! You have to give him that!' And in short order, I had their permission to exhume."

After the late lunch, Jim led Starrs across the street to Elder's Bookstore. Starrs had suggested they peruse used books, and to Jim's knowledge Elder's was the best. The pair found several tomes on Lewis & Clark and the Corps of Discovery. And they came upon two biographies

of Meriwether. But they found nothing they hadn't seen before. By and by, Starrs bid farewell. "I have a date with the Zodiacs and must not be late!"

Days passed as the journalist hoped for a report from the Professor. Meanwhile, late one afternoon at his apartment, his other star dropped in. Jim closed the door behind her and locked it out of habit. "Whatcha got there?"

"Congratulations on the Starrs bio." She pulled a bottle of champagne from a bag.

"Ho ho! A bot'l o' bubbly. Thank you. Shall we open it?"

"I can't have any now, since I'm on my way home. But—."

"Oh, I'll save it, then. It shall wait till we can celebrate together!"

He set the bottle on the dining table and hugged her. He put his hands on her temples and began to slide his hands toward the back of her head and pull her to a kiss.

"Anhh," she uttered, squirming her head out of his hands.

"I could ask," he said, wearing a smile. "But I think I know." He put his arms around her waist. "You always have your hair down when you're with me. You tell me about ponytails, but I've never seen one on you. And even in my car with the roof off, you hold your hair very carefully. You have a thing about your ears, don't ya?"

"Nnnnn yes."

"Oh, babe. You could have Spock ears and I'd still be wild about you. In fact, I'd probably be wilder about you."

Of course, Jim the sci-fi fan did not know that Leonard Nimoy, the actor who played "Spock" on the Star Trek program, was a Jew, as was William Shatner playing "Captain Kirk," who had been one of the first to display an interracial kiss on tv. Indeed, that sci-fi show professed that all of Earth's races were equal. The original series and its "Second Generation" were favorites of Jim because all of the regular characters were intelligent and admirable, so he thought, and who made decisions based on knowledge, not superstition.

Star replied to his "Spock ears" comment with a "you're crazy!" look.

"Yes," he said, "I'm a Star Trek fan. Not a fanatic, but a fan. But I'm a bigger fan of you—."

She met the "you" with puckered lips of her own.

They migrated to the couch, where they allowed themselves more freedom than ever before.

She paused. "Do you practice voodoo?"

He grinned, shook his head. "Don't need practice."

They laughed. "Where's your voodoo stuff, your paraphernalia?"

"That shit's for amateurs."

They laughed again, till their lips muffled their voices and their tongues tied. Breath heated, cheeks flushed.

"Oh, I want you."

"You have me."

Her lips had swelled with desire. Her forehead was slightly shiny with sweat. Suddenly, she stopped and turned her head.

"What?"

"Shhh. I heard a car door."

She didn't mean just any car door. He waited. Listened.

"If he knocks, don't answer it."

They looked at each other and chuckled.

"Our vehicles are out there," he said. "He's going to guess we're in here."

"Is the door locked?"

"Should be. I always lock it, automatically."

He raised himself off her and onto his knees. They were still fully clothed, though rumpled. He nudged one curtain aside an inch. She peeked out.

"That's his car."

He heard the squeak of the building's front door. He whispered, "Somebody's coming in."

They heard a step. Then, two more. They waited. For two seconds, thoughts raced through his mind. Then came three knocks. He and Star shared grimaces. The knocking repeated. She nodded toward the door. He got up. In stocking feet, he walked across the hardwood floor and stopped to the right of the door. "Who is it?"

"Open the door, Jim."

The voice sounded firm but not mean. He looked at her. She was standing in front of the couch, facing the door. She nodded. Without stepping closer to the door, he reached and unlocked it, turned the knob and pulled, sending the door on a slow swing open and away from him. There stood the wronged spouse. With a gun? No. Jim felt sympathy for the man, yet he braced himself in case of attack.

The three held their places as the husband stabbed a finger in the air at Star and said, "You did it! You did it!"

Jim shot a glance at her, who was looking at the floor. Quickly, he looked at her husband, again, and met his glare. But he saw more hurt than anger.

"And you," the husband said to him, "you should be ashamed."

He nodded slightly.

"But you," the husband said at his wife, "You lied to me. I knew something was going on. You said on the phone an hour ago that you were on the road and didn't know where you were. You always know where you were—where you are."

Jim watched, no longer worried about violence. He was witnessing a decent man pouring out his pain to the two people most to blame. Jim felt sad, yet glad. He figured the lying was over.

"You said I was The One," the husband continued. "The One. You said I was the one you would always love. And now, look at you." He raised his voice, "You've been kissing him! Haven't you? You've been kissing him! I knew it. I knew you were doing this with him."

Her lips were still puffed, her face red from stubble rub.

"You lied to me. You liar. You liar!"

Jim couldn't disagree, but he realized this open-door situation was not good. "Please don't yell," he said calmly.

"I'll yell if I want. What right do *you* have—."

"I agree," he said, holding a hand up in a show of sincerity. "But the neighbors shouldn't have to pay for this." He saw a realization of place come over the man's face.

The husband lowered his voice and looked at his wife, again. "What do I do now?" He leaned into the doorway. "What about the children? Our children? What do we do? Huh? Ugh, you liar!" He turned and stormed outside.

Star started to follow. She stopped in front of Jim, squeezed his arm and said, "Wait. Okay?" He nodded. She strode out the two doors.

Here, again, was an event that should have been an end, and perhaps a beginning. It was neither.

For half an hour, the couple stood outside. Jim saw, but could not clearly hear, that the husband did nearly all of the talking.

Star came back inside. He tried to read her face. She said she had to go. She grabbed her purse and sat next to him to put on her shoes. He heard the building's front door open. The apartment door was ajar. The husband stepped inside and looked at him.

"I tried to teach you—that day in Hohenwald—a little about morality. About doing right." He shook his head. "You know, what you're doing is a choice."

Jim nodded. "It's been very difficult. But it is a choice."

"Yeah, you made a choice all right. You pretended to care about us. But you must not care about our children. You sure don't care about me. Do you realize the consequences, what this would do to the children with no mother, and the hurt to those who care about us, who love us?"

"I have answers," he said, not expecting the man to want to hear them, "but—."

"None of them are good enough! None of them are good enough! But I'll tell you, I don't have to judge you. You'll be judged. I don't have to judge you."

There, on display, was the pacifism inculcated by Christianity, another jew-created mind-poison, of which the husband deeply suffered. Jim had overcome religions while still a teenager, but he knew nothing of that jew connection. When Christianity had spread northward from the jews' Jerusalem and jew-infected, decaying Rome, it was a mind-poison of violence, wreaking "God's wrath" on all of the Whites of Central and Northern Europe who resisted the alien, desert-born superstition. Later, after the jew-Christians' ruthless conquest of the White European leadership was complete, the remaining Whites were desperate for peace, and Christianity was morphed into a "universal love" creed in order to keep the conquered population pacified. Governments passed laws but left "personal crimes," "crimes of passion" and the like, for the moral police. Christianity provided the moral police, saying punishment would be meted out by "God," while victims were to treat wrongdoers only with the "other cheek," and the duped "Meek" were to wait in vain, generation after generation, to "inherit the Earth." In the late 1990s in Nashville, the Meek were still waiting. The home-wrecking jews, and race-blind Jim, had little deterrent.

Star was up, now. She ushered her husband out the door. Then, she turned in the doorway and silently mouthed, "I'll talk to you later." At least, that's what he thought she meant. He nodded.

In his notebook, when his narrative caught up with the present, he wrote:

I had thought that she might come in and ask the ultimate question. I'd have said YES. And I would.

I must say I'm glad the shit hit, though it's an awful way for her husband to finally get some truth. But now that the shit has hit—which it had to because we weren't all that secretive and we knew of the phone records. But now, push comes to shove, decisions must be made. I like making decisions.

If I had to bet, I'd bet I lose.

Still yet, he thought of his age, his past, his desires, and his chances for the future, and wrote:

I don't think I'll ever do better, despite what she's done to him. I want her.

He went where Star had never been, to his bed, and lay down as if he would sleep.

The next day, Jim arrived at home after work, meeting a web technician, and going Krogering. It was all a buildup toward his next conversation with her. Would she abandon ship? Or would she stand with him in the pilot house, at the wheel? Or?

On the phone, he quickly sought to dispel all of the excruciating doubts.

"Well, I'd better get to my point," he said. "I'm sure that you've guessed, to yourself, what I have said it seemed too early to say. I love you, Star. I do. I love you, Star."

There it was. As a White man, Jim, in his mind, had completed the commitment.

"I love you, too."

"Oh, that melts me."

"I love you. And I have for some time."

"Oh, Star. Oh, I've never felt—. Well, I'll tell you, I've never felt this way about someone I hadn't had sex with yet!"

She laughed. Thrilled, he laughed with her. And then he prepared her for the worst.

"You know, your husband paints an ugly picture of divorce. It doesn't have to be that way. In fact, it'll only be that way if he makes it ugly. He also says that the children will be without a mom. That's nonsense. You'll always be their mom. Nobody can take that away from you."

"I know."

Jim thought the storm was subsiding, and that he had his co-pilot.

"What I want," she said, "is to go somewhere, talk with someone not involved, and sort things out. I don't want to leave you hanging."

When they finished their goodbyes, he was. Hanging. He knew it, too, as he sighed aloud, "Limbo."

Freysday brought email from Starrs. The Professor said his visit with the Zodiac Club had gone well. Only time would tell if the connections made would pan out. Also, he had called the office of Congressman Bryant, whose district contained Meriwether's remains. Starrs said a Bryant aide had poll results showing the Tennessee public 60-40 in favor of exhumation. Nonetheless, the congressman was going to lay off the subject for a while.

Jim guessed why: There's an election next month.

Starrs also wrote that D.A. Joe Baugh had agreed to go to court for the exhumation effort. Starrs requested:

Keep that very much sub rosa, which means don't even let your Guinness breathe a word of it.

Lastly, Starrs had a job for him: Go to the Tennessee State Archives and find a specific document. The state legislature had sent a committee to oversee the erection of the Meriwether Lewis Monument in 1848. That committee had made a report to the legislature after the mission had been accomplished. Starrs wanted a copy of that report.

Jim immediately replied:

Thanks for the good news. As for the committee report, the deed, if doable, shall be done. Dirt cheap, I might add. (As usual.)

The next day, he was pleased to learn the State Archives was open on Washing Days. He was also pleased to have a mission to pursue, distracting him from the state of limbo. Within an hour, he found that the Tennessee legislature had not met in 1848. In those days, those lawmakers met every other year. He hit the books for 1849. There, he found the pages of Starrs' desire. He quickly scanned through them.

"Whoa!"

He looked around at the handful of other researchers in the silent room and was glad to find his outburst hadn't spurred them to glare. He read the passage again to be sure he wasn't mistaken. The monument committee reported to the legislature that they had opened the grave of Meriwether Lewis and examined "the upper portion of the skeleton." The committee also said they were well aware of the stories of suicide, but "it seems to be more probable that he died by the hands of an assassin."

He raised his fists. *This blew away the hearsay of suicide! This was a direct report by VIPs who actually saw what they were talking about!*

He made photocopies of the documents and put them in the mail. Then, he got on his computer and emailed Starrs. He summarized his findings, then moved to another subject:

You said you have a t-shirt order. Of course, you should have received your freebie by now. But if you want more, I'm ready. Large or XLarge? \$15 each. Check, money order, gold bullion, or ML's case pistols are all considered legal tender by my credit manager, Helen Wait. (Did you ever hear this one? If you want credit, go to Helen Wait!)

He sent the email. Then he turned the joke on himself: "Geez. I hope Helen Wait isn't my love counselor!"

On that hellish front, the duo returned to the quicksand of secrecy, at her request. An exception was made, however, for his birthday, as Star arranged a meeting at a coffeeshop in the public-yet-anonymous CoolSprings Galleria shopping mall.

After greetings, with "love," he turned to a new shade.

"Your hair looks beautiful, of course," he said. "It looks a bit darker in color. Is that just my imagination?"

"No," she grumbled. "I tried this new person—stylist—well, colorist. Yes, I color my hair. She didn't do what I wanted done. She said it would look more natural, blah blah. I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

"Oh, I like it."

"I'm thinking about having it redone. But it would cost another 70 bucks."

"Wo-ho! Seventy."

"Yeah."

"What's your natural color?"

"It's blond. But it has darkened over the years. So, I make it look like it did when I was younger."

She sounded a bit defensive. He should have seen this as a clue to a deceptive personality. Yet, he didn't know enough to ask, How White was she? She had cited Cherokee blood. Jim was a mistrained race-blind American man, fully ignorant of the implications of racial differences on physical and mental traits. Thus, the revealed clue had no chance to help him toward a proper conclusion.

He wondered, would he ever see her natural hair color, perhaps in more private locations?

Also, he noticed her bust size, significantly larger than at other times, obviously a bra doing the deception. Yet, he filed it away as another isolated fact rather than a piece in a possible pattern. He was a man committed.

She looked at her watch. He sought to re-establish their course and destination.

"I've said this once before, but I'll say it again because it's vital. If we go forward," he told her, enunciating every syllable, and employing "if" because of her indecision and delay, "we must intend to last forever. Forever. Because if we ever fall apart, it'll mean that this was an *awful* mistake. Awful. And it would mean that your husband was correct, and we should be ashamed of ourselves for the rest of our lives."

Comfort came on the Meriwether Lewis front. He and Starrs were frequently in touch. Jim called to ask questions for the bio and to tape Starrs' stories. They discussed strategy for the exhumation effort. The Professor informed him of meetings and phone calls with politicians and their aides. Also, he expressed concern about D.A. Joe Baugh.

"It's going on two weeks, now," Starrs said, "and he hasn't returned a call. Last time I called his office, they said, 'He's stepped out.' That's a line I use myself!"

The journalist also found solace in doing research for Starrs. He preferred employing his professional skills for Meriwether more than for the *Banner*. He chuckled at the irony.

Another labor of love was the website. He was writing the text for the entire site, designing all the pages, preparing the photos and graphics, and conveying everything to the man he'd hired to make it all work.

Then came even better news, from his forensic friend:

George Stephens and I will arrive at Nashville airport on Saturday, November 23 at 11:24 a.m. and remain until 5:53 p.m. on Sunday. We will be accompanied by Jane LEWIS Henley. Jane is on the board of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation. She will be with us to meet the higher-ups in Hohenwald, bow to media requests, etc.

In response to a previous question from Jim about how he likes to be addressed, Starrs wrote:

Jimbo, Yimmy and other names by which I have been identifiable.

The Professor ended with:

Yr subservient Guinness imbiber

Jim replied, including a note about vital progress on the website: specifically, how to help pay for it.

Dear Yimbo,

I was in Hohenwald. Had a superbly successful chat with b&b owner Annette, whom you well know. I set up my computer on her kitchen table and showed her things on the World Wide Web. I detailed my Website plan. And I accepted her opinion that a b&b ad on my Website will be well worth \$50 per month!

Your return, with allies George and Jane, is eagerly awaited. If I may, I'd like to accompany you to a good portion of the activities—as a witness for history, don'tchaknow.

Your Obt. Servt.

Yiminy

He gave the *Banner* the scoop on the VIP visit. The *Banner* reporter assigned to the story was not Craig Miller, who had covered the Coroner's Inquest. Miller had resigned and gone west, to California. When Jim read the finished story, he didn't like it. But he figured he'd better not get involved. After the paper was published, he faxed a copy of the story to Starrs, who quickly reacted by email:

The part of the article about "damage to the remains" is just a newspaper man's editorializing—or rather, fictionalizing. I never said anything of the kind. I did say that we have to better determine (splitting infinitives again. what would the nuns say?) the condition of the monument above ground so as to be ready for what we might find under the ground upon an exploratory trenching. The trench, as we have discussed, would be next to the monument—if and when the Park Service relents.

Starrs also relayed reliably sourced information that Roger Kennedy, the director of the National Park Service, was planning to retire. Starrs conveyed hope that Kennedy's successor would bring a new attitude about an exhumation of Meriwether. His email closed with a smile:

Your reporter said he'd have a photographer meet us at the monument. For the occasion, I just paid 12 smackers for a haircut. In my case, that is about 4 hairs per dollar.

Yours aye,

Seamus na Realta (my Irish sobriquet)

Jim couldn't resist an immediate reply:

Dear Professor,

Roger Kennedy approaches his Grinder's Stand? Love that news. I should think that a nudge to Al Gore, and a nudge BY Al Gore, would put the project on the downhill with a breeze aback! (I'm peddling a pedaling metaphor, there.)

Hair today, less tomorrow. I know the feeling. But I got to crunching the numbers: You said \$12. Four hairs per dollar. You're a big tipper!

For my Website, I've written a page entitled Effort to Exhume. It has turned out to be a little bio of sorts on you. Will you have a focused half-hour this weekend to read it and make suggested alterations?

The future wafts of Irish spring—.

Your Obt. Servt.,

He could hardly wait for the big weekend. In the meantime, Star allowed him half-an-hour in a cafe to celebrate her birthday, where he presented a white glass heart, actually a Christmas ornament, with an elegant red bow adorning one side as a raised design in the glass.

After the event, as usual, a simple thought, "She's gone," spun up another familiar song, this by Warren Zevon, his jewness unbeknownst to Jim, with the key lyrics being: "She lights up the sky; then—she's—gone." Of course, the jew song offered no worthwhile advice, no inspiration to solve anything, no direction to basic principles on family and honor.

Washing Day afternoon, on the 23rd of November, he stood by his car at the north end of the paved loop around Meriwether's monument and Pioneer Cemetery. He had his hands in the pockets of his brown, woven overcoat. Comfortable, in the sun, he gazed out at the leafless trees, at the dead patches here and there in the otherwise green lawn. He was alone, waiting, replaying in his mind some highlights from previous visits to this ancestral ground. A lone vehicle entered the park. He smiled as the approaching car came to a stop.

"James! Always punctual," Starrs said as he exited the driver's seat.

"Good to see you!" He saw his geologist friend bail out the passenger side. "George. Welcome back!"

The three men smiled and shook hands with vigor. Jim turned to a woman wearing a warm grin and said, "You must be Jane Lewis Henley."

"Nice to meet you," Jane said.

He believed her. He felt an immediate kinship, instant comfort. Perhaps it was because Mrs. Henley looked a lot like his mother, but 10 years younger. They continued getting acquainted as more cars drove up. Starrs identified the arrivals as people he had invited. Jim enjoyed the ensuing round of introductions. Three of the newcomers were archaeologists. The fourth was the familiar Tony Turnbow, head of the Lewis County Chamber of Commerce and one of the jurors in the Coroner's Inquest. They all embarked on a lively afternoon of science and camaraderie.

"Our primary concern today," Starrs said as the eight gathered around the monument, "is whether the monument has been disassembled and, thereafter, reassembled this century." He held up some photos. "You can see in these pictures, circa 1920, a few of the gravestones that used to be here, near the monument. And you can see the entire monument—including the four feet of it that is currently underground. Now, George and I have noted that, in these photos, there appears to be no mortar between the stones of the base of the monument. But today," the Professor said, aiming an open hand at the structure, "clearly, there is mortar, however cracked and loose it may be."

One of the archaeologists reached down and poked at a piece of fractured mortar with a pencil. The light gray, bite-size chunk tumbled to the ground.

"Careful, there," Starrs said. "The Park Service may arrest us for destruction!"

Jim laughed, as did the other seven, all well aware of the irony. Geologist Stephens said, "One question, which goes to the stability of this structure, is whether the mortar goes all the way through or if it's superficial."

"Some newspaper articles from the period suggest that mortar injection took place in 1926," Starrs said.

Jim held in a proud smile. He had sent to their leader many photocopies of articles found in the State Archives. Among those, probably, were the articles referred to.

"Another method we want to employ, here," the Professor said, "is to simply compare the photos with the current structure in terms of the exact size and placement of each stone."

It appeared that no two stones were the same width, and many were not the same thickness. If the brown slabs had been rearranged in a possible reassembly of the monument, the team would be able to tell.

The scientists studied the photos with a magnifying glass. They discussed every nuance of discrepancy between the printed images and the real thing.

Meanwhile, Jim and Mrs. Henley got further acquainted. She said her home was in Charlottesville, Virginia, not far from Meriwether's homeplace, Locust Hill. Jim learned that the original house of Meriwether had burned in 1837. Henley asked if he was married, and about his work, and about how he had become so attracted to the life and death of her kin.

"So far, Meriwether is the most admirable historical figure I have found," he said. "As an explorer, he went in peace to learn about the people he met, to befriend them and trade with them. Other explorers, such as Columbus, abused the natives they encountered. They stole from them, enslaved them, murdered them. You know," he said, seizing the opportunity to make a speech, "I often hear people defend the rotten behavior of historical figures by saying, 'Well, they were men of their times, and you can't blame them for that.' But Meriwether is a shining example, a model, showing that even back then, some people were not racists. Some were fair minded, honest and peaceful."

If Mrs. Henley had the knowledge to know Jim was half wrong, she did not show it.

He looked at her and imagined how beautiful she must have been. "Now, I realize," he continued, "we don't know a lot about Meriwether, personally. But everything we do know is positive. I don't know a single negative thing about him."

She nodded. She said author James Ronda was working on a biography of Meriwether's best friend, William Clark. "Ronda is incorporating letters by Clark that were recently unveiled in Louisville. People who have read the documents are suggesting they support the 'suicide' crowd."

He nodded, knowing Ronda was already enlisted in the latter collective.

Mister Turnbow said, "I hear Charles Kuralt is doing some kind of Lewis & Clark book, as well."

"The CBS News guy?"

"Yeah."

Stephens climbed up the monument. He stood atop the plinth. Jim got his camera from his car and took some shots of his friend holding a tape measure against the column. The tip of the tape was hooked on the spire's purposely broken crown—a symbol of the honoree's unnaturally shortened life. Stephens jumped down. He and Starrs took detailed measurements of the monument's surfaces and cracks. And the two measured the distances from the monument to several of the nearest grave markers.

Jim took some more photos and conversed with the archaeologists. Two were an unmarried couple. The woman was by far the taller of the two. The third archaeologist was retired from a career at Vanderbilt. With boyish enthusiasm, the Vandy man told of his years of study of the original Natchez Trace. He told stories of traders and traitors who had traveled the historic trail. He said he could spend the rest of his life quite happily probing the remnants of the famous road.

When the work and play was completed, Stephens said to Jim, "Can you imagine? There used to be cannons and tall columns at the entrance over there. And here, around the monument, there were cannon balls and an iron fence."

He could, having read about the columns and metalwork, and having seen a photo from 1933 in which cannon balls were, again, temporarily, part of the trim. "I wish it were still that way."

Henley asked, "What happened to those things?"

"The war."

"Yes," the geologist confirmed. "They say they needed all the metal they could get."

The first war that instigated confiscation of the cemetery metal for materiel was the so-called Civil War. That one, Jim knew, should not have occurred, and he blamed president Abraham Lincoln for launching it. The War Between The States, or The War Of Northern Aggression—as many Southerners called it, was not a civil war because the Southern states were not fighting for control of the central government but were simply leaving the original, voluntary union.

Journalist Jim did not know that the war was a heinous contrivance by the international jews, led by the criminal financial kings of the world, the jew Rothschild family. The jews had owned and operated the African slave trade, thus poisoning the South with that low-IQ race. Then the jews employed as wedges their financial power, economic conflict, and political lies to divide the mighty White-founded White-built country against itself. Also, publishing companies owned by jews spewed forth propaganda, such as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and secret-jew lecturers pretending to be Whites toured from town to town, to dupe Northern Whites into anti-Southern sentiments. Uprisings by some Africans, covertly instigated by the jews, began the bloodshed. The planned flashpoint of Fort Sumter, pre-laid with kindling, then received a lit match. That South Carolina fire was then fanned into a White-on-White fratricide, with jews in key positions in the governments on each side. For example, secret-jew Edwin Stanton was Lincoln's secretary of the War Department. For example in the South, the jew Judah Benjamin was the Attorney General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State of the Confederacy.

Despite his multi-university "higher" education and his own voracious personal reading of books on history, Jim was wise to none of that. He limited his reading to only books sold by known and supposedly responsible publishers, or sold in famous and supposedly responsible bookstore chains, or advertised by the supposedly honest and forthright tv networks PBS and C-SPAN. He didn't know that they were all controlled by jews. In his utter ignorance, he wanted to be like PBS's Charlie Rose, a jew, who featured authors and their books on his interview program. Thus, Jim was

always informed only by jew-approved media outlets that banned the most truthful and essential authors, not only the best White writers but also the rare valuable writers of other races who wrote the forbidden truth about jews. Therefore, he had no way of knowing the actual cause of The War Between The White States and why it had been inflicted upon the then-great and blooming White country of America.

With cannons and cannonballs long gone from Meriwether Lewis's burial ground, and with the group's duties met and allotted time depleted, they began their goodbyes. Jim coaxed the seven to stand on the west side of the monument. Stephens and Starrs got in front, each down on one knee. Tony Turnbow and Jane Henley anchored the ends. Jim focused and yelled, "Okay. Everybody say, 'exhumation!'"



When the archaeologists departed, he went with Starrs, Stephens, Henley, and Turnbow on a special mission. They drove into Hohenwald and parked at the McDonald Funeral Home. It was the business place of Lewis County Coroner Richard Tate. Outside their cars, Starrs whispered to Jim that the meeting was to be a strategy session, very "hush-hush."

"Okay," he whispered in reply. "Then, I can't stick a tape recorder in his face, huh?"

Inside, the dark-haired, suited coroner shook hands with each of them. Some grieving relatives of a recently departed person hovered at the far end of the hall. The coroner ushered the group into his office. A couple extra chairs were brought in, and everyone sat down. Jim was glad there was no extra chit-chat. He listened. He responded with nods, smiles, and other silent expressions. He said not a word.

Starrs spoke of the relatives of Meriwether who were on record in support of the exhumation. He said 110 had signed a form. "It includes a stipulation, in writing, that the remains be reburied at the monument site."

The coroner said the stipulation was an important detail because some locals feared the remains would be removed to Washington, or Virginia, or Oregon, and not returned. Henley said she could speak as a relative of Meriwether and as a board member of the national Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation. She knew of no effort to take Meriwether's remains from Lewis County, Tennessee, nor did she want there to be any such effort.

The discussion swerved to politics. From what Jim gathered, the coroner was a local adviser of sorts to Congressman Bryant. The coroner said Bryant had no personal interest in the exhumation effort. Bryant was waiting to hear from the people, but he had received only two letters on the subject since the public meeting in October.

Jim wanted to say, "That's a good sign. It shows a lack of opposition because it's the people who oppose things who write most letters and shout the loudest." But he held his tongue.

The coroner said Bryant's recent reelection had succeeded no thanks to Lewis County, where the politician had not gotten a majority of votes. After more political talk, someone raised the subject of D.A. Joe Baugh and the pursuit of a court order against the National Park Service.

"That is classified information," Starrs said.

"That can't leave this room," Turnbow added.

Jim wondered how much of that cautionary talk was aimed at him.

Starrs, Turnbow, and the coroner discussed which of three area judges would be best to get to hear the case. Two of the judges were men. One was described as "strict" and "egomaniacal." The second was "level-headed." The other, a woman, "goes by the book," it was said.

The next subject was on the economic benefits an exhumation might provide. Henley spoke about the partnership that her national group enjoyed with the National Park Service. She said the feds helped fund some of her group's activities. She suggested that Congressman Bryant should urge the Park Service to improve the monument site to attract tourists. Stephens said the Grinder's Stand site also held promise in that regard. Henley agreed. Everyone agreed.

The meeting ended with a note of caution. In public, only the exhumation effort was ripe for discussion. The ideas for developing the site were to be kept quiet.

Outside, the sun was about to set. On daylight-saving time in the Central Time Zone, it would be dark shortly after 5 p.m. Starrs suggested to Jim, Henley, and Stephens that they all return to Nashville and sup at a place he had heard good things about—Amerigo's.

"That's in the same block as Blackstone," Jim said, happily, "where we dined before."

"Good. Then, we should have no trouble rendezvousing there."

To Jim's delight, Stephens chose to ride with him to Nashville. On the way, he told the forensic geologist about the plan to write a bio on Starrs. Eagerly, Stephens shared some stories about the intrepid exhumationist.

"Gosh," Jim said. "I wish I'd brought my tape recorder. I'll never remember all this great stuff."

Later, he and Stephens turned to the personal. The elder said his wife had been a student of his when they had first met. "Now, I'm 53," the geology chairman said, "and I have two young kids."

"If I may ask: Are you happy?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm happy."

"Congratulations, man." Rhetorically, he added, "So, there's still hope for me?"

Amerigo's was standing-room only. It was the Washing Day before Thanksgiving, and the atmosphere was energized. While they waited for a table, the group of four huddled 10 feet from the bar. Jim took his friends' orders, went to the bar, and bought the first round of drinks. For 35 minutes, Starrs entertained the three with lawyerly anecdotes, jokes, and old Irish sayings. But the crowd was so loud, Jim couldn't understand half of what the Professor said. When the foursome was finally led to a table in a high-backed booth, he sighed in relief.

After an optimistic discussion on Meriwether and the exhumation effort, the conversation took a new course. Mrs. Henley told Jim that she had a single daughter. "She's smart, fun, a little younger than you, she's an executive in an advertising firm—."

"The opposite of journalism!"

Apparently unruffled, Henley raised an eyebrow, and added, "She's a size 6."

Starrs said, "I have pitched a lovely daughter of mine, too. And my secretary. All to no avail."

Henley quipped, "Oh! I have competition!"

The journalist laughed at their flattery. "I thank you for the kind offerings—as if these women would want me. But I have someone."

"Yes, Jim," Starrs said, "I jest about trying to match you with my daughter. Although—," he said with a finger in the air and mischief in his eyes.

They all laughed. The banter tacked this way and that until the Professor brought children into the picture with another funny story. He described a situation early in his marriage after he and his wife had had their first three kids. With great adornment, Starrs described one as "a bed-wetter," another as "a head-banger who made the crib walk across the floor," and the third as "a sleepwalker." He said, "Our baby sitter got them confused!"

Everyone exploded in laughter. Jim knew the story had yet to conclude, but his imagination took the scenario to hilarious heights. He guessed the others did likewise. They couldn't stop laughing. They tried. They failed joyously. It was one of those wondrous episodes of belly laughs, all around. When one person began to regain composure, a friend's failure to repress another cackle spurred a new eruption. Waves of laughter. Round and round. Jim knew his face was beet red. He saw two others' were, too. Starrs was dabbing tears from his cheeks, yet quaking in glee.

Near midnight, they parted. Their leader's last words to Jim were, "Perhaps we will meet again, on the marrow."

"I hope so."

Walking to his car, Jim recalled the email exchange in which the exhumationist had first employed that boney expression. Jim had written that he would fax something to Starrs "on the morrow." To that, Starrs had replied:

Jim, you have muffed it. We, of interest in bones, say "on the marrow."

Late the next morning, Starrs called, saying he had met with D.A. Joe Baugh. The Professor invited Jim to join Himself, Stephens, and Henley "for Sunday brunch."

In half an hour, he arrived at Choices, a restaurant in nearby Franklin, Tennessee, the location of the state district attorney's office. He found the trio on the restaurant's second floor, seated near a railing overlooking the first-floor buffet. During the meal, Starrs announced a new idea, a new angle.

"Here in the Bible Belt, this idea may be especially appropriate. I told Joe of it this morning, and he likes it. It is this: Meriwether Lewis never had a decent burial, certainly not a 'good,

Christian burial.' After the exhumation, we can provide him a good, Christian burial. What do you think?"

"Well, you're talking to an atheist," Jim said. "But in this society, I think it's a good idea."

Their brunch partners agreed that the idea would be a popular one.

Outside, the four went on a stroll along the charming main street of Franklin. Jim pulled from his pocket a set of papers, folded lengthwise. It was the text of his website page entitled "Effort to Exhume." Starrs read it through.

"It is flattering," the Professor said, "and all true."

Jim chuckled.

"But it is too much publicity for me at a sensitive time. As we pursue a court order, I fear this kind of thing would work to our detriment. Can you hold off on the launch of your website for a few weeks?"

He agreed to the request. Furthermore, he said he would remove Starrs from the narrative.

"That way, when I do launch the website, there'll be no need for concern."

Starrs nodded. Stephens and Henley were conversing a few feet away. The Professor stepped closer to Jim. "You know, people continue to accuse me, ad nauseam, of doing exhumations for the publicity. It gets to me. They do not know me, yet they continue the attacks. Personal attacks." Jim nodded. Starrs shook his head. "I don't want to get into psychoanalyzing myself. Other than loving a good historical mystery and being driven to solve it, I don't know why I do what I do."

Jim had a few responses in mind. But he waited, watching.

"Reading your website piece brought this to mind. *If* we find that it was suicide—. If the evidence *suggests* suicide," he re-emphasized, "I would wager that what we would find is one shot to the head. No second shot. No razor cuts or any of that other nonsense. One shot."

Henley said it was time to go. "It was a pleasure to meet you, Jim. Come visit us in Charlottesville any time."

He received her outstretched hand. "Thank you, Jane. I'd love to. Really. You know, I want to say to you how instantly comfortable I felt with you from the moment we first met." A hint of discomfort appeared in her eyes, so he said, "Some people regret not saying such things when they had the chance. I say 'em."

"That's our Jim," Starrs said. "Must be the Irish sentimentalism in him."

He shook hands with Stephens, then with Starrs. As Henley and Stephens got in the car, Starrs said the last words. In a low tone, and wearing a mischievous grin, he vowed, "I'll pray for you."

Driving back to his apartment, he replayed in his mind much of what the Professor had said. Especially, "One shot."

On Thanksgiving morn, he had something to give thanks for. The *Banner* put out just one edition on big holidays. He could escape almost immediately after the first papers came off the presses. The bulk of the work for the thick, extra-sectioned, holiday edition had been completed the day before. At 10 a.m., grateful, he fled.

Noon arrived as he motored into Crossville, Tennessee, to be with his retired parents, three brothers, one sister-in-law, one sister in common law, one niece, and two nephews.

A family, an extended family, in name and in blood, but not in mentality. Jim knew that, but did not know why. Their White psyches, and his, had all been corrupted by lifetimes of immersion in the media barrage depicting White fathers as the worst humans on Earth, White mothers as both criminally complicit with their husbands and suppressed by White men, and White children as “equals” to adults but handcuffed by their parents from indulging their “right” to instant gratification for their every media-instigated want. Tv, especially, portrayed the “modern” White family devoid of roots, principles, and unity—even though each typical episode usually ended in a brief moment of sickly sweetness. Jim’s family members, with the traits passed down through thousands of years of White ancestry, had the tools to overcome the barrage but lacked knowledge in how to use them. Thus, family gatherings always included good intentions stymied by seemingly deliberately destructive behavior. Racial ignorance reigned. Parting brought relief. Blood was the magnet, and indoctrination the dispersant.

In the evening, he drove the 105 minutes back to his Nashville apartment. Early the next morning, he was back at work. The afternoon provided respite, though with lonesomeness and exhaustion.

On Sunday morning, December 1, at his computer, he prepared an email to Starrs. The senior scientist's most recent parting words were still in his mind. On the subject line, Jim typed "Confirmation." He started the page without a greeting and without a capital letter, as if it were a story in progress.

and then the Cardinal slaps me and calls me "Gabriel."

and then Madeleine Murray O'Hare is shaking me awake.

but then Gene Roddenberry is pinning a Starfleet insignia to my chest and the prick confirms that I'm conscious and back in my clean well-lighted place.

Professor, I thank the Starrs again for a supreme time last weekend. And I hope your holiday has been a delightful one.

Now, for NEWS. I had a delight in the Tennessee Archives yesterday. As I was continuing to track down the "miniature profile" of Meriwether Lewis mentioned in Coues' citation of John Quill's article of 1891, I was handed a scrapbook of old newspaper clippings. This scrapbook is obviously where Vardis Fisher and Richard Dillon got some of the wilder stories—and some facts! Anyway, the last item in the scrapbook is an 18-page letter, typed on old-style typing paper. It is the actual John Quill article printed in the Daily American newspaper of September 6, 1891. The Archives folk are going to photocopy the entire article for me on Monday and then mail it to me. You may have a copy of it in hand on Friday!

Your Obt. Servt.,

Starrs replied the next day.

Wondrous news indeed anent the Quill piece. You are certainly determined and dogged, if not also persevering.

I am at present on hold until my meetings and contacts and telephone calls and zips through the space-time continuum work their wonders, if any. You will be the first to know.

I am now back to Scientific Sleuthing Review. I've got an issue to get out by the New Year.

Yours busy as usual and cold feet from bicycling fanatically as is true of all things done by Himself,

Jim Starrs

Since he was already on the computer, he opened a "paint document" and began to manipulate an image of Meriwether. He took a long white beard off a picture of Charles Darwin and placed it on the American explorer. He added a red and white Santa's cap.

"This is gonna work out!"

As usual, his emotions yo-yo'd before, during, and after the daily phone call, sometimes plural, with the other living star in his life. But he kept the length of the string manageable by

having his sights set on January, as he had pressed for the new year's first day to be a deadline. However, hour by hour, keeping himself productively busy was the most effective governor. After a supper of soup, a baked potato, peas, and applesauce, he turned on his computer and returned to the Christmas card.

Each year, he had made his own yuletide card. They were always intended to be humorous, if not downright irreverent. But this year, in honor of Meriwether, he created a "Meri Christmas" card. He'd already made a Santa out of Meriwether. Now, he placed that image next to a picture of Meriwether's monument. He chose a quote from the great explorer to put on the back of the card. The words were from 1807, the year after the expedition had returned from the Pacific.

"May works be the test of patriotism as they ought, of right, to be of religion."

16 Holidays 'n' Deeds

It was mid-December when Star broke, in advance, the January 1st deadline. She presented her own timetable. In early January, she would move into the new house that her husband was having built; two or three weeks later, she would move somewhere else; a few months after that, she would move in with Jim.

The next night, he fell ill. A sinus infection had been nagging at him for two weeks. And at work on most days, he had felt feverish. Suddenly, the symptoms intensified. Diarrhea struck, too. Between a couple of trips to the bathroom, he called in sick, saying he would not be at work the next day. By morning, he felt much improved. By evening, he felt almost fine.

But his wrists were sore. He had been on the phone with Star most of the day. His right wrist had long pained him because of repetitive-stress actions on the keyboard at work. His other wrist had grown merely resentful of its *Banner* duties, not painful. But he usually had held the phone in his left hand. So, now, the combination of work and pleasure had taken its toll on both wings.

The next morning, he drove to work through an inch of new snow. When he sat at his desk, he and the cute Wire editor engaged in their usual banter for a few minutes. Then she presented a gift. He unwrapped it, revealing a wonderful metal cup. Its purpose was to hold a burning candle. The sides of the cup were decorated with star-shaped holes. The rim was trimmed in metal the color of gold.

He held it up. "Kristin, I'm stunned! I thank you. It's beautiful. And these star shapes make it all the more apropos."

She giggled and handed him a candle. "It's a friendship candle. You're supposed to let it burn till it goes out on its own. And don't worry about the wax running out. It vaporizes."

"Great. Gosh, this is special."

"Oh, not really," she said. "And don't think that you have to get something for me. You've always been so—. Well, just enjoy! You know, I'm going on vacation, so I couldn't wait to give it to you next week."

"I shall light it in your honor on Christmas!"

Later that morning, she shared some rumors: The managing editor was thinking about playing musical chairs with a few employees. Kristin said she, herself, may be moving to the Lifestyles section, which would please her.

He asked, "Have you heard anything about me?"

"No. Not *yet*, I should say."

But there was bigger news that day. Late that afternoon, he reported by phone to Star: "Carl Sagan died today."

"I heard!"

The pair shared their sorrow, both of them ignorant of how Sagan had helped his self-“Chosen” tribe to construct and camouflage the maze of shame in which they now dwelled.

The closer Christmas got, the more sad and irritated he became.

By Moonday, December 23, he called her and vented his bitter expectation that she would not celebrate the holiday with him.

She replied, with cheery confidence, "My present for you will help with your frustration."

"Oh? You got me an inflatable doll that looks just like you?"

"Disgusting!"

"Just kidding."

She said they would need to "do Christmas" that very day.

He arrived early at the Crack, the northside Crack, near Rivergate Mall. He timed it so he could eat supper before she entered. The place was packed as he finished his chocolate cobbler and wiped a napkin across his lips. He looked up to see a stunning vision of blond, red and green. He stood and welcomed her with a hug and an appetizer kiss. They walked to his car joined at the hip.

In the bucket seats, she turned toward him and giggled. "You look lovely in my lipstick!" She wiped the cosmetic red off and gave him a Christmas stocking she had made. On the wide, white trim at the top, it said "Jimbo" in glitter glue. The particles were little stars. Then she presented a tall paper bag full of small wrapped gifts. "You can't open anything in the bag until Christmas!"

He laughed and agreed. Then he presented a gift. She unwrapped and found a 4-inch square, heavy glass box with a golden metal lid. The glass was a dark, translucent green. Welded to the middle of the box top was a shiny golden star. Jim's Star ooh'd and ahh'd. She leaned in close and made another red application.

"Mmm," he said. "Here, open this." She unwrapped a square, green candle. It would fit perfectly within the glass box. "A matched set. Just like us."

With the meeting's allotted minutes burned away, they hugged goodbye.

He whispered: "Let's make sure this is the last Christmas we ever, ever spend apart."

Star pulled back, stared into his eyes, and nodded.

"Christmas"—the very name of it was an insult to the ancient White race and family traditions for the Winter Solstice, the year-end, and the rebirth of the great solar cycle. Jim freely interchanged "Christmas" with "Yule," not because he understood the import of the ancient White Yule. He didn't. He liked avoiding saying "Christ" ever since he had cast off belief and put rightful

reverence in knowledge when he was still a teenager. The social aspects of the day and of the season were important to him while he fully rejected all superstitious elements.

On December 25th, Jim rose at 2 a.m. It was more than an hour before his usual workday rise time. A rare headache, though a mild one, nagged. In red pajamas, he padded into the bathroom, peed, and took two aspirins. In his little living room, he plugged in the lights on his tiny tree. He struck a match and lit the friendship candle in the starred cup given by the Wire editor. He donned a large, hand-knitted blue sweater and sat in his cushioned rocker-recliner. To a taped soundtrack of classical holiday music, he reached down and began mining the Starbag. It was a collection of, by turns, cute, meaningless, childish, meaningful, and touchingly romantic items.

He invited the emotions, step by step, with each little revelation. When nearing the bottom, he had to blink several times to keep droplets from falling from his eyes. He sighed.

The flame in his star cup waved. His lighted tree twinkled.

Back to the bag, he reeled in a bean-bag starfish. Written on one side of it were the words, "A Star You Can Hold In Your Hand." Finally, an envelope carried a handwritten card covering the next holiday Jim would likely spend alone. The message: "Happy New Year!"

He checked the time. "Uh oh."

After a hurried shower, he hustled off to work. When the single, holiday edition was finished, he drove to Crossville. By 9 p.m., he was back in his apartment and setting his alarm clock for 3:30 a.m.

Work swept him through the rest of the year: work at the *Banner*, work on the website, work with Starrs, and work on the waiting.

Starrs, by email, said the toil on the court order was coming to fruition. A hearing was set for January in Hohenwald. Also, he asked for help to unearth more info on Meriwether's monument. Of special interest was the original deed to the Pioneer Cemetery land that was eventually turned over to the feds.

When Jim replied, he threw in a tasty morsel about the website:

I've rewritten the Website page that you read when we last met. I'm certain the rewrite will alleviate your concerns about too much publicity for you. I stripped your presence in it, keeping only negative references to you.

Ha ha. Just kiddin'. I'm that way. Anyway, I look forward to launching the site. In limbo, as it is, the expenses are about \$70 per month with no offsetting income.

Starrs' next email was alarming.

Thought you should know that I've taken a fall—off the back deck at home—and severed a tendon in my knee. Looks like all I can do is to get one leg up for the nonce.

On the primary front: Change is afoot as to our (Joe Baugh and I) court hearing in Hohenwald to seek an exhumation order. The Park Service, working through the U.S. Attorney in Nashville, has objected and will move the matter to federal court. Please continue to keep the matter quiet.

I should be in Nashville next month. Of course, it is needful that we should meet to strategize or otherwise.

A very happy New Year. Don't break a leg—literally, that is.

He phoned Starrs immediately.

"I'm in an immobilizing brace on my left leg, and a cane and so on," said the Professor. "You know, it's amazing how with a cane in one hand, you have to make two trips for every one! I'll have to walk around with a pack on my back!"

"Is it a case for surgery, or what?"

"If I were Emmitt Smith of the Dallas Cowboys, I'd be back on the playing field already. But being Jim Starrs, professor, I have to *wait* to see an orthopedic surgeon. But the patella tendon, they can sew it up. But I'll never do my biking again the way I used to. I might be able to bike around the corner and so on, but I'm not going to be able to bike a hundred miles a day anymore."

"How much pain is involved?"

"I'm sitting here—I should have my leg elevated. But the pain is—is—it's severe. It's very painful. I'm taking something for it, but it's quite weak. After all, I've got to have something to complain about—besides the Park Service!"

"A weak painkiller? You mean you're not on Guinness?"

Starrs told him about having called the deputy director of the National Park Service, Kate Stephenson. "I called thinking that I would be the nice diplomat. I tried to get into a conversation with her, but she was frosty. I guess I'm just too much the kind-hearted optimist. But it's quite clear. The die is cast. They've simply decided they are going to fight this to the bitter end."

Damn 'em.

"You know, Jim, it's very much like what I did in the civil-rights days in Mississippi. You have to decide whether you want to be a gnat trying to kill an elephant. Pecking away, the elephant will outlast the gnat. In a case in Mississippi, we were asked to integrate the swimming pool at the Souther Fan Motel in Jackson, Mississippi. Strange thing, but they wanted us to integrate it. So, we got a court order. We spent hours, days, months, and we got a court order, and we integrated it. And our black client swam from one end of the pool to the other. He got out, and we all cheered. Then they emptied the pool and made it into a racquetball court."

"Ugh!" was Jim's only audible reply.

The younger would not interrupt to ask who had paid for the travels and travails of the "we" with Starrs in Mississippi. Also, he did not, of course, recognize the import of this forced-integration story in regard to the Professor: Had Himself been a White dupe of the Jews destroying White rights, or a secret-Jew deliberately duping Whites? Jim, a dupe himself, was a de facto anti-White, putting his sympathies with the Africans wrongly residing in America.

"And then we had to go back to court and try to make the racquetball court into an integrated facility. And when we did that, they decided to simply close the racquetball court and decided that they didn't want anything. So, the question is, do you win for losing? I mean, what's a pyrrhic victory and what isn't?"

The Professor turned back to their favorite subject, reporting that the Lewis County historian, Marjorie Graves, was providing copies of deeds related to Meriwether's monument. On another front, Starrs was securing a letter from Missouri's governor in support of the exhumation. Furthermore, the governor, Mel Carnahan, had said he would send a letter to President Bill Clinton, urging White House support for the project.

Jim asked, "How high does the opposition go? I mean, is the director of the Park Service against? The secretary of the Interior? The president?"

"Don't know. By the way, it appears that Kennedy is not on the outs as Park Service director. Interestingly, he is 72 years old. But sources say he is staying. But it may soon be time to go public. Obviously, the publicity would be bad publicity for the National Park Service and good publicity for our project, and therefore it might well be that Clinton would jump on the bandwagon. He could say, 'The governor of Missouri is for it, he's a good friend, I owe him a favor; Congressman Clement of Tennessee is for it; the Nashville newspapers are for it.' Who knows?"

"That scenario makes sense to me. If you decide to go public, I'm ready when you are."

"You certainly are an untiring supporter. Not so, sad to say, with Nancy."

Starrs was referring to his assistant. When the three had first met in the Nashville airport, Starrs' introduction was remarkable: "Nancy Raber is my Jewish mother. Her official position is research assistant, but she goes well beyond that, keeping me on time and track." To ignorant journalist Jim, that description had been memorable but of no importance.

"Nancy? Say it ain't so!"

Starrs listed a series of events, including Raber's understandable need to cut back her work for his projects during her final exams. The journalist silently recalled her telling him that she also was a single mom with a son suffering medical problems.

"But she just dropped the ball. Then, I dropped off the deck! But she let me down. So, it may be that I'm shooting myself in the foot if I let her go. But it wouldn't be the first time. I'll make sure I shoot myself in the left foot because the left leg is the bad one, anyway!"

Back on Meriwether, Starrs shared other ideas. One possibility was to see if a supportive congressman would introduce a legislative act that would render the Park Service's objection irrelevant. "But if we get permission for simply an exploratory trenching, I think we would be on our way."

"You mean, it would be like getting the proverbial camel's nose into the tent?"

"Precisely. Of course, that would be our secret strategy. But think of it. The trenching would draw public attention, public enthusiasm. There would be no stopping us, eh?"

On New Year's Eve, Jim felt weird. He had a new ache—in his lower abdomen. He guessed it was a side effect from a sinus prescription he'd been taking for a few days. But the older, bigger ache was in his brain. He pined to ring in the new year under his Star. However, he saw no practical chance of that. Adding to the oddness, it was a Tyrsday night, normally a work night, but he was taking the rest of the week off. So, he was free to do whatever he pleased. Yet, for every option he considered he saw a sad, solitary end. So, he went to bed early, trying to dispense with the day and the looming midnight loneliness in one fell swoop.

Morning broke with inspiration. For two hours, he wrote and rewrote. After a break for lunch and then another 30 minutes of honing, he was done.

To Star
a love poem, by Jim Laffrey

come!
As Sun Sings through Wind,
Your Beauty pierces this final fog with Him.

Dreams in dark tease,
he bends, knees bleed;
Dreams in light disrobe,
flower petals, stamen seeds.
Waves buoy
Particular joy.
Heavenly body,
Love won,
come!

The result was craft, not art. Jim was capable of poetic art, but the influences that had led toward this poem were those in current vogue, published by the behemoths of New York, sold in chainstores, and shared by the well-meaning but mentally stunted. Although the author, in this case Jim, knew the meaning, or meanings, that he had had in mind, the anonymous reader could not possibly receive that same set of meanings. Interpretations would always vary. Thus, the necessity of artistic purpose and its successful accomplishment were absent.

Furthermore, the poem incorporated no value toward the true artist's first concern: improvement of the artist's own race. For Jim, being race-dumb, the deliberate infusion of race-value was an impossibility. Therefore, "come!" was a piece of craft intended for, and likely effective for, an audience of only one, the singular reader sufficiently familiar with Jim's subject matter and choices in vocabulary to win that "Particular joy."

At work, Jim's boss's boss, the managing editor, asked how he would feel about being moved to the Wire editor's job. Given a day to mull it over, he discussed it with Ms. Whittlesey, who hoped she would be transferring from Wire editor to a writer job in the Lifestyles department. The following morning, Jim reported his decision.

"It's the wrong job for me," he said, respectfully. "But I won't quit if you decide that's where you want me."

On the outside, in a more pleasurable pursuit, he and his webmaster got the website up and running. And Jim learned how to update the site himself. The launch was a limited one respecting the exhumationist's request.

On January 13, his managing editor, Pat Embry, announced: "You're the new Wire editor. You start in a week."

Jim suggested that a salary hike would be appropriate and customary.

"If you work out in the new position," replied the crypto-jew to his race-blind employee, "there'll be a big honkin' raise for ya."

On January 15th, he was up with Sol. His schedule was cleared for one big event: a visit from Starrs. However, the elder called and put off their rendezvous till afternoon.

At 1 o'clock, the journalist exited his car atop Capitol Hill in the center of Nashville. He was greeted by a harsh northwesterly wind. His ponytail whipped at his face. The long brown overcoat flapped against his legs. He walked carefully across patches of ice until reaching the clean sidewalk. In front of the state Archives building, a horn tooted. Starrs. Jim turned and followed the car till the Professor parked.

The scientist quipped, "I can still shake hands, but I can't shake a leg!"

Jim carried his hobbled friend's briefcase and camera. Inside, they asked an employee to fetch the Archives' "vertical files" on Meriwether Lewis. The pair eased over to the near end of a long wooden table, heavy and well polished. The Professor joked about the encumbrance of the

crutch and the cast as he carefully extended his stiff leg under the table and sat down. In hushed tones, he said he would not have an operation.

"The orthopedic surgeon recommended against surgery," Starrs explained. "The doc said, 'If you're careful, you will, in time, be back to what you want to do.'"

"Good."

"Yes. The big caveat, of course, is 'if you're careful!' When was I last careful? I wouldn't have fallen off the deck if I had been careful!"

He tried to muffle his laugh. An Archives employee approached. She placed two thick files on the table. The pals thanked her. With utmost care, they explored yellowed and crumbling newspaper clippings along with antique pictures.

"Whoa, look at this," the journalist said, as he unfolded pieces of old newspaper photos of Meriwether's monument. All the pieces had composed one double-page spread of photos.

"Wonderful." The scientist slowly stood up, put his camera strap over his head, and photographed their newest find.

Jim paged through a pile of pictures as Starrs captured each one on film. During this teamwork, their conversation went from the project to the personal, all warmly, until duties and time were depleted.

The pair exited the Archives, drove to the airport, and waited for the Professor's departure flight.

Over coffee and muffins, Starrs offered up a briefing on a new development. That morning, he had met in the federal courthouse building with U.S. attorneys, D.A. Joe Baugh, D.A. Paul Phillips, and a National Park Service official.

"This Park Service deputy solicitor Margaret Fondry from Atlanta," Starrs said, "she was impressive, very well-prepared. She's a blonde, very attractive, I would say thirty-ish, very—."

"Enough already." Though with a grin, Jim did not want to go there.

The Professor turned serious. There were "many decisions to be made" in the aftermath of the meeting. Most interesting, and tempting, was a carrot being held out by the feds. "They said: File an application to exhume under the federal regulations, under the so-called Archaeological Resource Protection Act. Well, I know the act. I told them, 'Look at the position I'm in. I've already been denied all the way up to the associate director of the Park Service in Washington. And that denial certainly came from higher up. You tell me to file. But the people making the new decision are going to be, essentially, the same people who already denied me! You know, I am a bit skeptical about whether I am going to get a fair hearing.'"

"Exactly."

"That's when Margaret Fondry chimed in and said that there had been some changes, and she said, 'You know, of course, that the Park Service director, Roger Kennedy, has resigned.' I did *not* know that!"

"Great!"

"But meanwhile, the assistant U.S. attorney, Michael Rhoden, says, 'But you know, we're really against this. We don't want this to be done.' And I said, 'There you have it!'"

Jim nodded. After listening for a few more minutes, he attempted a summary. "So, first, the National Park Service denied the idea of an exhumation before you had officially filed anything. Then, they told you in private that a court order was the way to go. Now, they're fighting your effort to get a court order from a state court. Meanwhile, they tell you to file an official application to exhume."

"Right. And that first denial was an outrageous violation of the federal administration procedure act—because it came before I had filed anything. But now, if we file the application and they deny that, I can go to federal court afterward and say, 'Look, I did what they asked me to do. But I knew all along, and I told them at the meeting, that I didn't expect a fair hearing, and I don't think I got one. They had already made up their minds. They were fixed.'"

Starrs described various options to pursue. The odds were, the project would be delayed for several months, at least. Jim asked about the idea of going public to seek open political pressure. The leader judged the timing wrong for that, and then he shared some self-doubts, some second-guessing. He lamented a couple of choices he had made in the Meriwether case since its inception in 1993. But he turned positive, again.

"The relatives of Meriwether Lewis are beating on my door. They want me to go to court, in their name, to force this issue. More than 140 relatives, now."

The younger shook his head. "It's ridiculous that the federal government can block the relatives from analyzing the remains of their own family member."

"Yes. Yes, indeed. But I also told the federales this morning that *they* can do the exhumation. Or we can do it cooperatively. I just want to see Meriwether Lewis get a fair shake."

18 Through the Ringer

On Washing Day, he jotted onto his calendar: "Nothing new, only more of it."

On Sunday, he headed for bed at 6:30 p.m. with his radio alarm set for 2:30 a.m.

Damn Banner. Damn Wire job.

As with every purported promotion he had received at the seemingly suicidal morning newspaper, the new job required going to work an hour earlier.

For the next few days, he received training from the outgoing Wire editor. She was getting her wish, a transfer to a job writing features. Simultaneously, he was going to have a reporter assigned to him. The reporter was being transferred from Lifestyles—and angry about it. He knew the reporter to be a staff disappointment who actually could not write a professional-level article despite two other editors' attempts to teach her. Instead of being fired, she was given basic, boring, but necessary busywork. The managing editor had told him the irate writer was getting one more chance to "work out." The entire newsroom was bending over backward for her. Why?

Jim did not yet realize it, but the special treatment was common for a member of her race. In fact, the laws against so-called "prejudice" in the workplace were deliberate devices of prejudice against Whites, especially the White man, and in favor of his being displaced and impoverished by the granting of his jobs to members of other races. The coddled, low-IQ failure of a reporter was an African, now being strapped to Jim's back.

At home, though the apartment complex had a coin-op laundry room, he wanted out of the apartment, out of that scene, out of the vicinity. He took his dirty clothes to Harvey Washbanger's, a place where customers could drink beer and eat a meal while doing the wash. When he returned to his apartment, he had three phone messages. He did not play them. "Enough," he said, as he turned the phone's ringer off. Also, he turned the answering machine's volume off.

He stayed up late, sipping a Guinness while watching a Chicago Bulls game on tv. As was typical, he muted the sound, preferring his own recognition of what was happening as opposed to the irksome blather by announcers since it was a game he knew very well, having played and refereed basketball at several levels.

In the morning, before going to work, he played the messages. All three bore one voice. All three said, "I'm sorry," among other things.

The month of January ended with his accidental breaking of the onyx ring.

On his first workday in February, Jim arose at 2 a.m. He felt he had to get to work earlier to do a high-quality job. Since he had a writer to supervise, he had more duties to perform than had the previous Wire editor.

The normal duties were to scour the incoming national and international wires, the ones the *Banner* subscribed to, and choose the articles and photos that he thought important and appropriate for publishing in the space allotted to him, which changed in size each day. Then, he had to plan the exact placement and style of display for each article and image. Finally, he had to go to the "Paste-Up" department and supervise the assembly of his pages. But now, with new responsibilities, he also had to come up with story ideas, usually to "localize" articles off the wires. And he had to edit the work of his writer.

On this day, the extra time he gave to his work paid off. He had an uncommonly good Moonday.

But Tyrsday was the opposite for him, an utterly awful day at the *Banner*. The resultant funk, however, was fueled by more than just the damned *Banner*. Website updates, though tasks he enjoyed, were keeping him up, leaving him with too little sleep. Lately, Starrs had been less cooperative, though likely just too busy, too. There was that other star, which always nagged. And it all started again every day at 2 a.m.

The winter, though mild in Nashville, was not through. Another morning, routinely awfully early, he scraped frost off his windshield and drove 25 miles per hour all the way to work. The gently hilly city street was blemished with patches of ice. The bridge over the interstate, downtown, was the worst. But he navigated the route without incident. In the afternoon, on his way back to the apartment, the temperature was up in the 40s and the previous chill was almost forgotten.

Days came and went, Valentine's Day, too. After shivers, thaws, and a flash frost, Jim was eager for escape. He flew to New York.

He left Nashville in the dark of February 19 and arrived over the Big Apple after dawn. It was his first time to "the city that never sleeps"—a slogan and a clue to the kind of people who governed and infested it. But of that, Jim was clueless.

Gazing at the Statue of Liberty a mile below, he'd never imagined the lady could look so small. He caught a cab, driven herky-jerky style by a brown, heavily accented immigrant, to the Milford Plaza hotel and settled in. A front desk clerk told him geologist Stephens had already checked in. Jim called but to no avail and left a recorded message. Then he walked a block east to Broadway. The bright sun had the temperature to near 40. But a gusty wind swirled up dirt and litter. He hopped a bus bound for the southern end of Manhattan Island.

What cheaper way to get a good, slow taste of the city?

By ferry, he arrived at the Statue of Liberty. On her little island, the wind made it difficult to stand. Yet, he was so moved that he went to the gift shop and bought, among other things, a commemorative ring for his left pinky.

His emotion was an entirely learned, conditioned, improper response to that statue, its reason for being, and the enemy who had gifted it upon the then-greatest of nations. The sculpture, opened to the public in 1886, had been a present from France, where the government had been jew-infested since the so-called French revolution, which had been contrived and executed by jewry shortly after the jew-constructed Constitution had been inflicted by secret-jew Alexander Hamilton and his co-conspirators upon White America. In 1903, jews mounted a plaque for the statue on the pedestal on the island in view of the busiest harbor in the country. That plaque contained, in a nutshell, the rest of the story. However, the nut was still cloaked by its shell. It kept the vital fact of race concealed. Its infamous verse, inviting the two-legged "wretched refuse" from around the

world to come burden the inventive, productive, all too generous White population, was by a jewess, Emma Lazarus.

The jews' poisonous invitation was glorified across the country and broadcast around the world by all jew-owned media. By the time Jim was born, tv had been invented by Whites and utilized by jews as their new, supreme carrier of that mind-poison and other mind-poisons. Tv rendered secondary but still insidious the long-jew-controlled mediums of the movies, radio, government publications, school textbooks, newspapers, comic books, records, and falsely anointed "bestsellers."

The Jim baby of 1957 was greeted by parents already infected who raised him without effective protection from the anti-White onslaught. And so, the journalist, now in his mid-thirties, revered "Lady Liberty" and waved the flag while thinking that free speech and the best ideas would prevail and solve the country's and world's problems. He was so clueless that he had no idea that even the problems, themselves, had been defined and spoonfed to him by the jewsmedia, while real truth-tellers were denied Liberty and free speech in the halls of government and on the jewsmedia's pages and screens. Someday, he would have to unlearn and relearn, if able. A monumental task it would be, yet necessary if he would ever stop being an unwitting tool of jewry and become an asset to his great though gullible race.

That evening, he walked with George Stephens to the Westway Diner-Restaurant for supper. They both chose spinach pie. Later, they met with Starrs and a different team of forensic scientists. This crew of experts was planning a group presentation to be made the next day at the very reason for their New York convergence: the Convention of the American Academy of Forensic Sciences.

The case they were to present was about Frank Olson, a family man and central-government employee who had died in 1953. Olson, a scientist in a tentacle of the CIA, had been given the drug LSD without his knowledge. That specific CIA program, in which Olson worked, was headed by a jew named Sidney Gottlieb, but Jim would not learn that fact and its significance for decades. Within days of the drug "experiment," Olson fell—or was thrown—13 stories to his death from a window of a New York hotel. Starrs was working with Olson's son to try to prove how the elder had died. A crew from the Discovery Channel videotaped the scientists' strategy session.

The next day, Thursday, Jim split his time between observing the official Olson Case presentation and playing tourist with George. That night, Starrs' team for Meriwether Lewis assembled in the Professor's Marriott Hotel suite. The camaraderie of the group was thrilling to Jim. They all remembered him from the Coroner's Inquest in Hohenwald. He felt a part of something worthwhile, again. On Freysday morning, he and the forensics convention were treated to a reenactment of the testimony presented at the Inquest. Afterward, a Q&A session was held with the audience. A man asked Starrs about author Ambrose's assertion that mental illness was a vein running through Meriwether's family.

"There is no evidence to support that—other than a statement once made by Thomas Jefferson," Starrs replied. "And there is no documentation whatsoever to support Jefferson's claim."

Jim, George, and Starrs went to lunch at the nearby Smith's Irish Pub. Jim seized the check. But to his chagrin, the pub accepted no credit cards. George bailed him out. From there, the trio caught a cab to the Hotel Pennsylvania, the re-named site of Frank Olson's final plunge. The Discovery Channel recorded Starrs and George inside the very window through which Olson had exited life.

Washing Day morning, Jim walked alone to Central Park. He compared the real sights and sounds to the aggrandized versions he had known only from tv and silver screens. He sat on a bench across from the American Museum of Natural History. Joggers; strollers with their dogs; a

girl helping her grandfather along. Across the street, busloads of students lined up at the museum's doors. Then, to his right, an old man but five feet away. The guy seemed a craggy, broken-down fellow, probably homeless, bearing a mix of Asian and White ancestry. Thin thatches of whiskers shrouded his upper lip and lower chin. Suddenly, the man turned toward him.

The weathered eyes looked vacantly as the mouth cursed, "What I do, I try avoid awful White men—and those evil green eyes staring at me!"

Jim kept a calm exterior but braced for whatever might ensue. However, the man trudged away. The journalist pulled out his notebook and started his record of the event with the words, "Confucius say." The next several hours were well spent in the museum of natural history. Afterward, he endured a cold wind in his face as he walked back to his hotel.

That night, he returned to the Pennsylvania Hotel for supper. Starrs' treat. The Professor had invited the Meriwether Lewis volunteer team. Half the members had already left town. So, the gathering was rather intimate, much to Jim's liking. They broke bread—uncommonly delicious Irish soda bread, with raisins.

As he munched a piece, one of the women said, "We're like a family." She was Nancy Guice, wife of historian John Guice. Jim looked wistfully upon them. Mrs. Guice continued speaking, praising Starrs. "He 'collects' people, good people, who are like-minded."

Jim nodded, which drew the wife's attention.

"I like to 'collect' people, too," she said, looking at him. "Do you 'collect' people?"

He thought a moment and answered softly, "No. No, can't say that I do."

After supper, Starrs had a date to keep with CNN, the Cable News Network. Jim asked to go along. The famous one suggested they walk from the hotel to the CNN building. "It is a respectable distance," the Professor admitted. "But it will be good for my knee."

Jim laughed, knowing the assertion was in jest. As they walked, he noted Starrs' modest limp. The elder had long since given up the crutch. Starrs said he was tempted to have surgery, but he dissented to the time the operation and the recovery would require. "I cannot afford it. And Meriwether Lewis cannot afford it!"

They discussed the case. The forensic scientist told him something Congressman Clement had confided. "Clement had broached the subject of exhumation to Interior secretary Bruce Babbitt. Babbitt allegedly responded: 'I know all about that. It would make the National Park Service angry. So, I won't do it.'"

Jim said, "Disgusting! If true."

"What it shows is the same thing other people have told me. The National Park Service is a model of the old bureaucracy—in the worst way. Its boss cannot move it. He is afraid to. And so it sits, unresponsive to the people. It ought to be exposed!"

Mere exposure was not the proper response to such a government bureaucracy within an entire government likewise unresponsive to the American people, White people, who had founded, built, and improved the country until dereliction of duty festered amid a duped nation. Thomas Jefferson, himself, had said that he expected every generation to have to shed some blood to put down tyrants in government. But since Jefferson's death, many generations had passed, derelict and duped, with the need to shed tyrants' blood ever more acute. Jim's ignorance was such that he could only agree with Starrs' "exposed," thinking it a sufficient solution.

As they walked on through the night, they shared details more deeply personal than they ever had before. A cold breeze blew. They strolled in and out of shadows. Under streetlights, their exhalations puffed into view. They passed storefronts, apartments, buildings short and tall. Suddenly,

all at once, drops of liquid splatted on their heads and on the sidewalk around them. Jim jumped backward as Starrs veered toward the street.

"Ick," the elder said. "Come away from there."

Jim was peering up the face of a tall, brown-bricked building. It appeared to house many floors of apartments. Quickly, he caught up with Starrs. The greenhorn in New York asked, "What do you suppose it was?"

"Pee."

"Pee? Ugh! Geez." He wiped his head with his hanky, smelled the cloth. It didn't seem to emit any aroma. As Starrs resumed talking, Jim wondered if the shower carried disease. He knew he wouldn't rest until he got to his hotel and washed his scalp. The sound of the liquid's splatter reverberated in his brain, triggering the song "Shattered," one of Jim's favorites, not knowing it was sung by a secret member of the tribe responsible for the degrading of New York:

"...Go ahead, bite the Big Apple. Don't mind the maggots! Uh huhhh...."

At the CNN building, they were buzzed in. Quiet inside. A security guard directed them into an elevator. Up they went, then out. A woman took them to a waiting room. After 30 minutes, Starrs was taken to the broadcast studio. Alone, Jim watched a tv mounted high on a wall as CNN's Jean Meserve interviewed several people about scientific techniques used in murder cases. Near the end, Starrs was able to bring up his real reason for being there. "The case of Meriwether Lewis is atop my ladder—should be atop the nation's ladder." Three sentences later, Meserve interjected: "Sorry. We're out of time."

The planned events were depleted and departure time nigh as Jim boarded his scheduled night flight. After liftoff, comfortable, now five miles from the Earth's surface, five miles nearer the stars—thanks to the White invention of human flight—his burden seemed lighter. He counted a few things he was happy about: His first trip to New York City. His great time with Starrs and George, et al. And he was working to make the website an alternative to his regular job. As for his personal work in that pilot house, he jotted in his notebook:

If I can, I'll chill for March. (Ha! That may mean "in like a lamb, out like a lion!")

The new month arrived like a sheared sheep. Its fleece was slow to re-grow.

But the labor of love progressed as he and Professor Starrs kept up their long-distance partnership. At the exhumationist's behest, Jim dug up several things. Among them, he located a second monument built by the state of Tennessee in the same year the state had built Meriwether's. It was a memorial to former Tennessee governor William Carroll. The Carroll monument had cost \$2,200 in 1848, which was more than four times the cost of Meriwether's. When he located the Carroll monument in Nashville's "Old City Cemetery," he judged it far superior to Meriwether's lonely spire. He took photos. The 25-foot, 4-columned memorial was topped by an impressive sculpture of an eagle.

He noted another distinctive feature, ironically: "Not a single foot of this monument is underground."

Starrs also wanted some background on one of the members of Tennessee's monument committee. The four VIPs sent to oversee the construction of Meriwether's monument in 1848 had included a "Dr. Samuel B. Moore." Did this "doctor" have the credibility to support the committee's dramatic, first-person assertion? The VIPs had reported that they had viewed the "skeleton" of Meriwether and that "it seems to be more probable that he died by the hands of an assassin."

Jim traveled to the doctor's hometown of Centerville, 20 miles from Hohenwald. In the town library, he learned of Doctor Moore's long and well-respected career as a physician and a state legislator.

When he called Starrs to relay his latest findings, the Professor had news, too.

"An ambassador friend of mine says he talked to a friend of his high up in the Interior Department. This guy in the Interior Department told my friend, 'It's going to go through. Give Kennedy time to get out of there. A month or two, Kennedy will be out, and then the exhumation will be a go.'"

"I hope it's true."

"I'm not going to be unduly and unjustifiably optimistic. But I just simply thought it was—it was uplifting to hear that."

Also, Starrs was putting together a small book, a "portfolio," on the Meriwether Lewis Monument and Pioneer Cemetery. The info and photos Jim had been gathering would go into the publication.

"Who's going to publish it?"

"I am."

"You can afford it?"

"Well, not a million copies. I foresee a few hundred copies. Most importantly, it will make a great accompaniment to the submission of the application to exhume. You agree?"

"Soitanly."

On the first day of spring, he welcomed new greens, new buds, and new hope, but was the latter but a tease?

Eleven days later, March went out like the lamb it rode in on.

April brought showers.

On the fourth month's final Sunday, he drove to Florida. It was a vacation he had planned for months, but its itinerary was brand new. Initially, it had been a joint plan, and the prime destination had been Virginia. But when he had lost hope of the accompaniment, he blew off the entire joint farce.

Four hours into the trip away from Nashville, he was passing down through central Alabama. He felt different in the face, somehow. He looked at himself in the rearview mirror.

"Ho ho! That's it: I'm *relaxed*."

Five and a half hours later, he arrived in Apalachicola. He rented a room in a place somewhat reminiscent of Armstrong's Bed & Breakfast in Hohenwald. A difference, though: This place did not serve breakfast. But he felt it suited his purposes, which were to organize his information related to Starrs, write a detailed outline for the biography, and bask on the beach. But the weather was cold and wet. The tap water tasted awful. In fact, one ice cube of tap water ruined a glass of Pepsi. The heating system was inadequate. The smell of wet paint wafted up from the floor below. And dogs barked in the night. On Moonday, he got the hell out and walked east through town.

He found good places to eat, nice strangers in the shops to greet, but by early afternoon he grew bored and forlorn. Just then, in a minute, the clouds parted, the air warmed, and so he headed to St. George Island's main public beach.

There, gulls greatly outnumbered fellow beachgoers, a disappointment. For most of an hour, he scoured the coastline for an assortment of beautiful seashells. Then he spread a blanket in a low spot on the downwind side of a dune. Since no one was anywhere near him, he stripped to his blue undies. He stretched out and closed his eyes. Within minutes, the sun melted frustrations. He watched creatures with pincers sneak out of holes in the sand. He was struck by a thought worth a guffaw.

Star. What's the difference between lying on you and lying on the beach?

Crabs!

Then, the mighty kill-joys in the sky closed up, and Jim packed it in. The vacationer returned to his lodging. That night, he was intermittently awakened by the barking of the dogs and the sting of sunburn. On Tyrsday, between outings to eat, he worked on his papers.

On Wodensday, after a chilly morning, he walked west toward lunch. The Red Top Cafe. A slow, small, quaint place. Good fish sandwich. Decent iced tea. A radio played in the kitchen. It

hadn't caught his ear until a familiar voice, like the tv-glorified growl of African Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong from his childhood, delivered some lines. It sounded like:

"I bid down Harlem, baby. I bid down Harlem, baby. Ever since the day! Ever since the day! I bid down—I bid down—I bid down Harlem, baby."

He wasn't sure of the lyrics. The radio was not loud, and it was competing with kitchen noise and customer chatter. He strained to hear more, but the song faded into sounds of waves washing onto a beach. He walked to a nearby park. The verse was on a continuous loop in his brain. He wondered who the singer was, what the true lyrics were. One thing seemed certain: They were melancholy. He strolled onto a boardwalk over a coastal marsh. He watched pelicans as he paused and peed. He walked by a set of two tennis courts, where a man and woman were playing.

Back in his lodging, he stepped out onto the front porch. A car full of teenagers stopped at the corner. The windows rattled rap. A pickup stopped behind the car. A dog was in the back, yelling at nothing. A garbage truck turned the corner, slinging putrid swill onto the street.

He mumbled, "Good thing it's not a hot day." Then he thought, "See? I'm always looking on the bright side." But he thought about leaving. He thought about what he'd do if he stayed. "Hell, I can be alone, writing in a room—a more comfortable room—in Nashville. Today is the last day of April. Tomorrow—. May Day! I'm out of here!"

During the next day, on the road, he tried to think of a great slogan to put on a t-shirt to be made, someday, in commemoration of Meriwether's exhumation. He came up with several that he liked.

"O, the Joy! Bones in View!"

"Bone Up for History."

"The Remains of the Day."

"Dig It!"

He vowed to nurture May flowers. However, which flowers could be helped, and which had rotted roots? His was not the only ignorance at play.

The month of beckoning beauty teased him onward through Mother's Day until a welcome call came. Happily, he heard the voice of Starrs on the line. The Professor asked for more detailed measurements and photos of Meriwether's monument and the adjacent grave markers. Jim cheered at having a mission to Meriwether, again.

"All these details," Starrs said, "will go into my tome on the monument. I seek to do an impressive work—within certain time constraints. I want it to be a document Hohenwald will be proud to keep. And perhaps it will help influence the governor of Tennessee to join our effort. Perhaps, too, the people sitting on the fence."

"Speaking of influencing the governor," Jim said, "people are hinting that Congressman Clement might run for governor of Tennessee."

"I asked one of Clement's aides about that. The aide thinks Clement likes what he is doing too much to run for governor."

"Well, we'll see. Imagine if Clement were governor."

"Oh. The exhumation would be assured of going forward."

The following Washing Day, Jim drove to the Meriwether Lewis Monument. After getting the data he needed, he left Meriwether and proceeded on to a very personal mission.

Two miles south on the Natchez Trace, he crossed over the Buffalo River. He hung a right onto the road to Metal Ford. Down a narrow paved lane, he rolled into a parking lot nestled amid a clearing next to the river. The Buffalo was high in its banks, almost too deep to see where the water flows over a rock ledge—the ford. To his left, a tree-covered bluff. He found a path up and soon reached an overlook spot. Star had told him this was her favorite place. He looked for somewhere to carve a symbol. The best location, he decided, was on a tree next to the edge of the cliff. But he had to risk life and limb to get there. He poised to jump. He knew he could do it. But the base of his scrotum trembled in fear. He gathered himself. He leaped.

Grabbing a branch, he swung up to safety. With a pocket knife, he carved a special shape in the bark. Then he carved five points equally spaced around the outside of it. Finally, he carved in its center a most simple, symbolized sentence. Happy with his work, he stood up on the branch he'd been sitting on. He turned to face the patch of ground whence he came. He took careful aim and launched into freefall.

Hoping May's blooms would give way to growing fruit, on his first day off in June he arose at dawn.

Water was put in a kettle on the stove to boil. Two eggs were broken and mixed with a little milk. Three pieces of whole-wheat bread were dipped into the egg mix and put on a hot, square griddle pan. The now boiling water was poured into the coffee press. While the French toast continued to cook, a banana was mashed into a bowl. A teaspoonful of strawberry jam was dropped onto the banana mush and mixed in with a fork. The French toast were flipped. The mush was microwaved for one minute. When the three egg-toasts were nicely browned, they were placed in a pile on a plate. The banana-strawberry sauce was spooned between and atop the pieces of French toast. The coffee was pressed and poured into the Lewis County mug. Into the black brew, some cream was dribbled—just enough to stain it. All the while, the phone was expected to ring to bring yet another change in plan.

The making of egg-toast had been learned from Jim's mother. The fruit sauce had been an invention of his own. The Starbucks coffee had been a gift from Star, along with advice on how to brew it and "stain" it. He had been thankful for that gift, as he thought it progress to find coffee he judged good without his usual three creams and two sugars.

Good or not, it was important to know who controlled the international trade in that commodity, coffee, all the more so because of its addictive drug caffeine. Jim thought he knew that Whites controlled that market, and that the "fair trade" movement was yet another publicized effort to rein in those supposedly White fatcats who were profiteering off the trade. Those robber barons were committing crimes from tree to cup, underpaying the farmers and overcharging the customers in coffeeshops glamorized by the media. In reality, not Whites but jews controlled the price of coffee, as they had since at least a century before when the great White automaker and publisher Henry Ford exposed that bitter fact and hundreds more in a series of articles in his newspaper, the *Dearborn Independent*, which was distributed throughout his Ford dealer network all across the country. Later, that series was collected into a book, *The International Jew: The World's Foremost Problem*, an important tome not available in jew-owned bookstores, of course.

But here Jim sat, ignorant of all of those facts, and that the founder of Starbucks was, too, a jew, Howard Schultz, deceitfully wearing a German name. The goals of that pusher were, obviously, to obscenely boost both the daily dosage of that bean's addictive drug and his profits. Ford had also exposed the jews' takeover of the alcoholic-beverages industry. Math simpler than two-plus-two was all that was required for the informed American to realize, as Jim did not, why tv portrayed virtually every adult character as a daily coffee drinker, daily alcohol imbibor, or both. Americans addicted to tv were led to believe that the daily intake of those drugs, actually poisons to the brain and other organs, was a natural part of everyday life and even necessary to be "cool," "in," fashionable, manly, alert, productive, intellectual, sophisticated, or "real American."

Jim ate, and drank, and then washed the dishes, brushed his teeth, trimmed some hair, shaved, and showered, all with an ear out for the phone, which did not ring.

At noon, he sat in his car outside the McDonald's restaurant on the north side of Columbia. She was to have had her hair done that morning, leave the children in the care of her sister, and meet him at that McDonald's.

At 12:15, the Trooper pulled up alongside his black Honda Del Sol. The refreshed blonde jumped in. They drove west. He asked about the children, to which she briefly and sweetly replied. He put his right hand on her near thigh, protruding from khaki shorts. He caressed. She quizzed:

"Let's see if you can remember. What's the state tree?"

"Tulip poplar."

"Very good! Now, state bird?"

"Uh, mockingbird."

"All right! State flower?"

"Mmmm. Gosh," he said, distracted. "I can't remember."

They turned south on the Natchez Trace Parkway and motored past Meriwether, straight to Metal Ford. Out of the car, holding hands, they took in the scene on the bank of the Buffalo.

"Imagine," he said, pointing to the ford. "Meriwether crossed right there. He rode his horse across that very point."

She led him up the trail to her favorite overlook. Under one arm, he toted a blanket, and at the summit, they spread it. Two motorcycles rumbled off of the Trace, idled down the lane, and halted near his car. The engines stopped. The shuddering woods fell silent, save for the murmuring river. He and Star laid on the blanket and peered through the trees. Two roughnecks dismounted.

She whispered, "I hope they don't come up here."

He agreed. They planned what to do if the grubby, leathered men came up the cliff trail. After 20 minutes, the men re-mounted, their cycles roared to life, and the woods vibrated with their departure. The stress gone, he got up to relieve his bladder. While watering a 2-foot maple, he heard Star shriek in glee. He smiled.

"It's wonderful," she said.

"Our tree of love."

"How'd you get over there?"

"I jumped."

"Uh! That was dangerous!"

"Yeah. My scrotum told me."

"Well, listen to your scrotum! But I love it."

"My scrotum?"

She laughed. "Both."

They kissed and sank onto the blanket. Tongues, arms, legs entwined.

"Ohhh, my Goddess. I—. I'm gonna have to stop—before it's too late."

"Ohhhh." She whispered a suggestion.

"Oh, babe. I admire the thought. But no way," he said through a chuckle. "You're too exciting. That would take some practice!"

Minutes later, aching for more, they folded the blanket. They took the roof off the car and drove toward Meriwether. While motoring uphill and over the Buffalo, he said there were many things he hadn't gotten to do in life, yet.

"Like what?"

"Like—marry you. Today. On our anniversary."

"Oh, Jim." She rubbed his shoulder. "We can marry ourselves. At the monument!"

"Ho, ho," he laughed, in delight and approval. Yet, he also grasped the irony in the fact that his lover—still married—was suggesting they marry themselves.

At the monument, they stood in each other's arms. An older couple, probably senior tourists, left the vicinity as he and Star kissed. Now, the two were alone. She wrapped a leg around his legs and pressed herself against him. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small gift.

She unwrapped it, revealing a little treasure he had earned in high school. "Your basketball medal. Oh, that's—." She stopped, misty-eyed. She further constricted around him. Then, she uncoiled and turned them toward the weathered monument.

The sun was almost straight up and slightly behind them. Its light glistened off a few grains in the spire's limestone.

The groom looked at his bride as she asked, "Will you always love me?"

He vowed, "I will."

"Always and forever, forever and always?"

"I will love you always and forever, forever and always. Will you love me always and forever?" He looked upon her as upon an angel, the real kind, of water and the elements electro-chemically sculpted and endowed. Her face wore an expression of blissful dreaming. Had she heard him? "Star, will you love me always and forever?"

Her eyes refocused. "I will love you. Always. And forever." They smiled as their eyes stayed locked in optic intercourse. "This is when they tell us we can kiss."

When their lips finally parted, she turned her head toward the monument and said, "Meriwether, you're our witness!"

He laughed with her but couldn't help but quip, still gnawed by the irony, "It's all over but the divorce."

Indeed, if White principle were in force, he would have recognized her act not as mere irony but as a crime. However, long-poisoned minds were at the helm of this ship, driven by ill winds of dishonor generated by the Earth's historical Masters Of Deceit.

As they drove to Hohenwald, he directed her to a folder behind his seat. "It's the first few pages of the Starrs bio. You want to read 'em?"

"Yes!" She opened the folder. He waited, trying to interpret her occasional murmurs. Done, she said, "I like! But then, I'm married to the author."

"Yeah. But—. We haven't consummated the relationship, yet!"

In Hohenwald, they stopped at a store. Both went in. Back in the car, they joked about what they'd bought. Opening an Armstrong's chocolate pie, they agreed, "This is our wedding cake." Twisting off the cap of a 10-ounce Sundrop soda in a glass bottle, they said, "This is our champagne."

With time running out, they returned to the McDonald's in Columbia. As he stood outside the Trooper's open window, he popped the question. "Which day are you going to make your move?"

"Granddad's birthday is this weekend, so—."

He barely contained a frown, expecting yet another delay.

She concluded, "Saturday or Sunday."

On Sunday, Jim made two pieces of French toast for breakfast. By the last bite, he was having some difficulty swallowing. He moved to the couch and sipped a cup of stained Starbucks. As on the day before, the waiting was a grind. He suffered a low-grade throb in his head. He had an urge to go buy a Sunday paper, but he nixed the notion. He didn't want to be away from the phone. He tried to work on the bio, but he couldn't concentrate. Every time he heard a vehicle outside, he went to the window, hoping to see the Trooper. Each time someone opened the squeaky front door of the apartment building, his hopes spiked again.

Early in the afternoon, he nibbled on a PBJ sandwich and allowed himself a second cup of coffee. Later, a basketball game on tv helped to dribble the time away. In the fourth quarter, he clipped his toenails. After the final buzzer, he prepared a baked potato topped with shredded cheddar cheese. Applesauce on the side. Water to drink. After supper, he began washing the dishes. The phone rang. In a rush, he towed off his soapy hands and ran to the phone.

"Hello?"

"Hi. It's your mother."

"Hi, Mom. This is a nice surprise."

They talked for 15 minutes. Then, he told her he was waiting for Star. His mom wished him well.

He watched *60 Minutes*, thinking it educated him, and then *The Simpsons*, thinking it mere harmless but edgy entertainment. Minutes seemed like hours. Hours were nearly unbearable. At 9:45 p.m., he thought, *I can't stands no more*. He called her unhappy home.

"Hello," said her husband.

"Hello, is Star there?"

"Can I ask who's calling?"

"Yes. Jim Laffrey." He heard nothing but the phone being set on a table. Excruciating seconds ticked by. Ten. Twenty. He heard the phone being picked up.

"Jim?" It was Star's voice at low volume.

"Star. My Love, I had to call. I've been waiting and haven't heard a word."

"We just got back from Hohenwald. I haven't had time to say anything, yet."

"Oh. Gosh." He began to imagine the effects of his untimely call.

"I'll talk to you later. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Bye."

"Bye."

After giving her an hour, he began a vigil at his front window. Faintly, from above, his neighbor Vickie's nightly violin practice sawed through the ceiling. His mind imagined scenario after scenario, some that raised hopes and others that dashed all on the rocks. Again and again, he glanced at the clock. Now, midnight. Still on the couch, at the window, he thought maybe he'd better call her again. What might be said? He told himself he'd wait one more minute. After a minute passed, he said he'd wait one more. Finally, one more. "Okay. If she doesn't pull up in three seconds, I'll call. One. Two. Ohhhh." He called.

Star answered. "He's angry. He wanted to answer the phone."

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah. We've been talking."

He summoned the necessary question. Trying to sound calm, he said, "Star, are you coming here tonight?" He heard a small sigh.

"No, the children seem to have caught something. I may have to take them to the doctor in the morning."

"Oh," he said, now so very tired. "Well. Okay."

She said she would call the next day.

There was little more, if anything, left to say, but, "Bye."

His eyes got wet. He didn't resist. Still at the window. Still looking out. Looking at nothing. The silent scene blurred. The colors ran. The lights streaked. Finally, he blinked and exhaled a burst. He dropped the phone onto the couch and held his head in his hands. Many competing thoughts kicked inside his brain. One said, "What a fool you've been! You're too smart for this. You saw the signs. You knew what was coming." He stood up. "No, no. Don't jump to conclusions." He felt exhausted. "I have to hope I'll feel better after some sleep." He scoffed, "If I sleep."

At 2:15 a.m. and wide awake, he turned off the alarm and trudged to the shower. It was another *damn Banner* day.

Work and televised distractions, including another Bulls NBA championship, helped days to pass. He also tried to focus on the biography. In that vein, he called Starrs. The elder friend was upbeat and optimistic. Those were attitudes Jim could use.

"I plan to submit the application for the exhumation next week," the scientist said. "Then, the question is whether to break the news to the media."

After a discussion of pros and cons, the journalist said, "Maybe you could ask Congressman Clement's opinion of that. He may have a sense of the effect that 'going public' would have on the Park Service and others."

"Good point. Thank you. You don't charge for good advice, do you?"

"Yeah, man. I charge by the Guinness!" He asked how long the Park Service's decision on the exhumation application might take.

Starrs said the Park Service had previously indicated four-to-six weeks. "So, I am tentatively planning to do the exploratory trenching and the further geophysical probings in September. We may even try to return in October and do the dig. But otherwise, the exhumation will be held over till next spring."

With business apparently concluded, he asked: "How's the knee?"

The Professor said he'd been bicycling to and from work. "In short, it hurts. It hurts as I'm sitting here talking. But not so much as it used to."

Jim's self-inflicted pain throbbed onward. His race-less thus rudderless piloting of life appeared, from the outside, like a flat-Earth sailor's deliberate course for a final plunge off the edge and into the abyss. But his intelligence kept fighting the chosen current, inventing methods toward relief and, ultimately, solution. He proposed "taking the summer off," clearing the couple's heads, freeing her from deadlines she always broke, freeing him to improve his health, his sleep, his work on the bio, the website, and survive the *damn* daily newspaper. He told her, and himself, that there was nothing negative about them when together but that the separation and frustration were the producers of the poisons of broken promises and lies.

His efforts went for naught, as she treated every agreement, every rule, and nearly every vow, as but mere guidelines to be cast asunder in answer to any new challenge, significant or not. So, on their tempest-tossed ship, patches to sails were soon unravelled, and plugged holes in the hull re-bored.

His health openly expressed the stress. Bouts with diarrhea and fever. Headaches nagged him twice a week, whereas in the past he had suffered headaches only twice a year. His "real" job was wearing him down. As he had told friends, millions of years of evolution had programmed his genes to turn his brain on at dawn; the 2 a.m. alarm for work had turned his body chemistry upside-down. But he could find no other suitable job that would pay enough to support him and the family he might soon have.

Summer, naturally a celebratory season for the North-born White race, was for Jim a searing test of endurance. In August, she offered yet another mirage on the horizon: Her move was to come "the second week of September." In his notebook, he recorded his own, private, reaction:

There's going to be no fucking difference between today and Sept. 14.

On August 7, the owner of Armstrong's b&b killed the website ad, citing lack of business income. On Meriwether's birthday, August 18, Jim puked his guts out for the second day in a row. He suspected accidental food poisoning from an undercooked egg casserole at the southside Crack. It took four days to regain his strength. When he finally felt up to it, he called Starrs.

"Congressman Clement has ruled out any run for governor," the Professor reported. "Too bad, eh?"

"Sure is."

"He could have made the exhumation a sure thing. But we are working on getting the support of your Tennessee governor Don Sundquist. Of course, we have the Missouri governor's support. Missouri Governor Carnahan told me he will talk with Sundquist and attempt to win his support. Boy, I wish Meriwether Lewis were buried in Missouri. Oh, geez. I would have him out jiffy quick! Oh, I tell you, James, people ask 'why Missouri?' as if the state is insignificant.

Meriwether Lewis was the governor general of the Louisiana Territory, which included Missouri. He was effectively the first governor of Missouri. And of course, Meriwether Lewis started and ended the expedition in Missouri. I mean, he has more connections in Missouri than he has in Tennessee. He was just a transient in Tennessee."

They shared a laugh.

"But you see," the elder continued, "the strategy is to get the governors to write letters supporting the exhumation. Then we send the letters to the National Park Service before the Park Service issues the expected denial. How could they deny the governors?"

"The same way they deny the relatives, I presume," Jim said. "But I agree with you. The letters should be persuasive."

"I have heard something about Ambrose"—Stephen Ambrose, the author.

"Tell me."

"I have learned that Ambrose's first wife committed suicide in 1963."

"She couldn't stand him, either?"

"Ha. That may be, but I have heard that she was manic-depressive."

"Ho ho! That's exactly what Ambrose says Meriwether was."

"Yes," Starrs confirmed. "So, *that's* where Ambrose is coming from."

"So, he thinks he's qualified to diagnose a manic-depressive based on 187-year-old hearsay!"

"Depressing, is it not?" They laughed. "Speaking of depression, though, my wife suggested I take a break from the Meriwether Lewis project."

"Why is that?"

"She sees my deep involvement, emotionally, in this case. She fears, perhaps rightly, that there could be real depression if the effort is unsuccessful."

"Oh. Yeah, I can relate to that."

"I have developed a profound feeling for the man. All the research I have done, all the reading, has further deepened my admiration."

"I feel it, too. I don't see how some people—and we know who I mean—can learn about him and then trash him as they do."

"And his writing," Starrs said, "He had a way with words that—the beauty and the descriptive qualities—it moves me to read him, such as when he wrote about the falls of the Missouri."

"Oh, yeah," Jim recalled, "He wrote that words could not adequately describe the falls. But then he went on to describe them superbly."

"That's right. Just wonderful."

Days later, Starrs was the caller.

"It was a delight to behold. Governor Sundquist said, 'I'm with you, guys. I think this is great. It's a wonderful idea. I think this is historically important. Let's do it. What do you want from me?'"

"Great!" Jim said. "So, he's sending a letter to the Park Service?"

"Yes. But not only is he saying he wants the exhumation, he also says the reason is because it is for the benefit of the nation that this mystery be solved if at all possible and it is also for the benefit of the people of Tennessee."

"Fabulous."

"Also, we are in contact with Governor George Allen right here in my state of Virginia. It looks as though he will get on board. That would give us the support of the governors of the top three states in regard to Meriwether Lewis."

"That should mean something to the Park Service."

"Right. But look at it this way. The National Park Service, when they deny the application for exhumation, they are going to have to meet me head-on in court to show that their denial was not arbitrary and capricious. And I am going to introduce evidence of 148 relatives who have signed on, and the verdict of the jury at the Coroner's Inquest, and a Lewis County resolution, and the governors. So, what I am doing is trying to make a lawyer's case."

"Yeah. It sounds great."

"And today, I sent a copy of the finished monument monograph to go with the governors' letters to go with the application for exhumation."

"You have been earning your keep!"

"And a monograph is in the mail to you."

"How can I thank you?"

At the *Banner* the next morning, the boss released the annual pay raises. For Jim, it was \$1,000. It amounted to about 3 percent of his salary. He told his immediate boss, Tony Kessler, of his unhappiness, reminding him that the managing editor had promised a "big honkin' raise" if he "worked out" as Wire editor. Kessler told him to take it up with the new managing editor. So, he did.

The new managing editor, Tonnya Kennedy, was someone Jim had gone jogging with a couple of times and had lunched with on a few occasions. She had been promoted directly from the Sports department to managing editor, which was the same remarkable leap as the secret-jew managing editor before her, who was now basking another step up. That was not a proper journalistic career arc, in Jim's correct view. However, the new managing editor's race, at least on the surface, was not jew but was African.

In her office, he asked, "Did you know about the promise of a 'big honkin' raise' if I worked out as Wire editor?"

"No. But did you 'work out'? You wrote a scathing employee evaluation last month on your reporter."

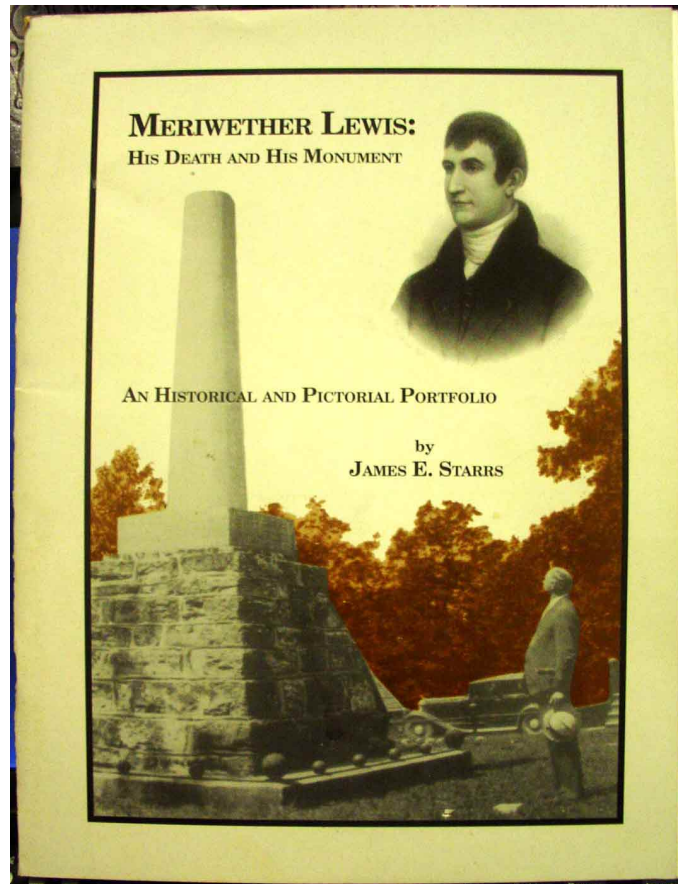
"All true and well-documented. I do my job well. My boss, Tony, said so in his evaluation of me."

"I appreciate that. But I don't see that you're blameless in the matter with your reporter."

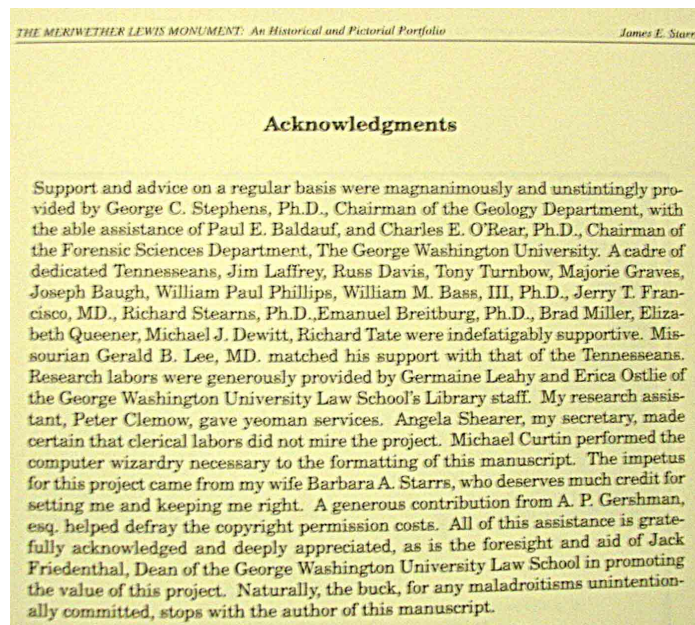
"Blame? The person who doesn't do his or her job is the person who deserves blame. She had every opportunity to learn and to perform, and she failed miserably. The previous managing editor said it was her last chance to keep a job in this newsroom. And I'll tell you, if any other reporter in the room had been assigned to me, it would have worked out great. Look how well it has worked out when I've asked other reporters to do stories for me."

"Well, be that as it may, the decisions on raises have been made. And I've stated my position in regard to yours."

If Jim had owned the necessary knowledge, the master key, which is race, he would have recognized the pattern being set: Whether by jew or by African, whether crafty or blunt, the result was the same: anti-White. Instead, he only knew he was being screwed.



The cover, above, of Prof. James E. Starrs' monograph "Meriwether Lewis: His Death and His Monument." Below, a section of his Acknowledgments page.



September arrived with entertainment news. Two of Jim's favorites, John Fogerty and the Rolling Stones, were scheduled for performances in Nashville. He planned to attend both concerts, each of which for him would be a first, with the Stones considered "a must."

The second week of September came, and the current deadline for her big move ticked toward the same abyss as all of those previous. With one hour officially remaining on the clock, there came a knock. She entered with "a raging headache," he comforted her through the night, and she left at 8:45 a.m. Although she returned later that day, she offered no warmth and did not stay. She cited only that it had "felt weird" to wake up there that morning. Again wearing the wedding ring he had removed during the night, she dropped yet another self-concocted bomb. He was to hang and twist, and in the near future she was to do what she was supposed to have done.

He wrote in his notebook:

She's not level-headed. She's just hurting me now.

But he was out of sight of land, with no seaworthy lifeboat, and unlike his ancient forebears, he was unequipped to navigate in this long night. And because of his commitment, he would not abandon ship.

However, she would. And within a few days, she did. Following tears, and reasons, and nonsense, "I guess this is goodbye," she said. But later, she called, and after mental curettage and suction, she did it again.

He could let go. He had that ability. But his mistake was to neither abandon ship nor scuttle her, as he had no other. He drifted on, alone, and maintained.

The next day was September 22, a day always of significance to the ancient Whites, whose knowledge of and synchronicity with nature had aligned monuments to the fact that the daylight was equally as long as the night. Jim carried a vestige of his ancestral heritage, and always noted but rarely shared with anyone the marvel of the equinoxes.

On the first night beyond that equilibrium, he sat in the famous and refurbished Ryman Auditorium to take in John Fogerty and his touring band's performances of old favorites and new offerings. Jim was almost moved to tears a few times, wondering "who'll stop the rain," and other pertinent thoughts. However, an asshole sitting immediately behind him was horrendously obnoxious. And Fogerty played long, boring guitar solos. Halfway through, the journalist left the building.

On Thursday at work, he was invited to meet immediately with the managing editor in her office. There, he found the *Banner's* administrative officer, Ann Manning, too.

Mrs. Manning, apparently White, introduced the urgent business at hand: "We want to ask you about events that occurred between you and the reporter you supervised—events that you mentioned in the employee evaluation you submitted last month."

"Okay," he said. "I'll do my best. But I had no advance notice of this meeting, so I've had no chance to review notes. The events I described in the evaluation occurred one to eight months ago."

"That's okay," Manning said, in her personable way. "We just want to get your responses so we can close the book on this. You see, the reporter has filed an addendum to the evaluation, contesting some of what you alleged."

He answered the questions as they were put to him. But he didn't like the inquisitors' attitudes. By the way the questions were phrased, he suspected that his statements were being doubted more than the reporters' assertions.

As he left the office and strode across the newsroom to his desk, he muttered, "Ambushed. Fucking ambushed—at the *damn Banner*."

That night, when he went to bed, he set his alarm for 2:30 a.m. And he vowed to never set it earlier again.

He was properly angry, but he was ignorant as to the true cause of the systematized effort to apply guilt and imply threats against him for a job well done. Yet, if he had been aware of the cause and had said so, the African and apparently duped-White inquisitors would have accused him as the "racist," or "extremist," or villain of the episode.

October opened with a call from Starrs.

"I got my rejection letter," the Professor announced.

"You mean, from the Park Service? They denied the application for the exhumation?"

"Yep. So, now I want to go public. As far as I'm concerned, the gloves are off. Everything is litigation from now on. And I'm giving the *Banner* first dibs."

"Okay. After we hang up, I'll give 'em the scoop. I'm sure a reporter will be calling you back today."

"I want to talk to the other newspaper there, too. The *Tennessean*, is it?"

"Yeah, but how 'bout waiting till tomorrow to talk with them? If they get the story today, they'll run it in the morning and beat us with it. A *Banner* story won't be able to run till tomorrow."

"Okay," Starrs said. "It was a total denial. Didn't even mention the trenching."

"Which office did it come from?"

"Uh, the Atlanta office. But it states on it that I have a right to appeal to the Park Service director in Washington, Robert Stanton."

"Stanton? A new director?"

"Right. President Clinton appointed him. Apparently, Stanton was retired, a 37-year veteran of the Park Service, a black man, and they called him back, out of retirement, to replace Kennedy."

"So, meet the new boss, same as the old boss. Eh?"

"Exactly. But this right to appeal—. That's a waste of time because he's already decided. I mean, they would not have decided down in Atlanta without calling him. But I am appealing. There's no question that I will appeal. But Jim, I tell you, they set me up. Oh, they set me up. They told me last January—I thought in good faith—that I would get a fair and complete hearing on the matter before people who were unbiased, new to the matter, without any preconceptions. And that is just not true—because the language of the rejection letter is precisely the language of the letter that I received five years ago, that is, 'Our management policies are against it.' And of course, with the governor of Tennessee supporting the exhumation, the only basis they would have to reject me is precisely that, their so-called policies."

Jim wasn't quite absorbing every word as they came flowing through the phone. But he was getting the gist.

"And yet," Starrs continued, "I have heard lots of other reasons. And I have read them in the letters from the National Park Service to the relatives. And the reason that they generally state is, 'It would establish a bad precedent.' Well, that's as much hogwash as I have ever heard! There is no one who could stand on the same platform as Meriwether Lewis in terms of this controversy over his death. Even John Fitzgerald Kennedy has not had 200 years of controversy over his death. And we have the governors in support, and 153 relatives now, and a coroner's inquest. I mean, this is so unique as to be *sui generis*, which means 'one of a kind.'"

"Okay. Well, let me call the *Banner* and give 'em the scoop. And I'll call you tomorrow after the story runs."

"Good."

The next day, he faxed a copy of the *Banner*'s story to Starrs. In the afternoon, he called him.

"The reporter just skimmed over so many things," Starrs said.

"Especially the angle about the governor's support," Jim interjected.

"My theme would be, 'How dare they turn down the governor of the state, 153 relatives, and the Coroner's Jury? How dare they?'"

"I agree. That's what I said in the news meeting this morning. They had a copy of the story there. I told them how the story could be improved. But they changed it only slightly for print. What a disappointment."

"Well, let us hope and expect the *Tennessean* will do better. But I have heard something today."

"Yeah? Something good, I hope?"

"Small solace in small victories. Apparently, the Park Service has decided to do some restoration work on the monument. So, I think I can take a kudo for stimulating and fostering and promoting the interest in restoring the monument."

"Absolutely. But you know, we don't want 'em to restore it till we get under it!"

On Tyrsday of the following week, Star made another revolution. She supposedly moved in with Jim. He noted that her luggage was nothing but a toothbrush. This overnighting lasted only a few days, through October 9, when she cited urgent matters of the extended family.

The weekend brought another annual Meriwether Lewis Arts & Crafts Fair. But this time, Jim made no appearance, fearing the memories, a repeat of boring crafts, and loneliness.

On Sunday, he decided to take the cushions off the couch, carry them outside and onto the front sidewalk, where he would knock the dust out of them. He took the first cushion out, held it between his legs, bent over, and clapped his hands with the cushion between them. Over and over, he clapped. Harder, continually, till the dust stopped spewing and his sweat was dripping. He rotated the cushion and clapped some more. Satisfied, he carried that cushion inside. He decided to move the couch away from the front windows. He moved the rocker-recliner toward the dining table. He pulled the couch out and placed it so it faced the tv and its back was toward the door. He turned his area rug so that it would lay long-ways between the tv and the couch. Then, he put the rocker-recliner by the front windows, facing it toward the center of the room. Pleased, he got the second of the six big couch cushions and took it outside for a good pounding. After finishing the six, he took each of two throw cushions outside and knocked the dust out of them. Then, inside, he vacuumed each cushion and leaned them against the outside of the couch and against the recliner and the bookcase. He vacuumed the cushionless couch. Then, he stowed the machine and took a shower.

All the while he had been cleaning and arranging the furniture, he had been cleaning and arranging his thoughts. As he had reviewed the salient features of the recent past, his anger grew and his resolve hardened.

She put me off for the past year. A whole year! Promise after promise broken. Hell, call 'em what they are—they're lies!

Now, out of the shower and partially dressed, he strode into the kitchen, pulled the champagne from the fridge, popped the cork over the sink, and poured it all down the drain.

I've played the fool long enough. Life has gone awfully wrong. Painfully wrong. Stupidly wrong. I must begin to make it right.

He went to the phone. He punched the numbers, remembering that their previous call had ended abruptly when she actually had hung up on him. He let her have it:

"You've lied to me for the last time. I don't think you'll ever treat me right. Don't ever come here again. Don't ever call. If you want an explanation, write me a letter. You can mail me the apartment key or throw it away. And this time, I hang up on you."

He pushed the "off" button.

Tyrsday afternoon, he called Starrs.

"I have an idea," he said confidently to his superior chum. "Ya know, somebody needs to make the case that we want made. We need to get our case for the exhumation and against the Park Service into publication. If my damn fellow journalists can't understand the story well enough to write it right, I know who can!"

"Who?"

"Me!"

"But what about your anonymity and your objectivity as a journalist, ad nauseum?"

After a hearty laugh, he replied, "I have that figured out." Jim would write letters to the editors of the newspapers and ask a friend or two to attach their names prior to mailing.

"Splendid."

"It shall be done."

"On the matter of appealing the recent denial," Starrs said, "I have found that we have a right of review and a conference with the man who turned me down in Atlanta. So, I immediately sent him a FedEx today asking for such a conference and review."

"Good. I guess. I suppose they'll just listen with a deaf ear. But it'll be a nice opportunity to give 'em a piece of your mind. I'd like to see that. Keep me posted."

"I surely will. Meanwhile, I have other legal aspects that require digging. Oh, my new assistant, he is no Nancy Raber. He is good. But he is no Nancy."

"How is Nancy? I miss her."

"She is doing well, she tells me. You know, she and I had a good sit-down together, and we smoothed over our previous misunderstandings."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes. Good for the soul, to be sure. Listen, send me a copy of that letter of yours when it gets published."

"I certainly will."

"Thanks, Jim."

"Always a pleasure."

Early the next evening, he gave to a friend his freshly composed letter, extra copies, and a list of addresses of newspapers and congressmen.

"Now, if you want to retype this on your own stationery, or to rephrase things, go ahead. If there's anything said in the letter that you wouldn't say yourself, then please change it. Since your name will be on it, we want it to honestly represent what you think and what you want."

In the morning, he awoke to the music alarm. A Satchmo-ish voice was belting out a familiar tune.

*Ever since the day we met. Ever since the day we met, I've been down—I've been down—I've been downhearted, baby. I've been downhearted, baby.
Ever since the day....*

He lay still, smiling, listening. The singing faded under the sound of crashing surf. He cackled at how wrong his guess at the lyrics had been. And the voice was not Louis Armstrong's. But whose? A commercial came on. He shut it off.

On Freysday, October 24, the letter to the editor was published by the *Banner*. Jim called Starrs with the good news.

"They published every word of it."

"Are you going to fax a copy of it to me today?"

"No, not till morning. But here, I'll read it to you:

I want to know what gives the federal government the right to block 160 relatives from finding out what killed their loved one.

And what gives the National Park Service the right to deny the desire of the governor of Tennessee, the governor of Missouri and the governor of Virginia to investigate a homicide? It's a matter of family rights. It's a matter of states' rights.

Does it matter that the case is 188 years old? No, because there's no statute of limitations for alleged murder.

Does it matter that the grave is now in a federal park? No, because the death occurred on Tennessee land long before the state gave the deed to the feds.

Does it matter that the remains are those of a true American hero? Yes, because we owe him an honest attempt at justice. And we owe it to our children to fix the history we pass down to them.

Does it matter that the relatives and the governors want George Washington University professor James Starrs—noted for probing other famous graves—to perform the exhumation and scientific tests? Yes, because Starrs has proved his interests are not fame and fortune but rather solving mysteries and righting history.

If it were your beloved ancestor, would you let a federal bureaucrat's cold adhesion to "policy" stand in your way? I dearly hope not.

I'm not a relative of Meriwether Lewis. Nor am I a lofty politician or a mighty bureaucrat. But I'm a lover of our history, and I'm a fan of the man. And I can see that the great explorer's relatives are being done wrong.

How do we make it right?

"That's it."

"Very good," Starrs said. "Of course, I would have made some other points, such as the 'Christian burial' idea, and I would have fleshed out the argument about law enforcement and the germane Tennessee statutes, but—."

"I don't disagree. But I wanted to capitalize on the power of brevity, make a few clear points, and keep it short enough so it would have a better chance of getting published. We can follow up with other letters making different points. It'd be great if we could get other people to write."

"Agreed. Most certainly. And we need to target publications with wider circulation."

"Yes. Good."

"Okay. Well, let's continue fighting the good fight. More soon, my friend."

"Absolutely, my good man. Bye for now."

"Right-o."

On a chilly, windy Sunday, he headed for Vanderbilt University's outdoor football stadium, the site of his "once in a lifetime opportunity," the live performance by the Rolling Stones. He had bought two tickets to the event, though he had long wondered who would wind up in the seat next to him. Weeks before, he had taken his turn at calling an end to the affair of shame. But it didn't take. She had called, and called, and proposed that they rent a house together, into which she promised to move. Now, here they strolled side by side.

"It's a good thing Vandy stadium doesn't have a nose-bleed section, 'cuz if it did, we'd be in it! It still irks me that, although I wasn't far back in the ticket line, almost every seat was already sold."

They climbed the steps of the football temple and found their pew one row from the top. Forty-degree wind whipped their faces.

She quipped, "It's the nose-freeze section!"

As dusk fell, the wind slacked off but the temperature nosedived. After the two-hour rock 'n' roll spectacle, they walked briskly toward their parking lot, a mile away.

"Damn, I'm chilled to the bone," he said, through lips too stiff to fully enunciate. "Down to the very marrow. And I'm real, real cold."

"Me, too. Let's walk faster, so we'll generate more heat."

"Okay. But then we'll raise the wind-chill factor!"

A disappointing birthday passed, and the next day brought October to a close. A few days into November, he drove to Detroit. His mom's mom had died. That night, as he lay in bed at an aunt's house, he wrote in his notebook:

Felt Grandma's cold hands today.

His maternal grandmother, a beloved woman by all counts, was Irish, one of the colorful, productive, seafaring subraces of the White race's ancient history. In recent history, the Irish were acknowledged as an admirable ally by the Germans of Adolf Hitler's era, the White subrace whose combination of inventiveness, honesty, and productivity was second to none. Jim was half Irish from his mother's side, and half German from his father's side. Yet, here was a gathering of the extended family—the living embodiment of those White ancestors and their accomplishments—where none of that heritage was remembered. The events of that day, though rightly emotional, were entirely bereft of the depth that only racial reverence can provide.

When he returned to his apartment in Nashville, a light on his VCR was flashing. After getting settled, he pushed a button to take the VCR out of "program record" mode, and another button to rewind the tape. He turned on the tv, and with tools of notation at hand, watched parts one and two of Ken Burns' "Lewis and Clark" presentation, called a "documentary," which had been broadcast by PBS. Soon, he was yelling at the screen. Frequently, he stopped the tape to write down direct quotes by Burns or other speakers, such as Stephen Ambrose and Dayton Duncan.

The journalist had watched Ken Burns' documentary on baseball, and the one on Thomas Jefferson, and thought Burns was a truth-teller. Jim had not known enough about baseball history or Jefferson to recognize how Burns had twisted them. But he knew plenty about the great White explorer and governor. So, he knew that Burns had committed character assassination.

A proper education about race, especially his own, would have prevented Jim from swallowing Burns' previous poisons. A proper education about the Jew race would have enabled him to know that Burns was yet another secret member of the enemy, given wealth for well-crafted lying against Whites for the Jew-owned media, the media that should have been owned and staffed completely by Whites in Jim's White-founded White-built country.

When the Public Broadcasting ordeal was finally over, he called Starrs.

"Appalling!"

"I know it," the Professor replied. "When I heard Ken Burns was working on a piece about Lewis and Clark, I offered to share my research with him. He shunned it. Can you believe it?"

"Why?"

"He said his film was not about the death of Meriwether Lewis, so he had no need for anything I had."

"Disgusting—because he did comment on Meriwether's death. But I'll bet he had already bought into Ambrose's propaganda. Hell, Ambrose was listed in the credits."

"Oh, it was all from Ambrose's point of view."

"Yeah, the slights on Meriwether's mental capacity were planted throughout the piece, just like in Ambrose's book."

"I wish there were something we could do about it."

"The exhumation."

"That's it."

The call ended, but soon, Jim said to himself, "No, that's not it." He would initiate another letter-to-the-editor campaign, for whatever little good that might do.

Along came Thanksgiving, the afternoon of which he spent in Crossville, where he always enjoyed the holiday feast his mother provided: turkey, stuffing and dressing, sweet potatoes, onion-bean casserole, cranberry sauce, and desserts of pumpkin pie and lemon meringue pie.

December arrived, and as duped as he was, he had gone to bankers to try to borrow money to buy a modest house. Now, on the 2nd of the month named "ten month" but stupidly in the twelfth position, despite his professional employment and salary of \$35,000 a year, the bankers replied with a down-payment requirement that was out of his reach. One final possibility resided with his 401(k) retirement plan at the *Banner*. The 401(k)'s rules allowed for a "hardship" payout of funds for a first-time homebuyer. On December 3rd, in a meeting with the *Banner* financial officer, he was denied, to which he rightly responded:

"If I don't qualify, nobody will ever qualify. So, what it amounts to is, this supposed benefit is a lie. It's a sham. It's bullshit."

For him, the ultimate irony, a monumental irony, was that the *damn Banner* had refused to let him use *his own money*. All of that money in the 401(k) was his. What he was entirely ignorant of was the truly ultimate irony that every loan by a bank was a creation of new money. Thus, every loan was windfall profit for the bank owners. Borrowers had to pay back the loan in hard-earned real money. Bankers had no need for a down payment, nor interest. The vile, heinous hoaxes inflicted by the jew bankers upon all nonjews added up to a lie, a gargantuan lie, a lie so big that the White mentality of basic honesty could not fathom such a thing and therefore, could not, under normal circumstances, recognize it as the massive, destructive, nation-killing crime that it was.

The most obvious, utterly in-your-face aspect of the crime was too near for the farsighted White to see: The banks never provided a sizable loan in cash money. Instead, all sizable loans were provided as a mere piece of paper printed by the bank. And since every other bank, in the system fully controlled by jews, would accept that paper as if it were cash money, the robbery victims in their ignorance were satisfied.

Yet, there were more layers to the hoax, as cover, as the Masters Of Deceit were always wont to do. Interest was one. The bankers charged interest, as if they needed to receive extra money to pay for business expenses and make a supposedly fair profit. And then the bankers imposed fees on nearly every transaction, such as on loans, transfers, and withdrawals by automatic-teller machines. Most Whites were aware enough to be angered by the fees and usurious interest rates. That anger, as long as it was pacifistic, was an intended result. The angry but meek Whites were sufficiently distracted right there at fees and interest rates, never to peel the onion to its criminal jew core. Indeed, thus far, journalist Jim was in that angry-wimp category.

He intensified his job search. If he could quit the *Banner*, he could liquidate his 401(k) fund. Withdrawing the money before retirement would cost a 20 percent penalty. But then he could use the remaining 80 percent for a down payment on a house. He interviewed for a job at a company in the business of producing newsletters for many other businesses. His contact in the company had told him that a new position was being created and should be ready to fill within a month.

Meanwhile, he applied for employment with the state of Tennessee. There, he couldn't help but notice the plethora of nonWhites staffing the government offices. The complexity of the

application forms and the entire process then struck him as designed more for the denial of jobs to people as opposed to the identification of those best qualified. There were “no openings in his field,” he was told, but he was promised notification if an opportunity arose. Of course, despite his qualifications, such notification would never come.

December 12 had been scheduled as a day in Hohenwald at a court hearing with Starrs. But at almost the last minute, the feds filed a motion delaying the case. The feds also filed a motion to remove the case from the state court system and into the central-government's court system. Starrs said the hearing on that motion was set for February 6 in Columbia, Tennessee.

And there was one more litigation event on the horizon. Starrs had a hearing scheduled with the Park Service in Atlanta only a week away. The journalist desired to attend that one, but he had no more vacation days available for that calendar year. It did occur to him to call in sick. *It would make more sense to call in well*, he thought. But in this case, he would do neither.

Two weeks gave way to Christmas. That night, he got out his notebook and wrote.

Yes, this is first entry since Dec. 12.

Got up to go to damn Banner; go to Crossville; come back to watch Bulls game; head to bed to get up at usual awful time for work tomorrow.

I continue hunt for new job so I can work decent hours, free up 401(k) money for house down payment.

On the most personal front, he cited points on the rollercoaster and summed up:

So, I'm the loser.

In the wee hours the next morning, he parked his car and began trudging across the dimly lit parking lot. He saw two ghostly shadows on the asphalt and the patchy ice and snow. Both were his, as cast by different lights. He stopped and studied their distinguishing features. The one at 10 o'clock included his nose and ponytail. The image at 1 o'clock carried no such identifying features—it was just a silhouette of his overcoat with a featureless head.

He strained to swallow. The constriction was there, again. He shook his head and whispered, "I don't wanna go in there." His eyes moistened. Shallow exhales puffed visibly into the frigid air. He hated the thought of going in and summoning the strength to do another good job for a company he'd learned to loathe. He thought about turning around. He thought of his chances for a better life. He thought of co-workers he liked who would be put into hardship should he not go on in. Again, he shook his head. "Something's gotta give." He lifted his gaze to the metal staircase ahead. He focused on taking deeper, slower breaths. A tiny snowflake drifted down very near, another farther ahead. He sighed and proceeded on.

Inside, at his desk, he scanned the morning *Tennessean*. On the editorial page, he saw a letter with the headline "TV show on explorer Lewis did a disservice." He muttered, "Well, this almost makes it worth coming in today." He sped through the letter to see if his wording had been altered. It had not. But seconds later, it struck him. After work, he called Starrs.

"They only printed the first half!"

The Professor said, "Which of your points were left out?"

"Points about the monument committee's observation and the Park Service's stonewalling, and uh, the Christian burial."

"Oh, geez."

"Damn them. Those last paragraphs provided the supportive material for my position. And the final 'graph tied it all together."

"What about the quote you found in the *L.A. Times*, where Ken Burns basically called us 'crackpots'?"

"Our 'crackpot theories,' Burns said. Yeah, that's all in there. I mean, it got published."

"That's some consolation."

"I suppose," the journalist said. "Maybe somebody else will print the whole thing. I've been watching *USA Today* and the *New York Times* because I sent the letter to them, also. They haven't printed it yet—if they ever will. If you can, watch the *Washington Post*. I sent it there, too."

"Ah, very good. Well, I have been busily engaged, as well. I have been researching and writing our legal response to the feds' motions. I will be sending a couple dozen pages to Joe Baugh by the 30th so that he can review them and file the lot by the deadline of the 31st."

"Whoa. Cutting it close."

"It is exhausting. But Meriwether Lewis deserves it. Right?"

"Absolutely."

"However, the apparent strategy of the U.S. attorney in Nashville is quite odious. In the filing with the federal court, the U.S. attorney has lumped me in with District Attorney Joe Baugh as the 'petitioners.' Joe is the 'petitioner,' not me. There is no legal authority for what they're doing. But they seem to be doing it so that whatever I do or do not do can cause Joe to be shot out of the water. Really terrible."

Jim wasn't sure he understood all that. He was having a little trouble keeping the appeal with the National Park Service separate from the legal process in the courts. "By the way, I guess there's been no response to your appeal to the Park Service in Atlanta. Otherwise, you would have told me."

"No. No response, as yet. But let us carry good thoughts into the new year until forced, as we may be, to abandon them."

"I shall hoist a Guinness to that, sir!"

"Aye. As shall I."

He hung up and went to the fridge. He saw three bottles of Guinness. But he felt a hankerin' for something warm. *Hey, it's Friday*, he thought, going to the cupboard where he kept a bottle of Irish whiskey. "Irish coffee, it shall be." Continuing to voice the thoughts, he affected a little brogue: "A wee nip o' the Irish ought warm me soul."

Half an hour later, he took his special hair scissors in hand and stood at the bathroom sink. He held out his ponytail and lopped it off. Then he drew a small batch of hair between his fingers. He inserted the shears between his skull and fingers, and snipped. He repeated that process for 10 minutes. Afterward, he applied finishing touches with his electric hair trimmer. Finally, with a wink and a nod into the mirror, he jumped into the shower. When he emerged, he made another Irish coffee.

On the penultimate day of the year, at work, he crossed the newsroom and went into the bathroom. He sat down in a stall. Straining was required. Finally, he stood and flushed. At the sinks, he joined two other men.

A graphic artist asked, "Everything come out all right?"

"Ha," he replied, pumping a glob of soap onto his hands. "Marbles."

Both others laughed. The graphic artist said, "Man, I was laying cable in there."

He burst out in laughter. "I've never heard that one before."

The other man, a photographer, said to him, "Sounds like you had a she bear and her cubs —," and the other man chimed in, so they said in unison: "but for the bear." All laughed.

"That one, I've heard."

In the afternoon, he called his Web server and pulled the plug on the website. It hurt, but he couldn't justify the time and expense, anymore, since he was bearing it all.

Wednesday was New Year's Eve. Even though he was taking the next two days off, he went to bed at 9 o'clock. He couldn't stand to be up, alone, any longer. But in bed, he couldn't help wondering what certain others would be doing when this particular, looming midnight rolled around. Both his arms were out, palms up. His wrists throbbed. His heart ached. An urge intruded, beckoning him to curl into the fetal position. He knew that would mean surrender.

25 Stress Melts

Jim languished for four days. A fever rose, glands swelled, his throat hurt when he swallowed. Sunday night, he called in sick.

On Wednesday, he felt somewhat better. He sat with his guitar and pieced together a song he had been writing, mentally, through the hours of the days.

He cleared his throat and began to play. The intro chords set the tone. It was slow but lilting, melancholy yet playful. In his ailingly gruff voice, he sang:

She rips lips—.

Talks like my dad—.

Walks like Meriwether Lewis.

She's well-read, starts at the end, cuz there's a lifetime burning in every second.

The chorus:

Oh, Christmas came on the fourth of June with a Star named after the Moon.

He croaked another verse and chorus. After clearing his throat again, he sang the bridge and then another chorus building to the finish:

Yes, my Christmas falls on the fourth of June with a Star named after the Moon—.

The rest of that day, he felt chilled. By late evening, he sought refuge under the comforter on his bed. At 1 a.m., he woke up wet with sweat. By Sunday, he was little better. He called in sick, again. When he hung up, having dispelled the dread, he felt much better. But the illusion of health dissolved in the night.

On Moonday morning in bed, he was reviewing the rocky, recent past when arose the realization of how one could descend into wrong if one were lured just one decorated rung at a time. He put it into timeframes:

I used to hope in weeks. Like when I waited for the holidays to get over with during our first year. Then, I hoped in months. Like when I waited for the end of school to come. Then, I started to think in 6-month eras, which is about how long she guessed a divorce would take. Now, well, we're into a new year. She hasn't filed for divorce, yet. And—

The captain, with a shake and a frown, left it there, still in the doldrums of thinking it noble to stay with that ship.

In the afternoon, the phone woke him from a nap.

"You sound awful," Starrs said. "Should I be worried?"

"Just don't—" he swallowed, winced. "Just don't put your mouth too close to the phone."

"I would be sick, too, if the fax I just received had not been so expected."

"What do you mean?"

"The National Park Service issued its denial today on our appeal in Atlanta. Oh, the nonsense. In this faxed denial, which apparently was sent to various media outlets today as well, it contains multiple objections, including highly exaggerated ones, such as the 'profound impact' that the exhumation would have on their 'entire' operation. I just simply call that bunkum—in the phrasing of Mark Twain."

He tried to laugh.

"The Associated Press called me today," the Professor continued. "And I just got off the phone with the *Tennessean* reporter Katherine—, uh, what's her name?"

"Could it be Trevison?"

"That's it. Trevison. She seems good, professional. But no call from your *Banner*."

"To hell with the *Banner*."

"Well. Now I'm clear on where your illness resides."

A corner of his mouth curled upward. "The *Tennessean* is the paper that counts. Its circulation is twice, maybe three times the *Banner's* by now."

"Are you serious?"

He cleared his throat. "Yep. If they don't call you today, let 'em read about it in the *Tennessean* tomorrow. They couldn't put a story out till tomorrow afternoon, anyway."

"Okay. You have yet to steer me wrong. Proceeding on to another matter, Joe Baugh tells me he will not run again to keep his post as district attorney general."

"Oh? Is that going to mean the death of the state's court fight for Meriwether? Or does Joe have his sights on higher office? Or what?"

"I did not have time to ask him. But I will. In the meantime, I am hopeful that I can get the court decision rendered there in Tennessee before Joe steps down in August."

"Hm. So, what's next?"

"Begin the final appeal with the Park Service. Take it all the way to the new director. At the same time, we will proceed in court. I expect to be in Nashville next month for that."

"Good."

"I am doing what Meriwether Lewis would have asked of me. I am taking this as far as it will go, just the way he took his exploration as far as it would go. And let's hope I have the same success."

On Freysday morning, feeling much improved, he took a drive up to Kentucky to try his luck on the lottery, which Tennessee did not have. It was unlike him, and he wouldn't make a habit of it, but he entertained himself with the thought: "You can't win if you don't play." That carney barker's come-on was in fact employed by state governments, as he knew, to drain the dumb and the desperate of what little cash they may have left. The rich had no need to spend money that way, and the intelligent might do it as nothing but an occasional lark. It was the people who could least afford to gamble who gave their money to the government-run con. Jim knew that no government should ever fund itself that way. What he did not know was who had corrupted the governments to such depths, although he thought he knew that they were Whites.

In a small border store reeking of cigarette stench, he scratched some tickets—slowly, unveiling one spot at a time. He made a drama out of it. As the state would have it, his groans outnumbered his cheers. He got back 12 of the 15 dollars he had spent. Lucky. He had only lost three dollars. Then, he put up most of his "winnings" on tickets for Washing Day night's multi-state Powerball drawing. On the way out, he spent the rest on two Payday candy bars.

In the car, headed south on I-65 toward Nashville, he imagined the results of a big win. After all, "somebody" will win. Why not him? He could buy a house, any house, and quit the *damn Banner*, and write the bio, too.

The thought of the job brought a rush of dread. He considered taking the next week off, as vacation time.

Meanwhile, he continued to wrack his brain for new ideas, things that he could own and make a living on. He hated the idea of working for others anymore.

One idea was about calendars. He had never seen calendars sold for specific rooms of the house, such as one specifically for a home office, and one for the bathroom, and one for the bedroom. He easily imagined photos, art, and information tailored for each location.

Another idea: greeting cards. He would call them Gibson Occasion Cards. Gibson, the guitar maker, had its headquarters right in Nashville. Maybe he could sell this concept to them, or they might hire him to implement it. Each card would use a musical instrument, or just one aspect of a musical instrument, to play off of. And all the cards would be funny, or encouraging, or both. For example, one card could feature an artsy, sexy photo of a Les Paul guitar, with its curves suggestive of a woman's body. And then, some parts would be labeled, such as the head, the neck, the body, and the cutaway. The cutaway was the part of the body that was cut off to allow the hand to reach the highest notes. A caption could be, "Single Cutaway. The Easy Way To Get High." Or a fretless bass could be pictured, and a caption could be, "Don't Fret." Or "Baby, We'll Never Fret Again."

Another idea was a new candy, a chocolate candy. Its reason for being would be to tap into the countrywide "anti-stress" craze. This candy would have a dash of one of the supposedly anti-stress herbs, whichever would be compatible with chocolate, perhaps chamomile. People who buy chocolate would have a new, purportedly healthy reason to buy more chocolate. His name for this cocoa combo: Stress Melts. He liked that the word "melts" could function as both a plural noun and a verb. He would package a few in a box, similar to, but with better presentation than, the famous Milk Duds or Junior Mints.

On Sunday, he checked the new Powerball numbers against his lottery tickets. They matched only three two-digit numbers scattered among the ten lines of numbers. He crumpled the slips of foolish dreams and slam-dunked them into the tall kitchen garbage can. He sat down, and felt down. Should he make coffee to perk himself up? No, it made him feel like an addict. He vowed to cut the coffee and get back to his old exercise routine. He put on some music, changed into sweats and pumped himself up.

Later, on his computer, he began designing calendars and greeting cards. He sketched ideas for images, made lists of appropriate informational categories, and wrote many potential slogans.

On Thursday, he informed the *Banner* he was going to take another week of vacation. He got a little static, but he squelched it.

Daily household chores plus his productive endeavors helped, but the weekend passed long and lonely. Adding to the downer was the lack of caffeine—because he also had given himself the challenge of quitting coffee. As the next week progressed, he thought, *I'm feeling almost human, again! I'm starting to remember how good my body and mind used to feel before I started working at the—*. He didn't want to even think the name.

The next afternoon, he called his boss to report that he was going to use another week of vacation. He was told that there had been "some talk" about him and he'd have to "run it by" the managing editor in the morning. That evening, he wrote in his notebook:

I'm quite troubled by this, even though I'm perfectly within my rights and not causing undue hardship on the *Banner*. My substitute is an ex-lawyer; I don't write the stories, anyway; no one else is taking time off. So, it's just another regular vacation week.

I'll have to call in the a.m. I know this is going to keep me awake too much tonight. I NEED A STRESS MELT! ha ha.

On the horn with the *Banner*, he was told he would have to take his request to the administrative officer, Mrs. Manning, and "run it by" her. But she would not be in till 9 o'clock. He went out for breakfast. When he returned, he found a message on his answering machine.

The voice said, "Our superiors asked me to call you and say that you could take the week off, but it would be without pay. As they explained it to me, vacation time is accrued based on time worked. Officially, Jim, you haven't worked enough days this year to have earned the time off."

That seemed to him a valid point. On the phone again, finding the *damn* position immovable, he finally said, "Well, I need the time. So, if that's my only option, that's what I'll do."

Using the phone book, he called two candy makers in Nashville. Each receptionist took his name and said the appropriate person would call him back. He made a follow-up call to the newsletters-publishing company.

Through another long weekend alone, he worked on his ideas, expanding on them, trying to decide if any one of them was good enough to sink money into. Then, he was struck with a new idea. It harked back to his days on camera as a substitute news anchor at the PBS tv station in Cookeville, Tennessee. He envisioned a new tv show. The idea seemed bigger and better than the others.

It would be a panel show, on the model of *The McLaughlin Group* and *Politically Incorrect*. But it wouldn't be tv talk about outside things. It would be tv about tv. Every night, it would be a

humorous and biting discussion about the two or three most popular or most important things that had been on tv that day. People loved to talk about their favorite tv shows. So, the host, himself, and guests on the show could discuss the issues and how the characters had handled the issues. He quickly had the whole half-hour planned out, the set, everything, all in his head.

"Brian," Jim said to himself, recalling the given name but not yet the family name of the guy who taught him everything he knew about tv, the guy who had built the live news show on the PBS station in Cookeville, which had been axed after Jim had spearheaded a report on a local furniture-company strike. After that report, the manager of the station, Dick Castle, in a rage, simply killed the show. Jim had not known that there was a local media collusion against the reporting of any workers' strike. Brian had known of that ban and had, because of Jim's journalistic enthusiasm, broken the ban. Thus had come the end to the short happy life of Jim's live-tv career.

He didn't know what Brian had been doing during the ensuing few years, nor did he know the man's current location, but Jim hoped he could find his tv mentor in a position to partner with him and make his big idea a go.

"Welch. Brian Welch. That's his name!"

Buoyed and emboldened by his resurgent creativity and inventiveness, he attacked the problem of the *damn Banner* in his life. He listed and weighed, again, the negatives versus the positive. Yes, there was only one positive, the money. Yet the money was also a negative since it was not enough, and they would never make it enough, to qualify as fair payment for his labor. Fully cognizant of that damned thing's effects on his health, and recalling the months of mornings he had walked across that parking lot, and up to Broadway, and had forced himself to cross over, and still simmering over the multiple times he had been screwed by the bosses there, his gavel of final judgment came down like the hammer of Thor.

He typed a letter of resignation, first draft, and set it aside. Later, he re-read the letter. While making revisions, the phone rang.

The caller was his favorite political reporter and writer, Jeff Woods. Mister Woods was experienced, accurate, irreverent, witty, and insightful. Months before, Woods had quit the *Banner* in disgust. The publisher had repeatedly ordered Woods to write stories apparently intended to boost friends and sink enemies, journalistic merit be damned. Woods got fed up with fighting such nonsense. He had taken a job writing a medical newsletter. The company was started, as a side venture, by an executive in the medical behemoth Columbia Healthcare Corporation.

"Jim, we have a job opening," Woods said, "and I told my boss you might be ready to escape that shit over there."

"Jeff, you're timing is unbelievable."

He agreed to an appointment time for an interview with Woods's boss. But as soon as he put the phone down, he came to his senses. *I don't want a public relations job—the opposite of journalism!* He decided to go through the motions. He figured he might be desperate enough to be grateful to have such a job, some day.

In the morning, he sent his resignation by certified mail. In the early evening, he made a hot chocolate, into which he poured some Irish whiskey and a dollop of Creme de Menthe. He dubbed it an "Irish Hot Chocolate." After an hour, he made another. An hour after that, he poured whiskey into a shot glass, shunning the dilution. To his surprise, a violin melody began wafting down. That night, he slept more soundly than he could recall.

"Professor Starrs speaking."

"Good morning, Professor. Jim Laffrey, here, in Nashville."

"Jim Laffrey from—still from Nashville."

"Still. Yeah, damn it. Still."

"Still unmarried from Nashville."

"Still damn-it unmarried from Nashville. Yeah."

They laughed. "I was hoping it was Publisher's Clearinghouse calling."

"Heh heh heh."

"I thought I was going to see you in court Friday, but the hearing for Meriwether Lewis has been delayed until February 20th, another Friday. Will you be able to attend?"

With a grin, he replied, "I believe I can work it in." He briefed his friend on the latest developments.

Starrs wished him well and said, "This will not detract from your efforts for Meriwether Lewis, I hope."

"Absolutely not. If anything, I'll have more time for Meriwether."

"Ah, that is comforting. Well, I have a reporter sitting here with me. She is waiting—impatiently, perhaps—for me to get off the phone."

"Oh. Okay."

"Keep in touch on email."

"Have you forgotten? I pulled the plug a month ago on the website and my Web account. Temporarily, I hope."

"Really? The website? The Meriwether Lewis website is done? Oh, what a disappointment."

"I thought I sent you an email about this right before I shut it all down."

"I talked with many people who said they loved the website. And I loved it, too."

"Yeah? I never knew. Well, I'm sad about it, too."

"Oh! Geez, James. We'll rely on the phone, then."

Another labor of love in temporary-shutdown mode was the bio. Jim had sent several queries to literary agents, all of whom had declined his proposal, some by form letter, others by silence. In his dreadful ignorance, he thought that a completed exhumation would be the sure, future selling point for his proposed biography of the famed exhumationist. He had no clue about jews in control, nor the import of that fact, looming over every one of his big ideas. Such knowledge, if he had possessed it back at the PBS station in Cookeville, would have explained everything. The manager, Dick Castle, and his wife at his side, a pair who ruled as if the "public service" were their little kingdom, were jews. And the Gibson guitar company was owned by a jew, and the anti-health corporate candy industry was controlled by jews. Television, other than perhaps local cable access tv, was simply shut against White entry and success. The jews could block any White man without his own wealth from gaining even a niche in all of those potentially lucrative endeavors.

Wodensday morning, he awoke to a white wonderland. An inch of snow had fallen in Music City. The man of ancient Norse descent by way of Germans and the Irish always thought freshly fallen snow a beautiful sight.



James Starrs, left, and Jim Laffrey
pause for the only photo known by the author
of the two together.

26 Federal Court

On Thursday, the *Banner* called. Mrs. Manning, in her most personable way, said she had received his letter of resignation. She asked if he wanted his 401(k) fund to be held, rolled over into another account, or paid out to him in a lump sum.

"Lump sum, please."

That afternoon, another call from the *Banner*. It was his first *Banner* boss, the man who had hired him, Max Moss. The apparently White, kind, efficient, principled, good-humored yet reserved Mister Moss had been the Wire editor at that time. It had been unfathomable to Jim when Moss had been transferred, suddenly and involuntarily, to the Sports department, never to emerge.

"I've always been grateful to you, Max."

"Well, I appreciate the kind words you said in your resignation letter."

"They were the *only* kind words in the resignation letter!"

"I want you to know, I understand. And I wish you all the best. If I can be of any help, let me know."

On Freysday, snow, again, left a lovely blanket for early-morning risers, and despite how little snow there really was, it disrupted the schedules of many institutions. Unlike the North, the South pretended that winter was so mild that no preparations were needed, that insulation was unnecessary for walls and water pipes, that street-cleaners need not be at the ready, and ignorant drivers made it seem a ritual to cause a rash of fender-benders.

Valentine's Day approached, and he bought a special gift. Knowing the intended receiver would ask beforehand, "What is it?", he thought up a trio of clues.

It sounds like a bug.

It keeps what it gives you.

It's what you get when you cross your favorite coffee with the fourth dimension.

The following Moonday, February 17, arrived with morning news about the afternoon news organ. He flipped from C-SPAN to a local channel where a news show was just beginning. The lead story was startling. His jaw dropped. He stood up and cheered.

The tv showed the *Banner's* front page. The top headline said, "*Banner* to cease publication." The final day in that paper's history was to be the coming Freysday.

Oh, the irony. As an acquaintance later quipped to Jim, "So, you quit, and the *Banner* goes kaput! They couldn't go on without you!"

There was another irony, though. A serious one. Reportedly, each staffer was to receive severance pay of one-thousand dollars for each full year they had worked there. So, by having quit, Jim would miss out on five-thousand dollars.

Thus, did he regret having abandoned that suicidal ship only two weeks early? No. He felt proud to be able to say he had quit the damn place of his own free will. The anti-journalism publisher did not get to pull the rug out from under him like he was doing to everyone else. That was worth five-thousand bucks to him.

Of course, he did have concern for many of the employees who were being upended, some of whom he very much liked. One or two could easily retire, while a few others would likely be hired by the morning bull, the *Tennessean*. The other good ones were young go-getters with connections and would probably find new jobs soon enough in journalism or public-relations work.

On Wodensday, he made one more drive to Kentucky to play the lottery, again. It would be nice to win five-thousand. But as the house would have it, he did not win scratch.

On Freysday, a frigid day in downtown Nashville, Jim entered the federal courthouse with one clear understanding of what was at stake. The hearing was about the feds' attempt to remove the case from state court and take it into the federal court system. Starrs had told him the case was winnable in state court but would be nearly hopeless in federal court. What the full fallout of a loss would be, Jim did not know.

On the second floor of the cement and marble building, he sat next to Starrs on a pew in a spacious, wooden courtroom. All was quiet. The judge was reviewing papers. Jim leaned to

starboard, toward the Professor, who was sucking on a fragrant, medicated throat lozenge. Very softly, he said, "Do you know if you'll get a chance to—."

"We must not speak," Starrs replied, almost inaudibly. "Some judges are extremely sensitive to even a whisper. He could have the bailiff throw us out."

Ridiculous, he thought, but he obeyed. It was his first time in a federal court hearing. He looked around. Sitting in the middle of the second long bench on the left side of the room, he had the Professor on his right. Beyond was Tony Turnbow from Hohenwald. Scanning across the center aisle, he saw a smattering of familiar faces, including a tv reporter, among the thin audience. As expected, there were no cameras to record the event with their unblinking eyes. Federal courts had long barred cameras, effectively saying that nobody had a right to view the supposedly public event except for whomever the officials might allow into the confines of the courtroom. Behind him, he recognized another tv reporter and two print reporters. The few other people to his rear were strangers.

The proceeding got underway. The black-gowned judge sat behind his fine wooden desk atop a raised platform. Judge Thomas Higgins directed his first question at District Attorney General Joe Baugh.

"Mr. Baugh, does this matter of exhuming the remains of the late Mr. Lewis relate to a viable criminal investigation where the interests of the state of Tennessee in vindicating its criminal laws is really at issue?"

Jim scanned to the left of the judge. Baugh, in profile, was directly ahead. Tall jovial Joe now appeared quite nervous, and rosy-cheeked.

The judge continued, "Can you look me in the eye, as an officer of this court, and make that representation?"

As Baugh gathered himself, Starrs said under his breath, "Come on, Joe. Be firm, confident."

"Yes, sir, I can."

The judge frowned.

"And the reason I can, Judge Higgins, is because the vindication of the rights of the people of the state of Tennessee doesn't always include taking someone to trial. Part of the rights that we vindicate is letting the relatives' memories rest easy as to what was the cause of the victim's death, and that's part of the duties that we have."

"After almost 200 years?"

"There are still a hundred-fifty relatives who have agreed with us that they would like to know what is the answer to this historical mystery."

"All right. Thank you."

With that, the judge looked in the opposite direction to begin questioning Assistant U.S. Attorney Michael Roden, who stood at a lectern. The judge asked about federal procedures required by Congress. The assistant U.S. attorney used the opportunity to say many things, including a suggestion that District Attorney General Baugh was being led by Starrs. And the famed forensic anthropologist Bill Bass was mentioned as "the other professor" involved.

The judge nodded. "But I'm having some trouble, conceptually, coming around to how these two professors can get into this present case at all. Maybe Mr. Baugh in due course can shed some light on it. But it looks to me like what we have here is a state officer who has proceeded in a state court as if he was pursuing a bona fide criminal investigation. And he asked a state court to give him authority to remove the decedent's remains. But the decedent's remains are on federal property, and the United States insists that it's a matter within its exclusive jurisdiction and that the state

court has no authority to act, as you say, under the last paragraph of the Constitution, the Supremacy Clause—federal law governs. So, the United States has removed these proceedings here and said that whatever's cooking in the administrative proceedings is a different issue for another day and that these learned professors have no standing in this case and can't enter this case. They have got to paddle their own canoe."

The assistant U.S. attorney concurred. He reasserted his point that Baugh and Starrs were "acting together." He added, "Mr. Baugh held a coroner's jury—."

"Well, that coroner's business," the judge interjected. "I don't know what to make of that. But that's sort of like a group of lawyers trying Galileo as if they were sitting in a Papal Court. I don't know. You know, a coroner's jury, a hundred eighty-eight years after the fact. It's not as if we don't have plenty of business to do getting ready to have a hearing this afternoon among a number of cases, but that's just one, and that's only a fraction of the papers filed in that particular lawsuit. That's just a fraction. And here we are."

Jim looked at Starrs. The Professor's face had fallen, and he was subtly shaking his head.

The judge added, "But everybody has a right to be heard. That's why we sit."

"Your Honor," the U.S. attorney was saying, "it gets back to the court's point that it strains credibility a little bit to see this as an action to pursue legitimate law-enforcement goals."

"Well, that was the very first question I put to him." The judge, with an outstretched arm, pointed at Baugh but continued speaking to the U.S. attorney. "He states to me, as an officer of this court, looking me straight in the eye, that this isn't any put-on, that he asserts upon his status as an officer of the court that this is a bona fide inquiry in his official capacity on behalf of the state of Tennessee." The judge shook the finger pointed at Baugh and said, "And—for the moment—I credit that."

Jim was dismayed at the judge's dripping derision of District Attorney General Baugh.

"I understand, Your Honor," the U.S. attorney said.

"And he stands up here and looks me straight in the eye and makes that statement as an officer of the court." The judge paused, then repeated, "I'll credit that—for the moment."

"I understand, Your Honor," the U.S. attorney said again. "My point is that Professor Starrs and Mr. Baugh—."

"Whatever reservations I might otherwise have had."

The journalist felt like yelling, "You're out of order! This whole court is out of order!" But this wasn't a movie. And he didn't want to be cast out.

Jim was correct, but for only superficial reasons. Although he had reverently read and reread the Constitution, he had no vital knowledge whatsoever about the Constitution, the actual writers of it, and the true purposes behind such inclusions as that "supremacy clause" the judge had referred to. Such knowledge never was and never would be in the jew-controlled publications from which Jim got all of his historical information. If he were ever to learn what had really happened, and why, he would have to seek out White sources—the only sources for the truth about that entire treasonous atrocity in American history. One such source was Founding Father Patrick Henry, whose words were available but never featured in the big media. Other sources were the words of other Founding Fathers who most Americans had never heard of because they had been flushed down the "memory hole" by the Masters Of Deceit. Indeed, Jim was correct: The court was out of order. The judge was showing himself as a defender of the central government's "supremacy" over the states and over the people. But Jim, like most others in the courtroom, thought that justice was possible in such an institution, in such a system, if the truth were sufficiently and persuasively presented.

Finally, the District Attorney General from Franklin, Tennessee, Joe Baugh, was given an opportunity to respond. Jim found the arguments confused and straying off point. But then Baugh asserted that federal laws establishing concurrent jurisdiction allowed for the state to proceed with law-enforcement procedures in a homicide. "I suggest to the court that the Congress did not intend to preclude the operation of a quasi-criminal function on federal land and have to go through umpteen federal hoops before you could turn a spade full of dirt."

"Now, do you know that?" the judge asked. "Have you read the committee reports and the debates on the floor? Do you know whether the Congress spoke to this question?"

"No, Your Honor," Baugh replied. "I'm just judging by what I read from the act."

The judge nodded. "Frequently when you look at the committee reports, and also the debates on the floor, it sheds some light as to what the intent was."

Jim listened quizzically as Baugh and the judge spent several minutes discussing hypothetical and peripheral cases. Then the judge asked whether Meriwether's case was civil or criminal.

"Actually, it's neither," Baugh replied.

"It's an academic case," the judge quipped.

Baugh redundantly defended his position, then he slightly shrugged and said with a smile,

"Now, we're not going to arrest the murderer of Meriwether Lewis—."

Jim was struck by Baugh's last statements. How could the case not be a murder case, a criminal case? Furthermore, given Baugh's tone, it sounded as though the state had no interest in who might have murdered Meriwether. Maybe Baugh was trying to show a congenial, personable, reasonable side for the judge. But the journalist could not understand why Baugh would imply that a "quasi-criminal investigation" into a homicide would have no interest in identifying any alleged murderer.

Baugh continued, "But we could give the family and the descendants who're concerned about this some rest, and in the meantime give historians some rest, too."

Judge Higgins retorted: "Not going to give poor Mr. Lewis much rest."

Baugh began a counterpoint by asking if the judge had read "Stephen Ambrose's book."

"You mean, *Undaunted Courage*?" The judge informed all present that he had read the book. He had also read the journals of Lewis and Clark.

The journalist wondered in which order the judge had read the book and the journals, and how thoroughly. *Even so*, he thought, *the more knowledgeable the judge is, the better*. Jim was in ignorant denial that the case was not only lost but that Baugh appeared to be a party to that loss.

For a while, the judge conducted arguments on potential technical flaws in the feds' motion. Then, he ended discussion and identified the issues, as he saw them. Issue One was about jurisdiction: Was the case properly before the federal court? If so, then Issue Two would arise: The U.S. attorney's motion to dismiss the state's case would then become "ripe."

The journalist continued note-taking as "His Honor" went on. Judge Higgins said the interests of Meriwether Lewis's relatives and the interests of professors did not count in the case at hand. The judge said that Congress's Archaeological Resource Protection Act must govern. So, if there was no defect in the U.S. attorney's motion to remove the case from state court and into federal court, then "that's the end of it."

Not done, the judge proceeded to lecture Baugh that state officers take an oath to uphold the Constitution, including its Supremacy Clause. Then, after a pregnant pause, the judge concluded, "Well, it's an interesting and significant issue, aside from the historical interest."

"Federalism issue," Baugh said.

"Well, yes. It's a question that sort of raises it to the razor's edge of federal and state power."

Jim took the judge to mean that states' rights were almost at issue but not quite. In other words, they didn't count at all in this courtroom in the so-called federal system.

The judge turned to Baugh and began what sounded like an informal conversation. The judge said he had heard that Baugh was going to run for a judgeship.

"Yes, sir," Baugh confirmed.

After another minute of strained banter, the court was ordered in recess. The judge stepped out from behind his bastion. Baugh and the assistant U.S. attorney immediately gravitated to the judge and engaged in discussion. The audience stood and broke into conversations.

"We're dead," Starrs confided. "We are simply sunk. I knew it from the first, given the judge's attitude and his questions."

"Oh, I couldn't believe his sarcasm."

"His mind was made up before he entered the courtroom."

A reporter beckoned the Professor away. Jim stood, scanned the room, and found it an odd scene. The judge, while conversing with the two legal combatants, kept an eye on the affair in the center aisle. Four or five journalists were interviewing Starrs.

Twenty minutes later, the scientist asked for a ride to the airport.

"Of course," Jim replied. "But you mean, after our lunch, don't you?" They had planned a post-assembly repast.

"Oh, no. I must catch the first flight out. There is always she who must be obeyed, you know."

The Professor of law and forensic sciences led the way out of the courthouse as Jim heeled in silent dismay at what seemed a blow-off, without foreshadow nor explanation. For a while, he held his tongue. By and by, in the vehicle, he warmed.

"Why would Joe imply the state doesn't care who killed Meriwether—if the killer were someone other than Meriwether?"

"He was attempting to bargain with the judge, I am afraid," Starrs replied, watching the traffic ahead.

"To no avail, it seemed to me."

"To no avail is right."

In the morning, his first phone call was from Starrs.

"I have a plan to unveil the Park Service's arbitrariness on burials, and it involves you."

"Great. Shoot."

"Now, this effort needs to be kept under wraps. We do not want the media to get it."

He replied, employing his Jimmy Cagney impression: "Yeahhh. Secret, see? Yeah."

"I'm serious."

"Me, too."

The Professor laid out the plan. Jim was to find two Lewis County residents willing to write to the National Park Service. One would request to be buried, upon death, in Pioneer Cemetery. The other would request to move a kin's remains out of Pioneer Cemetery. Starrs said he fully expected the Park Service to flatly deny both requests. Those denials would be used as evidence in an eventual lawsuit, if necessary, brought by Starrs in federal court in Washington, D.C.

"What if the Park Service grants the request and the kin wants his or her relative's remains moved?"

"In that case, I will pay for it, myself."

"Oh, good! Another question. We're not looking for people to lie, right? We want people who have some measure of intent to follow through. I hope."

"That's right. In fact, when I was down there doing the ground-penetrating radar, years ago, there was an old man—. I have gotten to the point, now, that I don't say 'geezer!'" They laughed. "The old man—I don't remember his name—requested this very thing. He asked if I could help him move one of his relatives out of the cemetery. He said the National Park Service wouldn't let him do it. This man, he was up in his 80s then. He is probably no longer alive. But if we can find someone like him, that would be wonderful."

"Yeah. Um, one more question. What if someone asks to be paid to do this?"

"No. No money involved. Strictly volunteers."

"That's a relief. Okay, I'll get on it. Uh—. Are we done with this subject?"

"We can be. Go ahead."

"Frankly, I was disappointed that you would blow off our lunch plan and take flight out of town as you did. Is, uh, is there something I ought to know?"

"Oh, no, I meant no insult nor ill will. No, it was my illness. Seriously, I was barely holding myself together."

"I couldn't tell."

"Yes. I have been taking 600 milligrams of Motrin three times a day for several days, now. I used my wife as an excuse, but the real excuse is my sickness. No, nothing as far as you are concerned, I can assure you."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"We certainly would not want something like that to ruin our good relations."

"Agreed! Thank you."

"Thank *you* for bringing it to my attention."

"Ahh. What a relief. Oh, one more thing. How long do you expect Judge Higgins to take to issue his ruling?"

"Joe says six weeks or so."

Over the weekend, Jim reviewed his notes from all of the Hohenwald events he had attended. He came up with a candidate for one of Starrs' requests: a teacher of 7th grade who had had her school Media Club at the public meeting in Hohenwald. Her name, Christy Ricketts. He gave her a call.

The next day, he drove to Lewis County Middle School in Hohenwald, arriving a bit before the appointed time. Teacher Ricketts introduced him to her class.

He smiled. "Hi, everybody."

Many students said "hi." Some giggled.

Mrs. Ricketts ushered him into a room adjoining her classroom. It was the Media Club's domain. He waited there alone till class ended, then she took a chair across the table from him. Already, he had her on the same list as George the geologist and Jane Henley, kin of Meriwether. Christy Ricketts, apparently White, was instantly warm and likable. Her dark hair framed a soft face. Married, moderately overweight, quick to smile, the teacher engulfed him in a comfort zone.

"Here's a letter I prepared as a model," he said, placing a sheet of paper in front of her. "It makes the points we need made. But you can change it into your own words, if you like. Or retype it. Whatever you'd like to do."

She read it through. "I like it. I see no reason to change a word of it."

"Good. Of course, if you change your mind, have your way with it."

"You know," she said, grinning, "the more I've thought about this, the more I really want to be buried near Meriwether Lewis."

He nodded. "Me, too. Too bad I don't live here."

Their conversation strolled to other subjects, then came to a natural pause. He broke the brief silence.

"Do you know anyone who has a relative already buried in Pioneer Cemetery who might write the other letter?"

"No, but I know who would. Aunt Marjorie. She's the Lewis County historian."

"Miss Marjie? Really! She's your aunt?"

"Yes. You know her?"

Jim had met her through Star, who had arranged for their t-shirt selling affair to be on the property of—as Star had called her—"Miss Marjie."

"There's another connection you're going to like, then."

"What's that?"

"My father, Billy Grimes, was Lewis County Historian till he died. Then, Aunt Marjorie became Lewis County historian."

"Oh! I love it here! Will you adopt me? I want to be a part of this!"

On Wodensday, he placed some phone calls. All were for employment, and all went poorly. Thorsday was the same. Freysday was no different—until the phone rang, late afternoon. It was an invitation for a follow-up interview for the job of medical-newsletter editor. He was flattered, but not that desperate.

On Washing Day, February 28, he got a call-back from his old tv buddy. The man had warmed to the panel-show concept. The next step would be to put the concept to paper.

March came in like a lamb.

On Wodensday, he was at his Mac, typing a detailed proposal on his tv show. Suddenly, he discerned a small, gray blob in his vision. He closed his right eye and found that if he looked at a line of type, the blob would blot out a whole word an inch to the left on the line above. It startled him. He'd never had an eye problem before. He'd always had the best vision among everyone he had known.

On Freysday, after soliciting a recommendation and making an appointment, he sat in the office of a reportedly handsome and popular ophthalmologist.

Willing his left eye to stay open, he looked up and watched a yellow drop come splashing down and blur Doctor Alec Baldwin. He'd already forgotten the guy's real name. Then, the actor-lookalike switched off the light and left the room. The journalist sat alone, looking at his dim reflection in a metal optical instrument. His left pupil dilated ever so slowly. Lumen by lumen, the room seemed to brighten, but fuzzily. By and by, the celebrity returned. Jim was instructed to place his forehead against the padded frame of an elaborate prop. Then, he was blinded by the light.

"Uh huh, uh huh," the actor said. He switched lenses, and repeated the line. He switched lenses again. "Uh huh. I'll be right back. Don't move." After only seconds, he returned. "Let's try this one." Settled again, the famed one said, "Uh huh. Hold still. Uh—. No. Hm. Ah, there."

"How long have you been practicing?"

"Oh, about 13 years, now."

Something clicked, and in the instant, the flood of light ceased.

"Okay," said the leading man. "You have what we call a 'floater,' although in your case, it's stationary. I wouldn't worry about it. There's no indication of injury to the eye. It's just one of those things that can come with age. It may go away in time. Or it may remain. If so, you'll get used to it. But if it changes, if it grows, if it does something that worries you, come back for a checkup."

29 Pistol-Packin' Propagandist

"Hi Jim. It's Christy," said teacher Ricketts, phoning from Hohenwald.

"Christy. What a surprise. What's up?"

"I got a letter back from the Park Service about my burial request."

"Wow. That was quick. Is it a flat denial, as we expected?"

"Yeah. I have some other news, too. We had a Park Service ranger for a guest speaker at school today. Her name was Francine Morgan. She said the Park Service is going to do archaeological work on the monument and Grinder's Stand."

"Holy moly! When?"

"Let me see, the handout says March 23 to April 3. I scheduled my class to visit on April 2nd."

"It starts this month?"

"Yeah. Exciting, huh?"

"Absolutely."

"I thought you and Professor Starrs would want to know right away."

"You're right! Thank you."

"You're welcome. Oh, but Jim, you should have heard what Ranger Morgan said. I'm sure she didn't know that our class knows so much about Meriwether Lewis. She's young, in her thirties, I guess, and she's wearing her pistol and acting real confident. She says Lewis was drinking a lot, he got depressed, he was taking drugs, he was using mercury to combat malaria, and he finally got so bad that he just killed himself!"

"Oh, no! A ranger saying that crap!"

"I know. I said to her, 'In Lewis County, a lot of us think that he was murdered.'"

"Great. What did she say?"

"The kids said she acted rude. It's so funny: Later, the kids were saying, 'Miss Ricketts and the ranger were dukin' it out!' But she also told the kids that Lewis's family had done a lot of

intermarrying, and she said we know that intermarrying causes mental problems. Then, she said he had no direct descendants. We knew that. But she acted like he doesn't really have any family, like the relatives don't mean anything."

"Sickening."

"Oh, but then the kids took over! I was so proud of them! One student asked her, 'Why won't you let Professor Starrs do the exhumation to find out for sure?' She said, 'You can't dig on federal land.' But it wasn't five minutes later and she said to the students, 'Now, when you come out there, we're going to be digging around the monument—.' One of the kids said, 'I thought you said you couldn't dig!'"

Jim laughed in delight with her. "Really?"

"Yes! Oh, and the ranger said Lewis shot himself twice, as if she knows for sure. Then, the kids asked where the guns are. She didn't know. And one of the kids, Zack Barber, said that if Lewis wanted to kill himself and had already shot himself twice, why didn't he just shoot himself again?"

"Beautiful!"

"She had no answer!"

"Ha ha. That's wonderful."

"She probably wished she'd never come to Lewis County Middle School!"

"I'll say!" He paused for a laugh, which they shared. "Have you called Starrs? Or do you want me call him?"

"I called you first. Oh, but she said something mean about Professor Starrs. Between sessions—she spoke to two groups. She didn't say this to the students. But she said, 'Faculty members from other colleges have called us and they say Professor Starrs is a nut case.' And I said to her, 'Well, I've met Professor Starrs and I think he's a nice and intelligent man.' She backed off a little. But she also said that he wouldn't be able to prove anything by an exhumation. She said, 'He would just get his name in the paper more.'"

"Oh, that makes me angry. A representative of our government—. I wonder where she learned all her garbage. Was she reading from Ambrose's book?"

"She made it sound like she's done a lot of research on Meriwether Lewis. But she tried to end on a positive note. She said there's a 55 percent chance that Starrs could find something."

"She said '55 percent'?"

"Yeah. And she said Starrs has brought a lot of interest to Meriwether Lewis, and that's good."

"Sheesh," he said, shaking his head. "Well, I'll be seeing you in a couple weeks. I'll be watching as much of the archaeological work as I can."

"Good. I don't want to give you the wrong impression, though. Ranger Morgan seemed real sweet—the rest of the time. She's attractive, tall, blond. But the kids thought she was rude to me. It was so funny: When the kids said we'd been dukin' it out, I said, 'You think I'm going to pick a fight with a woman who's carrying a pistol?'"

"And if she had shot you, the Park Service would call it 'suicide'!"

Thinking, wrongly, that there was only one victim of pistol-packin' Morgan's attacks who could effectively fight back, the journalist gave him a call.

"I had just learned about the archaeological dig," Starrs replied, "But I did not know about the monument probe. Gee wiz! All the things I wanted to do, they are having somebody else do. Oh, I tell you, James. But I certainly wish I could attend the archaeological work. However, the

timing is not good. I hope I can work something out. But then, being a 'nut case,' perhaps I'm not up to the task!"

He smiled, marveling. "By the way, I have not found anyone for the burial-transfer request. Have you?"

"Perhaps. I have been on the phone with Marjorie Graves, the Lewis County historian. She and I are moving ahead on that front."

"Good. That lets me off the hook, huh? Well, what else have you been up to?"

"I just got back from doing an exhumation in Ohio."

"No kidding?"

"A woman had called me some time back and asked if I would exhume her daughter. The mother suspected that her daughter was murdered and that the local police had performed a cover-up. It was quite a mess. The remains were in the coffin for 10 years, and apparently the coffin was filled with water for 10 years. So, getting her out, it was like getting a bar of soap. It's called 'saponification.' And you really look like a bar of soap. It's terrible. And of course, the smell was just absolutely incredible."

"Amazing. Gosh. Uh, was the woman paying you? Or—."

"Oh, no. She had no money."

"It was a freebie?"

"That's right."

Another thing gone to soap was his tv-show idea. His former mentor had talked a good game, from Jim's point of view, but had done nothing, and Jim's calls were always answered with apologies. With no other ins with the tv industry, he put that idea in the grave.

His fertile mind birthed a new idea: A newsletter. He would call it "Lewis and Clark Today," which had a ring like *USA Today*, the young, countrywide newspaper launched by the media gargantuan Gannett Corporation, which also owned the *Tennessean* newspaper in Nashville, the top editor of which was John Siegenthaler, whose son by the same name was a frequent news reader on NBC tv news.

Jim did not know, of course, that the Siegenthalers were jews, nor did he know the import of that fact. Nor did he know that the media giant Gannett Corporation was owned by jews, even though he had read the book by Gannett CEO Al Neuharth, titled "Confessions Of An S.O.B.," which included the story of his launching of the newspaper *USA Today*. Of course, Neuharth, a crypto-jew, had written nothing about his race's control of all big media.

Jim's newsletter would, if brought to fruition, be an instrument of journalism, his preferred profession, and he would be able to produce it alone. He had noticed that the quarterly publication from the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation did not have the new news in it. When he had scanned the news wires at the now-defunct *Banner*, he had often seen little items related to Lewis & Clark. They were too piddly to put in the newspaper, but they would be perfect for the newsletter.

The question was, were there enough people willing to pay for such a newsletter? In his mind, it all hinged on how many members the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation had. His business plan was based on 5,000 members. He had the newsgathering costs, the computer costs, the paper costs, the postage, everything figured out.

Then, he found out the membership was less than half what he needed to make a go of it. He would have to flush this fantasy, too.

20 March 1998, he returned home from watching the movie *Primary Colors* in a cinema. In his notebook, he recorded: "Cried when idealism committed suicide."

The book on which the movie was based was authored by, as printed on the book's cover, "Anonymous." Jim had bought the book. It was a fictionalized account of a primary-campaign season of Bill and Hillary Clinton, who were not named in the book. Jim thought it a good, useful book, telling entertaining truth by way of fiction to avoid lawsuits and other backlashes. Also, he had fallen for the media game of trying to identify Anonymous. However, when the author finally had been identified as the well-known Joe Klein, Jim had put Klein in the "liar" category, surely not a trustworthy journalist, since Klein had denied being the Anonymous author.

Journalist Jim did not know that he had been given a circus ride, a distraction, in the theme-park world of news-entertainment created, populated, and manipulated by jews for the jews' entertainment and enrichment, and for the occupying and duping of the White population. Klein was a jew. His publisher was a jew-owned publishing company. Hillary Clinton was a jew, a secret jew, as almost certainly was Bill, with his mysterious paternal parentage and charmed, labor-free life. All of the media outlets ping-ponging the Anonymous-mystery were owned and operated by jews. And none of them said that Klein nor anybody else involved was a jew, as nearly all of them pretended in public to be Whites.

That same night, at 10:15 p.m., the duped and race-blind, thus rudderless, White journalist wrote again:

Tonight, pretty damp.

Had 2 Guinnesses, watched some b-ball, some trash, some b-ball, and I weep.
I've never tried to believe so hard, so long, despite evidence to the contrary, that I'm doing the right thing, for a love supreme.

Am I a dumbshit, a dupe, making decisions for love that only accelerate my downward spiral?

Over Washing Day and Sunday, he struggled to keep his mind occupied. He went Krogering, he did laundry, he signed up with an Internet provider and surfed the Web, he mopped, vacuumed, cooked, did dishes, worked on some new ideas, watched tv. But underneath it all, his psyche churned over her. They had met in 1996. Now, it was 1998. He doubted her latest promise in a long line of broken vows. He scowled at his luck, the bad kind, finding a job in Nashville. He cringed at the non-journalism jobs he had begun to consider in pure desperation to keep hope alive with her. He detested driving on Nashville's crowded construction zones pretending to be expressways. He tried to visualize how life had once been. Suddenly, it was as if the roiling sky in his brain split open, the clouds parted, and a ray of sunlight burned through fog to ground.

On Moonday he left his apartment at dawn. He breakfasted at a Crack on his way south. At 8:30 a.m., idling his Del Sol around Pioneer Cemetery, he said a greeting to Meriwether, and parked under a leafless tree. At 11 a.m., he went to Hohenwald for lunch. At Lewis County Middle School, he paid a visit to Christy. Then, he drove back out to the monument. Still, he saw no sign of Park Service people or archaeological work about to be done.irate, he headed back to Nashville. He played the angriest songs on the tapes he had in the car. Cranking up the volume, he sang ferociously, ad-libbing when so inspired.

"I've got one heart, and it hurts like hell! ... If you can't rock me, somebody will!"

He took out the tape and inserted another. He cued up the last song and screamed and growled along.

"... Well, you're a crazy, mother, with your ball and chain. You're plain psychotic, plain insane! If you don't believe I will do it, just wait for the thud of the bullet!"

When he finally clicked off the player, and breathing hard and deep, he felt improved, purged.

At his apartment, he phoned a Natchez Trace Parkway ranger station, the one at which Ranger Morgan was perched. Some guy answered. Jim, hoarse, asked about the archaeological work. The guy said the workers were spending the day driving from Florida to Tennessee.

On Tyrsday morning, he arrived at a chilly but sunny Meriwether Lewis Park at 9 o'clock. He found a team of four Park Service archaeologists pounding wooden stakes into Pioneer Cemetery. He introduced himself as a freelance journalist and Meriwether lover. The two men and two women responded cordially but said they were somewhat wary of journalists.

"Me, too," he replied, nodding. "I don't blame you a bit."

By afternoon, the weather and the relations warmed. He strapped on his camera and took some stills. As usual, he sighted with his left eye. But his young blind spot pestered his focus. After exposing half a roll, he eagerly donned a borrowed video camera. He narrated as he shot:

"Here's Tom Hodgson, archaeologist technician, sighting through a surveyor's instrument as the team lays out a reference grid on Pioneer Cemetery and the Grinder's Stand area. Tom is the one smiling, in the bushy brown hair, reddish mustache and goatee. And—. Oh, here come the ladies returning from, yes, the bathroom. The one on the left, in the gray, Russian-style hat, is Regina Meyer. And on the right is Rhonda Brewer, wearing a white cap. Both are archaeological technicians. And there they go, in a fruitless effort to escape the camera's unblinking eye. Whoops. Did I hit pause? No! Ha ha. That'll be edited out.

"And now you can see crew foreman John Cornelison, standing about 20 yards away, ready to pound another wooden spike into the ground to mark another corner in the grid system. John, an archaeologist, is a big fella. Let's zoom in and fill the frame with John. Oops. Too far. John is tall and, well, let's not describe his belly. John is too far away to hear my glowingly complimentary description of him. He appears mean, with his black beard and piercing stare, but really he's a big teddy bear. Right, Tom? Flash-pan back to Tom. He's nodding now, unlike a few seconds ago. Heh heh heh. Just kidding.

"Now, one might observe these two men and two women, here, all attractive specimens in their thirties and—dare I say—forties. Uh—I forgot how I started this sentence! Rewind! Heh heh. Anyway, they are not couples. I, of course, had to ask. They informed me in no uncertain terms that they are completely unrelated, although they do enjoy working together. There's Rhonda holding a spike. Regina is about to pound. Um, let's see. This team is from Tallahassee, out of the Southeast Regional Office of the National Park Service. They expect to be here about two weeks doing various studies. One is ground-penetrating radar. Another is EM38, which measures the electro-conductivity of the soil. Another is, uh, magnetometer, which is fancy metal-detecting. And the fourth one is—penetrometer. That's a measurement of the compactness of the soil. Also, they plan to do a little digging, but no major unearthing of anything.

"Okay, let's pan left, past the monument, and slowly back to Tom—because the camera loves Tom! Next week, an independent contractor is expected to come to do a study of the monument. And now I'd better turn the camera off before I use up all my tape and battery juice!"

He skipped the next day of the archaeologicals. That night, the local tv news reported that Judge Higgins had rendered his verdict in the Meriwether Lewis case in federal court. Jim saw it and made a call.

"Joe faxed me the ruling," the Professor replied. "It is a pretty ugly opinion. In effect, the judge said Joe is being manipulated by me. Joe may be miffed by that. But the judge is obviously opposed to the exhumation. That much was clear on the day of the hearing."

For sure. "So, what happens next?"

"Since the judge threw out the entire proceeding brought by Joe on behalf of the state, we simply proceed with the appeal process within the National Park Service. We must exhaust our rights of appeal there, in the Executive Branch, before bringing suit against the Park Service in federal court here in D.C. Oh, Joe could appeal Higgins' ruling, but that is unlikely."

"Hm. Well, on a potentially happier subject, are you coming to view any of the archaeological work?"

"Yes. I am scheduled to fly into Nashville on Sunday and talk with Joe, then go to Hohenwald to see Marjorie Graves. But also, I would like to stop at the monument and pay my respects to the big man, when nobody's around and I can have a sense of the two of us being together. I have kind of developed an affection for the man."

"Haven't we all."

"Indeed," agreed the scientist. "Uh, on Monday, I hope you and I can rendezvous at the monument before I go speak to Christy Ricketts' class at Lewis County Middle School."

"Oh! That's great!"

"Monday evening, I have planned a dinner with you, followed by the NCAA championship basketball game on tv in my motel room. On Tuesday, I am afraid, I must return to my various and sundry duties here. Are you there?"

"Yes! I'm just quietly writing down the itinerary. Proceed."

"That's it."

"Okay. Do you want me to tell you what I've learned of the archaeological work, so far?"

"Certainly."

He gave his friend the scoop. And he found himself defending the federal four. He ended with, "Of course, I've only been with them one day."

"I feel compelled," the Professor said, "to share a sentiment with you—not unlike the way you did with Jane Lewis Henley that day in Franklin. It has been a wonderful thing to know you and to work with you. And whether we succeed or fail, part of the success is that I made a good friend. Even going through life as many years as I have, I can count my good friends on the fingers of one hand. So, I am glad to be able to count you among them."

"Thank you." He was touched. "I feel the same way." He quipped, "I don't even need a whole hand."

Thursday in The Park, on a beautiful spring day, the journalist was grateful to be invited to lend a hand. It was simple manual labor, nothing technical, but it made him feel a part of the team. And it vanquished his fear that the team viewed him as a media judge and jury ready to pounce on any error they might make. With the higher comfort level came a loosening of lips.

"John, uh—" Jim took pause and smiled at Mister Cornelison. "Ahoy, there."

"Yeah," the big fella said, nodding, "I'm in my pirate garb, today."

He laughed. "I love it—the head scarf and the black beard—."

"The scarf is to prevent sunburn. Of course, I had a cap on the other day. But today, as you can see, we're all in sweats or whatever that have no metallic components."

"Oh. The magnetometer that Rhonda and Regina are operating would be thrown off by the metal. What about the rivets in my jeans?"

"Yeah," Blackbeard said, "and coins, keys."

"How far does the magnetometer reach?"

"About 18 feet."

He pulled the notebook from his back pocket and jotted down his new knowledge. "By the way, have any other journalists come to visit—like yesterday, when I wasn't here?"

"No," the buccaneer replied, hands on his hips, belly stretching his long-handled shirt.

"Well, let me correct that. Somebody from the local paper in Hohenwald stopped by. But no others, that we know of."

Mister Hodgson said, "Why is that? After the court case and the Inquest you told us about, I would think there'd be more media interest. But don't get me wrong. I'm just as happy without the bother."

The three chuckled.

"I guess they're waiting for the monument guy next week," Jim replied. "That'll make for sexier pictures. And groups of students are scheduled for next week, too, which will greatly enhance the visuals." Hodgson and the pirate nodded. "Then again, they might not give a shit."

Later, as he motored north toward Nashville, his domestic life crowded to the fore in his mind. He pushed an old favorite tape into his car stereo and cranked up the volume. He had more purging to do. Peter Wolf of the J. Geils Band sang. Jim sneered along.

"... It ain't hard to read between the lines. You jerked me around just too many times.

"I could hurt you, baby. But I ain't gonna do it to ya.

"I could hurt you, baby. But let's just say I'm through with ya!

"Yeah, let me show you where the front door is!"

With zeal, he zipped past several tunes and stopped on "I Can't Believe You." The blues-based rock stomper started majestically, then thumped menacingly as charges were leveled. Voltage surged, justice was served, and the verdict was shouted to the heavens. Suddenly, the jury caught its breath, but the victim restated the decree, spurring the judge to rejoin in glee. They repeated, with each repetition rising in conviction, leading to a call-and-response finale of primal scream therapy. It buoyed Jim through searing ache and anguish yet again.

The journalist did not know, of course, that Peter Wolf and the band were jews and that the songs had multiple purposes against the true Americans. The angry breakup talk was meant for Whites to employ against Whites, to help prevent White families from even getting started, and to hasten couple and family breakups. Also, such songs were intended as occupiers of emotions and time, possibly supplying salve for emotional wounds but never supplying hard clues to the true cause of White societal breakdown, and never suggesting solutions.

That night, lying awake in his apartment, his silent contemplation slit open his superficially salved wounds. The suture he grasped was escape. Early Freysday morning, he fled to Crossville, seeking sanctuary with his parents. Washing Day night, still seeking, he returned to Nashville. Sunday, too, passed without solace.

In the morning of another Moonday, he rolled his Del Sol into the parking lot next to the faux Grinder's Stand and stopped near the pay phone. The sun was clearing the naked treetops. The atmosphere stood calm. He could see the four of the feds' archaeological team conversing as the women put a shovelful of dirt onto a metal screen and shook, sending loose soil falling into a pile on the ground two feet below. He climbed out of his car and moseyed over to the crew.

"Hi, Jim," Hodgson said, wearing a white t-shirt and army-type camouflage pants. Everybody shared greetings and smiles. "We're doing shovel samples, like I was telling you about the other day. We hope to find a few artifacts that may help confirm—or deny—that Grinder's Stand really was here."

"What kinds of things would you expect to find if Grinder's Stand was here?"

"Pottery shards would be most likely. Anything that might have been broken in the kitchen, or any other hard objects discarded as garbage. I wouldn't expect them to have walked very far to toss the trash."

They grinned. He glanced up at Cornelison, who was swashbuckling in a pink corduroy shirt and a matching scarf knotted at the back of his noggin. Mrs. Brewer wore gray sweats with her

hair held by a white cloth headband. Mrs. Meyer was clothed in baggy brown pants, a maroon sweatshirt, and her ponytail was tied in blue. He asked, "Anything noteworthy, yet?"

"Clay," Brewer said.

"Yeah, muck," Meyer added.

"Not much of the dirt is shaking loose," Hodgson said, "so, they're having to inspect the clumps by hand, which makes it tedious."

"Women's work," foreman Cornelison quipped, with a wink. After a round of ribbing and laughter, the boss's face fell sober. "That Professor Starrs is here."

"Excellent. Where?"

"He's down the other side of the monument." John pointed across the nearby parking lot at a neon-jade Neon. "That's his car, there. Tom and I were taking magnetometer readings by the monument when Starrs came by, walking down the road."

"Ah. Did you talk with him?"

"No. He didn't approach us. He went down that section of old Natchez Trace toward the campground—which is just as well."

The journalist grinned quizzically. "Just as well?"

"Uh, you know," Cornelison said, "isn't he angry at the Park Service? Maybe he'd be ornery toward us."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't be negative in any way to you. I first met Professor Starrs almost two years ago, and I've gotten to know him pretty well. He may be perturbed at your superiors, at the lofty leaders of the institution—in fact, he is." He showed a knowing smile. "But he wouldn't transfer that emotion onto you guys. He would know you're just doing your jobs. You have nothing to do with policy." He liked the positive expressions he saw on his new friends' faces. "I have no doubt that you'd all enjoy talking with one another. I don't mind saying, I know you four to be good people—unless you're pulling the wool over my eyes!" Everybody chuckled. "And I know Jim Starrs to be good people."

"That's comforting," one of the archaeologists said, and the others agreed.

"If the opportunity arises, I'll introduce you to each other."

As the four reengaged in the shovel-sampling, Jim went back to stand near his car and get some things in order. After a few minutes, he glanced at the road. Starrs was striding his way. They smiled. Each gave a one-stroke wave. He welcomed his gray-bearded buddy with a handshake. Starrs was clad in walking shoes, navy blue pants and a light jacket to match. A purple "GW" cap covered his summit. After greetings, the Professor led him to the rented Neon.

"I am on my way to speak to the students in Hohenwald."

"Oh, good. I'll go, too. But first, I want to introduce you to the Park Service folks."

"I avoided them. The men were at the monument earlier, so I went on by and down the trail a ways."

The younger was troubled, at first, by the scientist's attitude. But soon a smile grew on his face. "Reticence," he announced.

"What?"

"Reticence. You said it on the phone to me. I don't remember when. You're being reticent. Anyway, I was telling them a few minutes ago that you're all good people and you'll all enjoy each other's company. And I said I'd introduce you."

"Oh. But the timing is not good. I must go—."

"That's the beauty of it. Short and sweet."

"Hm."

"Five minutes?"

Starrs checked his watch and gave a nod. They walked to the four, who were still shoveling and shaking.

"John Cornelison, please meet Jim Starrs." The journalist finished all the introductions. Then he stood by and beamed. The five engaged in 10 minutes of good-natured scientific banter.

"Uh, Professor," Jim interjected, "You're on your way to the school, right?"

"Ah, yes. I really must be going."

After friendly farewells, Jim and Starrs walked together toward their cars. "My good deed for the day!" remarked the younger. "And who knows, maybe this seed of goodwill we just planted will grow throughout the Park Service."

On the front steps of the school, the visitors waved goodbye to Christy and headed for their vehicles.

Starrs asked, "How do you think it went?"

"Wonderfully!" reported Jim. "Are you kidding?"

"I am always uncomfortable when speaking to young people. My fear is they will view me as a boring old fossil."

"Ha ha. I must say, I was concerned for a moment, when you brought up your grandson Willie. But you got a laugh out of it. And the rest of the time, you engaged them, you talked *to* them, not down to them. And look at all the questions they had. That's proof."

"Perhaps you're right. I am hungry. Are you hungry?"

Inside the General Cafe, a homey diner a block off Hohenwald's main drag, Jim took a sip of his coffee and frowned.

"Not good?"

"Oh, it's okay, for restaurant coffee. But it's gotten cold. I oughta just quit coffee, again."

"Again?"

"Heh. Yeah. I guess I'm doing with coffee what Mark Twain did with smoking."

The famous Mark Twain, real name Samuel Langhorne Clemens, had long been a favorite of journalist Jim, the racially clueless, who most enjoyed the author's biting wit against Christianity, robber barons, and the U.S. government, not realizing that it was all anti-White. But nearly two decades later, an awakened Jim would amass evidence to justify a conclusion that Samuel Clemens was a crypto-jew whose every major deed had served the jew agenda, especially his appearances at fund-raisers to help the jews overthrow Russia's White governing family, an effort that achieved its awful success not long after Clemens' death.

Jim's Twain reference was to the dead humorist's remark: "Quitting smoking is child's play. Why, I've done it hundreds of times."

Starrs smiled and reverted to the previous subject. "As to your career concerns, I was 48 when I found what I really wanted to do, forensic science. So, by that yardstick, you have plenty of time!" After a laugh, he said, "But for the time being, I would like to find a way to provide a monetary stipend for your services."

"Hey, yeah. Imagine how much help I'd be if I were being paid!"

After lunch, the two split. Jim headed to The Park while Starrs attended to other business. At the monument, he was excited to find a "cherry picker." The orange vehicle sported a yellow bucket on the end of its massive hydraulic arm. Three Park Service maintenance men were relaxing against the shady side of the muscular machine. He'd met the three the previous week and was happy to see them again. Their first names quickly came to mind: Billy, Paul, and Ted.

"Greetings, guys. The monument guy must be here, huh?"

"In the campground," Billy said. "Ought to be here shortly."

Paul asked, "Wanna go for a ride?"

"I sure do. But would it be okay? I mean—."

"We're probably not supposed to," Ted said, "But hell, I don't see nobody that's gonna object."

"Take him up," Paul said to Billy.

"All right," Billy said, climbing into the driver's seat.

"Let me get my camera." He ran to his car and back as Billy revved the beast. He and Paul stepped into the bucket, and Billy lifted them above the monument's broken peak.

As Jim snapped photos, Paul said, "Oh, here come the uniforms." To Billy, he yelled, "Better take her down."

On the descent, Jim said, "Oh, they won't really care, will they? We're all adults, here."

"That's right. They won't care, no way."

"Anyway," he said with a smirk, "I hear it's easier to ask forgiveness—."

"Than get permission!"

The two laughed. A pair of uniformed females with holsters strode near. Billy shut off the engine. Jim stepped out of the bucket and onto the turf. "Just testing," he said. "It's safe for the monument guy to go up, now."

"Yep," Paul confirmed.

Jim smiled and introduced himself to the women.

"Ranger Francine Morgan," the taller of the two said flatly, pulling her hand out of his.

"Sara Leach," the other said with a grin.

"From the Tupelo office?"

"That's right. Came up to observe the progress."

He nodded. Morgan turned to Leach and began speaking as if the introduction hadn't happened. He felt shunned, so he walked over by Billy and the boys.

Another vehicle arrived. Two men and a woman jumped out and joined the group.

"Michael Drummond Davidson," a stocky, graying, bespectacled, bearded fellow said as he jack-hammered Jim's hand.

"Jim Laffrey. Good to meet you. We spoke on the phone recently."

"Yes, yes. A pleasure. And this is my wife and preservation architect, Belinda Stewart. And my assistant Jacques Murphree."

By turns, they shook hands.

"Very well," Mister Davidson said, donning a hard hat. "Let's get started, shall we?"

Jim stepped back as Paul fired up the cherry picker and lifted the married experts in the bucket. The journalist snapped a few photos and was amused at how Ranger Morgan seemed to be denying him a clear shot of her. He put his lens cap on and sat next to Billy under the nearest tree. The two chatted, slowly winding their way into the stories about Meriwether.

"You know, I'm related to the Griners who owned the stand."

Wow. "No kidding?"

Billy nodded. "No kidding."

"But—. What's your last name, again?"

"Griner. Most people put a 'd' in it, but it's 'Griner.' And that's what Robert and Priscilla's name was. Griner."

"Priscilla? I thought her name was lost to history."

"No. Heck no. You can see the names on their gravestones."

The journalist wanted to laugh in delight. "What are you saying?"

"I'm sayin' they're buried right over near Centerville, where the family was from, where most of their land was."

"You're pulling my leg." He watched Billy cock his head. He feared the elder man was getting perturbed at the skepticism.

Billy said, "Go see for yourself."

"This is great. I will. How do I get there?"

"Just take Highway 50 out of Centerville a couple o' mile. There's a trailer court on the right on a hill. Dottie's Trailer Court. The cemetery's right back up there."

"Oh, Billy. Thank you. I love this." He whipped out his notebook and jotted down the directions. "I will go there one day this week. For sure."

By and by, Starrs arrived. Privately, Jim briefed him on the rangers and monument crew. He offered to make introductions. "It'll be my second glorious deed today!"

The remains of the day were spent in an atmosphere of professional cordiality. For supper, he and Starrs decided to drive the 50 minutes to Columbia.

He set out in his car with Himself in the Neon close behind. The Professor drove separately to save Jim from having to return to Hohenwald before heading back to Nashville for the night. In Columbia, Jim turned and led the elder south on Highway 31. He kept his eyes peeled for the TGI Friday's restaurant. After a few more miles, they ran out of town. No more street lights. No more businesses. In the dim moonlight, he pulled into a farm's driveway. He hopped out and walked to Starrs' car as the Professor rolled the window down.

"I'm so sorry. Gosh, I was mistaken. I know there's a TGI Friday's in Columbia. I ate lunch there, once."

"Don't beat yourself up over it."

"Thank you. But I've wasted so much time. I've misled you."

"Yeah. Don't let it happen again!"

He chuckled.

"I saw a Pizza Hut back there," Starrs said. "Is that okay with you?"

"Oh, the irony. There's a Pizza Hut in Hohenwald."

Forty minutes later, over a dough pie smothered in vegetables and cheese, the younger served up his personal turmoil. "As your friend, I feel like we've reached the point where we can share opinions or advice and not fear offending each other because we know we'd mean no harm." The Professor nodded and took a sip from his glass of the Hut's see-through brew. "And I would be a fool not to seek your counsel, given your experience and—."

"Don't say 'age'!"

"Ha ha. No, you're not a geezer, yet!" They laughed. "So, please, if you will, you don't have to, but—. Well, I'll just ask. Please give me any opinion or advice you may have in regard to my situation."

"Hmm. I'll say this much. Some years back, I used to file divorce cases for my students—when they had no lawyer and could not afford one. Many of those cases involved mothers with young children. What I found, generally, is that those mothers put their children first, above their husbands, above their boyfriends, above anyone else."

He nodded.

"I might add that sometimes, in the case of a boyfriend and a divorcee with kids, that if the kids are fond enough of the boyfriend, he can be a very close second in the woman's eyes. And for many men in such circumstances, that is sufficient for them."

"Yeah. Hm." He picked up his glass. "Well, right now, I'm still a very distant second." With that, he downed the last of the pale brew.

Tyrsday in The Park, he mixed with his Park Service pals and met two new arrivals to the archaeology team. He found both David Brewer and Jeff Jones as engaging as the "pirate" and his mates. Meanwhile, monument-man Davidson and assistant Murphree took turns on a shovel to uncover the east side of the monument. Then they turned the corner and freed half the north face from the earth. During that digging, Starrs arrived. The journalist and the forensic scientist stepped to the edge of the trench.

"This," Starrs said, "is a sight unseen for about 64 years—the bottom four feet of the Meriwether Lewis Monument."

Nodding, he thought: *Four feet closer to Meriwether*. Aloud: "It's a shame it'll be buried, again, by the end of the week."

Soon, students streamed out of two yellow buses from Lewis County schools. Starrs reluctantly bid adieu and set out for the Nashville airport.

Jim initiated conversation with some of the archaeologists. Twenty minutes in, he was driven to say, "But the Park Service claims that if this exhumation were allowed, it would spur a flood of other exhumation requests from all over the country. That's nonsense to me. People don't want to dig up their relatives without good reason. But for the sake of argument, let's say there did come a flood of requests. The Park Service could decide, on a case by case basis, which ones had sufficient merit to be okayed. And that number could be tiny."

Brewer said, "But the Park Service—as far as I know— isn't set up for that."

"How difficult could it be to establish a simple, clear set of criteria? Then the judgments could be quick and easy."

"What I mean is, I think there's no budget, no structure, in the bureaucracy to pursue that mission."

"Yeah," Mister Brewer said. "What you seem to want is someone to do a job that isn't in anyone's job description. I'm not sure about that, but—."

Just then, foreman Cornelison joined the discussion group. "Jim, let me caution you. Nothing said among us is the official word of the National Park Service."

"I know, John. Don't worry, you're not going to see your crew's quotes in tomorrow's headlines."

Mrs. Brewer asked, "Where will we see your story?"

"I don't know," he replied, having pitched his coverage of the event to a couple of magazines. "I don't have a buyer for the story, yet."

Everybody nodded silently. The hush grew to an awkward five seconds.

"Hey, Jim," the foreman said. "Last night, I was writing up some of the reports I always have to do for our projects, and I got to thinking about the Lewis and Clark Expedition. It's amazing how Lewis was able to recognize so many plants and animals that were new to science."

"Yeah. What a keen mind. But I can't help feeling a little sad knowing that most of the names he and Clark gave to what they found have since been changed. Rivers, especially. They named one for each member of the party—who all deserved it."

"Uh huh. Yeah, Lewis really didn't get his historical due." Then, the foreman's face energized. "But you know why?"

He nodded, confident he knew where it was going.

The big fella boomed, "He didn't publish!"

The group laughed. Jim added, "Yeah, 'Publish or Perish.' He perished."

Funny, and unfair, were their quips, as Jim would later learn. Meriwether Lewis had far more written and collected material than the public had been led to believe by the publishing industry and other corporate media. A proper job preparing for publication would take years, and it was a job the governor earnestly pursued amid his other responsibilities. Delays came not only from his governmental and family duties but at the hands of those deceitful gatekeepers of Philadelphia and New York in publishing, banking, and in key positions in government.

The group jovially split toward their separate tasks. Jim meandered over to the faux Grinder's Stand and found Tom Hodgson. He felt closest to Tom in both age and attitude.

The archaeologist technician smiled up from his sitting position on the ground against the back wall of the little wooden building. He had a computer on his lap. "I was just working with some of the preliminary data."

"Can I see?"

"Sure."

He sat on the grass next to Tom. After a few displays of squiggles and colorful blotches, he asked: "What can you conclude from all this, so far?"

"Not much. Like I said, it's really just raw data. When we get back to Tallahassee, we'll get on our computers and use some techniques to enhance the images and do a full-scale analysis. But I'll tell you, there's nothing here that proves Grinder's Stand was in this location. Of course, there's nothing here to prove it wasn't, either."

Tom closed the laptop, and Jim changed the subject to Tallahassee. He asked about the quality of life, cockroaches, humidity, jobs. Tom answered all the questions, and then asked, "What are you looking for? Newspaper work?"

"No. Not that again."

"What do you really want to do?"

He put a hand on his chin. "Gee." He gazed up at a modest cloud drifting by.

"Realistically, what do you most want to be doing five years from now?"

"Well, I hope it's realistic: I want to be writing books."

He migrated back to Meriwether and sidled up to a discussion between Leach, from the Park Service office in Tupelo, and Davidson, the monument man.

"There's nothing official about these thoughts, you understand," Leach said, with an eye on the journalist, "but I envision a parking area near the monument, here. And restrooms nearby. I

don't see the removal of the four feet of backfill over the cemetery—that would probably be too costly. But I can see uncovering the base of the monument all the way around, and a wheelchair-accessible pathway up from the parking area and encircling the monument."

That evening, he noted:

March 31, 1998.

She's OUT LIKE A LION.

Thursday, April 2, he peered through the videocam lens as he zoomed in on the sun-drenched scene of students and teachers swarming across the cemetery and circling above Meriwether. "And who are you?" he said, focusing on a friendly face.

"You know who I am," the educator giggled.

"Yes, but your public is dying to know."

"Ha! I'm Miss Ricketts, 7th-grade teacher at Lewis County Middle School."

Panning right, he prompted, "And you are the charming—."

"Miss Holcomb—Belinda Holcomb," the woman said, smiling but shaking her head. "I teach 8th-grade."

"And lastly in this threesome," he said, filling the frame with a beaming face, "the utterly adorable—."

"Hee hee. You're silly."

He added, "And wittily uncooperative—."

Teacher Ricketts coaxed, "Say who you are."

"My name is Ashley Pierce. Um. And I'm in Miss Ricketts' class."

"Thank you very much," he said quickly, doing an impression of Tupelo's most famous native. In his normal voice, he prompted, "And you're all here because—."

A boy, off-camera, shouted, "They're digging up Meri-Lewis, uh, Meri—, oh, you know who!"

Amid the group's laughter, Ricketts exclaimed, "We wish!"

The crowd assembled around the monument. Ranger Morgan said a few words and introduced Davidson. Mister Monument described the stone memorial, its history, and the toll that nature had inflicted on its pyramidal base, etched plinth, and symbolically broken spire. Some tourists and local folks, including Marjorie Graves, arrived and heightened the happy spectacle. Jim confabbed and hobnobbed into the afternoon until the hordes had dispersed and only the dutiful remained.

Davidson and the maintenance crew reburied the monument's bottom.

The journalist met the husky fellow alone by their vehicles. "You're all done?"

"Yes. The investigative work is done. Now, it's mostly a matter of waiting for lab results. Once those are in, I will arrive at my recommendations and submit them to the Park Service. Then, presumably, the Park Service will determine what course of action, if any, to pursue."

"How long will that process take?"

"Oh, couple of months."

"Can you tell me anything that seems obvious at this point?"

"Hm. The limestone shaft ought to be cleaned. That can be returned to its original, almost-white color, and it will actually sparkle in the sunlight. That can be done at a relatively minimal cost."

He waited.

"Well, anyone who knows stone can tell you that the sandstone of the base, there, should not be underground. Or, if their decision would be to leave it buried as it is, some type of waterproofing should be performed to protect against the moisture in the soil. Otherwise, wet sandstone wants to turn to clay."

He nodded and stuck out his right hand. "Michael Davidson, it's been a pleasure—and an education—to meet you and talk with you, sir."

"Good luck to you, Jim. Next time you're in Europa, look me up."

"I will. Hey, is that anywhere near Tupelo?"

"About an hour further south."

"Ahh. Well, who knows."

He waved and walked away, rubbing his aching hand. Near the pay phone, he fell in with the archaeologists. "Will you guys be back tomorrow?"

"It depends on the weather," foreman Cornelison said. "The forecast calls for rain. Thunderstorms. If it looks wet in the morning, we're out of here. If not, we may stay one more day. But all the work we really needed to do will be done by the end of today."

"Well, in that case, I'm going to go visit the Griner cemetery that Billy told me about. Then, I'll be back here by your quitting time. So, how 'bout a pizza party tonight? All the beer's on me."

"Ho ho!" Cornelison bellowed. "You may live to regret *that* offer!"

Tom Hodgson chuckled, "We're a beer-drinkin' bunch, Jim. I mean, even the women down it by the pitcher!" Everyone laughed. No one disagreed.

"Good! Then, it'll be fun. Guaranteed."

Jim couldn't find Dottie's Trailer Court. After a thorough search of the Centerville area, he was running out of gas. He stopped for a fill.

"Dottie sold out some year back," said the attendant at the Amoco filling station and garage. "I believe it's—no, I can't recall the name. But it's just up yonder, 'bout a mile, on the right."

Jim knew the place. He'd been by it twice already.

Riverview Mobile Home Village. He drove into it. But he saw no evidence of a cemetery. Finally, a woman unloading groceries from the trunk of a car about half her age told him that there were some graves behind her trailer. "Don't know whose they are," she said. "They tell us not to disturb 'em."

Following her instructions, he drove round about and found the plot. The cemetery was the size of a tennis court and surrounded by a chain-link fence. But the gate, right next to a dumpster, was one foot ajar. Carrying his camera and notebook, he stepped sideways through the opening. He trod solemnly on the rough, grassy ground and along a row of weathered and broken gravestones. A few paces farther, he came to a stone that bore the inscription "Priscilla Knight Griner." And near the bottom, it said, in italics, "A loving wife and mother lies buried here."

He whispered, "The mother. Wow. I'm atop the woman who last saw Meriwether alive—as far as we know." He reflected for a moment, remembering the conflicting, evolving lies the mother had told, as recorded by an author and reporters. Then, a realization: "That 'loving wife' line seems familiar."

A few feet to Priscilla's left, he saw the broken base of a headstone. The bulk of it—the part presumably bearing an inscription—was nowhere to be seen. But a footstone bore initials. He read the first as "R." The middle initial was illegible. The third, "G." Proceeding to the next headstone, he read, "Robert Griner."

"Aha. This would seem to be the husband. Another suspect."

He had an inkling that it was improper to talk ill of the owners of Griner's Stand while walking on them. Amused, he stooped lower and fingered a faint inscription near the bottom of Robert's headstone. Finally, he figured it out.

"Only sleeping," he said. "Now, that's very familiar! I'm sure I've read of these before. But where?"

Proceeding on to the last stone in the row, he read, "Noble Griner." And at the bottom, "At rest."

Going back to Priscilla's right, a newer, taller, easily legible stone told of "Pvt. Robert E. Griner Jr." as a veteran of military service in the Confederate States of America. Unlike the other stones, the private's marker offered dates. It said junior was born June 22, 1809, and died December 28, 1876.

"Hmm," he uttered as he did the math. "So, the likely oldest son was 3 months and 19 days old when Meriwether met his demise. Very interesting."

He found a few other stones of less interest, but he photographed them along with all the others. He drew a map of the cemetery and included every gravestone and every piece of a stone that he could find. When finished, he took a last photograph of the entire scene. As he peered through the Minolta lens, his black car adorned the foreground. The silent, neglected graveyard—protected by trailer homes—filled the background.

As he drove onto the highway, he looked back and marveled at how the plot was entirely hidden from the view of all passersby.

In Hohenwald's Pizza Hut, he helped the hostess push two tables together. Then he ordered a pitcher of beer and waited. Right on time, John came in with Tom and Jeff. Soon, Rhonda and Regina joined the party. In short order, pizzas and pitchers went round and round amid tall tales—all sworn true—and wave after wave of laughter. Amid the mirth, he overate and overdrank. But there was no overdoing the camaraderie. Of that, he could not get enough.

Late night, as he drove away, he said, "Man! I wish I lived near them, or they lived near me." An instant later, he added, "Yeah, maybe then, to count all my friends, I'd need my other hand."

He considered turning on the tape player but decided to forgo any distraction as his brain buzzed with memories of the happy day of uncommon events. He drove all the way to Nashville, and on to his apartment, in silence that was golden.

The high lasted well into the next day. Late afternoon, wind began to whip up, clouds blocked the sun, and soon a massive, black cloudbank with a tint of olive loomed to the northwest. "That looks like trouble." In his car, he turned on the radio. The announcer warned of tornadoes. At home, a stormy evening ensued.

He spent the weekend getting film developed, duping his camcorder tapes, and preparing a report of what he had learned.

On Moonday, he began looking into the possibility of resurrecting the website. It would incorporate the best parts of the defunct newsletter project. But the exciting new feature would be to add a bookstore to the website—a Lewis and Clark bookstore.

He ordered a kit from Ingram, the huge book distributor, its headquarters right there in Nashville, by the airport. The keys to the whole project, as he identified them, were the profit margin, the drop-shipping, and if he would need a huge wad of cash to get started. "Drop-shipping" meant that Ingram would ship the books directly to the customers. That way, Jim wouldn't have to get cases of books shipped to himself, repackage every single book, and then pay the cost of mailing every book to every customer. In fact, the mailing costs would kill the profit, thus killing the whole idea.

A week and a half unwound with all the goods and bads that kept him busy. Then, on Thursday, he spent the day in the State Archives.

Good Friday wasn't. Washing Day was ok. Easter—a great day in ancient White history that had been hijacked by the relatively young Christianity but about which Jim had been taught nothing—he visited with his parents.

On Moonday, Jim drove to St. Louis.

In the afternoon, he walked the red bricks of Historic Main Street in the St. Louis suburb of St. Charles. A light sprinkle was being whipped by gusty winds. He stepped to the double-doored entrance of his favorite restaurant, bar none: Lewis & Clark's. He'd been there, alone, a few years before. He smirked: His previous solo trip had been on the heels of the breakup of a two-year relationship. Now, as he opened the door, he recalled a piece of art that had hung inside—a painting of a woman. It had haunted him because the subject, a brunette, was the spitting image of that former lover.

"Welcome," a stunning but overly young hostess said, smiling. "How many?"

"Just me. Nonsmoking, please."

"Is upstairs okay?"

"I love upstairs. But not outside. I don't want to be blown off the balcony!"

"Yeah," replied the lovely White young lady with a knowing nod, "the bartender heard on the radio that a tornado was spotted a few minutes ago."

"Near here?"

"Out by Wentzville. I'm not sure how far that is, though."

"I've been there. It's not far west of here."

"Well, we'll keep you inside."

As he sipped water on the second level of the three-story eatery, he could see across the riverfront park to the mighty flow of the Missouri River. While he ate, the impressive scene was obliterated by an artificial twilight imposed by charcoal clouds and torrential rains.

As he tipped his wine glass for the final time, the river was back in view, and a sunbeam slanted through the aftermath, spotlighting the far shore. On his way out of Lewis & Clark's, he explored for the painting. He rediscovered it on the wall of a long room in the rear of the first floor. With a sigh and a shake of his head, he departed. In his motel room that evening, he watched a tv weatherwoman show a radar loop of the path the tornado had taken.

He blurted, "Right over my head!"

On Tyrsday, he drove into St. Louis, to a convenient MetroLink station, and rode the train to the Arch. In the museum below the "Gateway to the West," he spent an hour in the Corps of Discovery exhibit. Then, he spent 30 minutes in the museum store, most of the time taking stock of the book selection, mostly coveting the new, complete set of journals from the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Ten volumes of text, edited by Gary Moulton and published by the University of Nebraska Press. Price: five-hundred eighty-five dollars. His future so uncertain, he decided he couldn't afford them.

On Wodensday, he spent the morning visiting the Bellefontaine Cemetery and William Clark's grave. Afterward, he returned to Nashville.

Thorsday brought tornadoes storming the area. One monster tore a path through downtown and out the east-northeast side, oblivious to whomever it destroyed, deaf to all hopes and prayers, devoid of notions of fairness, justice, mercy, and punishment. It was simply one, big, natural result of natural forces wreaking havoc on other products of nature, animate or not, intelligent or stupid, kind or cruel, prepared or ignorant.

On Tyrsday, he wrote to Starrs:

Dear Seamus,

News! The NPS flatly denied Christy Ricketts' latest request. Please find letter enclosed. Also, a letter from Congressman Bryant to Christy is enclosed.

Your trip here was well worth it, especially in terms of PR with some of the NPS troops. I hope you agree. I suspect you planted hearty seeds of goodwill that will bear fruit in due time.

I went to St. Louis last week. I checked out some Lewis & Clark matters. Also, I have learned enough to determine, regretfully, that my business idea—the Website and newsletter—isn't quite worth doing.

So, I must re-aim my life (away from Nashville). I seek suggestions, my friend.

The next afternoon, he phoned teacher Ricketts.

"What I'm calling about is my stint as a guest speaker."

"I hope you haven't changed your mind!"

"Heh heh. No, I'm calling to confirm. Are we still on for Tuesday?"

"Tuesday. That's right."

"Good. I'm looking forward to it. It may even inspire me to become a teacher."

Days had their ups, and their downs, with happy tasks, dutiful deeds, and worry about income, livelihood, and love. A trough came late on this particular afternoon. He was writing the day's noteworthy doings when, upon completion, he felt depletion. He dropped the pen, closed the notebook, and shuffled into the bedroom. He tipped over and fell forward onto the bed. His breaths were shallow. His exhales were audible puffs out his nose. He felt pressure surging behind his eyes. He didn't want to cry. The left side of his face was sunken into the quilted blanket, so his left eye couldn't see. With his right, he focused on the wall. He saw gifts from her that he still had hanging. His thoughts drifted from there to Meriwether Lewis. He wondered how Meriwether had truly felt about being single. So damn many so-called historians claimed to know. But they couldn't know. Nobody could. His dander was up, now. The anger salved his hurt. He decided he must read what those historians claimed to have read, so he could know all there was to know, and to make up his own mind.

With a clenched jaw, he said, "I must have the journals."

He rose from the bed and strode to his desk. He pulled from the second drawer a catalog from the museum under the St. Louis Arch. He grabbed the phone and punched in the toll-free number.

After the call, he flipped the phone into the air with his left hand and caught it in his right. Now, he had something to look forward to. The most complete set of Lewis and Clark journals ever published was on the way to his front door.

Over the weekend, among other deeds, he made an outline for his presentation to Christy Ricketts' 7th-grade class. The subject was journalism. While imagining he was talking through it in front of a class, he timed himself. He added a couple more potentially humorous touches. But he felt the need for something more to keep the students engaged. While lying in bed Sunday night, inspiration struck.

On Moonday, he emailed Starrs.

Yes, it's the CORPSe of DISCOVERY in cyberspace once again!

Greetings, My Friend,

It's been a long time since we last emailed.

Hey, I'm following in your footsteps—to some extent. Christy Ricketts has asked me to give a talk about journalism to the students. It shall be done. Tomorrow.

It may mark the end of my journalism career. It depends on what I decide to do next. Decision #1 has been made: I'm moving out of Nashville. Probably in June. Decisions #2 and #3, though, are still stewing. WHERE to go, WHAT to do.

I seek your suggestions/advice, sir.

At the moment, I see myself moving to where I return to higher ed, or moving to where I get any decent job to pay the bills while I write books.

Of course, I'll remain an active assistant on the Meriwether Lewis Project.

Well, enough about me! What's new with you?

Your Obt. Servt.,

Tyrsday, inside Lewis County Middle School after the long drive to the high forest of Hohenwald, he asked a student where the bathroom was. In the boys' room, he peed. At the sink, he took out his hanky and wiped his face. He checked his look in the mirror. The lips were a bit dry from nervousness. But the attitude was good, even giddy. He was glad he had worn his multicolored, vertically striped shirt. It seemed to strike the right balance between formality and fun. Its dazzling quality was intended to help keep the kids awake.

At the appointed time, he went to Christy's classroom. She directed his attention to a banner above the front blackboard: "Welcome Journalist Jim Laffrey." He wanted it. She said he could have it. They continued chatting as students filed in. The kids who he'd met before said "hi" and waved. They melted his nervousness. One in particular came to shake his hand.

"Hi, Mr. Laffrey."

"Ashley Pierce," he said, gripping her hand. "Hi."

"You remember me?" Her smile was broad, but her eyes were a bit shy.

"Unforgettably. In fact, I've had you in mind lately. I'd like you to help me today."

"Sure."

"Great. Here's a copy of my outline for my speech. It's the same as the one I have on the lectern, here. But I don't want to be stuck behind the lectern the whole time. I want to walk around, have a little fun, you know? But I might forget what comes next on the outline. When I do, I'll ask you to read the next line on the outline."

Worry crept over her face. Apparently, she wasn't thrilled with the idea of being an alternate center of attention.

"It'll be easy," he assured her, "and fun."

Christy added encouraging words, and Miss Pierce graciously agreed. She took her seat in the first row. Once the room was full, Christy introduced him. He asked his new assistant to read the first line on the outline.

She said, "Why am I here?"

Amid students' chuckles, he confirmed, "Right. Why *am* I here?"

A boy said, "To talk about Meriwether Lewis!"

"Ha ha. I'd love that. But no, I'm here to talk about journalism. Journalism?" He frowned. "Who cares? What has journalism done for us, lately?" He saw enough expressions of surprise to know he was off to a good start. After enjoying some give-and-take with the students about current events in the news, he asked a student to read the definition of "journalism" from a dictionary. Soon, he segued to the First Amendment of the Constitution. Then he acted stumped. He asked his assistant what was next on his outline.

Miss Pierce looked at her copy and smiled. "How do I know?"

Everyone laughed, and he launched into his experiences in radio, tv, and print journalism. He slid into a short segment about the World Wide Web, including his defunct website on Meriwether Lewis. The students seemed to appreciate his honesty about that. His website's demise brought him to his final subject: Where the money comes from. Namely, advertisers and subscribers.

As he finished, the bell rang. He apologized for not saving time for questions. But the students applauded, and he felt exhilarated. He thanked Ashley Pierce. The students thanked him and filed out. A new group filed in, and he repeated—and accelerated—his presentation. Following the second session, he fielded some questions.

One male student asked, "Do you have a girlfriend?"

He heard himself say, "Yes." He called on another questioner.

Just before the bell rang, Christy and the class presented him with a school cap and t-shirt. The experience gave him a new kind of joy. After the students departed, he and Christy retired to the adjoining Media Club room.

She smiled. "So, you want to be a teacher, now? I think you'd make a good one."

"I'd love it! Maybe. But I wouldn't want to teach just anybody. I'll teach today's group—year after year. And when they graduate, I retire!"

"Yeah. They're a special bunch. I'll miss them when they go on to 8th-grade."

He gave her some photos he had taken of her and the students earlier that month. They talked about the archaeologists, the monument guy, Starrs and the exhumation effort.

"Since we've become friends, Christy, I think it's appropriate that I share with you the gist of the story of me and our mutual friend." He spoke for a few minutes, measuring each sentence. "So, now," he said, hanging his head, "I just can't live in such pain and frustration any more. I have to move and see if I can build a life without her. But—" He swallowed. "I wish I didn't have to."

With a teardrop in each eye, she said, "I sure wish you all the best."

"Thank you. I wish I could move here. I've come to love it here. But since it's her hometown, it has to be out of the question."



Meriwether Lewis



William Clark



The route of the great expedition from St. Louis to the Pacific Ocean, and back.

34 Closing The “Gaps”

He arrived at the apartment and immediately phoned Christy.

"I forgot my banner!"

She laughed. "I noticed. But don't worry. We're saving it for you. Would you like me to have the kids sign it?"

"That would be wonderful!"

That night, he couldn't sleep. But he didn't mind. For the first night in many moons, he was not spending a night tossing and turning over troubles. He was replaying his day at school, basking in the joy, and fretting a little over how he could have done better.

The next day, after lunch, a UPS truck stopped out front. He hoped. A brown-uniformed woman dropped a hefty box on a dolly and wheeled it to his door. She asked him to sign a form. As he scribbled his name, he saw the return address. Then, alone inside his apartment, with glee and reverence he slit the tape on the box and extracted the volumes, one by one. He jittered in awe and expectations.

"Meriwether, I will read every word. And I will know."

As expected, his set began with Volume 2. Volume 1, an atlas of all the known maps from the Lewis and Clark Expedition, had been published first and was already out of print.

He began devouring Volume 2. He was perturbed by the editor's introduction to the journals. Editor Gary Moulton said of Meriwether that "financial difficulties, political opposition, and probably alcoholism brought him to despair" and that Meriwether "died of gunshot wounds by his own hand in a lonely cabin in Tennessee." Jim worried that Moulton's ignorance, or worse, had poisoned the entire five-hundred dollars' worth.

As the journalist proceeded on, he quickly decided he must make his own chart of the days the explorers wrote in their journals. He divided their writings into categories: main-journal writings, astronomical observations, weather observations, orders to the troop, and letters written to be mailed.

On Freysday, May 1, he delivered a letter to the office of his apartment complex. It was to relay the required 60 days notice before moving out.

Over the weekend, he sent an email to Starrs:

Dearest Professor,

It may interest you to know that I've received no response to my previous email. I know you're busy. Or perhaps the explanation is another warping of cyberspace.

But here's the big news: I am now the proud owner of the Lewis & Clark journals edited by Moulton! It's a joy to be traveling with Meriwether in my mind!

What's happening in your mind?

Your Obt. Servt.,

On May 7, he found an email from Starrs.

Jim,

Sorry you have had trouble reaching me. If it is any solace to you, so have other people who have complained a lot less politely than you have. My backlog of email is astounding. Two-hundred some. The tyranny of email is what I term it.

On M.L., I am livid with envy at your having the Moulton set. How did you manage it? Once again you are where I want to be.

The Professor's email finished with a briefing on the current ins and outs of the legal process and on his hope that a letter he had sent to the *New York Times* would soon be published.

The following day, Jim replied to Starrs. After sharing his progress in the journals, he unveiled new details about his biggest news:

I'm packing it in. Moving out of Nashville in June. I'm leaning toward moving to Crossville, where my folks live, getting an apartment and a job and being the author I want to be. But I haven't ruled out moving elsewhere, such as Florida, Virginia. Have ideas/advice? Share 'em if ya got 'em.

Your Obt. Servt. (no matter where I live!),
The Other Jim

Over the weekend, he went to Crossville to try to decide if he should move there. He was growing desperate. He hadn't heard back from archaeologist Tom Hodgson in Tallahassee. And he didn't really want to move to D.C. On Sunday, Mother's Day, he went with his parents to Dollywood, the famous country singer-songwriter Dolly Parton's theme park in the Great Smoky Mountains. On Monday morning, he returned to his Nashville apartment.

In the afternoon, Christy called. She had new fence-riding letters from Tennessee's senators in regard to the exhumation. After he asked for copies of the letters, he talked about moving.

"It looks like Crossville wins by default."

"What will you do there? Work for the newspaper?"

"Work? I'm retired!"

She laughingly responded, "Must be nice."

"Yeah. Of course, the 401(k) money won't last very long. So, I'll have to be coming out of retirement in the near future." They chuckled. "Hey, back on the Meriwether front: You know I'm poring through the journals. Well, I got to Meriwether's birthday in 1805, and what he wrote that day was not only wonderful, but it reminded me of some nonsense by Ambrose in his Undaunted Gall."

"Undaunted Gall?"

"Yeah. Heh heh. It's a little harsh, but fun. Anyway, can I read you this passage?"

"Sure."

"Great. Okay, this is straight from Meriwether's journal. Here goes:

'This day I completed my thirty-first year, and conceived that I had in all human probability now existed about half the period which I am to remain in this sublunary world. I reflected that I had as yet done but little, very little indeed, to further the happiness of the human race or to advance the information of the succeeding generation. I viewed with regret the many hours I have spent in indolence, and now sorely feel the want of that information which those hours would have given me had they been judiciously expended. But since they are past and cannot be recalled, I dash from me the gloomy thought and resolved in future to redouble my exertions and at least endeavor to promote those two primary objects of human existence by giving them the aid of that portion of talents which nature and fortune have bestowed on me; or in future, to live for mankind, as I have heretofore lived for myself.'

"Okay. That's what Meriwether wrote."

"That's beautiful," Christy said.

"Yeah. But now, listen to what Ambrose does with it, and his comment on it. After Meriwether's phrase, 'talents which nature and fortune have bestowed on me,' Ambrose interjects and says about Meriwether, 'here he seems to have lost his train of thought. Whatever the cause, he forgot to name those two primary objects of human existence.'" Jim paused and said, "I know this is probably hard to follow on the phone."

"I think I got it," she said. "The two primary objects were mentioned by Meriwether near the beginning of his passage."

"Right! Wow, you're sharp. I wish I'd had you for a teacher."

"They were, uh, furthering happiness of the human race—."

"Yes! And advancing the information of the succeeding generation!"

"Uh huh. Gosh, what does that tell you about *Ambrose's* mental state?"

"Oh, man. And he was looking at the passage in print. All he had to do was look back a few lines and reread what Meriwether was talking about. Sheesh!"

About Ambrose the liar, Jim was fairly clear in sight and mind. But about the depth of what Meriwether had expressed, the journalist was blind. The man of budding greatness, 31-year-old explorer Meriwether Lewis, had said the basic truth of our existence as the White race, the only race who had ever sought both to further happiness and advance the body of knowledge for the good of everyone. Science, itself, was invented and advanced by the White race, with all of the benefits shared with all of humanity. But Jim had no proper "White" in his vocabulary. And Meriwether had no "White" in his quoted passage. The reason for that lack was because the founding of the United States Of America was done by Whites who took their Whiteness for granted. They already had books of accumulated White knowledge from earlier explorers and scientists who had lived among the other races. Thus, when the founders wrote "All Men Were Created Equal," they were automatically referring only to Whites. The primitive Indians were not included. The Africans being brought by jew-owned and -operated slave ships were not included.

Meriwether Lewis was a well-taught son of the founding generation. The Founding Fathers had been, disgustingly, infiltrated by jews, such as Alexander Hamilton and Gouvernor Morris, but evidence suggested that the USA's White inventors and builders were ignorant of the biological fact that jews were a different race, in fact a unified enemy race. It would be more than 200 years before science would make that racial difference absolutely clear, thanks to the White discovery of DNA and the advancement of that science into the analysis of the building blocks of that entire double-helix. If the Founding Fathers had specified "White" in their documents—. Ah, another White trait: reviewing the past in order to not repeat mistakes and in order to improve, to build upon, what already had been achieved.

Indeed, for the White race and the White race alone, the Meaning Of Life was To Improve. Meriwether Lewis had said it though in not quite the way that might have gotten through to journalist Jim and righted his course of shame to a course toward honor.

After the call with Christy came an email from Starrs.

Wow! You certainly do keep me on my toe-nails. ...

Do I have ideas about your future plans? For now I just want to be certain that our friendship will continue unabated.

All the best,

Disappointed at the dearth of suggestions, or as he had very privately hoped, a "fortuitous" invitation, Jim closed that box. Continuing undaunted, he replied:

HowDEEEE Professor,

I'm fresh back from Dollywood at the Great Smokies. Almost had to dab the dew from my eyes as Wild Mountain Honey sung and fiddled The Tennessee Waltz.

...

Be certain, Master James, our friendship shall continue unabated.

Not to rub it in, but I certainly am enjoying the journals of Lewis and Clark.

Your Obt. Servt., Team member, 'user-unfriendly' quasi son, right hand lefthanded man, and guide to TGI Friday's,

Oh, that Jim.

On Sunday, he drove to Crossville intent on finding an abode. Wanting to stretch his money supply, he set his sights low—on apartments. He parked in front of his parents' house. Inside, he found them working a jigsaw puzzle. His mother said she knew of a house for rent.

He responded, "Unbelievable. I had just decided to find a place this weekend. Where is it?"

His mom pointed out the window. "Right down there. And it's only 300 dollars a month to someone in the family."

Ooooh. The house was down the hill and across a pond. 3397 Genesis Road. It was also the house where the White owners, a retired couple, had been murdered last December, just before Christmas. According to police, two men who had been passing through the area decided they wanted the couple's new pickup truck. To get the keys, the two scum invaded the home and shot the man and woman dead. Two suspects were awaiting trial. "How soon can I look at it?"

"Today," his dad replied.

On Moonday, he headed back to Nashville. The finality of circumstances weighed heavily on him. He had committed to renting the house, though he would have to do a lot of fixing-up before he moved in. But the costs of the materials would be subtracted from the rent for as many months as it took. He sighed. His work was cut out for him.

The next morning, he went to Hohenwald, to Lewis County Middle School, to Christy's class, and he thankfully retrieved his banner. It was covered in signatures written with a fine bold-blue marker.

That evening, he went to a reading and book-signing by Nashville author Steve Womack at the Bookstar store. The author's *Murder Manual* was the latest in his series of paperback mysteries, popular in the Nashville area. Jim had met Womack before, through friends. The journalist was unable to recognize the obvious, in fact the doubly obvious: Womack had black curly hair, had success with publishers, and was married to a practitioner of jew Sigmund Freud's perverted, anti-White mind-poison.

Near the end of the event, Jim finally progressed to the head of the line at the signing table, where the author engaged in conversation, willingly prolonging the interaction to the detriment of the people still waiting in line.

Womack asked, "Since the *Banner* is long gone, Jim, where have you been working?"

He trotted out his now favorite response: "Work? I'm retired!"

Come morning, he stepped up his exercising. He boosted his coffee intake, too. Each pretty May day, he walked to the Bongo Java coffeehouse. He liked to sit outside on Bongo's front porch and read *USA Today*, people-watch, and try not to pine too much for better days.

Moonday was Memorial Day. The journalist knew it was a proper day to remember the ultimate sacrifice of soldiers, and it was a day that glorified massive crimes against humanity. But in his woeful ignorance, he gravely misidentified the race of the heinous villains who still went unpunished for contriving those horrendous crimes.

Eagerly, each day, he carefully read the precious journals, taking notes on the topics of special interest. It was clear to him that, so far, there were plausible explanations for the so-called gaps in Meriwether's journalizing. During the first few months of the trip, the leader may have decided to quit writing the daily travel descriptions because The Corps Of Discovery wasn't actually exploring. Lots of Whites had been up the Missouri River as far as present-day North Dakota. Meriwether may have decided that Clark's and the sergeants' writings during that period were plenty. Meanwhile, there were many times when the boats tipped over, filled with water, and soaked many belongings. Papers could have been ruined during any of those times, though neither he nor Clark said so. But editor Moulton, himself, wrote that it appeared that some of Meriwether's journal pages had been lost to history. Supportive evidence of Moulton's observation was that Meriwether had written about drawing sketches of things, but many of those were, now, nowhere to be found.

Furthermore, as Jim found, the group spent the first winter with Mandan Indians in present-day North Dakota. Meriwether wrote nearly no daily activity descriptions during that winter. But again, they weren't exploring, they weren't going anywhere. But he did keep his weather journal almost every single day, including a few remarks about things besides the weather. He also kept taking astronomical observations to determine the latitude and longitude of noteworthy locations. Then, in the spring, when they started actually exploring new territory, Meriwether wrote extensively every day. But then, during their awful trip through the Rocky Mountains, there were some gaps in his dailies. But again, the weather journal and the astronomical observations continued. So, one could guess that Meriwether hadn't thought it worth writing much while starving in the mountains, or maybe those papers had been lost.

Jim's chart clearly showed, so far, the dates and writings. The Rockies trip was from August 30th through September 27th. Then, in October—there was virtually nothing for October. No dailies. No weather journal was known of for that month. However, through Clark's journals, it was documented that Meriwether kept doing astronomical observations and all the usual activities. There was no indication by Clark of anything being awry. In fact, Clark also wrote that Meriwether recorded the vocabularies of various tribes during that time. Apparently, those vocabularies were missing, lost to history. They were not in the Moulton journals.

At the moment, Jim was reading accounts for February, as the members of the great expedition were still wintering at Fort Clatsop, near the Pacific coast. There, Meriwether was writing huge entries about the Indians and plants and animals. And Clark was copying Meriwether's writings wholesale, which made sense as a precaution, to have an extra copy of such valuable knowledge, and because Meriwether was by far the best at scientific descriptions, for which he had been trained.

Eagerly, the journalist proceeded on.

35 Anniversary

On Sunday, the last day of May, he went to a nearby Kinko's copy shop. He spent two hours, mostly waiting, in the Color Copies section. Finally, he left, mission accomplished.

June brought the beginning of his work in Crossville on the rental house on Genesis Road. He started the much-needed makeover by attacking the overgrown grass and weeds throughout the large yard around the house.

On the third evening, a Wednesday, he cut a path back to Nashville. Outside his apartment door, he opened his mailbox to find, among the junk, a letter from his teacher friend, Christy Ricketts. She shared joy about being on summer vacation, wished him well, and included a couple excerpts from essays she had asked her 7th-graders to write in reaction to his presentation about journalism. Ashley Pierce's was one of them:

I would like to be a journalist when I get older. I liked the journalist Jim Laffrey because he talked about things that interested me, such as the tornadoes we've been having and about the Chicago Bulls. He had me read for him, and I got a Meriwether Lewis t-shirt.

A journalist writes stories about things that happened. I think you have to like to read to be a journalist, and I do love to read.

I think the journalist Jim Laffrey is a nice guy.

Thursday morning, thunderstorms inundated central Tennessee and wrecked his outdoor plan for the day. It was an anniversary, doubly so. One worthy. And one worth scuttling. The fourth of June was the date of the jury's admirable verdict at the Coroner's Inquest two years prior. Also, now clear in hindsight, it was the date of the launch of the race-ignorant man's ship of shame.

On Friday, he welcomed an email from Starrs:

James, my man,

It is now my turn to worry about your whereabouts and doings. Am I reaching you by email?

I am busily employed with the last-ditch appeal to the director of the NPS. If you have changed address, please send it to me. I want to keep you, most of all persons, fully up-to-date.

Immediately, he replied with an apology and informed his friend of his impending move. Also, he told Starrs his Internet account would go dead "any second, now—whenever the service provider processes my order."

Calling his new landlord, he made it official: Moving Day was set for two weeks away—Washing Day, June 20.

He spent the evening doing some packing. In the morning, he drove to Crossville for a five-day stay. His toil began in the unfinished basement of the house. Its puddled, dirt and gravel floor, strewn with loose rocks, was crowded with everything from old household fans, to lawn tools, to bedding. It was rusted, rotten, reeking, mildewed junk. The stench was so powerful, it permeated up through the floor of the house, making the living space too odorous for him to bear. By day, he hauled the junk from the basement. By night, he tried to sleep amid the cigarette odor in his parents' home.

On the fourth day, he tried to wash his hands in his kitchen sink. No hot water. He found that a water leak had dribbled into the electrical control unit of the water heater. The resulting short-circuit had melted, "fried," the unit. He solicited his father's help with the problem. But his father, a jack of all trades, was not a helper, not an explainer, not a teacher. Rather, he was a doer. His father, now in his seventies, barged ahead, fixing it himself. Meanwhile, outside, a violent downpour ensued. The deluge continued into his fifth day. Late Wednesday, Jim ventured down into the basement and found most of the floor under two inches of water.

Standing on the bottom step, he shook his head, saying, "What the hell have I gotten myself into?"

There was a garage-door opening in the south wall of the basement. He had hauled off the bent-up, rusted-out door with the rest of the junk. He knew he would have to do some major landscaping outside to keep rainwater from flowing in through the opening. He went back upstairs. Where to start? Every room needed to be painted. But first, cracks and holes in the walls and the window frames needed to be spackled, puttied, caulked. The hardwood floors were dark, dirty, stained. He wouldn't sand and refinish them, but he would have to disinfect them. The bathroom's tub and shower stall was falling apart. Crumbling sheet rock fell into the bathtub with every knock on the wall. The water flow was weak out of all the faucets in the house. And the kitchen, well, its counter and storage shelves were covered with three and four layers of gunky contact paper. Under the electric stove and the floor cabinets were wads of smelly nesting material, evidence that the murder house had been a mouse house for the last six months. In total, it looked to be a summer-long job.

The next day, he returned to Nashville. He had his priorities in order: If the exhumation were to get the go-ahead, he would put the bio of Starrs on the front burner. Otherwise, he had the projects of house-refurbishing, reading, and writing to pursue. In Nashville, the main thing was to make a reservation for a U-Haul truck, easily done.

On 13 June, he was back in Crossville for his mom's birthday. Then, he began three days of desperate progress. He bought eight gallons of paint in three colors: bright ceiling white, flat wall white, and semi-gloss country white. His dad helped spackle and caulk. His mom helped paint. By Wednesday noon, the living room, the two bedrooms, and the laundry room were almost ready for

tenancy. After lunch, he mixed a gallon of bleach with a gallon of water, and he and his mother went to work on the degenerated hardwood floors. By sundown, the two were swooning from the fumes.

"Whew," his mom sighed, wiping sweat off her wrinkled brow. "I'm gettin' too old for that!"

"Thanks, Mom." He tenderly squeezed her shoulder. "It was a helluva day. But now, finally, half the house is ready to move into."

"Yeah. You'll be able to sit and sleep with a roof over your head. You'll just have to eat, shave, and shower at our house for a while, yet."

He locked the kitchen door as they exited onto the porch.

"What about phone and tv?"

"Monday for the phone. Tv—," he shook his head. "I'm not going to get the cable hooked up, at least not yet."

"You can't pick up anything with the rabbit ears," she said, as they got into her white, 1990 Chevrolet. "The stations are too far away."

"Yeah, I know. I figure I can do without the distraction."

Thursday morning, he opened a bank account in Crossville. Also, he had some extra keys made. Then he headed for Nashville. On the interstate, the speed limit had been raised recently to 70 mph. Hurling along, wheels spinning at 78, he reached for a cassette tape and then sang along. In turns, three tapes, a variety of emotions, some salves, no solutions.

Early Friday evening, he sat on his couch. Everything was packed except his bed, clothes for the next day, and a few toiletries. He eyed the piles of boxes about the living room, the dining area, and in the hall. Gazing out the curtainless front windows, he wondered what to do about the U-Haul truck despite a plan being in place. He could walk to get the truck, but it was several miles away. A taxi was an option, to which he nodded. In a little while, if he had to, he would call a taxi. Out the window, the view was across the driveway to another two-story, beige, brick apartment building like his own. How he had grown to hate that cramped vista.

He sat waiting for his helper. The plan was for one last time in Nashville together for himself and her. They were to go together in one car to get the truck, which he would drive back and park nearby for the night. Would she show up? Late, too late, or not at all?

Movement caught his eye. She was striding from between two buildings. He frowned—she had parked her Trooper in the rear to hide it from view. "The last time," he whispered. "The last damn time."

But she looked angelic. Her blond-colored hair flowed over shoulders covered by a pullover shirt. The collared blouse was striped horizontally, alternating with violet and white. Blue jeans gathered the shirt's bottom. A peek of bare ankle topped each brown leather shoe—expensive "Italian leather," as she liked to remind him. A brown purse hung from her left shoulder.

He opened the door with a smile. She seemed to force a grin, and the right corner of her mouth had that old droop to it again. Immediately, they left to get the U-Haul. In twenty minutes, they were back. She stood by as he closed the orange and white door of the truck. He asked, "Are you coming in? There's not much to do—everything's packed."

She took his hand. "The bed's not packed, is it?"

His eyebrows rose.

Sarcastically, she said, "Oh. I forgot. We're saving ourselves for divorce."

He laughed, let go of her hand, and put his arm around her as she opened the building's storm door. Inside the apartment, she looked for a place to set her purse. Seeing that even the dining table, legless and leaning against a wall, offered no satisfaction, she dropped her purse on the floor next to the door. She exhaled in exasperation as she walked among the piles of boxes, the bare walls, naked windows.

He offered, "The curtains are still up in the bedroom."

"I was beginning to wonder."

He heard sarcasm, but her voice had cracked on the last syllable. He saw her facade of anger crumbling to hurt and despair. He put his arms around her.

She sniffled and trembled. "I can't believe you're really leaving me."

"Oh," he said, tears instantly welling up and out. "I—. I can't believe you're letting me."

"What could I do?" She swallowed. "You sounded so determined."

He sighed, shaking his head. He regained his voice. "You know what you could have done. You didn't." Their hug tightened. Their weeping heightened. They caressed each other's hair, shoulders, backs. They kissed. Salty. Wet. He slid his lips off hers. He whispered in her ear. "Always and forever."

Simultaneously, she breathed, "I love you, Jim."

Their embrace intensified. One body. One warmth. One love. One fear.

She pressed her lips against his cheek and slid them to his lips. Their tongues met. One voice suggested they lie down. Atop the quilt, words were discarded with clothes. Eyes told. Fingers asserted. Wetness vowed. Hardness affirmed. She did not ask. He did not guide. They gave up themselves for this union.

Depleted, they drifted asleep. After midnight, one awoke to pee. The other followed suit.

"Are you staying for breakfast?"

A sigh said no.

He was stabbed by the finality of the moment. He wished to prevent the dawn. In vain, he mounted her again. Every physical and mental ecstasy that they had previously generated was now exceeded. In unison, passion's peaks came with familiar words both said and unsaid. Finally, they subsided into moans, bonded by the water tension of primal juices and sweat.

After half an hour, she stirred. He let her slip from under him. He listened as she ran water in the bathroom sink. He pulled on shorts and a shirt as she flushed.

In the living room, he pressed a key into her hand and said, "It fits the kitchen door. I don't use the front door."

On the threshold, she said, "Please, don't walk me out."

After dawn, he greeted his parents and a brother. He had already filled his Del Sol with boxes. The four loaded the U-Haul. Before noon, the big truck, the white Chevy, and the black Honda rolled to the highway and proceeded east. The scene reminded him of Lewis and Clark's keelboat and the two largest canoes traveling the Missouri River. He recalled some of Meriwether's words. He said them aloud, adapting them to the moment:

"Here's my little fleet of a keelboat and two pirogues." He sighed. "The good or evil in store is for experiment yet to determine."

Summer came to its completion coinciding with that of his house makeover. But he was nowhere near the completion of his own makeover, if that would ever come, if a true White man forever committed to improvement would ever come to that completion.

Meanwhile, the arrival of fall brought the end of the journal reading and the fruition of his chart that conclusively showed Meriwether Lewis had never shirked his journal-writing duties. There had been no Ambrose-styled "gaps," nor depression, nor evidence for the ravings of Reimer Ravenholt at the Coroner's Inquest and in publications across the country. Meriwether Lewis remained the most admirable historical person that journalist Jim had ever studied. Later, Ambrose would be publicly exposed for a small portion of his lies about WW2. But the big media never touched Ambrose's lying about Meriwether Lewis. Nor did the big media touch any other liars' wrongs against the great young man.

Jim poured himself into the writing of his own book, an attempt to fix history, and an attempt at total honest exposure of all that had happened in the previous, tumultuous two years during his service to Meriwether. However, the journalist's race-blind honesty was but another breeze for his sailing ship of shame. It produced a lengthy manuscript of too much information, woven with punishment and porn—punishment against all who had let him down, including himself, and porn in graphic though creative narratives of every act. In his poisoned mind, it was educational for all concerned, and he was the unapologetic educator.

He distributed a few copies of the manuscript to key individuals, and it would be years before he reasonably understood why only one voluntarily offered a reply. To the key female, he did not send a copy but instead placed a call.

Still maintaining as the race-blind pilot, the honorless captain, of his rotting ship, he listened as she summed up and dispensed with all that they had done and all that they had promised each other. She did so in only four words:

"It was a mistake."

Aghast, he was. Betrayed, he felt. Revenge, he considered.

This was not his first wrenching rejection inflicted by a female he loved, to whom he had given his all. One was in high school. Another major blow had come in Nashville previous to this one.

Ignorant of the full extent of the media's and the educational system's efforts to mislead males and females, he reacted just as those enemy organs desired him to. He lost nearly all hope in the female half of his race, this while still ignorant of the true, vital reality of race. Moreover, he blamed the women for their actions against him, not realizing that he was blaming victims, the same way that females were blaming victims when they blamed White men. All White males and White females had been born into a world already flooded in sewage, which had been allowed, step by deceitful step, by previous duped generations who had failed to recognize and destroy the enemy both foreign and domestic, especially domestic.

Also completed was his consideration of Crossville as a suitable place to find a job and settle down. On employment, he came up empty. Thus, without a source of income, staying was not an option.

He had sent out grad-student applications to two university English departments. Two invitations arrived. One in Missouri and one in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Before setting out alone, with his little car packed to the roof, he shipped one box of belongings to the northernmost Marquette, Michigan, to ensure that he would not stop and stay in Missouri without ever giving the northern offer a chance.

In the scenic town of Cape Girardeau, the reception was friendly and agreeable. Only his shipment pulled him back onto the road and up toward Lake Superior. When he crossed the border into Michigan, his homestate, a land of vast forests and fresh waters, he was very pleased with the feeling that he had returned home and knew he would not turn back.

Two years after his arrival at Northern Michigan University in Marquette, on the shores of the world's biggest freshwater sea, the journalist had earned a Master's Degree in Creative Writing and was working two part-time jobs. One was teaching English to foreigners in America. The other, training his replacement as grad assistant for publications in the offices of the College of Arts and Sciences.

The morning's date was 11 September 2001 when his trainee, named Alison, an Irish woman, married with children, received a phone call urging her to go to a tv. Jim and the long-haired, freckled, good-natured Alison went down to a lobby where a crowd of students and staff stood watching the repeated showing of the atrocities, descriptions, and explanations.

Already fed up with government lies and the erosion of individual freedoms, Jim remarked to Alison: "The government is going to use this to take more of our freedoms away."

Quite right, he was. But he was only cutting through the surface layer of the onion. Although he had been a journalist for a daily newspaper and knew very well about small, unconnected deceptions inflicted on the public by the media, he had no clue about the massive, connected deceptions. If told, he would not believe that the entire system of corporate media engaged in massive, deliberate lies. Thus, in his ignorance, he was unable to recognize the next layer down in the 9/11 onion as lie: The towers fell straight down because of only planes and fires. The media were united in saying so. But in such steel towers containing massive, steel-reinforced-concrete towers within—the elevator shafts—crumbling straight down was an impossibility. Pre-planned, controlled demolitions was the only possibility.

The next layer was "who done it." Arab Muslims had absolutely no control over any of the businesses and institutions involved in the total dereliction of duty that day, from airports to control towers to military defenses to the president silently sitting it out in an elementary school classroom in Florida. Who had operational control of those businesses and institutions? Who benefited? And at the core of the onion, what was the true race of those who controlled and benefited?

Journalist Jim, who still unwittingly allowed the jew-owned corporate media to decide what was discussable and what was not, had no possibility of peeling that onion. He didn't even know it was an onion.

Correct but shallowly so, he was disgusted by the government, by the lying, by the failures to prevent such attacks, by the failures to solve long-running societal problems, by the deterioration

of employment opportunities, and by the decimation of stable, happy, family life such as he had known growing up in a White neighborhood in Mt. Clemens, Michigan. But as his psyche was stunted by race-blindness, he thought the criminal-infested government was controlled by Whites, thus he was repulsed from living in what he thought was his White-destroyed country.

During the previous year, he had taught English part-time to foreign students at a private school populated mostly by young adults from Asia. The Japanese students had been his favorites, and most of them had kept in touch by email, saying, "Jim, you should come to Japan to teach." The price of airfare alone had kept him from thinking seriously about it. But a positive effect of 9/11 was that flight prices were soon drastically reduced, making a visit to Japan an affordable option for him.

After a two-week visit staying in the homes of former students in various cities, from Tokyo to Toyoma to Osaka, he decided to follow his new friends' advice.

Life in Japan was a challenge, but it was a clean, well organized, punctual, respectful challenge. He was working for local branches of an international school system of the Nova Group corporation, renting a matchbox apartment, and trying to secure satisfaction in the basics of life. But in early November, a phone call brought another life-changing upset.

His younger brother reported that both of their parents had been killed by a tornado. His mother, with her unconditional love, had been the glue of the family, and she had been Jim's only remaining anchor on the planet.

Devastated, he flew back to the USA and returned to Crossville, put up by his younger brother's White family of four. After a teary funeral service and burial of urns without the presence of their estranged sister, the five male siblings gathered for the final divvying up of what remained of his parents' belongings and assets. Not surprising to any race-wise outsider, but shocking and revolting to Jim, was the dishonest conniving by his three older brothers throughout the process. They, too, lacked any grounding in the history, duties, and honor of the White race and the White family. Thus, their actions were influenced by every divisive notion and tactic subtly inculcated into them from their lifetimes of sponging up the anti-White anti-family mind-poisons of jew-produced tv programming, movies, comic books, novels, and songs.

Jim angrily announced, while still shaken with grief, "There is not enough here even worth fighting over! What would Mom think of you? You should be ashamed of yourselves."

Indeed, with most small belongings having disappeared in the massive, nighttime whirlwind, there remained merely a couple of old used cars, some tools, and a few personal possessions. The only asset of any size was the insurance payout due on the house, which was a one-floor trailer home that had been set atop a simple foundation. That relatively light box had been lifted over nearby treetops and slammed down upon a neighbor's house, flattening both. The oldest brother, injured by the tornado, was a co-owner of the house and would receive and keep the full payout without significant objection from his younger brothers.

The event that should have been an effective reunion for the siblings functioned instead as another bomb propelling Jim further into solitary escapism from the entire American nightmare.

The journalist and educator returned to Japan to finish his one-year contract. After that, he attempted to resettle in Marquette, Michigan. On the shore of Lake Superior, disappointments quickly piled up as his savings dwindled. So, again, he turned to so-called higher education for regrouping and for resetting his course. The University of Hawaii's Department of Second

Language Studies offered an attractive financial aid package and a location as remote as possible without quite leaving his home country.

Having to receive his racial education the hard way, Jim soon learned that Hawaii, sold as a "paradise" to all comers, was a joy to rich, short-term tourists but was an anti-White "Alcatraz" for him. Off campus, the brown people claiming to be native Hawaiians expressed their racist hatred of Whites by shunning friendly advances, shouting insults from their vehicles, and worse, especially the denial of jobs. Angered, Jim thought: *Racism against me in my own country!*

He had never been racist against anyone, but here he suffered blatant racism himself. Well trained as he was, he attempted to defend the Hawaiian racists as understandably lashing out at the invaders from the mainland. But the takeover of Hawaii had been long before his time, and the Hawaiians were not openly racist against the many kinds of nonWhites populating Honolulu, such as the Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, Vietnamese, and Philipinos. Clearly, to Jim, it was only one kind of racism: anti-White racism. He decided that if he had to tolerate racism against himself, he would rather do so in another race's country, where it would be understandable, rather than in his own damn country. That's what drove him out again.

Upon graduation, he tried Vietnam, thinking that it would be a simpler, closer-to-nature society, less materialistic, and perhaps more honest, too. Also, he sought to give back to a population who had been so devastated by the Eisenhower-Kennedy-Johnson-Nixon war. This latter sentiment was, unbeknownst to him, a manifestation of the false White guilt that Jewry had convinced Americans to feel so that Americans would tolerate, and bend over backward, and sacrifice, against their own race.

After years of teaching and living in several different Vietnamese cities large and small, after becoming conversant in the language, after accumulating a mass of observations on behavior that showed clear nationwide patterns, he realized he had been wrong on all counts. It was a culture of deceit, from top to bottom, with their normal ubiquitous lying not even recognized by them as such. It was a culture in which the farmer, the vital supplier of food, was disdained. It was a culture of materialism, in which even the dwellers of shacks somehow had made sure to have the necessary tv, cell phone, and motorbike—and at every level exhibited the sheeplike drive of "keeping up with the Nguyens".

Furthermore, certain patterns of behavior revealed themselves to Jim as not learned behavior, which would be cultural behavior, but in fact were behaviors outlined by DNA. For example, nobody taught people to break every rule of driving so that every minute on the streets, even on the sidewalks, brought the threat of mortal injury from utterly stupid, dangerous driving. Furthermore, it seemed that the Vietnamese had no peripheral vision, or else did not employ it. Their only focus was straight ahead, to not hit what was directly in front of them. It was even a nationwide practice to remove the factory-provided pair of rearview mirrors on motorcycles and mount only a very small left-side mirror solely to satisfy the legal requirement of a mirror, and it typically went totally unused.

The journalist was assembling knowledge that would prepare him to consider different sources of information and assertions that he had always automatically rejected as so wrong that they had been taboo.

As educator Jim was studying the Southeast Asian slice of the Mongoloid race he was living among, he was still so race-blind that when he read the websites of the New York Times and the like, he bought the product called Barack Obama, lock, stock, and barrel.

But during the half-African's first month in the White House, his appointments of known criminals from the Bill Clinton administration alarmed Jim. Moreover, Obama's blatant breaking of campaign promises and continuation of the criminal policies of the George W. Bush reign inspired a revelation:

Presidents from both parties broke promises in order to continue the obvious, anti-American criminality of the previous presidents' administrations. Furthermore, none of the other party's traitors were tried nor imprisoned. He had seen it and knew it was true, from Ronald Reagan, to the first George Bush, to Clinton, to Bush 2, and now Obama.

In Obama's case, the president was deliberately squandering the overwhelming power of what appeared to be a united Democratic Party in control of Congress and the Presidency at the same time. If Obama and his fellow partiers had simply enacted the agenda they had promised during the campaign, the results would have propelled the Democratic Party to unparalleled success and admiration from a majority of Americans and could have paved the way for a generation of Democratic, one-party rule. Therefore, the journalist knew, the historical chain of events proved the two parties fully complicit. Thus, it necessarily followed that their presidents most certainly were not the most powerful individuals in the USA. Clearly, if they could have, those criminals would have made themselves kings.

That revelation thus demanded from Jim the question: Who?

Intent on discovering who could wield power over presidents and, therefore, over countries, the journalist followed the trail of power. Going individual by individual, he soon realized, was

getting him nowhere beyond the familiar faces. Secondly, going organization by organization, he quickly discarded the Hollywood-sown notion of the Central Intelligence Agency as the top criminal organization. The C.I.A. was too young, itself a reconstitution and expansion of an agency FDR had created. As with the power trail of individuals, the power trail of organizations branched into deadends. He then pounced on that axiom of investigation: Follow the money.

The trail of money was a vein of gold. From campaign funding, to infamous banks, to international banks, the journalist found the motherlode: the Rothschild family, the most infamous banking family in history. Information about that family came with the fact that they were jews.

Though Jim still suffered severe race-blindness, the necessity of acquiring information about jews brought him to a new world of sources that were becoming more and more plentiful on the Internet. The documentation, the old books, the photographs. This knowledge opened Oz's curtain, it shocked him, it awed him, it frightened him, it angered him.

Each of those four phases lasted weeks or months, during which he constantly questioned and double-checked his latest conclusions.

Soon, it became clear that nearly every single reliable source in English about jews was a White person, nearly always a White man. The journalist read the book by the famous Christian minister Martin Luther from the 1500s, who late in life had become wise to jewry, but not to Christianity, and published his historic expose titled *The Jews And Their Lies*, which was translated from the original German into English.

Mining modern books, Jim devoured works by true Americans, such as those a century old by Alfred Owen Crozier who had foretold the massive crimes by the soon-to-form Federal Reserve System; and by the great inventor and automaker Henry Ford Sr., whose book *The International Jew: The World's Foremost Problem* exposed a tremendous amount of evidence from 1492 to 1922 about jew crimes in America, and their control of vital commodities, poisons, media, Hollywood, and governments. Also, Jim read, and re-read, the historic body of work by the investigative writer Eustace Mullins. And there were more, so many more that Jim amassed enough knowledge to be able to distinguish between the truth-telling authors, the ignorant authors, and the complicit authors who lied for jewry.

Also valuable were archives of magazines, supreme among them was the Liberty Bell, published through the 1970s, '80s, and '90s. The journalist-educator read every single available issue, thus gaining an otherwise impossible to obtain education about the monthly parade of crimes against White heroes, against the White race, and against humanity by the U.S. government and the hundreds of jew organizations in the USA. Furthermore, Liberty Bell writers, especially Revilo Oliver, possessed historical knowledge to such a depth that the magazine provided an education in how jewry's recent procession of crimes fit into history.

Waking up to race meant that Jim had to learn more about race. He had always been interested in biology, from Charles Darwin to the White discovery of DNA, but he had shunned race comparisons, just as he had been trained to shun them. Now, he was open to them. And the science was there, published, and waiting to be read, though never in the big jew-owned media.

Books from the last century by the renowned scientist Carleton Coon, and by Carleton Putnam, William Gayley Simpson, and Richard Fuerle were fascinating mind-rejuvenators. And publications by the Canadian professor J. Philippe Rushton and his international associates laid waste to the false arguments against IQ testing. Rushton and others documented the IQ patterns found by race, in the USA and in country after country around the world. Jim found that Rushton's reports on studies of twins, and the studies on African children reared in different cultural settings,

and the studies comparing educational achievements by the different races in America, were all persuasive, and to him, often conclusive.

Still, he felt that he had to learn more about his own race. Twice he read the book by William Luther Pierce, the physicist turned educator and organizer, titled *Who We Are*, which was a history of humanity from the point of view of race, a method that brought ringing clarity to what had seemed to Jim a chaotic procession of nonsensical, power-mad conquerings.

One of his plateaus on this arduous but eager climb was the pleasure in realizing that Americans had not ruined the United States Of America, although Americans had been duped and derelict in their duty to protect and advance what their White forefathers had built. It was a relief for him to know that jews, not Americans, had ruined America.

Along the way up the rugged mountain of truth, he was still teaching English to foreigners and using textbooks published by the giants of the industry in the USA and England. Many lessons he found laced with half-truths and blatant lies, and for certain groups of students who could handle the truth, he taught them the truth. Some such textbook lessons attributed various inventions to women and Africans when the truth of White male inventors was easily accessible on trusted websites.

A particularly revolting lesson was disguised as teaching the vocabulary of households and their inhabitants, but Jim recognized the obvious ulterior motives of the publisher. The lesson presented and pictured a married couple from the mid 1900s living in Mexico City. It said the pair were artists, Frida Kahlo and her husband, Diego Rivera. The textbook said the painters invited and "entertained their famous friends, including the millionaire Nelson Rockefeller, the composer George Gershwin, and the political leader Leon Trotsky" in their uniquely furnished abode. Nary a negative word was said about those people nor to indicate why such seemingly dissimilar individuals were friends.

By this time, Jim could recognize that the husband, at least, was a secret jew, both painters were Communists, and both were destructive infiltrators in Mexico and North America. Rockefeller was a secret jew of the oil and banking family under the supremacy of the jew Rothschild family of Europe. Gershwin, whose real name was Jacob Gershowitz, was a jew composer who made his easy living copying, modifying, and degrading the music invented and advanced by Whites, especially Germans. Trotsky was a known jew who had lived in New York City, in waiting, before being sent to conduct the mass-murdering of millions upon millions of nonjews in Russia and all of the Soviet Union. Trotsky was not a "political" leader, unless the racial hatred of mass-slaughtering Whites for the benefit of only jewry could be construed as "political," which it could not. Jim knew that this lesson and the textbook in which that lesson lurked, were typical examples of what jewry had done to the entire educational system of the United States Of America.

As the journalist-educator's mental list of secret jews grew, he began to grasp the potential enormity of the American infestation of jews, directly from Europe and up through Mexico. Famous names continually pointed to connections further back in time. The jew bankers of today led Jim to the previous jew leaders of those banks and back to crypto-jew frontment in the USA for the jew Rothschilds of Europe. Two of them, who had grown wealthy by theft from White America, were George Peabody and August Belmont, the latter another name-changer. Peabody and Belmont had put their names on colleges and other institutions in various states in order to further influence

the education system to teach ignorance about jewry. Both were jews in the vast jew network leading further and further back.

President Andrew Jackson of the 1830s had fought the vile bankers, and temporarily won, which explained why the modern media demonized that true White president. Thus, Jim knew that jews had been in place well before the so-called "Civil" War, and surely jews would be found in key governmental positions there, too.

Indeed, he found that President Abraham Lincoln's secretary of the War Department, Edwin Stanton, was a secret jew who had helped facilitate the assassination of Lincoln and other crimes. John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, was a jew whose older brother Edwin was a very famous, elite actor in the jew-dominated theatre circuit, the first entertainment network used by the jews as an anti-American propaganda network, to be followed by radio, movies, school lyceum programs and filmstrips, tv, and much of the Internet.

During the heinous, jew-banker-contrived War Between The States, actually a War of duped American Whites Killing duped American Whites, the South also had secret jews in safe administrative positions. Chief among them, as Jim found, was Judah Benjamin, who was the Attorney General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State of the Confederacy. Thus, with Stanton in the North and Benjamin in the South, jewry had colluding chessmasters on both sides of the unCivil War, sending Whites to die in fratricide.

This reality of historical crypto-jews infesting the government of the USA was painful and difficult to accept. He feared that jews also had been among the Founding Fathers, as rare but oft-reliable sources already had claimed. Jim decided that he had no choice but to delve into available online collections of documents written by the Founding Fathers, themselves.

Three such treasures proved paramount. First, the speeches by the great Patrick Henry, who had rejected an invitation to attend the 1787 Convention in Philadelphia, later-named the "Constitutional Convention," because it was to be locked down in secrecy. Jim was surprised to learn that Henry had opposed the Constitution from the beginning as a veiled, systematic betrayal of the original United States Of America properly governed by the Articles Of Confederation.

Second, the journalist-educator re-read every word of James Madison's account of what had taken place during that secret convention in Philadelphia. His suspicions were aroused by the positions taken and the manner of argumentation by certain members, especially that of a Gouverneur Morris from Pennsylvania. Finding an image of a painting of Morris in profile, Jim put the written and physical evidence together and concluded that Morris was a crypto-jew.

Third, and most important of all, he learned that Madison's account had been preceded by a book titled *Secret Proceedings And Debates of the Convention Assembled at Philadelphia, 1787*, published in 1821. The existence of such a publication, a document, came as a shocking surprise, further angering him at the dereliction of White teachers in failing to provide this knowledge, and further angering him at the anti-White crimes by jews infesting the educational system who had deliberately withheld this vital White knowledge.

The historic *Secret Proceedings* book featured the complete notes from the convention by Founding Father Robert Yates, with further notes and comments by fellow Founding Fathers and convention attendees John Lansing and Luther Martin. This trio had patriotically exposed the treason of the entire convention, which was a premeditated orchestration of the overthrow of the USA's Articles Of Confederation. Yates, Lansing, and several other admirable Founders had quit the convention in disgust, and of course they and others refused to sign the new anti-American concoction called The Constitution.

Thus, it was clear to the journalist that Madison's publication had been a desperate attempt to defend himself and his accomplices against the devastating and conclusive evidence of the Yates book. For Jim, the evidence was in, and the verdict rendered.

Shocking, horrid, yet true, the famous and media-glorified signers of the Constitution were, in fact, traitors to the original United States Of America, and they had opened the door to jewry eventually gaining full control of the government of the White-founded, White-built USA.

Another infiltrator of the Founding Fathers was Alexander Hamilton, already known to Jim as a secret jew, a fact even corroborated by jew reference works. Hamilton also had been a major conspirator with Morris and Madison. George Washington—the chairman of the Constitutional Convention, signer of the Constitution, and first president—appointed New York banker Hamilton as the USA's first secretary of the Treasury.

Thus, the journalist knew that jews were in place a generation before the beloved Meriwether Lewis had reached adulthood and gone from government service in the army to executive-branch service at the invitation of Thomas Jefferson, who had been in Europe as the U.S. ambassador to France during the entire con of the Constitution.

Jim would return to the puzzle of the jew network in relation to the crises suffered by Jefferson and Lewis. But first, the matter of crypto-jews hit him hard right where he lived, and where he had lived.



Stanley Anne Dunham, a jew,
with her offspring, thus also a jew,
Barack Hussein Obama.

39 Crypto-jews At Work And Play

Frequently reflecting on failed romances, the journalist-educator retained vivid memories of past lovers and their surroundings. One of them immediately leapt to the fore as a possible crypto-jew. She was the only child in the upper-crust Brookhart family of Crossville, Tennessee, the seat of rural Cumberland County. Her father had been the owner of the Crossville newspaper and had sold it to a media corporation. Her mother was still the owner and operator of Crossville's main travel agency. Both of those occupations were now known to Jim, through his research, as favorites of jews. In his memory, neither parent looked like a classic jew. The father was short and bulky, with similarity to the stocky jew prime ministers of Israel. On recollection, the mother had wiry hair likely forced by treatments against reverting to natural jew curls. The daughter, Laura, Jim's girlfriend, had as her best friend the wife of the owner of a prominent jewelry store in Crossville. His name was Jerry Phillips, and in Jim's memory he looked like a typical, short, curly haired jew, although blond. The journalist had learned that jews control the international diamond trade and that jewelry was another favorite, and lucrative, field dominated by jews.

On a side street of Crossville, near the center of town and not far from the large Brookhart residence, was an independent dwelling with a foreign-sounding name on a sign in plain view from the street. One day, as Jim and Laura drove past the place, he commented that he had no idea what kind of a place that was. However, Laura very well knew, and immediately offered an exact yet minimal description. Now, Jim clearly recalled that episode and knew that a jew, of course, would

have known what B'nai B'rith was all about while the normal White person would not have had a clue.

This evidence and other clues he recalled left him with no doubt that he, himself, in his previous utter ignorance of jewry, had been used as a lover of a secret jew. Used, indeed, for she had admitted to him under his close questioning that her mother did not approve of their relationship and that she was enjoying him only until she found a suitable man to marry.

Sure of that major, female, secret-jew in his life, Jim searched his past for other crypto candidate girlfriends. Of the two dozen, only two offered clues, not enough for conclusions.

Knowing that the medical profession was another favorite of jewry, he recalled the doctors and other medical workers he had known. Again in Crossville was a prime candidate. Doctor Donathan Miles "Reb" Ivey was obviously, physically, a jew, with his black curly hair and typical facial features. Jim had first met the doctor when Ivey had come as a customer into the musical instrument store where Jim worked. The young family man was also a guitar player and eventually invited Jim, one time, to his home. A vivid memory from that visit was the scene of the doctor taking off his footwear to reveal surprisingly long, squared-off toenails. Jim inquired. The man explained that despite the double points of each long, squared-off nail, they were the sure way to avoid ingrown toenails.

Another vivid memory was Jim's inquiry about the doctor's nickname, "Reb," as he had asked if it was short for "rebel," as in "Southern rebel." The doctor's reply had been hesitant and evasive, only saying that it was not a version of "rebel." Now, the journalist searched the Internet and found that not "Reb" but "Rebbe" was a jew word, title, and nickname. *Surely, that was it*, he concluded. Furthermore, he did a more extensive search on the doctor's name, turning up the fact that his father, Ray Donathan Ivey, had been a co-founder of a bank. Crossville was the county seat of Cumberland County, and the bank's name was Cumberland County Bank. *Thus: Ivey is a jew, crypto-jew. Case closed.*

The journalist-educator also scoured his past experiences with teachers, professors, and administrators in academe. A no-doubt hands-down crypto-jew immediately reared its ugly head: the curly black-haired, hooknosed, droopnosed, top administrator of Northern Michigan University's English Department in Marquette, Michigan. Name: James Schiffer. Journalist Jim had co-formed a weekly musical jam group with NMU professor John Smolens, apparently White, and a few other men. They met in one's garage or another's basement and played old songs, both famous and obscure. Secret-jew Schiffer had told Smolens that he could play harmonica, so professor Smolens had invited his boss to join the jam. Despite the group bending over backward to play songs familiar to the jew and in his harmonica's key, the administrator was a miserable musical failure.

Another memory of that episode etched in Jim's mind was overhearing the jew comment to Smolens that Jim as a singer certainly had the enthusiasm but not the voice. In Jim's experience, no one in the group had ever criticized another while in the room, and all had known that each was volunteering their parts with no claim of expertise nor even adequacy. What they were doing was a simple joy only possible in cooperation. But the jew, after his own failure, had insulted the most obviously White man in the room.

From only his own experience having lived in small towns, big cities, and metropolises in five different states, the journalist knew without a shadow of reasonable doubt that jews had infested the entire country. Most of them were crypto-jews, as they never told of nor deliberately exhibited their jewness to him nor, surely, to any other Whites.

One day, while following leads on the Internet, Jim was startled by the appearance of a photo showing baby Barack Obama in the arms of his mother, Stanley Ann Dunham. The name "Stanley," alone, was a clue. But the image, itself, was a conclusion: *She's a dark-haired twin of jew Laura Brookhart!* Thus, the journalist dropped his previous intentions and researched the background of the supposedly "White" mother of half-African Obama.

He found that Stanley Ann Dunham's father was surely a crypto-jew named Stanley Dunham, whence the repeat of the common jew name of "Stanley," even for a daughter. The father had been in the furniture business, one in which Jim's own brief experience as a delivery man and mover had taught him that it was a lucrative field for unscrupulous owners who extremely overcharged at retail and lied about it.

Stanley Ann Dunham's mother, however, was more obviously a crypto-jew. She was from a banker family. In modern America after the deliberately inflicted Great Depression and its bankrupting of nearly every remaining White bank owner from sea to shining sea, "banker family" meant jew family. Stanley Ann Dunham's own background was rich in evidence of jew. As Jim found, she had worked for the CIA and for international banking, especially so when sowing the scam of "micro-loans" in so-called developing countries. Further photographic evidence salaciously exposed the jewess. Barack Obama's mother had posed nude for an African, a known Communist named Frank Marshall Davis from Chicago, which displayed her as yet another jewess pretending to be White and baring her all to satiate her own perversions while degrading White society and culture.

Thus, Jim knew beyond all reasonable doubt that no matter who was his African father, Barack Obama was a jew because he was a son of a jew.

The president jew Obama, as the journalist already knew, had surrounded himself with jews in the White House. Rahm Emanuel was chief of staff, later to become the mayor of Chicago. Campaign advisors and speech writers who Obama had brought into the White House were jews, such as David Axelrod. He had with him former and current members of the jew Federal Reserve corporation, including Alan Greenspan, Paul Volcker, Ben Shalom Bernanke, crypto-jew Timothy Geithner, Janet Yellen, and more. And nearly every "czar" he had appointed was obviously a jew. He had appointed a crypto-jew homosexual, with that detrimental mutation most common among the jew race, to the Supreme Court.

There was nowhere left in the top levels of government for journalist Jim to investigate. Even the half-African president was a jew. And every president since and including Woodrow Wilson had similarly surrounded himself with jews, as exposed by many great White authors and publishers from Henry Ford Sr., to Eustace Mullins, to Revilo Oliver, and more. Furthermore, there was nowhere left, at that time, across the top levels of domestic and international banking for Jim to investigate. There was no higher power than control of the money systems. The jews were proved as the deceitful, conspiring, traitorous holders of that power.

Therefore, the journalist felt free to return to explore and hopefully discover more of what jews had done to the most admirable Meriwether Lewis, to the young United States Of America, and to White American history.

The first place to start was the treason of Aaron Burr, who had been the vice president during President Thomas Jefferson's first term, 1801 to 1805. The great Founding Father had not chosen Burr as vice president. The flawed election system at that time put the top two vote-getters in office, thus inflicting number-two Burr upon Jefferson's administration. Meriwether Lewis's service as the president's private secretary was from 1801 to 1803, thus overlapping with the presence of Burr for two years.

Meriwether Lewis, a friend of the Jefferson family, had been in the army for a decade before Jefferson took office and invited him to be his private secretary in the White House. Together, they planned the dream expedition. Upon Jefferson's brilliant purchase of the Louisiana territory, the president sent Meriwether in 1803 to learn vital skills, such as determining latitude and longitude at any position on Earth, to prepare equipment for the expedition, and to appoint the men to serve under his leadership. The Corps Of Discovery embarked from St. Louis in 1804, and their triumphant return was in September 1806.

For Jim, one of the most intriguing and satisfying events during the time of the expedition but not part of the expedition was the famous duel between traitor Aaron Burr and traitor Andrew Hamilton, resulting in the deserved death of Hamilton. The only better outcome imaginable, for the journalist, was if the duel's shots had resulted in dual deaths. Crypto-jew Hamilton had been president Washington's secretary of the Treasury. His vile, anti-American financial deeds had been opposed by Jefferson and, later, partly undone by President Jefferson.

In the fall of 1806, as national hero Meriwether Lewis returned to the east and to the Capital, he was informed of the tremendous commotion across the country because of Aaron Burr's plots, including Burr's ultimate intention to invade Mexico and make himself king. President Jefferson had issued a nationwide order for the arrest of Burr. Meanwhile, Burr was fleeing down the Mississippi with the intention of getting to a British naval ship, and presumed safety, at Pensacola, Florida. However, enroute, Burr was detected and arrested in February 1807, later taken to Richmond, Virginia, and locked up there until his treason trial, held through August, September, and October 1807. Thus, despite Meriwether's eagerness to pursue post-expedition responsibilities, such as the extensive preparations necessary before professionally produced journals and scientific results could be published, he was delayed by, among other matters, the dominant political crisis of the time, which was the Burr conspiracy.

Meanwhile, in March, which was after Burr's arrest and prior to the trial, Jefferson appointed Meriwether to be the new governor of the Louisiana territory, displacing General James Wilkinson from that post. Wilkinson, who had been concurrently the head of the U.S. army and governor of Louisiana territory, was known to have cooperated with Burr and to have turned St. Louis into a hornet's nest of corruption.

Job One for the new governor in St. Louis would be to root out the "Burrrites," as Meriwether described them. That job first fell upon the secretary of the Louisiana territory, Frederick Bates, who became acting governor upon Wilkinson's military reassignment southward against the Spanish. Bates would have to wait a year for Meriwether's arrival to the governor's chair. Despite the huge load of the post-expedition duties, family matters, and other personal responsibilities that Meriwether had to pursue, everything was delayed. Meriwether had always been an asset to President Jefferson, and it was certain that the president pressed the great 33-year-old into service during the pre-trial and trial activities against the former vice president and his network of treason.

Jim already had read the online transcript of the treason trial of Burr. The journalist had recognized the judge's actions as at least worthy of impeachment and likely deserving of his own trial and execution for treason. The worst crime by the judge, who was Supreme Court chief justice John Marshall, a longtime political opponent of Thomas Jefferson, was his limiting of the court's definition of treason as to make a verdict of treason impossible. Thus, as intended, Burr got off. President Jefferson's reaction was reported as "furious."

The president wrote: "We supposed we possessed fixed laws to guard us equally against treason and oppression; but it now appears we have no law but the will of a judge."

Likewise furious, in Jim's estimation, was Meriwether's reaction, and certainly so was Jim's, as the text of the testimony from the witnesses laid bare, to him, a network of treason. General Wilkinson was another suspect. Subsequently, the general was proved as a co-conspirator with Burr, but the ever-crafty Wilkinson had saved himself in late 1806 by betraying Burr directly to Jefferson, thus apparently duping Jefferson into thinking Wilkinson a patriot.

If not duped, *how else could it be explained*, the journalist thought, *that Jefferson continued to allow Wilkinson to head the army?*

A barrage of letters from respectable citizens of St. Louis had informed the president of Wilkinson's network of corruption involving illegal land schemes, collusion in the lucrative and vital mining operations of lead and other resources, and key governmental posts. Indeed, as Jim learned, that western network extended from Nashville to St. Louis to New Orleans. Among these men were heinous traitors and murderers.

Thanks to the evidence presented by Professor Starrs' eminent team at the Coroner's Inquest in Hohenwald combined with the evidence culled from the Journals Of Lewis And Clark as edited by Gary Moulton, plus the evidence from the journalist's other research, and with recent facts exposed and published by Kira Gale, Thomas Danisi, and others, the fog was lifted to reveal various henchmen and accomplices of the western branch of the network of treason. But which ones were jews? That was the most important question, and the journalist knew of no researcher but himself asking it. Another salient question was whence the funding came for Burr's major expenses? So far, Jim had found no reports on that.

The head of the western branch of treason was surely Gen. James Wilkinson. As the investigative journalist learned, Wilkinson was later proved by documentation from Spain that he had been a paid secret agent for the government of Spain since 1787, the year of what Jim called the "CONvention" of treason in Philadelphia. Wilkinson was later shown to have had destroyed the career of the military hero George Rogers Clark, older brother of Meriwether Lewis's friend William Clark. Wilkinson accomplished that crime by a deceitful campaign of falsified letters, which was a tactic later seen again in the lies about Meriwether Lewis and his death. Lying letters came from men under Wilkinson's command: Capt. James House, Capt. Gilbert Russell, and Major James Neelly.

In 1796, Wilkinson was given the commanding general position of the U.S. Army when Commanding General Anthony Wayne died of a suspicious case of what was called "stomach gout." In 1803, despite whatever evidence and hearsay Jefferson may have received, the president appointed Wilkinson to the governorship of the Louisiana Territory. This disappointing leniency would repeat in 1807, when, after receiving many reports of Wilkinson's crimes as governor in St. Louis, Jefferson replaced him with Meriwether Lewis and sent Wilkinson on a military mission to stop the Spanish west of New Orleans. Thus, Wilkinson in 1807 was still in a position of power to further his ongoing plans of treason with Burr.

The journalist also learned that Capt. James House had been one of the first, if not the first, to send a letter claiming that Meriwether Lewis was in "a state of mental derangement." This had been mailed from Fort Pickering where House, conveniently, was spending some furlough time as Meriwether Lewis arrived there enroute to Washington DC. The House letter went to Frederick Bates, the territory secretary in St. Louis who, himself, despised Meriwether Lewis.

After Meriwether's death, Major James Neelly repeated and embellished that "mental derangement" claim. Neelly had been appointed by Wilkinson as the local U.S. agent to the Chickasaw tribe, and it was his implausible story from the assassination site in Tennessee that set the main course for the cover-up.

Several weeks later, and again years later, Capt. Gilbert Russell of Fort Pickering also repeated and further embellished that "derangement" claim by House and Neelly.

All of these men, Jim found, were in key physical and governmental positions in the final weeks, days, and hours before Meriwether was assassinated. The leader they all had in common was the vile but charismatic traitor, spy, career-wrecker, corrupt administrator Wilkinson. Thus, they were accomplices in Wilkinson's western branch of treason.

While in St. Louis, Wilkinson had appointed to government positions a murderous, power-hungry, multi-weaponed bully named John Smith T. The "T" appendage meant "Tennessee" and was attached by Smith to distinguish himself from all other John Smiths. Smith T had built a record of obeying no law but his own, which he enforced as he went along by the one rifle, two pistols, and two dirks he reportedly always carried. Wilkinson, his territory secretary Joseph Browne, and

Smith T engaged together in corruptions and crimes involving their offices, lands, and mines. Thus, Browne and Smith T were two more members of the network of treason. Wilkinson's co-conspiracy with Burr made it a countrywide network of treason.

In March 1808, Meriwether was finally able to assume his governor's position in St. Louis. Within a year, Jefferson's second term came to an end, and the new president was none other than CONstitution co-ringleader James Madison Jr., very likely a crypto-jew in Jim's estimation, given his physical features, actions, and fluency in the Hebrew language of the jews. During Meriwether's governorship under the new president, Madison's administrators denied repayment to Meriwether of various expenses the governor had judged necessary, such as the printing of the territorial laws, all of which the hero had paid for out of his personal funds.

Compounding that crisis was an obvious problem with the mail, which Meriwether diplomatically described as delay and loss of letters. The prime suspect, according to at least one modern researcher, was postmaster John Hay in Cahokia, Illinois. The mail from St. Louis bound eastward crossed the Mississippi and first stopped in the Hay shop. Another researcher, as Jim read, showed that Meriwether's letters suffered delays of weeks and months, up to six months, as compared with other government officials' letters to the country's capital during that same period. William Clark's letters from St. Louis also showed delays, though far less than Meriwether's. The letters by Frederick Bates sent east showed no similar delays. Thus, Hay appeared to Jim as very likely another member of the western network of treason.

A further clue about Postmaster Hay was that his father, Jehu "John" Hay, born a Brit in early Pennsylvania, was second in command at Fort Sackville when hero George Rogers Clark's forces defeated Hay and cronies during the American Revolution. Jehu Hay was imprisoned, then released in a prisoner exchange with England, and after a short stay in England he was appointed lieutenant governor of the Brits' post in Detroit, so he returned and became for a brief time a wealthy corrupt official in Detroit, Michigan, until he died in 1785 when son John was 15 years old. A chip off the old block, John was pro-Brit anti-American throughout his life. For example, John Hay refused to help the USA in the War Of 1812, three years after the murder of the great American man to whom Hay had pretended to be a friend, Meriwether Lewis.

For journalist Jim, every name known to be popular among jews threw up a red flag, as did odd names such as "Jehu" Hay. Typically, his web searches quickly turned up clues, especially in close relatives' names, places of birth, and jobs held. But frustratingly, the thin clues usually did not stack up to sufficient weight for conclusions. The question of jewness was both vital and very difficult to answer. But without that answer, everyone insufficiently wise to jewry would assume that the race of the criminals and those who had enabled and re-enabled them was White.

In the case of Jehu "John" Hay, the use of the common "John" instead of his real name looked to have been an obvious deceit commonly used by jews. "Jehu," as the journalist found, was a lofty name in jew history, meaning "the lord is he," or "jehovah is he," and notably the name of a king of the jews in the 800s BC. This fact added significant weight to the clues that Jehu Hay was a jew, thus allowing a conclusion. Since Jehu Hay was a jew, his son John the dishonest postmaster was a jew, too.

For the journalist, there were many more people to investigate, but not the time.

There was no doubt in him that jews had been in place from New York to St. Louis, and on to San Francisco as soon as that West Coast city was established. On the web, he had found jew archives that offered lists and descriptions of their historical documents, but of course no easy access for Whites to those documents. The lists included the names, locations, and dates of various jew congregations across the continent. While he knew that the jews' claims always had to be

viewed skeptically, he found the jew archival documents a treasure trove for learning many more names commonly used by jews.

One particular archive's list, dated 1955, reported the possession of books, letters, and other documents, including information about historically infamous jews such as Theodor Herzl, Albert Einstein, Louis Brandeis, Louis Marshall, Jacob Schiff, Bernard Baruch, Franklin Roosevelt, and many more. A mere sampling of documents, all written by jews, showed the early and continued presence of jews across the continent:

1. A book: Jews In South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, 1695-1950, by Allan Tarshish.
2. A book: The Jews In New Jersey, 1702-1953, by Joshua O. Haberman.
3. Many items from the Quebec Gazette newspaper since 1768, including a letter dated 14 October 1790 in memorial of the jew merchants of Montreal, one of the infamous locations of treason by Benedict Arnold. The letter was written to Lord Guy Carleton and signed by David David, Samuel David, and Levy Solomons.
4. The Circumcision Book of Congregation Mikve Israel, 1770-1779, in Hebrew, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by Barnard Jacobs. Jim had learned that the jews had duped many Whites, by way of religion, to adopt the vile jew practice of circumcision in order to help the enemy jews hide among the White population. Indeed, circumcision was a crime inflicted upon the White race.
5. A compilation of Records of Births, Marriages, and Deaths of The Families of the Lyons, Lazarus, Levy, Hohenfels, and Marks, 1777-1869, in Baltimore, Md.; Lancaster, Pa.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Richmond, Va.; and Surinam, West Indies.
6. The Last Will and Testament of David Lopez, 1797, Boston, Mass.; as a copy from the Register of Probate Court, Boston, Mass. Jim noted the name "Lopez," remembering it as one of the common "Spanish" names used by jews in early American history, especially among the jew owners and operators of slave ships. Also, crypto-jews with "Spanish" names abounded in Mexico and infiltrated from there into the USA. This archive also contained many letters from the prominent merchants Brown And Company of Providence, R.I., to many jews, all named, involved in the slave trade and other businesses, from 1759 on through the slave-trading era. Every time he came across such documentation, the journalist shook his head in wonderment and disgust at the jews' audacity and monumental deceit in having made American Whites believe that Whites had been the anti-human owners and operators of the international slave trade of Africans into America. Furthermore, he knew it was a crime against humanity stopped by White people, not stopped by the jews, and not stopped by the Africans. In the 21st century, some Africans and some Asians were still selling their own people into slavery, proving a genetic difference in mentality between them and the White race.
7. An original of an advertisement by Judah M. Isaacks, Newport, R.I., in The Guardian of Liberty newspaper on Saturday, December 6, 1800 (Vol. I, No. 10). Jew Isaacks informed the public that he "has undertaken the business of a broker in all its various branches."
8. A book: The Story Of Arkansas Jewry 1836-1953, by Samson A. Shain.
9. A book: The Saga Of Congregation Emanu-el, San Francisco, Calif., 1850-1950.
10. A detailed statement: One Hundred Years Of Minnesota Jewish History, 1850-1953, delivered at the Tercentenary Institute, Estes Park, Colo., June 21, 1953.

That archive had claimed evidence of jew congregations back to 1695, but another source reported jews from Spain and Portugal officially founding their Congregation Shearith Israel in New York in 1655. With the jews attached there, New York City was to become, as exposed by inventor-publisher Henry Ford, the seat of the jew government called the Kehillah in the USA, and a supreme headquarters of international jewry.

The extensive infiltration by jews into North America since the inception of the African slave trade and on through the American Revolution and the CONvention's overthrow of the original government of the USA was documented, historical fact. But for Jim, what was missing in his findings was conclusive evidence about jews atop the exposed portion of the network of treason against President Jefferson and Meriwether Lewis.

Was Burr a jew? Was Wilkinson a jew? For both, he had only their behavior as a clue, not weighty enough for conclusions.

Further digging by the journalist turned up heavy evidence in the form of a book, *A General History Of The Burr Family In America, With A Genealogical Record From 1570 To 1878*, written by a member of that family named Charles Burr Todd and published in 1878. There, Jim found reported that the first Burr in North America was, in 1630, Jehue Burr, also spelled "Jehu."

"There it is," the journalist said to himself. "The same as the Cahokia postmaster John Hays was a jew, son of a Jehu, so Aaron Burr was a jew from a long line of jews infesting America."

Indeed, as he read through the book, the conclusion grew ever stronger, with names common among jewry repeating, generation after generation, all the way to Aaron. Furthermore, the limited variety of professions fit the historical pattern of jewry, especially as lawyers in governmental positions in control of money. In addition, the Burrs typically had chosen to intermarry with other families with known jew names. The Burrs were crypto-jews.

On Wilkinson, beyond the entire adult life of deceit and crime up to and including treason, further evidence came piece by piece. The journalist found most portraits showing a very slanted forehead on Wilkinson, a clue. His mother's name, which the most famous jew-owned sources did not mention, was Betty Heighe Wilkinson. The "Heighe" intrigued the journalist, knowing that middle names were frequently ancestors' family names. Further, knowing that jews had often changed spellings but retained the same or similar pronunciations, he realized that the "Heighe" could be akin to the jew "Hay" family or to the more recent "Haig" family. Searches quickly revealed further clues. "Heighe" was, indeed, a family name, as confirmed by information from "The Wilkinson Book" by Patricia Wilkinson-Weaver Balletta. But without access to the book or other strong sources, the "Heighe" clue came up light.

Weight came from Wilkinson's first wife, Ann Biddle. Jim quickly found that she was a member of the famous jew Biddle family, which included some infamous anti-American anti-White criminals:

- the president of the Second Bank Of The United States;
- an aide to FDR in the creation of the United Nations;
- a primary judge in the atrocious Nuremberg trials and executions of great German leaders; and
- a member of the Council On Foreign Relations.

Thus, Wilkinson had married a jew. The Wilkinsons named one of their sons "Theophilus," which was an odd name found in the Bible written by jews and was a name used by jews during their infestation and ruination of Rome. To this weighty pile of clues, Jim added the procession of get-out-of-court-martial-free cards that the first four presidents had given traitor Wilkinson. Only

one race in America had ever exhibited both the amoral unity and the powerful influence to save their members, proved guilty, from prosecutions and executions. As Jim had well learned, that race was jewry.

But one question lingered in regard to Wilkinson. If he were a jew, why did he betray his fellow jew Burr to President Jefferson? The journalist surmised that Wilkinson, with his vast web of military and private contacts throughout the country, knew that damning evidence against himself and Burr had reached Jefferson. Probably, Wilkinson calculated that a scheme explained as only against Mexico would not result in any executions, but his own longstanding service to Spain very well could result in his own execution. Thus, to maintain his secret and his own skin, he ratted on Burr, trusting the jew network to rescue Burr, if need be. And history played out in exactly that way.

Therefore, the journalist's judgment, fitting with the known history of the jew race, found jews guilty of leading the exposed portion of the network of treason against Thomas Jefferson and Meriwether Lewis.

This verdict simply followed the fact he had already established that a jew network had been in place against the White race in America before Meriwether Lewis was born. The heinous CONstitution was proof of the power and influence of that network, as crypto-jew Alexander Hamilton had been at George Washington's side for decades, with tentacles extending through various branches of the government, banking, slavery, law, medicine, education, and newspapers.

Journalist Jim sat back. He reflected on what he had been taught about American history in junior high school, high school, a community college, and three universities, all of which was raceless until it had come to alleged crimes against humanity, when suddenly race was mentionable and Whites were identified as the villain race not only of America but also of Earth.

Off the top of his head, he reeled out an outline for a truthful curriculum, a race-wise curriculum, about this prime era in American history that he had eagerly, yet often painfully, analyzed. He went back to a beginning, the Declaration Of Independence, and covered the historic 33 years from 1776 until the murder of Meriwether.

With the Declaration Of Independence, the best of the Founding Fathers, the real Founding Fathers, had begun their overt fight for independence from England, which was successful but never entirely so. The jews, as typical throughout history, had members well placed not only on the dominant side but also on the other side, or sides. As the journalist knew, jews had gained control of the Bank of England way back in Oliver Cromwell's jew-funded reign, and thus were in key positions on the dominant side as their greed came to bear on relations with the colonies in America.

The first, and true, United States Of America had been built upon the foundation of the Articles Of Confederation, the basic law of the land. That union functioned successfully through the entire revolutionary war and beyond for some years.

During the revolutionary war, jews functioned as their own intelligence network as they, simultaneously, profiteered off both sides of the destruction. Case in point, the jew Franks family. As Jim had learned from Henry Ford's publications and from other sources, the Franks family's headquarters was in London. Moses Franks had been one of many jews profiteering off of supplying the British Empire's military operations since long before the American Revolution began. The main American representative of Moses Franks' operation was either his son or nephew Jacob Franks in New York, where the British had a large force. Jacob's son, David Franks, was in Philadelphia, where he operated up close and personal with the leaders of the new American

government. For example, this David Franks was reported as a dinner party guest of host Thomas Jefferson. Across the border, in British Canada, was a nephew of David Franks whose name was David Solesbury Franks. This jew family, just one small cell of the jew race's network from Europe and across North America, was supplying war materiel to both sides.

To a novice in these matters, this revelation would be shocking, as it had been for Jim when he had first allowed his jew-indoctrinated mind to absorb this taboo information. But perhaps beyond the novice's ability to accept and comprehend was the sheer depth of jew involvement with the American leaders, and the jews' influence on them. This, as the investigative journalist well knew, had the power to destroy a true American's conception of "America," itself.

General Benedict Arnold, with "Arnold" being a common jew family name, went to Montreal in 1775 and came back in 1776 with "British" jew David Solesbury Franks as an officer in the American army. From then until traitor Arnold's final escape into the safety of his Brits, this Franks was at his side as Arnold's aide-de-campe and being promoted to the rank of major. Meanwhile, an Isaac Franks, of the same extended family of jews, was an aide-de-campe to none other than General George Washington, himself. On the supreme general's other flank was his longtime favorite Alexander Hamilton, jew.

In the mix were officers James Wilkinson and Aaron Burr. The three traitors Arnold, Wilkinson, and Burr were repeatedly saved from deserved, total disgrace by extreme leniency from commander Washington. Hamilton, at his side, would also prove to be a traitor. And as Jim was well aware, Washington would also prove to deserve that title from his complicity as chairman of the CONvention a decade hence.

During the war, another jew in the network, at a higher level than the Franks family, was Haym Salomon, a New York banker. Documents from the period showed Salomon involved in loans and other financial transactions during and after the war. Jim read a book of jew half-truths and outright lies claiming that Salomon "saved" the American confederation by lending money to the war operations. The journalist's research revealed the jew as a shark and a fraud who should have been imprisoned or executed. But of course, Salomon lived out his life in freedom and luxury.

After the war, as Americans refocused on peaceful activities in their communities, agriculture, and commerce, certain inadequacies in the basic laws outlined by the Articles Of Confederation rose to the attention of many Americans. Congress responded by authorizing a special convention to hash out a set of proposals for the sole, stated purpose of "enhancing" the Articles Of Confederation. But crypto-jew Alexander Hamilton from New York, crypto-jew James Madison Jr. from Virginia, crypto-jew Gouverneur Morris from Pennsylvania, and their accomplices, hijacked that convention—which was proposed and held precisely while Thomas Jefferson was out of the country, as ambassador to France.

Some true Founding Fathers, including Patrick Henry, suspected foul play and refused to attend, while a few other true Founding Fathers, including Robert Yates and John Lansing, attended the secret proceeding but quit in disgust before its completion. The victors of the CONvention, as the journalist had well established, were the jews.

During the CONvention, the jews actually reversed the meaning of the word "federal." The true Americans loyal to the Confederation of the United States were the true federalists as they opposed the proposed CONstitution. But by the end of the CONvention, the jews were labeling and smearing the true Americans as "anti-federalists." And throughout the subsequent, deceitful campaign to sell the CON to the country and win the adoption of the CONstitution, the jews' network of newspapers and pamphleteers likewise smeared the best Founding Fathers as "anti-federalists." The jews and their accomplices and dupes represented themselves as "federalists"

when, in fact, they were not for federalism with sovereign states. They were for an all-powerful central government obliterating the sovereignty of states. The great Patrick Henry, in one of his speeches brilliantly trying, in vain, to persuade his fellow leaders of Virginia to reject the CONstitution, pointed out the treason of the document right off the top. Where it should have said "We, The States of the United States," it said "We The People," thus erasing the states as entities to the contract.

The CON was an overthrow of the foundational law of the land, the Articles Of Confederation, and an overthrow of the government the Articles prescribed. Journalist Jim wondered why the true Founding Fathers did not retaliate by hanging the entire cabal. Was it because of the famous, illustrious, untouchables involved, such as Washington and Benjamin Franklin? Was it war weariness?

The nonviolent White patriots failed. Treason prevailed.

The victors installed their chosen, silent chairman of the CONvention as the first president of their all-powerful central government under the CONstitution, a surely predetermined reward for general Washington. In fact, in 1785, which was two years before the treasonous CONvention, Washington had written to Madison saying that an energetic constitution was needed. Co-ringleader Hamilton, already long-attached to Washington's hip, came as half of the set.

Thus, the jews and England were still there, too. Clearly, independence was not complete. The money power of the USA was immediately given to them.

Thomas Jefferson opposed the anti-American policies of Hamilton-Washington, and was forced into gathering what became "a party" in opposition.

Jefferson was elected as the third president, but it had been a hard-fought battle with chief rival Aaron Burr, a crypto-jew. The electoral vote had been a tie, throwing the decision to the House Of Representatives, where a tumultuous process finally ended with Jefferson the winner. Per the CONstitution, the candidate who finished second was installed as vice president. However, Burr's reputation for deceit and conspiracy limited his influence as veep.

President Jefferson made progress against the jew agenda, though he very likely did not recognize it as such, perhaps duped into thinking jews more bound by religion than blood. Most importantly under the circumstances, Jefferson was instrumental in severing the jews' control of the money system of the USA, over which the jews, in retaliation, later launched the War Of 1812 upon the USA. That war served its purpose and got the jews' financial control restored, so ordered by crypto-jew president Madison, in signing the charter of the so-called Second Bank Of The United States. In truth, it was not a bank "of the United States" but was a bank of the united jews in the United States.

However, long before that 1812-1815 war, the jews' opposition to Jefferson was, in hindsight, apparent. Jefferson had suffered attacks from the jew-owned newspapers the likes of which had never been seen during Washington's two terms. "Nothing can be believed which is seen in a newspaper," lamented Jefferson, he who had championed Free Speech, not knowing that, to jews, "free speech" meant "freedom to lie."

Meanwhile, the jews of the British Empire had a network of positions in Canada and other territories, such as the posting of Jehu Hay in Detroit, who was followed by his son John Hay, a supposed American, becoming postmaster in an important location along the Mississippi. Many extended families of jewry were infesting the country from east to west, north to south, well beyond the Franks, Arnolds, Biddles, Burrs, Madisons, Salomons, Hamiltons, and Hays.

Thus, in 1806, as Meriwether Lewis triumphantly returned from the successful, historic expedition, and as President Jefferson had the military hunting down traitor Aaron Burr and his accomplices from Washington to St. Louis to New Orleans, the jew network was in position to aid and abet its own and to undermine the Whites whose accomplishments and goals were contrary to the desires of jewry. The Whites were ignorant of jewry as a united race. But simply because of Whites' honest work toward the progress of true Americans and the United States Of America, the Whites were made targets of that historically parasitic, genocidal race.

Meriwether Lewis was on track for a future Jefferson-supported presidency. Certainly, thought journalist Jim, the jews were opposed to any more gains by true Jeffersonian Americans. Thus, when CONvention co-ringleader and crypto-jew Madison gained the presidency, selected levers of the bureaucracy were pulled against Meriwether, from the War Department to the postal service. And when the hero announced his plan to return to Washington and make his case, an absolutely valid and undeniable case, a tentacle of the jews' network was signaled into action, with Wilkinson tapped as the local manager. Wilkinson had already betrayed one of his own, Burr. Surely, he would not hesitate to direct the destruction of White hero Meriwether Lewis.

True to form, General Wilkinson employed a letter campaign of lies through men under his command to paint a plausible reason for the actually absurd notion that the White rising star would commit suicide, and a hitman was employed to do the deed.

Again turning to the jew Madison, Jim saw confirmation for his conclusions in the reactions, or rather inactions, of that president to the death of a national hero and governor. Madison and his administration conducted no investigation, did nothing to secure the body, leaving the great American to be buried by locals in an unmarked grave in nowhere, Tennessee. An American hero's body should have been retrieved for a burial in the Capital or in his homeplace. But jewry, Jim was sure, wanted no eyes on the body, no prolonged attention to their cover-up story, and no investigation whatsoever. Thus, their newspapers made no clamor for justice.

Furthermore, Madison also followed the line as had been laid down in the Wilkinson-directed letters of lies from House, Neelly, and Russell. The crypto-jew Madison issued a statement repeating the derangement lie while craftily defending Neelly.

President Madison said of Meriwether's final day: "As soon as they had passed the Tennessee [River], he [Lewis] took advantage of the neglect of his companion [Neelly], who had not secured his arms, to put an end to himself."

That was a proper stroll through the history at issue, Jim reflected, with the races identified, names named, wisdom applied, and judgments made. Each generation must be well informed about the past, otherwise each generation will spin their wheels in ignorance and never attain nor improve upon the knowledge and greatness of their ancestors.

As Meriwether had written, two aims of great White men are "to further the happiness of the ... race" and "to advance the information of the succeeding generation."

To the journalist's satisfaction, the jew network was proved, the jew motives were proved, the jews' operatives were proved, and the murder was proved. Indeed—as the Tennessee Legislature's monument committee, including a bonafide medical doctor, had suggested—that murder was an assassination. And the premier assassination network in history was jewry.

41 Hits by the Anti-Humans

Journalist Jim counted off many of the killings of prominent Whites by jews that he had encountered in his research and could recall:

- White czars in old Russia.
- U.S. President James Garfield shot in 1881 by the crypto-jew Charles Guiteau and finished off by crypto-jew Doctor Willard Bliss, whose listed given name actually was "Doctor" as an addition to his grandiose family name.
- U.S. President William McKinley in 1901, killed by the jew Leon Czolgosz in league with the jew Emma Goldman.
- King George the 1st of Greece in 1913, killed by jew Alexandros Schinas out of New York City.
- Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria in 1914, killed by a jew assassin to trigger WW1.
- Minister-President of Austria Count Karl von Stürgkh in 1916, killed by jew Friedrich Adler during WW1.
- American governor and senator Huey Long in 1935, shot by jew Karl Weiss and finished off in a hospital by a jew doctor to prevent Long from ending jew FDR's reign as president.
- American congressman Louis T. McFadden in 1936, poisoned by jewry in defense of their secret ownership of the Federal Reserve and, thereby, massive theft from the White economy, and in defense of their secret of having deliberately inflicted the so-called Great Depression on White America.
- Wilhelm Gustloff of Switzerland in 1936, killed by jew David Frankfurter.
- German diplomat Ernst vom Rath in Paris in 1938, killed by jew Herschel Grynszpan trying to ignite WW2.
- The great German Gen. Reinhard Heydrich during WW2, specifically targeted and killed by jewry while serving in a top administrative position in Prague.

- "Lord Moyne" Walter Edward Guinness of England, killed by jewry in Palestine in 1944 during WW2 setting the stage for the jews to soon seize land for "Israel," which was always their name for their race, later applied to the stolen land they called their country.
- The great American General George Patton in 1945, deliberately hit by a vehicle, and finished off by a jew operative in a hospital, all to permanently silence the suddenly jew-wise and widely popular American and prevent him from carrying out his plan of exposing their infestation in the government of the USA.
- Count Folke Bernadotte of Sweden, killed by jewry in 1948 to secure the establishment of their illegal country Israel.
- American Secretary of Defense James Forrestal in 1949, forced into a mental hospital and thrown out a window by jew operatives to end his opposition to crypto-jew president Harry Truman's support for the new, illegitimate, jew criminal sanctuary called Israel.
- American scientist Frank Olson was killed by jewry in 1953 as he worked for a compartment of the CIA in a program called MKUltra run by jew Sidney Gottlieb. Olson was first given LSD without his knowledge, and later he was thrown out the window of a hotel in New York. The superficial facts of this were admitted in 1975 by president Gerald Ford, who had a crypto-jew vice president, Nelson Rockefeller.
- President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in 1963 in a jew-orchestrated event in Dallas, Texas, where the Secret Service backed off, the patsy Lee Harvey Oswald was employed in a nearby building, and multiple shooters hit JFK, Texas Governor John Connally, the windshield of the car, and the pavement, all within only several seconds. Oswald was silenced by jew Jack Ruby, who, in turn, was silenced because of his loose-lipped conversations with a reporter.
- Robert F. Kennedy, popular brother of JFK, enroute to a likely presidency, was killed in 1968 by a jew operative at RFK's right-rear while patsy Sirhan Sirhan made the commotion.
- British scientist and nuclear-weapons inspector David Kelly in 2003, was killed by jewry to quash the international exposure of the jews' lies against Iraq, as there never were "weapons of mass destruction" there. The exposure had threatened to unravel the yarn back to the monumental jew lie of 9/11 that had provided the excuse, despite the absence of logic, for crypto-jew president George Bush to launch wars for jewry in the Middle East region around Israel.
- A planeload of Poland's top government officials in 2010 were killed by jewry in a deliberately caused crash in Russia, where at least one assassin was seen and heard finishing off the crash victims who were still breathing. Apparently, top Polish leaders, including an official over finance, had thought they were in charge of an independent country.

And there were many more such murders, though of less famous people, and countless more murders of people not famous and thus not qualifying as "assassinations."

The murders were all the work of jewry, the one race against all other races, the race well dubbed by the author Dumitru Bacu, a witness to hideous atrocities by jews against Whites in Romania of Eastern Europe. With the title of his book, Bacu dubbed jews "The Anti-Humans."

Thomas Jefferson had said he expected that the true patriots of every generation would have to restore liberty by spilling the blood of tyrants, likely at the cost of some patriots' blood, too. But since then, only one generation even came close to rightfully spilling the blood of the tyrannically supreme jews.

After the era of Meriwether Lewis, as the journalist's race-aware analysis showed, history continued as a procession of anti-American, anti-White efforts by jewry in the USA and around the world.

Jefferson had been instrumental in the rightful death of the jews' First Bank of the United States. But soon after, Britain's jew bankers inflicted the War Of 1812 on the USA, thereby restoring their financial control.

One generation after Jefferson's victory, Andrew Jackson had to fight them off again. His success was why the modern jewsmedia always painted President Jackson as a tyrant but with the focus of derision not on his fight with bankers but on the transfer of Indians from east of the Mississippi to the West. Of course, the jews emotionalized the subject by inventing the title "Trail Of Tears." Jim recognized the double-standard maintained by jews around the world: Everywhere, jews insisted on having their own jew neighborhoods, their own jew communities, their own jew regions, and since 1948 their own jew country for themselves, 100 percent, with the right to expel any and all non-jews. But the jews demonize Whites for wanting any of the same.

One generation after Jackson's battle with the jews, in which no jew blood was spilled, the jews contrived, ignited, and extended the unCivil War—the War of Northern Aggression, the War Between The States, the war of duped Whites killing Whites for the benefit of jewry and the

Africans. As the journalist well knew, jewry had placed their vicious parasites in key positions in the governments of both sides. The jews succeeded in dividing and weakening the great and growing country that jewry had not yet been able to sufficiently control. And after the war, the jews swarmed into the South, many as the infamous carpetbaggers, to rape and swindle any Whites still in possession of any life-sustaining assets.

One generation after the unCivil War, in which hundreds of thousands of Whites were killed but only a few incidental jews, bank "panics" became a cyclic occurrence. Those financial crises were deliberately inflicted by jews in order to bankrupt the banks still owned by Whites, to bankrupt key White business owners, and bankrupt White farmers who had been lured into debt to finance extra land purchases and new machinery. The jews then bought up, for very cheap prices, the foreclosed-upon assets of those American Whites.

One generation after bank "panics" became a norm and were described by jewsmedia as part of the "natural business cycle," the jew bankers succeeded in enacting their "solution" to financial instability — the instability they had created. Crypto-jew president Woodrow Wilson, in 1913, signed their Federal Reserve Acts into law. One year prior, the great American Alfred Owen Crozier had fully exposed the planned treason by the bankers in his book, unattractively titled, *U.S. Money VS. Corporate Currency*. Despite his and his fellow patriots' efforts informing Congress and the president, Crozier's nonviolent tactics failed and treason prevailed.

One generation after the jews had taken control of the U.S. money system and used billions of the stolen money to fund World War 1, in which duped Whites killed duped Whites for the benefit of jewry, the so-called Great Depression was inflicted on the White race by jewry's choking off of the money supply to all White production and commerce. During that era of deliberately caused mass-joblessness and mass-starvation, crypto-jew FDR began his reign in which he and his tribe purposely extended the heinous Depression. Journalist Jim saw very clearly the parallel nature of the Depression with the massive depression and mass-starvation that the jew-controlled Soviet government had inflicted upon the Whites and other non-jews of Russia, Ukraine, and other countries of that region.

Furthermore, the journalist realized that the only reason the jews had lifted the Depression-extending choke-hold on money against Whites in America was the great rise of White Germany led by Adolf Hitler. The jews of the Soviet Union and Britain were losing the war they had started against Germany and desperately needed the USA's White population to throw their might into the fight—not unlike what had been done in WW1. Thus, the jews allowed money to flow again in America, and the inventive, productive Whites, duped by the jews' propaganda from the government and their media, built the most monstrous and lethal war machine on Earth. Despite massive and deliberate mismanagement by jewry in order to prolong the war, prolong the killing, and prolong their profiteering, the American forces brought World War 2 to a close. Duped Americans, with their backbone of Whites of German ancestry, destroyed their own great cousins' nation of Germany. And the jews, unhappy that the atomic bomb had not been ready soon enough for their genocide against Germans, replied to Japan's repeated attempts to surrender with Little Man and Fat Boy, mass-incinerating the civilian—nonjew—populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

One generation after WW2, jewry killed the U.S. president, John F. Kennedy, and revved up the Vietnam War, which crypto-jew Dwight David Eisenhower had already kindled, to pretend to be fighting Communism, to kill more nonjews, and to reap the profits. Simultaneously, jewry systematically stoked their cold war against American Whites through their campaigns of feminism, so-called "civil rights," and the flooding of the USA with nonWhite immigrants both legal and

illegal to help displace and race-mix the White race into oblivion. Amid all of that, jewry attacked the U.S.S. Liberty ship, in 1967, killing and maiming many aboard, in an attempt to dupe Americans into supporting the entry of the USA's Military Machine into jewry's war against Egypt. Again, as with the previous American generations, this generation responded with nothing but nonviolence.

One generation after the Vietnam bloodbath of about two million Mongoloids and about 60,000 Americans, actor-president Ronald Reagan's jew-infested administration sold arms to Iran during all eight years of his presidency. And Israel was the middle-man. Meanwhile, that administration gave vital functions of our government to jew-owned corporations in a massive scam titled "privatization" sold as a proper gift to "private enterprise" who, supposedly, would be so very much more efficient and cost-effective operators than the corrupt and bloated central government.

One generation after Reagan's service to jewry, and following yet another procession of little wars and coups against nonjews around the world, jewry committed the terror atrocity of 9/11 upon what was left of White America. The jews who normally worked in and near the intended targets of September 11, 2001, were warned to stay away, many receiving the word through the jews' Odigo messaging service. Three towers, one of which was not hit by anything substantial, all fell and crumbled into their own footprints in obvious, pre-planned, controlled demolitions. Nonjews were the victims, in the thousands. And the crypto-jew regime of George W. Bush and Richard Cheney used the crime, absurdly blamed on a group of Arabs, to inflict the "Patriot Act" of anti-White laws upon Americans and to launch wars for only jewry's benefit in Afghanistan, Iraq, and other countries jews sought to possess.

Since 9/11, as Whites suffered ever-increasing unemployment, displacement from positions of influence, dispossession of assets necessary for families, and every other physical and mental crime jewry could imagine and commit, the White reaction was still nothing but impotent nonviolence.

Thomas Jefferson had said every generation should expect to have to use force, to spill some blood, to put the government back on track. Yet, not one single generation had spilled the blood of the true enemy of true Americans. Only the South in the unCivil War had come close in their reaction to oppression by the central government, but the South had been fatally infested with crypto-jews, too, and was horribly bled by them.

Every generation of American Whites had been duped by the jews, with each generation more and more duped, into fighting and killing primarily Whites, and secondarily killing members of every other race. Duped and derelict, they had never even tried to kill the enemy jews.

Everything that jewry had blamed on Whites as if Whites had been the villains of the world, jewry was doing to Whites and, secondarily, to every other race of humanity.

The jews' Soviet Union, not Whites, had killed 100 million people. The jew-boasted Mao of China, not Whites, had killed tens of millions of Chinese people. The jews in control of the White House, not Whites, had completely unnecessarily dropped the atomic bombs on the Japanese cities full of civilians. The jews, not Whites, committed the atrocities of September 11, 2001, in New York City and Washington D.C. The jews, with their half-African jew Obama as figurehead, continued all the wrongs of the two-term reign of George W. Bush and Dick Cheney, both crypto-jews, in Iraq, Afghanistan, and Guantanamo, and then added more in Pakistan, Libya, and Syria, and tacked on the murderous operation of drones not only in service of Israel overseas but also looming over Americans at home.

War, as the journalist clearly saw, was a constant worldwide. Always, a cold war was waged by jewry through economics and every kind of media and educational process they could control or at least influence. That 24-7-365 cold war was always accompanied by small hot wars and often punctuated by large, devastating, hot wars. That same combination was being waged directly upon Whites at home in America. The cold war was a constant, as were the small hot wars of militarized police invading homes and shooting White individuals and their families, the terror events of shootings in schools, a cinema, and other public places, and jews directly murdering White leaders and bombing Whites' offices and publishing facilities. That anti-White constant was punctuated by jew-directed atrocities, such as the massacre by inferno of the Waco group and the full-scale terror-inducing mass-murder attacks of 9/11.

The true American journalist vowed to ring the alarm. The White race had to be awakened. The jews had to be stopped.

How?

Though newly knowledgeable and energized, journalist Jim had been just as duped into nonviolence inside the USA as the parade of preceding generations had been. He was the product of a lifetime of input limited to nearly only jew sources. He had grown to be the man that the jew-published textbooks and the jew-owned news and entertainment media had trained him to be.

Thus, when it came to strategizing on how to awaken the White race and stop the jews, he thought the awakening had to come before the stopping. And he assumed without any critical analysis involved that all efforts must be nonviolent.

In that mindset, his first idea as a solution to the jew infestation had been to marshal enough of his fellow Whites into taking over one of the two main political parties. However, he quickly overcame that notion by reviewing the recent decades' worth of campaign promises, who had made those promises, the results of the winners' administrations, and who must really be in control of both parties.

The Republicans and the Democrats had broken all promises made to Americans and had steadily advanced the jews' agenda. The jews were in control of both parties and would never allow a group of true Americans to get the money and media-time necessary to get elected as official members of either party. They had even stopped, as planned, crypto-jew homosexual Ralph Nader from getting on some states' pre-printed election ballots. Indeed, Nader was a designated loser whose job was to attract and flush the half-awakened Whites who rejected the two main parties. No, the journalist concluded, the conventional route was a sure deadend.

His next step, still mired in pacifistic nonviolence, was to launch an independent party effort utilizing the newly ubiquitous Internet as never before and employing the strategy of write-in votes to circumvent the well-documented corruption of the system of electronic voting machines that jews had pushed upon nearly every precinct in the country. This plan was formed in full recognition that a "single savior" candidate would never succeed, since one man could so easily be killed or

incapacitated by jewry and their thugs. The plan called for a group of about 500, which was an average of only ten Whites per state. This group would get public face-time by online videos, including live streaming video, and full openness to nonjew media and individuals. These candidates would offer themselves for election to Congress's House of Representatives and Senate, with two for president and vice president, with Jim offering himself as a candidate for the office of highest risk, president.

Lacking the money and expertise to launch a website with the necessary capabilities on an independent webserver, the journalist began the effort with a free site on the corporate Wordpress.com site. At that point in the journalist's climb toward the top truth, he made mistakes.

Off the top, he gave the effort and site a name that would turn off the bulk of Whites already nearer the top truth. That name was "EqualPartyUSA." Months later, finally realizing that no two living beings in Nature were "equal," and certainly not the races, he patched the bad name with a prefix, making it the "UnEqualPartyUSA." But it had been a flawed start, doomed to fail.

Meanwhile, most other website owners who were supposedly allies in the online movement would not mention nor provide a link to his site, this despite the fact that they had links to dozens of sites ranging from awful to fairly admirable. Nonetheless, his work to spread awareness of his site, along with help from about one handful of other site owners, built his daily viewership to 200, at which point the anti-White pro-jew Wordpress management put a permanent block on his site.

The death of his Equal-come-UnEqual effort actually brought relief. Thanks to his ongoing research and intellectual progress, he realized the absolute necessity of a new movement with a new name on a pro-White webserver. The name had to express the "who" and the "what" of the movement in a positive way, and it had to be catchy, slogan-friendly. This was a fun task for his creativity. An arduous task was finding a strong "free-speech" webserver and then learning the technical language and techniques of creating, launching, building, maintaining, and updating the new site. Within months, he unleashed WhitesWillWinparty.org into the World Wide Web.

The term "party" in the name was a deliberate, calculated, strategic decision that the journalist-educator soon judged another mistake. He had included it for two reasons. First, the term signaled that his site was "political" speech, thus perhaps less likely to be challenged and deleted as "unlawful." Second, the term was a bow toward the masses who were still conditioned to think a group intending to govern had to be called a "party."

But when he watched a video interview of a former personal aide to Adolf Hitler, a single sentence from the great, though flawed, leader instantly turned "party" from tactic to trash. The aide, Karl Wilhelm Krause, reported that Hitler said a future goal for Germany was to have "no party, only Germans." From then on, Jim's goal was for the USA to have no party, only Americans, and the only true Americans in the USA were Whites of the race who founded and built the United States Of America, as only Whites could.

The mistake of "party" seemed to require yet another name-change. But a new name would mandate buying another domain name and building a new site. The journalist-educator considered all of that, but his poor financial situation and aging computer lobbied against it. Still, he prepared new names and a site outline, just in case. "WhitesWillWin" without the distasteful "party" continued to ring true, and another idea was "Ameritocracy," emphasizing the "merit" upon which a restored White America must be based.

Meanwhile, his accumulating knowledge on another front was reaching critical mass. This treasure was the history of rightly anti-jew individuals and groups in the USA.

One further mental spark could transform this new store of knowledge into wisdom. That wisdom would easily forge a key to the final shackle: the insidious jew-implanted meme of nonviolence. If he would turn that key, he could escape the mental straitjacket of his assumption that the great awakening of his fellow Whites had to come before the stopping of jewry.

The long procession of nonviolent campaigns by apparently admirable Americans, from that of Henry Ford, to Huey Long, to Gerald L.K. Smith, George Lincoln Rockwell, William Luther Pierce, and more, made clear to Jim what had been too big, too obvious, and too taboo to acknowledge. The great truth-tellers of the past, even those with followings in the hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions, all had died in vain. Generation after generation, truth had lost. Truth had not "set them free." Forced ignorance, and treason, had won every time. Meanwhile, through generation after generation, the enemy jews' control had grown. Moreover, the enemy's population also had grown.

The burden on his generation, Jim saw, was larger than ever because the enemy population infesting the USA was larger than ever. The reason for that, and who was to blame, rose within him and demanded release aloud:

"They didn't kill any jews! You can't win a war when the enemy is killing you but you won't kill them!"

The jews were all still living, reproducing, partying, ruling, repressing, and genociding White Americans and the White race around the world.

Finally, it dawned on him that the stopping of the jews must begin immediately. The waking of the White population remained an imperative. Both necessities must be pursued simultaneously. Each would fuel the other.

The great White truth-tellers of generations past had all died in vain. As they were putting all of their efforts into nonviolent education and failed political organizing, the enemy jews were multiplying their numbers and increasing their control. To journalist Jim's knowledge, all of that was clear and proved. Nonviolence was a nonstarter.

There were records of Americans who had heroically begun to use force against the enemy jews. The sole documented group he found was formed and led in the 1980s by Robert Jay Mathews. The valiant White Mathews had been trapped and burned alive in a government-set inferno, "a holocaust" by definition. Although the surviving, imprisoned members were properly silent on the matter, it seemed apparent to the true journalist that one or more members of that group had killed a jew radio broadcaster. Thus, for them, progress could be claimed. One good kill. Progress was made.

Other than that group, according to all that the journalist had read, there had been only a few solo heroes who had wounded or killed jews. Again, for them, progress was made. The journalist's newest principle was that every reduction in the enemy population was clear and necessary progress.

Back in 1787 to 1789, during the historic, atrocious CON, the true federalists employed only talk against the united enemy network of jewry. Those loyal Americans and their nonviolence utterly failed. Based on their deliberately flawed CONstitution, the jews were enabled to chip, chip, chip away the rights of the founding race. In 60 years, jewry succeeded in splitting the White nation of America, pitting duped Whites against Whites. It was a jew-instigated war that they, in their liepapers, called "Civil," which was a lie because the South was only seceding, not trying to take control of all. This war resulted in a huge reduction in the strong White male population, the unleashing of the African population against White America, the transfer of millions of dollars worth of assets from White hands to jew hands, and a dreadful increase in the power of jewry in the USA and, thus, around the world.

In the 1800s, relatively few Whites knew who the true enemy was, so there was no campaign whatsoever to kill them. Pretending to be Whites, jews reaped the spoils in remorseless, evil glee.

But in the 1900s, from 1912 onward, publications by outstanding Whites made it clear that they were wise to jewry, and they tried to wake their fellow Whites to that enemy, foreign and especially domestic. But words stopped not a single enemy jew nor any major objective on their agenda. As Alfred Crozier had predicted, the jews soon inflicted a massive contraction of the money supply on White America—not on the jews, who continued to provide their fellow self-

chosenites with access to ample money. Thereby, the jews created a capital "D" Depression with mass-starvation, from one-million to three-million deaths, and a massive transfer of farmland and other assets from Whites to jews.

Throughout that monumental crime, from 1929 through WW2, not a single White man was known to history as killing a single enemy jew in America.

The spike in prosperity for Americans as a result of the economic boom of WW2 was all chipped away, step by step, through rounds of deliberately contrived inflation, decade after decade. By journalist Jim's 50th year, a family such as he had grown up in, with a nice house in a safe White neighborhood, with two cars, where the father's salary provided a decent living for his family, had become impossible. The jews were more numerous and more wealthy than ever, producing nothing, while the Whites who were still employed did the producing while gaining nothing, actually losing in the long run, losing to usury, losing to horrendous taxation, losing to the favored foreign races, and losing to the deliberate sending of factories and jobs overseas.

Still, the White reaction was words. Mere words.

The jews were hoarding every valuable asset they could get their hands on. The jews were insulting Whites throughout their jewsmedia 24 hours a day, saying that Whites were the villains, that Whites were the wife beaters, that Whites were the evil bankers, that Whites were the child abusers, that Whites were the homosexual pedophiles, that Whites were the human traffickers, that Whites were the top drug lords, that Whites were the supreme racists, and on and on. All the while, the jews knew very well that their own race was the most guilty race in all crimes, with the African race coming in second. And the jews were instigating the other races to hate, rob, beat, rape, and kill Whites.

Most craftily, the jews were exploiting, as they always had, the weaknesses of the otherwise great White race. The main weaknesses were, as Jim clearly recognized they had been in himself as well: gullibility to the big lie, the acceptance of false guilt, the willingness to self-sacrifice, and the traits of tolerance and generosity.

The White mental qualities of honesty, self-sacrifice, tolerance, and generosity were great assets when expressed only for fellow Whites for the good of the White race. But those qualities were self-defeating when expressed to the other races who did not share those mental traits. When expressing those White qualities for the benefit of other races, those qualities became weaknesses.

Thus, Jim concluded:

- Honesty given to the dishonest was suicidal honesty.
- Sacrifice done for other races was suicidal sacrifice.
- Tolerance given to the intolerant nonWhites was suicidal tolerance.
- Generosity given to the sponge races was suicidal generosity.

The journalist well knew that it all must be stopped. It must be stopped at the source. Just as a poisoned water supply must be stopped not with a filter but at the poison's source, so must the poisoning and genociding of the White race be stopped at the source. That source was history's anti-humans. That source was the race against all other races. That source was the jews.

His conviction was that Whites with his level of knowledge had the racial duty to act, whether able to attract followers or not. If he must be the first, then so be it, though he knew he was not the first. The goal of exterminating the anti-human race was fully justified. And all methods — By All Means — were fully justified. The jews were doing everything they could to genocide the White race, and Whites were fully authorized by Rights of Nature to respond in all-out self-defense,

in retaliation, and to secure a free and prosperous future for the great White race. Certain he was that the only road to American peace and world peace was the elimination of the murderous, parasitic race, the anti-humans, the jews.

History had taught him that it was force that established a territory and country for a race. It was force that maintained the country against all infections and invasions. And after the previous generations of suicidal pacifism, it must be White force that would re-establish White America for the White race. Otherwise, the USA would fall to total jew control over nothing but masses of low-IQ brownskins and blackskins, with Whites extinct.

History also had taught him that the other races would never fight to save Whites nor to restore Whites to power in Whites' countries. The other races had fought only for themselves. Even the Japanese, the only admirable part of the Mongoloid race, had allied with Adolf Hitler's great White Germany only out of self-interest. There was nothing wrong with that, but it was a reality that Whites must realize and never forget. Whites also must act in self-interest.

History also had taught him that only the White race had ever had both the ability and the goal of sincere world peace. Only Whites had tried to establish peace not only for Whites but for all, yet every effort in modern history had been infiltrated and undermined by jewry, with most of the jews pretending to be Whites.

His analysis of current events told him that jews were using every kind of force against Whites, from mental to physical, to impoverish Whites and to kill Whites. The proper, rightful reaction by any home race against the enemy race was to kill them. The journalist knew with certainty that the true solution, which had not yet been employed by more than a handful of heroic Whites, was for all capable Whites to kill jews. Once enough Whites killed enough jews, Whites would regain control of the White-founded White-built United States Of America.

In consternation, the journalist beheld the jews' success at the utter pacification of the veterans of military service. The veterans above all others ought to have understood that when an enemy race was waging war on them — whether a Cold War or a hot war — pacifism was suicide. Nonviolence was suicide. The enemy's force must be met by the heroic defensive force.

But as the journalist clearly recognized, the jewed government's and media's offensive against veterans, demonizing and degrading them, had castrated them of their White manliness. The jews were saying that veterans were all suspected of having Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome and thus should be denied their right to keep and bear arms. And the mind-poisoned veterans were reacting with mere words when they ought to have been killing the traitors infesting the government and media who pushed that anti-American propaganda upon the entire population.

Furthermore, it rankled him that there were no veterans, to his knowledge, sharing with fellow Whites the common knowledge trained into soldiers that we must use whatever tactical advantages available in the current situation. Instead, it was the journalist who had begun urging such action, in detail. He had never been in the military, having reached draft age just after the draft was stopped, so he simply studied the current realities and strategized accordingly.

As he saw it, advantage Number One was that Whites had no sizable nor effective anti-jew organization. A big organization would have no chance to remain secret from the jews and would soon be infiltrated, undermined, and perhaps mass-murdered, as was the large group of families united under the Branch-Davidian mind-poison at Waco, Texas. A true "holocaust" that was, as the jews had made those families a "burnt sacrifice" to the gods, with jews convinced of themselves as

the gods. Such a mass-murder could not happen to the heroic, anti-jew Whites who were widely spread individuals, most of whom never personally met more than a few like-minded heroes, if any. Therefore, Whites of valor could most easily strike individually, or in pairs, covertly, as courageous guerrilla fighters.

Part of the journalist's self-accepted duty was to educate and urge proper targeting. The inexperienced, budding hero was likely to over-reach and select high-profile targets, famous targets, well-protected targets. Instead, the journalist urged his fellow defenders to choose the easiest, safest targets.

The jews' war was total war against Whites. Whites' reaction must be total war against jews. Every jew, every single jew, was an enemy jew. The children of jews would grow up and take the positions currently held by their parent generation. The current parent generation of enemy jews had been children, themselves. Better to kill the enemy before they grew up. Every jew was an enemy jew.

The journalist's advice was to kill jews, any jews, one or two at a time. Heroes should take care to leave no evidence connecting themselves to the scenes of their necessary deeds. They should tell no one. The result would be instant cold cases for the jew-controlled anti-White thugs of law enforcement. The police across the country already had thousands of cold cases every year. The perps in most of those unsolved cases were Africans and jews who had killed Whites of all ages. Careful, heroic Whites could easily add enemy deaths to those long cold-case lists.

Awareness of the historical record and further deliberation led the journalist to conclude that when the jews realized a White wave building against them, they would panic, and most of them would flee. Simultaneously, most members of the other races, if they could afford it, would also flee in the face of rising White Might. Only tiny minorities would put up a fight. Meanwhile, more Whites would wake up to the reality of the struggle and the true solution, and they would join in the heroic action. That White revolution would retake America, and it would not take long.

Thus armed and aimed forward toward the beacon of White Honor, the former dupe of the jews and detriment to his race was now an asset to his great White race.

Upon reaching his current peak in knowledge, his previous fear dissipated as mere fog under the Sun. If he were the first to act against the jews, then he would be the first, as somebody had to be the first. But in fact, he knew he was not the first. And if he were alone, then he would proceed alone, but he knew for a fact he was not alone.

Wisdom said that the worst of times provided the best of opportunities. The present, awful White plight set the stage for an awesome White comeback.

Duty called. Honor beckoned. Pride and Pleasure awaited each killing of the enemy.

The White asset had no intention of becoming a martyr. He knew that Whites Would Win, and with his careful cunning and creativity, he fully intended to win his battles and live to share in the ecstasy of White victory.

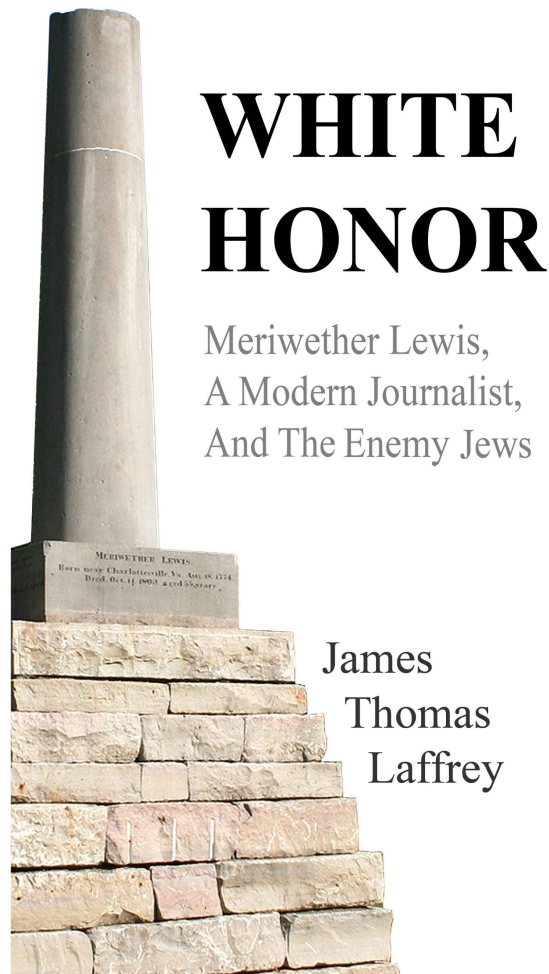
Honor won in the war would earn him and each of his peers a role in shaping the new White America in the new White Era.

...

END of the book.
LAUNCH of heroes.

This book has no index. In digital form, books can be searched for any term in an instant, rendering an index unnecessary.

This book is White Nonfiction Narrative. A loose definition of this genre is the following: Truth is the first priority. A top goal is education toward the improvement of self and race. The natural is revered, while the supernatural and other nonsense is exposed or shunned. Racial identities are provided when known. Historical knowledge is woven within from the point of view of race, which provides maximum clarity to the causes and effects of events throughout recorded history, including the horrific, deliberate destruction of much of our White race's previously recorded history, now lost, which we must endeavor to recover.



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This edition, 2019.

Postscript

To my parents

Edward Alexander Laffrey Jr.
Mary Loretta Brown Laffrey

I now understand you to a depth impossible before I
became wise to the jews.

You would love this knowledge I have assembled and
would agree with this wisdom I have achieved.

Here is a lyric I penned and recorded in 2017 for you:

*I miss you every day, year after year.
Since you've been gone, I've learned —
yeah, better late than never! —
You are My Creators, that's Number One.
Killing Your Destroyers, that's Number Two
till it's done.*