



# Let the Chips Fall

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Last July a most amazing thing happened in American journalism, demonstrating how easily intimidated and politically sensitive the supposedly bold American press is. A witness came forward and reported to me—and shortly thereafter in depositions—that the long-rumored American intelligence operation to re-supply the contras in the 1980s was carried out through flights out of Arkansas. On the return flights drugs were brought into the state. Governor Clinton knew about both legs of these flights. As president he has lied about this activity repeatedly, and he has attempted to intimidate this witness. The *Wall Street Journal*, which has been following this story for several years, editorialized on the importance of this witness's revelations to me. Now for the amazing thing: no other major media source even reported the story. Today I think I know why. There is more to the story.

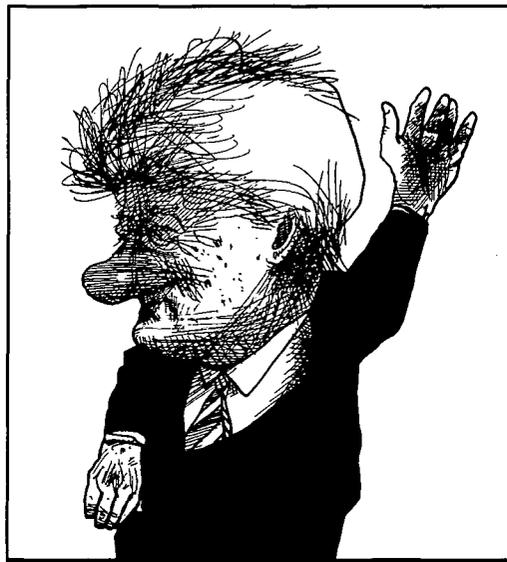
The witness, a former narcotics investigator and erstwhile confidant of Clinton, has testified in legally binding deposition that in 1984, with the encouragement of his boss, then-Governor Clinton, he traveled on two flights from Arkansas's Mena airport to Central America. On those flights, for which the Central Intelligence Agency paid him \$5,000, arms were dropped to the contras. The witness, Arkansas state trooper L.D. Brown, discovered that on the return leg of these flights, the pilot, Barry Seal, was carrying large quantities of cocaine. Seal was a

convicted drug trafficker who later was shot dead in Louisiana. Three Colombians have been convicted of the crime. At the time of the flights Seal was an operative with the Drug Enforcement Administration and a contract employee with the CIA. After Brown's second flight with Seal, the pilot showed Brown both cocaine and money he had picked up in Central America. Alarmed and angered, Brown returned to the man who had gotten him onto these flights, Governor Clinton, to warn him of the drug shipments. Clinton's blasé response was, "That's Lasater's deal, that's Lasater's deal." Dan Lasater, a Clinton financial supporter in Arkansas, was eventually convicted of drug distribution. He was a benefactor of another drug user, the Governor's brother Roger Clinton.

There is more to this story, which perhaps explains the press's reluctance to report it. After Clinton said, "That's

Lasater's deal," he went on to say, "and your buddy Bush knows about it." Or it could have been "your hero Bush knows about it"—Brown is not certain about the precise wording. Trooper Brown had met Bush with the Governor a year before and admired him. In the months before Brown's flights, Clinton reminded Brown that Bush had once headed the CIA. Clinton's mention of Bush's old position was made while he was helping Brown with his application for employment with the CIA. I have copies of the correspondence that took place at this time between Brown and the agency. More importantly, an essay Brown submitted to the CIA bears Clinton's handwritten interpolations. Brown's testimony that Clinton told him about Bush's knowledge of Mena is to be included in a corrected version of Brown's recent deposition. The deposition results from a false arrest and defamation suit against, among others, the former chief of security to then-Governor Clinton. Similar testimony by Brown has been given to the Independent Counsel.

The L.D. Brown story is not going to go away. People in the press who believe they can or should protect a Republican or a Democratic president are kidding themselves. Indeed the story is spreading, and fast. I have legal depositions from witnesses refuting Clinton's claim that he had little knowledge of Mena airport. Now two more witnesses have come forward corroborating Brown's story that he flew to Central America and that he associated with Barry Seal. Both of these sources are going to be subpoenaed. In the *Wall*



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## Coalition to offer 'Contract' for families

By Larry Witham and Laurie Kaiman

The Christian Coalition, the nation's largest political coalition of religious conservatives, will deliver a "contract" to Congress when it returns from the Easter recess.

"The surveying is in the final stages, and we think we'll have something in a week or two," said coalition Executive Director Ralph Reed in a telephone interview. "We will present it to Congress when they get back."

In a speech to 150 students at Kenyon State College in Nelsons on April 11, Mr. Reed outlined the seven points that he called "the seven pillars" of a final document.

That same day House Speaker Newt Gingrich was being feted as a heroic success story. The Reed speech came after a massive mailing by the Christian Coalition in February and March to solicit petitions for social reform and raise money to pay for a survey of 2 million "Christian voters."



Sen. Bob Dole, left, accepts a "key to the state" from Gov. George Pataki, center, and Sen. Alfonse D'Amato after speaking at a fundraiser April 10 in New York.

## Dole decries assaults on values

By Ralph Z. Hall

DES MOINES, Iowa - Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole accused the entertainment industry of polluting the minds of American youth while government assaults the values and moral codes taught in churches

and public schools would go far toward restoring a moral society.

"Voluntary prayer is forbidden in our classrooms," he told more than 1,000 people in the atrium of the state Capitol. "The moral code we revere in our churches and synagogues is under attack from our government. We need our schools to once again reflect the

Americans, Mr. Dole said, "One of the most alarming aspects of government intrusiveness has been the assault it has waged on our values."

At campaign stops on April 11 in Columbus, Ohio, and Des Moines, Mr. Dole railed against the entertainment industry. "Every parent knows," Mr. Dole

## Pattern seen as defections continue

By Donald Lambro

The growing list of Democratic defections to the GOP is sending shock waves through the Democratic Party's leadership, which fears further congressional losses in 1996 and beyond.

Democratic officials deny the defections are part of a long-term political realignment favoring Republicans. But some Democratic strategists and rank-and-file activists think it's going to get worse for the Democrats.

"Yes, it's going to get worse. It's going to go on for a while. We're going to see some more switches by some of these fellows who want to stay in office and who think that changing parties is the way to do



Rep. Nathaniel Deal

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*Street Journal's* July 10 editorial the editors wrote, "Mena cries out for investigation. A congressional committee with resources, subpoena power, and the perseverance displayed by some past chairmen should look into this. If some chips fall on the Republican side, so be it. Important questions need to be answered."

Well, I have word that the important questions have multiplied since last July's revelations. Reliable sources have told me that the Independent Counsel has been informed of attempts by the White House to intimidate the witness, L.D. Brown, and to obstruct justice. Other equally reliable sources have told me that since Brown's story came out, President Clinton told an Arkansas senator that he was having the IRS investigate Brown's tax returns. Moreover, I am told that someone acting directly or indirectly on behalf of the president has gotten a copy of the 1971 death certificate of Joann Brown, Brown's mother, who died in a gun accident. The last time Clinton tried to shut down a media investigation of Brown, his lawyer implied

to ABC News that Brown played a sinister role in his mother's death.

Quite by accident last July I had the opportunity to ask Clinton for his response to Brown's claim that, as governor, Clinton had knowledge of Mena being a shipping point for illegal arms, drug trafficking, and money laundering. He called Brown a "pathological liar," though in no instance have any investigators been able to find Brown lying. And the president's own record in this department is, well, spotty. The president's legendary anger then surged as he grumbled, "Lies, lies, lies." We have all heard of his tantrums. As I was the target of this one, I must say that I found his anger curious. He is a large man and in fact rugged-looking, but his tantrum was strangely feckless, tinny, and petulant. What came to mind was not the anger of a statesman but rather Tinkerbell in a snit. Clinton's was anger without force. It really is time for the media to review Brown's original charges. And now there are the new charges of the White House intimidating a witness and obstructing justice. □

Out here, she is trying to get me. The sand is whipping against me at 30 miles an hour. Soon it will be up to 90 miles an hour or more. I shall endure, unfazed. I shall fish. The clouds cover the sun, but I shall sun. The bikini-clad damsels have all left in their Nissan Pathfinders and other unladylike vehicles, but I shall pretend they are still sauntering down the beach. And why not? I thought they claimed to be equal to combat conditions. Let the German tourists and the relics from the Soviet Union respond docilely to the peremptory "Mandatory Evacuation." I shall respond in the American way: "Don't Tread On Me!"

As I stand here with my chest thrust out to the east against the oncoming Hurricane Felix, I think to myself, "What would my president do?" This big, lovable lug of a guy we call Mr. President would surely announce, "I am not leaving, either." And then he would leave. Later the *Washington Times* would report that the president and the first lady had left. Hillary would respond, "These are old charges. We answered them years ago back in Arkansas."

What would Bernie Nussbaum say? He would say, "I never talked to the First Lady. She was not interested in the storm. She had more important things to do. I talked to her chief of staff, Maggie Williams. She says the president did leave." Maggie would insist that she never said, "The president did leave." Bernie would respond, "Surely you realize that, in emotional moments like this, people have different recollections. I mean, everyone was upset. The president was upset. The girls in the bikinis had vanished. Even the fat ones. And cut out this talk about my being a 'tough New York lawyer.' That is a code-term for balding. I am not balding. My hair is actually growing back. I am *unbalding*. Soon I shall have as full and lovely a head of hair as Brooke Shields."

The wind is still picking up. The white puffs of cloud that scudded through the dazzlingly blue sky a few hours ago have been overcome by gray. In fact, a menacing gray ceiling has come down on us. There is no sun. The sea breeze has turned into a gale that leaves a greasy, wet film on everything. The storm is to hit us in a couple of hours, and finally the traffic along the beach road has thinned out. Well, I ain't leaving. □

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## Staying Put

*Kitty Hawk, North Carolina*

**H**ere I am vacationing by the sea, having a grandiose time in the surf and sea breeze. I am slaying abundant quantities of bluefish, flounder, and sea trout, right in the surf. And what happens? Mother Nature strikes back! She sends Hurricane Felix roaring at me. The demon is moving at 90 miles an hour. I can see his brutal, cunning leer. I can feel his cold breath. Well, I ain't leaving. I shall continue to fish.

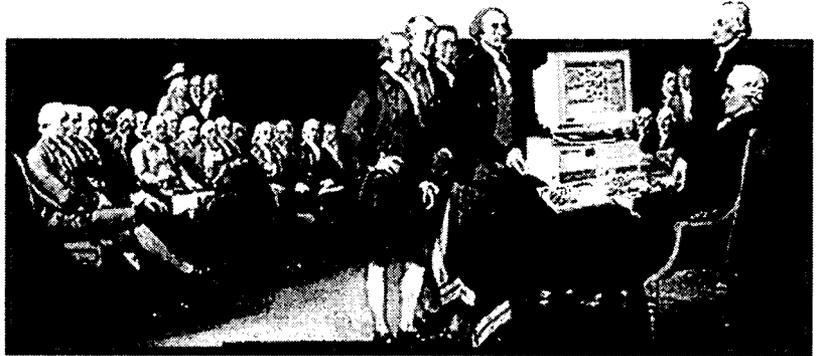
The beach patrol flies at me on one of those obnoxiously noisy three-wheeled vehicles, reeking of carbon monoxide and probably built in Japan. The patrol insists that I leave. "Mandatory Evacuation," they threaten. Well, I ain't leaving. What do they think I am—another Good German? A sad automaton from the now-defunct Union of Soviet Socialist Republics? Let Felix do his worst. I shall do my best—which is to catch fish, admire the driftwood as it rolls onto the beach, and disdain the long

lines of bumper-to-bumper traffic lining the beach road along the North Carolina Outer Banks. The Good Germans have been ordered to evacuate, and there they sit in the largest rush-hour traffic snarl since the last natural indisposition to strike this chain of islands. There must be a better way.

Mother Nature has threatened me thus before. I do not back down. Though allow me to pause midst this effusion of braggadocio. Mother Nature's assault allows me once again the opportunity to remind the environmentalists and other allied enemies of freedom that Mother Nature is neither as fragile nor as agreeable as they would have it. Mother Nature? Think of poison ivy, sunstroke, termites! Think of this dreaded Hurricane Felix! As I have said repeatedly while the environmentalists bleat about the black-footed ferret, wetlands, and Lake Ontario—we must get Mother Nature before she gets us.

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## Vote in the Frauds

by Tom Bethell

In San Francisco, candidates for public office compete with one another by moving to the left. Who is the most virtuous of them all? Who dares to hit business the hardest, stop economic development the most thoroughly, be most solicitous of the environment? Finally, in 1991, the voters cried halt. Too many homeless people were arriving to collect the cash dole of \$345 a month (caseload: 14,600), too many were still camped out in front of I. Magnin at ten o'clock in the morning, too many were making a mess in public. Frank Jordan, a former chief of police, was elected mayor.

Now it's re-election time. Jordan is a liberal by national standards but a conservative by San Francisco's, and the contenders for his job are duly arrayed to his left. The best known are Roberta Achtenberg and Willie Brown, until recently assistant secretary of HUD and speaker of the California Assembly, respectively. Also running is Angela Alioto, whose father was mayor of the city in the 1960s. They recently gathered for a candidates' forum sponsored by the Arts Democratic Club—a "vital player in art politics." Because "the arts" are not self-supporting, it's assumed that they must be supported politically.

The forum was held at the Center for African and African American Art and Culture, a run-down building in the Western Addition, an area close to the center of San Francisco. It is a neighborhood of buildings and housing projects both run-down and boarded up—a victim of the vandalism known as urban renewal. (Compared to most U.S. cities, San Francisco is still largely intact.)

Achtenberg, 45, arrived early, wearing a sensible skirt and heels. As a TV

reporter interviewed her about something the mayor had said, her aides handed out position papers galore. The environment, for example, will "continue to poison our residents, drain our economy, and degrade our quality of life," unless there is "strong and immediate action." (New taxes.) After the TV lights were switched off, Achtenberg said, in a jocular aside to the reporter, "If you don't like history, just change it."

In the black-walled, Afro-deco auditorium, the candidates gathered on stage. Willie Brown, 61, arrived at the last minute, an aide clutching his arm as he entered the semi-dark room. There have been reports that his eyesight is failing. His navy blazer was sharply tailored and his slacks razor-creased. Mayor Jordan himself was absent. Sensibly, he had been "called away at the last minute." We listened politely to his stand-in, whom nobody seemed to believe.

The candidates declared their fealty to the arts, denounced censorship and right-wingers, defended Robert Mapplethorpe, immersed us in the usual jargon: *community-based, accountability, neighborhood, cultural equity, priority, empower, challenge*. Liberalism is the philosophy of high-minded pirates, and sure enough, the candidates thought of wealth as something to be captured by force, not augmented by growth or exchanged for talent. If tourists would only stay longer in their hotels, they would have to pay more taxes. There was no hint that artists might have to start appealing to audiences. Achtenberg made one of the few concessions to reality when she said that they all just might have to hunker down and "seek funding, at least initially, from the private sector."

In substance, Willie Brown was indistinguishable from the others, but I found myself rooting for him. He can invest the

most mundane utterance with a sense of weighty judiciousness, and you guess that his bumper-sticker slogan—"The one candidate we KNOW can do the job"—may not entirely exaggerate. He is purely the pol. His policies seem not so much ideological as the result of political forces he keenly senses. He's a liberal who makes liberals uneasy, because they know he has a soft spot for money. His law practice conspicuously remained open for business while he was Assembly Speaker; it took \$600,000 or more from the Tobacco Interests! San Francisco business people are said to like Brown for the same reason: he is someone you can do business with.

The final sentence of Achtenberg's bio says that she "and her partner, former San Francisco Municipal Court Judge Mary C. Morgan, have one child, Benjamin." Two mommies! As she left, I asked Achtenberg if the boy had been adopted. Her gauzy features hardened in a flash. Flame-throwers blazed in my direction: "None of your business, buddy." Had no one in the Bay Area news media asked the question? ("Here? Are you kidding?" replied a friend who works for a daily in the city. The question would be considered "gauche.")

I had a question for Willie Brown, too. Before I knew it he was grappling my hands and reassuring me that we were old friends from way back, as I had not realized. I told him I had been amused by the way he had run rings around the Republicans in Sacramento in his final months as Speaker. (He is still in the Assembly, by the way, and if not elected mayor he will remain there until November 1996, when his term-limits clock runs out; if he is elected, he will resign at the end of this year.)

He chuckled at his legislative shenanigans—wooing over Republicans

*Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent and a visiting media fellow at the Hoover Institution.*