

Bald Justice

Matt Erickson

Bald Justice

By:

Matt Erickson

Bald Justice

Released into the Public Domain

February 15, 2013

Bald Justice is available as a free electronic download at:

www.BaldJustice.com

www.PatriotCorps.org

www.Scribd.com/Matt_Erickson_6

For information on a royalty-free printed book, please see
www.BaldJustice.com or www.OnDemandBooks.com.



Vancouver, Washington

Bald (bôld), *adj.* Definition # 4: **Open or Forthright; Undisguised.**
The Random House College Dictionary, Revised Edition, 1980.

Bald Justice: The type of justice sadly lacking in the U.S.A. today.

To my loving wife Pam, for all her love and support.

In honor of all those brave patriots who have fought for
Bald Justice — open, forthright and undisguised justice.

Prologue

Mark Adamson moved to the Vancouver, Washington, farm property in 1914, completing construction of house and barns by 1916.

He had been a brick mason in San Francisco before deciding to head north to return to his family's farming roots, in a new region of the country where a few other relatives had already settled.

Fred Evanston later married the Adamson daughter and soon took over the primary responsibility of running the farm.

Mark Adamson stepped back into partial retirement, building and moving into a small craftsman-styled home overlooking Vancouver Lake at the western edge of his property.

Fred's son Vincent received an early taste of helping run the farm when he took off his sophomore year of high school. The responsibility to prune the pear trees fell on him that year after his grandfather fell from a ladder and couldn't help Fred as needed during the busy pruning season.

Vincent took over the family farm in 1954 after he completed a two-year stint in the Army, with his new bride Hannah at his side. Vincent's parents moved in with an aging Mark Adamson whose wife had recently passed away.

By the early 1980's, when Amanda as the last of the five Evanston children had graduated from high school, the farm was feeling the effects of pressing population growth.

Neighbors multiplied, and along with throngs of people came increased mischief and complaints over dust, noise and chemical use.

Though people generally enjoyed living next to farms for a nostalgic view of a former way of life, they nevertheless added pressure for them to go away.

Early development plans for the property were to leave the family farmhouse intact, but raze the remaining structures to make way for a new housing development with a small commercial area.

Vincent and Hannah's son Mark and his wife Penny made the decision in 2004 to move to Cashmere, Washington, to start a cabinet business on the dry side of the state.

Mark's stepson Blake Banning and young wife Daphne moved also, becoming full partners in Crown Industries.

Four years later, the local housing market seemingly dropped off the face of the earth. Soon residential bidding essentially ceased for Mark and Blake and highly-competitive commercial work was bid with precious little chance for profit.

The following year the writing was clearly on the wall when they were no longer able to make payments on their long-term debts. What Mark and Blake had spent five years building up was dismantled in three months.

Mark convinced his wife and a friend's wife to sew him a red, white, and blue colonial patriot outfit. He bought a black, fur-felt tri-corn hat and put brass buckles on a pair of his black shoes.

Mark opened Freedom Franks, a push-cart hot dog vending business. He pushed his stainless steel cart through Wenatchee with a red, white and blue umbrella, wearing his colonial patriot outfit.

Bald Justice

In July of 2011, Penny's mother wasn't doing well and was diagnosed with peritoneal cancer. Mark's dad Vincent had earlier been diagnosed with Alzheimer's and was getting worse. Mark and Penny discussed whether it may be time to return to Vancouver.

When Penny talked with her brother in August, he mentioned an old boss in Vancouver was looking for truck drivers.

Mark made arrangements to come down for an interview and was hired. Mark began working immediately and took an extended weekend the following week to move them back home.

Mark's great-grandfather's retirement house at the west end of the farm was unoccupied and listed for sale. Mark and Penny moved into the 2-bedroom, 1-bath craftsman house over-looking the lake, figuring they would live there until it sold.

The buyers who later purchased the house had no immediate plans to move in, but planned a future remodel when they retired in a few years. Mark and Penny Evanston stayed in Mark Adamson's retirement house even after it was sold out of the family.

The souring economy had not only harshly affected Crown Industries, but also destroyed the market for a few years for the Evanston Farms residential lots which didn't get approved through the family and county before the market crashed.

In 2012, the Evanston family began discussions with development partners about partnering together in the farm project which had since received its approvals.

Discussions were completed by late spring and a local excavating contractor was soon putting in the infrastructure on the first phase of the Evanston Farms development.

Before development construction could begin, however, demolition of the existing buildings and the original farmhouse had to occur since that is what the engineering plans now delineated.

When Mark moved away from Vancouver, the biggest proponent for keeping the original farmhouse intact no longer provided his input. Thereafter the family decided to raze the farmhouse also; a decision which became firmly integrated into engineering and construction plans which would be costly and difficult to later change.

Chapter One

“What should I do then, look for another job?”

As soon as Mark Evanston heard those words leave his stepson Blake Banning’s lips in May of 2004, he knew the die may have been cast for significant changes in his family’s future.

Mark’s father Vincent wasn’t really ready to approve activity which would help transition the farm into a housing development. When Vincent answered his grandson Blake, “It might be best,” a chain of consequences which no one could then predict were set in motion.

What Mark and Blake wouldn’t know was that eight years later they would watch the demolition of the nearly 100-year old farmhouse while Vincent would be in a care facility for Alzheimer’s patients.

On Saturday, June 30, 2012, the excavation crew which had already torn down the barns and shop in the weeks before were ready to demolish the only family home Vincent had ever known.

Mark watched as the first excavator raised its boom and extended its stick to the northwest corner of the low-pitched four-car garage.

With a short throw of the controls, the operator deftly pushed his bucket into the corner of the garage and the roof began to sag and then fall.

At the opposite end of the four-car garage, the second track-hoe operator repeated the same maneuvers with equally destructive results.

Methodically and ruthlessly, the equipment tore into and through the garage, smashing the trusses into a thousand pieces and sending large sections of roofing crashing to the ground.

A large off-road haul truck backed between the excavators and received the garage debris into its deep bowels and hauled it 600 feet away to dump near where the north barn had once long stood.

Within 20 minutes, the garage was down and in another 30 minutes all of the debris was hauled away.

Demolition soon began on the next section of the house, the low-pitched office and recreation-room sections which Vincent and Hannah added in 1975 along with the garage.

In another hour-and-a-half, no evidence remained of the 1975 addition except for part of the concrete foundation.

Blake and Daphne watched the excavation equipment demolish the old house with their three young boys who were enthralled to see the big pieces of equipment up close and personal.

The stairway in the old section of the house from the first story living area to the second story bedrooms was soon exposed.

Mark pointed to the stairs and told his young grandsons a story of his childhood days spent sliding down them atop an unfurled sleeping bag. Mark finished the story as the excavators ripped the stairway from the interior wall of the house.

The large excavators next reached for the sky, trying to reach to the top of the house. They could reach only halfway up the third-floor loft bedroom which lay under the roof rafters. Thus everything above the excavator's reach was pulled down by demolishing the structure below.

Bald Justice

The third-story loft had been made into a bedroom for sons Daniel and Mark in the mid-1970's. It was accessed by a metal ladder bolted to the front of the old chimney as it went up through a 30" square access hole in the bedroom's floor.

As his old loft bedroom now lay exposed, Mark asked his grandsons if they remembered climbing the ladder to that room and looking out the window which had just been ripped open.

Bart and Gary remembered, but Bolton was too little to recall being carried up into that bedroom.

Swinging in unison now were three hanging globe lights which once illuminated the loft. The lights swung more violently with each strike of the excavator bucket below, until they were dislodged and crashed to the ground floor nearly 30 feet below.

As the moments of destruction built one upon one another, Mark noticed many passers-by slow and gaze upon the devastation with silent bewilderment.

The Evanston farmhouse which had prominently stood in Vancouver for a century was being demolished; many neighbors instinctively stopped to witness the changing of an era.

By the end of the morning, the house was down and all that remained were the basement and foundation of the 1916 original house.

The hoe operators spent another hour cleaning up debris around the site, so no one would step on boards with nails in them, trip over plumbing or electrical lines, or fall into any holes. The crowds began thinning out and soon left, with the construction crew also calling it a day.

Mark invited Blake and his family home for lunch, but Daphne stated they needed to head home to give Bolton a nap.

Mark thanked them for coming and watching the historic family event.

After a long lunch back home, Mark went back down to the demolition site and looked into the old basement from a viewpoint he had never before witnessed, as it now lay fully-exposed for the entire world to see. The sunlight was now shining brightly into the basement's former dark recesses.

Mark looked over the basement area of the old house which used to have a low ceiling, not even six feet high. The basement's ceiling used to have exposed joists which would provide any grown man with slivers in his head if he didn't pay appropriate attention.

The ceiling was gone; the Jolly Green Giant could now have stepped into the basement without difficulty.

The old house had a brick foundation, the height of a normal two-foot crawlspace, compliments of Mark Adamson's masonry skills.

The basement wasn't actually dug out any closer than 30" of the perimeter foundation. The four foot vertical basement wall 30" inside of the foundation wall was covered with a skim-coat of concrete, which had saved the expense of a six or seven-foot tall concrete structural support wall at the perimeter of the house.

The horizontal shelf between the basement wall and foundation was also covered in concrete and long served as a sturdy storage area.

One quadrant of the foundation consisted only of a crawlspace, while the remaining quadrants had been dug out for the basement.

Bald Justice

Mark walked over to the crawlspace quadrant. To his recollection, no one had ventured into that former cobweb-filled no-man's land in the past 50 years; there wasn't any plumbing or wiring located there, just some vent ductwork that didn't need ready access.

Mark was interested in getting a dozen bricks to have a friend laser engrave them with the Evanston Farms logo as keepsakes.

He figured the double-thick interior support wall between the crawlspace and basement would contain the oldest bricks in the best condition, as they lay well-protected from the exterior elements.

A brick very low in the stack caught his eye, as it set back almost an inch, further than it should have been able. The brick should have only been able to be set back the thickness of the mortar behind it, if the mortar crumbled away, but it was set back twice as far.

Mark took out his pocket knife and carefully pried the loose brick out of its long-term resting place. Mark curiously noticed a void where there should have been the other course of brick behind it. This void appeared to extend under the concrete-covered shelf of the adjoining basement area, which should have been full of dirt.

It appeared that Mark Adamson had made a hiding place within the skim-coat of concrete which covered the dirt walls of the adjoining basement, accessible only from within the crawlspace.

Mark's heart began to palpitate as he suddenly recalled old family stories from his youth about a hidden cache of gold rumored to have once belonged to his great-grandfather.

Mark Adamson had been well-known for his strong political views. Though he loved his country, Mark Adamson had developed a deep distrust of the government operating far beyond its charter, which he said acted as a power unto itself.

He left San Francisco in 1914 after the Federal Reserve Act was enacted by Congress on December 23, 1913. He sold his thriving masonry business to his lead man and moved north to settle in a sparsely-populated, fertile farming community.

Mark Adamson bought farmland and vowed that he'd never run out of food during the inevitable bust which would invariably follow the creation of the central command-and-control monetary debasement system.

Mark Adamson became one of the better-prepared citizens for riding out the Great Depression.

Mark Adamson was said to have come by his views naturally, as his own great-grandfather Chester had been murdered suspiciously in Washington, D.C. just after the Civil War ended.

Family legend had it that Chester Adamson had uncovered serious financial skullduggery and was silenced while trying to expose it.

Chester's surviving son and young family fled the east coast and headed west on the new transcontinental railroad in search of a peaceful life as a farmer.

Though Mark Adamson wasn't surprised by the Great Depression in 1929, he certainly was when President Roosevelt confiscated everyone's gold in 1933.

Mark Evanston snapped his mind back to the present moment and bent over to peer inside the brick-accessed hideaway. He was able to make out a pile of papers in the dark void. Mark reached in and brought them out onto his lap as he sat down with his back against the brick and began to quickly scan through them.

Bald Justice

It was his great-grandfather's writings, he surmised; they contained various thoughts and questions, all related to legal tender paper currencies and gold confiscation.

There must have been about 30 pages that were yet in remarkably good shape. The pages had yellowed and the ink was faint. Though the papers had quite the musty smell about them, they didn't seem overly fragile, at least given their age. From the various dates inscribed on the papers, Mark saw that they were 67 to 100 years old.

Mark Adamson had passed away several years before Mark Evanston had been born. The elder Mark had been in declining health before he passed away, but his sharp mind had faded long before. It was an unfortunate fall from the ladder which seemed to be the beginning of the end for Mark Adamson, at least mentally.

Although his broken arm soon healed, his mind was never right after that; doctors believed that he had thrown a small blood clot from his break, which evidently caused a stroke significant enough to diminish his critical thinking skills.

Thankfully Mark Adamson was soon able to return to basic farm work and could communicate satisfactorily, but seemed to have definitely lost his once-sharp edge and superb memory.

Scanning the papers, Mark was growing increasingly confident that he had found his great-grandfather's secret hiding place.

Mark knew it was judgment time to see if the old stories were true, to see if there was any gold in this long-lost hideaway.

Mark turned back over onto his knees and peered into the darkness. Not being able to see much of anything, he reached his hand into the void and felt several stiff small canvas sacks, which felt like banker's coin sacks.

He grabbed the first of the small bags and it was fairly heavy, maybe even 25 pounds. From the weight of the sack and the way it conformed to a multitude of loose, metallic discs within, Mark knew it was coin, but didn't know if it was silver or gold.

Mark had to flatten the bag to get it out through the opening in the brick. Opening up the bag, he saw that this first bag contained gold coins, many gold coins. He reached in and brought out several handfuls of eagles — ten dollar gold coins. There were also many half- and quarter-eagles and even quite a few double eagles.

Mark had found his great-grandfather's long-lost gold stash and it was certainly no fictitious rumor.

A large smile developed on Mark's face as he sifted through the coins. Mark had always liked silver, as gold had always been out of his financial ballpark. But now he had gold in his hands, lots and lots of gold, and he liked the feel.

This must be gold fever, Mark thought, and he must be catching it.

Feeling again inside the cache, Mark found two more bags, which he brought out carefully one-by-one. Another of them was filled with gold and the last one was filled with silver, mostly dollars but a few dimes and quarters also.

Mark had always liked the large silver dollars; evidently his great-grandfather liked them also. The dollar coin was an inch-and-a-half in diameter with heft and presence, with 371.25 grains of fine silver.

The first dollar coin Mark inspected was dated 1888. It therefore weighed 412.5 grains on the troy weight scale, with 10% of those grains copper and 90% silver.

Bald Justice

Silver coins struck before 1837 were minted in .892 fine silver. The dollar had the same 371.25 grains of fine silver, but during that era had slightly more copper, for a total weight of 416 grains.

Mark quickly folded his great-grandfather's papers and put them in his shirt pocket.

He grabbed one of the bags of gold coin. He didn't want to be too obvious as he carried the bag to his pickup, but there was no hiding the fact that it was quite heavy for its size.

Mark drove his pickup over the dirt nearer to the foundation to help screen the view from the road. He thought it prudent to avoid broadcasting his find, at least until he secured the coins.

As Mark was loading the coins, he thought of how much had changed since gold last circulated as money.

He recalled the 1921 hospital receipt his mother had framed on her wall of his great-grandfather's 18-day stay at the old St. Joseph's Hospital. The charges for "Board and Attendance" for those 18 days totaled but \$63.00; "use of operating room" came to \$12.00; "medicines" to \$.75; and "dressings", an additional \$.50.

The total bill for Mark Adamson's two-and-a-half week hospital stay was a mere \$76.25, which was paid in full in gold and silver when he left.

After examining the receipt, Mark had looked at old Census Bureau statistics which showed average annual farm earnings for a farmer in 1921 at \$1,009; meaning that Mark Adamson was able to pay for an 18-day hospital stay with four weeks' worth of typical earnings, which then had no withholdings.

No wonder Mark Adamson was able to pay for his own health care without insurance, even in the case of a major medical condition.

Mark recalled a conversation he once had with an apologist for government regulation, who argued that comparing healthcare costs from the 1920's to today would be like comparing a 1927 Ford Model 'A' with a 2012 BMW.

The man argued the vast improvements of the latter over the former invalidated all comparisons between the two, just like in medicine.

Mark questioned whether the apologist was talking about the \$500 budget-Model 'A' or the \$1,200 luxury version.

The gentleman laughingly pointed out that the 3-Series base-model 2012 BMW sells today for some \$36,000, while a nice 7-Series sells in the ballpark of \$90,000.

Mark brought up that \$500 was the equivalent of twenty-five \$20 gold double eagles, and \$1,200 was the equivalent of sixty. With each double-eagle containing nearly an ounce of gold; the gold in that coin was worth \$1,600 of cash today.

Thus, those same 25 gold double eagles would bring at least \$40,000 in currency and the 60 eagles, \$96,000.

In each case, the amount of gold which bought a brand new car in 1927 easily purchased the greatly-improved 2012 luxury sedans.

The apologist's argument only pointed out how poorly paper currency met the primary role of money as a store of value over time.

Gold performed its job spectacularly, easily purchasing the greatly-improved product 85 years later.

Bald Justice

Sadly, the same could not be said of wages, which couldn't maintain purchasing power, as wage earners suffered from falling real incomes brought about by government printing presses and excessive government regulation choking out private industry, stifling profits.

Getting back into his pickup, Mark called Penny on his cell phone and asked her to meet him at his mom's.

She asked why, hearing excitement in his voice. Mark simply told her he had some wonderful news for the family, but that he should tell his mom immediately and didn't want to have to relay the story twice or delay informing either of them.

When the old farmhouse was ready to be taken down, Hannah moved into a rental home owned by second daughter Diane and her husband, Allen Wakefield. The house was located down the farm's private driveway. The Wakefield's lived between Hannah nearest the beginning of the drive and Mark & Penny at the end.

Penny arrived at Hannah's just before Mark showed up in his pickup. Mark was smiling ear-to-ear and Penny knew he was excited about something.

Hannah came to the door as Mark drove up, but hadn't been expecting anyone. Mark told the ladies to go inside and have a seat at the kitchen table, that he'd be joining them in just a moment.

Mark checked to make sure his great-grandfather's papers were still in his shirt pocket. He then grabbed the first bag of gold and walked into the house.

"You'll never guess what I found, Mom," Mark beamed as he closed the door behind him and dropped the first bag on the table with dense clanging of the metallic coins. "Great-Grampa's gold!"

Mark then walked back to his pickup and grabbed the other bag of gold and the bag of silver.

He then put the rest of the coin and the papers on the table saying, "I even found some of Great-Grandpa Adamson's writings on gold, silver, and monetary legislation."

Hannah was flabbergasted. She was long familiar with the old family stories which speculated about Mark Adamson's gold coins. Vincent's grandfather had always acted rather coolly when questioned.

"I wish Vincent could see and fully understand this," Hannah blurted out with a faint tear being shed from her eye. Mark had rarely ever seen his mom show strong emotions, figuring she was too busy to worry about things over which she didn't have control.

Two of Hannah's viewpoints were represented by plaques which stood near her desk from time immemorial. The first was that, "They found out what can do the work of five men: one woman."

The second stated, "Let's compromise; we'll do it my way."

These were the only items that one of Hannah's independent-minded granddaughters had asked for whenever inheritance time came around.

Hannah then bent her head down and laid it gently on a bag of gold, and wept quietly.

In a moment, regaining her composure, Hannah stood up and gave Mark a great big hug and said, "Thank you." She admitted she never knew if the stories were true, but, knowing Mark Adamson, suspected they might.

Bald Justice

“Funny thing, but if the house hadn’t been torn down, we’d likely have never known about the treasure,” Penny pointed out.

After a bit of reflection, Mark offered, “And if you and I hadn’t moved away for those six years, I would have been around to fight tooth-and-nail to keep the farmhouse from being demolished.”

Penny knew the farm had quite a bit of farm and development-related debt and didn’t know if the gold would even pay that off, let alone have any left over for Vincent and Hannah’s needs.

She was fairly certain there wouldn’t be enough for sharing with the extended family including her and Mark. After all, it cost \$5,000 a month just to keep Vincent in the care facility.

Mark offered that there must be about \$1,000 of face value in silver in the silver bag, currently worth about \$24,000 in currency.

Mark stated that each ten dollar gold eagle contained nearly a half-ounce of gold and that even if none of the coins were valuable for their rarity, speculated that the bullion value of the gold alone must be worth at least a half-million dollars in currency.

“Let me put the gold and silver someplace safe and we can look through it tomorrow to better see what we have, when it isn’t getting late and you have more energy,” Mark offered.

Hannah agreed, for she often went to bed quite early, never really getting out of the routine set for her by her own father when she was young, of early to bed and early to rise.

Mark grabbed one of the bags of gold and placed it in one of the locking, fireproof filing cabinets. He then grabbed the other bags in turn and locked them up also.

Mark and Penny said goodnight to Hannah and walked to the pickup. As soon as they were in the vehicle, Penny spoke up, “Wow, I can’t believe you found all that gold.”

“I’m thrilled all the old stories about my great-grandpa are true, and that we now have his gold and silver,” Mark stated.

They drove home and were there in 30 seconds. Continuing the conversation in the house, Penny asked, “What do you think your mom will do with the money?”

“Pay some bills and continue forward with the land development, I suppose.”

“That’s too bad, I was hoping it would set them up for the rest of their lives and the development could be postponed, and maybe even have helped out everyone else in the family a little,” said Penny.

“It’s just that the rolled-over debts have doubled in the last decade, which is the bad thing about compound interest,” Mark offered. “Although it appears manageable at first when the amounts are relatively low, that exponential growth really kicks into gear when the numbers start getting larger.”

“I know they have their debts, like everybody. It seems odd that everyone is so indebted to their eyeballs these days,” Penny said.

“The common line is that everyone spends more than they make, which is generally true as far as it goes. But with our current monetary system, escalating debt is inevitable because only the principal is lent into circulation. Money available to pay the interest is only created through additional borrowing. Thus there is always a relative monetary shortage, even during hyperinflation.

Bald Justice

“The loss of value in paper currency discourages people from saving it, encouraging them to spend it before it buys less tomorrow.

“In the meantime, if borrowing slows for any reason, ongoing monthly principal and interest payments on old debts shrink the monetary base since it was loaned into existence in the first place, which sends the economy into a tailspin as new borrowing doesn’t keep up,” Mark relayed.

“Ugh-oh. I touched a nerve; you’re on your soapbox again.”

“I’m sorry; it’s an old habit,” said Mark. “I think I will read through my great-grandfather’s papers to see what they are all about, if you don’t mind. What I’ve seen so far looks very interesting.”

“You should first take a copy of them so you don’t hurt the originals, and so we don’t have to smell them.”

“Good idea. Would you mind turning on the copier for me?”

“Sure. Why don’t you give me the papers and I’ll copy them, so you can call Blake. I know he’ll want to know about your gold discovery,” Penny offered.

“Good call; I’ll do just that.”

“Blake,” Mark started in after Blake answered the phone. “You left the farm way too early today. After lunch, I went back down to the demolition site and you’ll never guess what I found.”

Mark relayed the story of his discovery of two bags of gold coin and one of silver coin. Blake could hardly believe it.

Blake had been teaching his older sons to sort through pennies to find the ones made before 1982, when they were primarily copper.

Blake's oldest sons Bart and Gary had already collected two jars of copper pennies, though they had a few zinc pennies collected also, as the young boys didn't quite have their numbers figured out yet.

Blake ended the call saying he'd be over the next day after church to take a look at the coins.

Mark was soon absorbed with the pages he read under the light coming in through the south-facing windows.

Mark looked out over the lake and was thankful that his great-grandfather had built not only his second house where Penny and Mark now lived, but that he had saved a fortune which he was now able to pass along to his heirs.

Mark was especially thankful, however, for his great-grandfather's research notes on paper currencies and gold confiscation, two of Mark's favorite subjects of study.

Mark Adamson had written in the dates of his papers, which were scattered over three decades. The last entry was dated November 14, 1945. Mark figured that must have been right around the time his great-grandfather fell and broke his arm and later suffered a stroke. That would explain how all the gold and his writings disappeared for six and a half decades.

The early notations dealt mainly with his thoughts on a legal tender paper currency, while those after April of 1933 dealt almost exclusively with F.D.R.'s gold confiscation.

The first thing that caught Mark's eye was a comment concerning the February 25, 1862 act which imposed the first legal tender paper currency. Mark Adamson had partially re-written Section 1, concentrating his discussion on United States currency notes:

Bald Justice

“and such notes herein authorized shall be receivable in payment of all taxes, internal duties, excises, debts and demands of every kind due to the United States, except duties on imports, and all claims and demands against the United States of every kind whatsoever, except for interest upon bonds and notes, which shall be paid in coin, *and shall also be lawful money and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, except duties on imports and interest as aforesaid.*”

Mark Adamson had emphasized the legal tender wording and underlined the phrase “within the United States.” Below this paragraph he had written that the underscored phrase appeared “unnecessary and redundant” and placed a large question mark there, as in asking, “Why were these words found here?”

He noted that, after all, “This act began like each and every other act of Congress since 1789, with the words, ‘*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That...*’”

Mark Adamson finished up his thought, writing, “Of course Congress enacted this legislative act ‘for’ or ‘within’ the United States; where else would the act be applicable, after all — in Canada, Mexico, or one of the countries in Europe?”

The papers compared these first legal tender United States notes with early Treasury notes, which weren’t strictly a paper currency, but incurred interest and thus were really a readily-marketable bond.

The first Treasury notes from 1812 and thereafter had never been made a ‘legal tender’ or ‘lawful money,’ but they were nevertheless made receivable for all payments due the federal government, including duties on imports, under an 1816 act.

Mark Adamson wrote that it was quite odd that the first paper currency specifically denominated a 'legal tender' and 'lawful money' could not yet be used for the payment of import duties to government, especially since early non-tender Treasury notes could.

"What good is a government-imposed legal tender if even the government doesn't always accept it?" Mark Adamson asked.

Mark was engrossed in the reading which was right up his alley. He seemed to have received far more than his great-grandfather's given name, but also his burning desire for liberty & justice and his passion for honest money.

Maybe it had been hearing family stories about his great-grandfather that directed Mark towards similar interests. Perhaps it was seeing his older sisters' and brother's silver dollars given them on their birthdays when his great-grandpa was still alive.

It was 7:30 pm before Penny interrupted Mark, "Honey; aren't you getting hungry for dinner?"

"I'm sorry; evidently I lost track of time," Mark admitted. "Yes, now that you mention it, I am hungry."

"Well, dinner has been ready since 6:30 pm, so if you want to come to the table, we can eat now. Or, if you want, I can bring dinner to you in the living room," Penny offered.

"No, I'll come into the kitchen and sit at the table. I'm more comfortable eating there."

Mark didn't talk a great deal at dinner, being far quieter that night than usual.

"Ring, ring," Penny stated in a loud voice. "Earth-to-Mark, come in please."

Mark snapped out of his thoughts and became aware of the world around him. “Sorry, Penny; I was thinking of my great-grandpa’s letters.” He glanced down, sheepishly, knowing he was again guilty of ignoring his beautiful wife who didn’t deserve to be ignored.

“No doubt,” said Penny, laughing. “You were really gone that time.”

Mark was thankful he had an understanding wife, especially as she had not always been quite as understanding.

“I’ll put it up for the night,” Mark offered.

“No, that isn’t necessary. I know you are excited about your discovery, and you should be, so enjoy it. However, a little company during dinner would be nice,” stated Penny, matter-of-factly.

“Yes, no problem,” Mark replied, although he found it very difficult to stay grounded in the present moment.

Mark thanked Penny for dinner and told her he was sorry that she had to wait it on him.

Mark later went back into the living room and immediately became engrossed again in his great-grandfather’s papers. That the first legal tender paper currencies couldn’t be used for government payments for which even non-tender Treasury notes could be used revealed too much.

Mark knew his great-grandfather was correct to bring out such inconsistencies, for in their inconsistency were clues to help him understand what he currently misunderstood.

It was soon getting late, at least by Mark’s standards, and so he put the papers aside and got ready for bed, with Penny following suit.

Sleep came quickly for Mark, even though his mind wandered all through the day's momentous events. Penny got out of bed a half-hour later, and read for another hour-and-a-half until she could fall asleep.

Chapter Two

“Are you hungry, Mark?” Penny asked the next morning. “I can make breakfast anytime you’re ready.”

“No, I should be fine for an hour or so.”

Mark sat down in his favorite spot on the couch and got comfortable. It didn’t take him more than a few moments to again get lost in his thoughts.

“A penny for your thoughts,” Penny offered, as she walked in and saw her husband staring right through her, as if she wasn’t there.

“Are you offering what I hope you’re offering?” asked Mark, with a big grin on his face, after her words reached his consciousness.

“Let me rephrase that, in an inflationary manner that you may better understand; a nickel for your thoughts.”

“It was worth a try,” said Mark, admitting defeat.

“You know, it is certainly wonderful that Great-Grandpa saved all that gold. It will really help make a difference for my parents for their comfort at this point in their lives. But I think his notes on paper currency and gold confiscation could ultimately become even more valuable.”

“How in the world would you ever figure that?” asked Penny.

“Well, if his papers can help me figure out how the United States were transformed from being a collection of States on a gold and silver coin standard to a nation using a constantly-depreciating paper currency which robs any people who would long tolerate its use, it could help restore freedom and limited government to these United States of America.”

“I think you are asking a whole lot from your great-grandfather, if you are aiming for that.”

“You’re probably right, but what if it were possible? It’s certainly a worthy goal.”

Mark looked again at his great-grandfather’s monetary papers discussing President Roosevelt’s despotic 1933 confiscation of gold.

Mark Adamson had been especially bothered by this legislation. It was one thing to have a legal tender paper currency alongside of gold and silver coin. It was another thing entirely to confiscate the monetary safe-haven of the people.

Money was severed from fiscal restraint after government took away the gold, making it difficult for people to protect themselves from monetary devaluation, especially while maintaining the liquidity they would need to ride out escalating business cycles.

Within Mark Adamson’s notes was a government poster telling all persons to deliver their gold to the banks. Mark looked at the poster and found it difficult to comprehend how the government which was instituted to protect people and their property became transformed into the engine to require everyone to turn in their gold.

Mark Adamson had written out the first portion of Section 2 of F.D.R.’s April 5, 1933 Executive Order Number 6102.

“Section 2. All persons are hereby required to deliver on or before May 1, 1933, to a Federal Reserve Bank or branch or agency thereof or to any member bank of the Federal Reserve System all gold coin, gold bullion, and gold certificates now owned by them or coming into their ownership on or before April 28, 1933, except the following...”

Bald Justice

What followed were four exemptions, including \$100 of gold coin allowed per person, gold coins “having a recognized special value to collectors of rare and unusual coin,” and gold used in art and industry under license from the President.

Mark read his great-grandfather’s notations below Section 2; “Why are all people being required to turn in their gold to a *private bank*?” and, “Why wasn’t everyone required to turn in their gold directly to some branch of the U.S. government?”

Mark knew his great-grandfather was again asking the right questions, even if he hadn’t figured out the answers. Though Mark never had the opportunity to meet his great-grandfather, he was realizing they were definitely kindred spirits.

Mark spent his morning quietly reading and contemplating his great-grandfather’s writings.

Blake and his three young boys came over in the early afternoon to see the gold discovery. Daphne stayed home as she was in her last month of pregnancy with their fourth boy and took the opportunity presented by an empty house to complete several postponed tasks.

Mark, Penny, Blake and the boys walked over to Hannah’s. The front door was shut and locked, which was unusual. Mark knocked.

Hannah’s son-in-law Martin Sawyer answered the door and let them in. He and his wife Wanda had been helping Hannah and Daniel sort through the gold and silver coin.

Mark’s older brother Daniel spoke up, “We were wondering if you were going to ever show up. We have counted all the coin. There are 82 double eagles; 422 eagles; 436 half-eagles; and 526 quarter-eagles, amounting to \$9,355 face value in gold, along with \$1,050.50 face value in silver.”

“Wow; that is great,” Mark said, “Sorry I didn’t make it down here to help look through it. I guess I got lost reading Great-Grandpa’s writings on gold and money.”

“I don’t know anyone else who could have gotten so caught up in researching gold legislation that they’d forget about gold itself,” said Hannah with a laugh. “So what do we do with it, where do we take the gold and silver to sell it?”

“Well, that would be equivalent to a tremendous amount of cash, so the coin shops of which I am familiar wouldn’t be capable of handling so much precious metal. Still, it might be good to make contact with one of them to get an idea if any of the coins are valuable as collector’s items,” Mark said.

“I’ll stop by Clark County Coin and see if I can get the owner to come out here in the privacy of your home and tell us what we have,” said Mark, with everyone agreeing that it sounded like a good idea.

Blake was nearly speechless as he looked at all the gold on the table. He felt as if he were again a young kid, and that he was in a candy store. The boys had their copper pennies while he had just a half-dozen one-dollar silver coins, but now he was staring at perhaps a million dollars worth of gold and silver coin.

After looking at the gold for 20 minutes, Blake had to be pulled from the room; Mark calling for help from his grandsons to help push their dad out the door.

Mark went back to work Monday morning driving dump truck. It was July 2nd and the ground was finally drying out after unusually late spring rains. Mark got off work early enough in the day that he was able to swing by Clark County Coin.

Bald Justice

Proprietor Bill Smith was there and they said hello to one another and caught up, since it had been many years since Mark had last been in a coin-buying mode.

Mark told Bill of his great-grandfather's gold and silver which he found, and the amount. Bill whistled long and low, and murmured in a low breath, "Woowie, what a find."

"Would it be possible for you to come over and scan through the coins, to see if any of them likely have any numismatic value above their bullion value?"

"You bet; I would love to see them. It is not often I get to view a large collection, especially one that hasn't been seen for 60 or 70 years. How about meeting tonight at 7:00 pm?"

"Can you make it at 6:00 or 6:30?"

"I can probably make it at 6:30; how do I get there?" asked Bill, as he was given directions and the address.

Bill arrived on time and looked at the table full of gold. Again he let out a long whistle, saying, "What a sight."

Bill pulled a pen out of his pocket and grabbed a notebook and began writing down notes on each coin he gently inspected.

8:00 pm arrived and Bill had a long way to go to look over the coins. "It is getting late, I think I'm at a good stopping point and this gives me plenty to research for a few days," said Bill.

"From my initial look, Mark, I don't see much of anything that stands out as exceedingly rare. It looks like your great-grandfather primarily kept standard gold and silver coins found in common circulation, and didn't necessarily concentrate on collecting rare and unusual coins," said Bill.

“That sounds about right, as that is all that I seem to be interested in also,” said Mark.

“If that is the case, I would guess the market value of your gold as bullion would be in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million dollars. As coin, however, especially if we find anything rare, the actual amount could perhaps double. I’ll do some checking and call some of my buddies in the trades to see their thoughts,” said Bill. “Have you thought about having the better coins formally graded?”

“We haven’t had time to think much about them,” Mark admitted.

“Well, keep it in mind for the more valuable ones. How about if several of us return Saturday morning at 10:00 am so we can document what you have and separate them into a lower-quality pile and a higher-quality pile to be graded?”

“Sounds good to me,” said Mark, with Hannah agreeing.

∫ ∫ ∫

After finding the long-lost gold, Mark had asked his mom for his great-grandfather’s diaries. His biggest surprise was reading that Mark Adamson had purchased 150 acres of timberland in Roseburg, Oregon in 1914.

Mark Adamson wrote in his diary that he had met Floyd Johnson in 1909 at the hospital’s waiting room in San Francisco while their respective wives were both undergoing similar therapies for advanced Rheumatoid Arthritis.

Bald Justice

Once they found out they each had a strong interest in constitutional issues, they fast became friends. With the many hours of waiting for their wives over many years whenever their treatments coincided, they discussed political issues at great length.

As his wife's medical bills began mounting, Floyd mentioned in 1914 that he was placing 150 acres of timberland adjacent to his home in Roseburg up for sale, to help pay for his wife's treatments.

Mark Adamson had already made the decision to move north to join with family living in Washington. Knowing return visits to San Francisco to continue his wife's treatments would be necessary, he figured having a place to break up the long trip where they could visit friends would be ideal, and he bought the property.

It wasn't as if the timberland would need a great deal of oversight, after all. After he logged the land in 1928 and sold it in the spring of 1929, it proved to be a wise investment and a source for stockpiling quite a few of his gold coins.

Mark Adamson built a rudimentary motor home out of one of his better-running farm trucks for travelling south to see the specialist. The motor home offered them a nice place to stay while at their Roseburg property, at least other than in the dead of winter.

Mark Adamson reserved commenting on the more serious monetary discussions with Floyd for the papers he kept hidden with his gold.

They were both grateful they lived during a period in which a frugal, hard-working man was able to well provide for his family and keep a large percentage of his effort. Though each person's output was necessarily quite limited, it also meant that very few other hands were otherwise able to grab a significant amount of his output.

They worried that their heirs wouldn't be so lucky. As the velocity of trade increased and items of trade became increasingly sophisticated, producers naturally began concentrating on the fewer items they made well, while they began keeping smaller portions of an increased volume of specialized business.

Keeping smaller percentages of an increasing volume of business meant that more and more money would naturally pass through their hands, just as they were keeping a smaller percentage of the whole.

The inevitable result of this is that more people more often began working with borrowed money, money which was lent out at compound interest for exponential growth.

Thus producers were increasingly being transformed into speculators as they naturally began betting the farm on their view of probable future events which were otherwise difficult to accurately predict.

Those too conservative soon found themselves with inadequate production quantities to make sufficient profits to sustain themselves and were forced into other lines of work.

Those betting too aggressively soon found themselves overextended whenever the economy overheated and then pulled back. Plans considered prudent in one economy could prove fatal in another.

It was the growing threat of this loss of independence which bothered these men so much, with credit-based money being loaned into circulation, constantly depreciating in value and thus constantly sapping the value of savings.

Bald Justice

Increasing the amount of work needed to keep food on the table exponentially increased the risks of being wrong. It was such thoughts which kept them trying to make sense of the escalating political nonsense.

∫ ∫ ∫

Despite working heavier hours as the busy summer work season progressed, Mark studied his great-grandfather's papers and diaries as often as possible and pondered the information while he drove. Mark knew that contemplation was important to breaking through his mental roadblocks.

His methodology for his chosen pursuit became challenging unnecessary roadblocks, seeking to make sense of them so he could push them aside in his pursuit of reclaiming individual liberty and limited government under the Constitution.

Mark's greatest insights came from his great-grandfather's monetary papers which relayed one conversation with Floyd Johnson.

Floyd had brought up that the federal government seemed to be growing immensely powerful, not by amendment as was the express means provided by Article V of the Constitution for changing federal power, but merely *somehow*.

Mark Adamson noted that the Tenth Amendment very clearly established the 'rule' of American government, that with ratification of the Constitution, government power became divided into federal and State jurisdictions.

Mark Adamson likened this 10th Amendment principle to a pie, with the small sliver of federal authority delegated to the federal government as outlined by the Constitution, with the States retaining the remainder of the government power pie as reserved powers.

Floyd stated he agreed only in principle. He stated that in practice the federal government now all but consumed the mostly insignificant State government authorities, with States being now forced to tow the federal line.

Floyd therefore argued for a pie in which the small sliver went to the State governments, where the bulk of the pie was now federal.

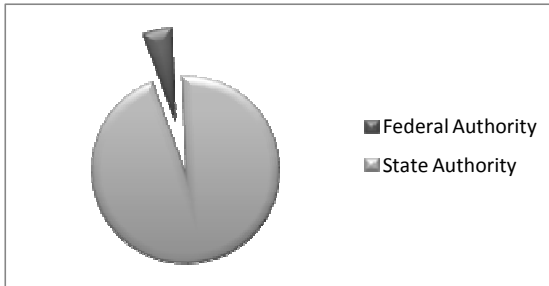
Mark Adamson conceded that the government model in principle did not seem to correspond with the government model in practice, and therefore argued that they were both missing some critical interim step which somehow allowed the transition.

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark knew that graphic representations of his great-grandfather's pie analogy would help him better understand the concept.

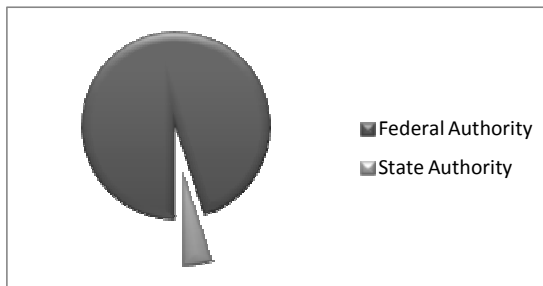
Thus Mark drew out his great-grandfather's pie, which Mark began calling Government Model 'A'; 'A' for *Authorized*, by the Constitution.

Government Model 'A'



Mark then drew out Floyd's pie and called it Government Model 'C,' since his great-grandfather argued for a missing transition step. 'C' was for *Cabal*, as the current form of government had become.

Government Model 'C'



Mark understood that although the United States began and operated under the 'small slice of federal authority' type of government model for the first 70-odd years until 1862, that something then happened which seemed to allow that sliver of authority to expand exponentially.

This seemed to occur even though no new amendment had been ratified since 1804.

The State governments, as acknowledged in Article VII of the Constitution, voluntarily withdrew some of their own sovereign government powers and delegated those powers enumerated within the Constitution over to their new united government they created.

Only the States could therefore change the powers of the federal government.

Since the beginning of the Civil War era, however, the very executive and judicial officers and legislative members who were authorized to exercise delegated powers seemed to control their own destinies. Not surprisingly, those powers were constantly expanding.

It was this apparent contradiction which so troubled Mark. He knew very well that the Constitution only allowed the States to ratify amendments.

Yet government officials now seemed to be arbitrarily deciding for themselves what powers they would exercise.

Knowing such contradictions to be logically and legally inconsistent, Mark worked tirelessly to understand this dilemma.

Mark knew he must learn the mechanism which allowed the government to seemingly transform itself from one government model to another at whim, that this was the key to understanding the government's indifference to its own constitutional limitations.

Mark's quest therefore became the search for missing Government Model 'B,' that transition step between government acting within constitutional principles and government as practiced today, acting within its own virtually-unlimited discretion.

Bald Justice

Each afternoon, Mark would find out if he was needed to work the next day. On days he was scheduled for work, he worked to 'bring home the bacon' and put a roof over the Evanston's heads.

On days he had off, he became absorbed in deep constitutional research, trying to figure out how our country became sidetracked from her rightful role as the bright Beacon of Liberty in a world all too full of darkness and despair.

Mark was never one for conspiracy theories, as his limited experience with government too often proved not super-competence or even impressive effort, but too often only of bungling and even befuddled incompetence.

However, Mark knew that it was unlikely America was side-tracked from her destiny by anything other than careful and calculated effort of designing men who sought to bend government for their own unjust enrichment.

Mark examined every bit of his great-grandfather's writings he could find, but found nothing more of significance. If Mark Adamson figured anything else out, it went with him to his grave.

Mark realized it was up to him to figure out the rest of the puzzle his great-grandfather had outlined.

Mark did not yet envision the proper box-top picture which would help him fit all the loose pieces of the omnipotent government jigsaw puzzle together into a coherent understanding of how such widespread actions were allowed.

Without additional leads readily coming to mind, Mark decided to re-read through the Declaration of Independence to see if anything jumped out at him. When all else fails, he figured, it was time to start again at the beginning.

Mark read through the Declaration time and again, but nothing of significance registered.

Mark next decided to read again through the Constitution for what must have been the 5,000th time. He concentrated on the Article I, Section 8 powers of Congress, as this was the listing of the principal powers of Congress. He stopped after he again read Clause 17:

“Congress shall have Power...to exercise exclusive Legislation in all Cases whatsoever, over such District (not exceeding ten Miles square) as may, by Cession of particular States, and the Acceptance of Congress, become the Seat of Government of the United States, and to exercise like Authority over all Places purchased by the Consent of the Legislature of the State in which the Same shall be, for the Erection of Forts, Magazines, Arsenals, dock-Yards, and other needful Buildings;”.

Something odd in that particular clause struck Mark, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. He read the passage again,

“Congress shall have Power...to exercise exclusive Legislation in all Cases whatsoever...”

Yes, there was something quite familiar about that phrase. Mark went back and re-read the Declaration of Independence.

After reading through the list of repeated injuries and usurpations all of which dealt with the establishment of an absolute tyranny over the States, Mark came across the Declaration's charge that King George III;

“combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their pretended acts of legislation:”

Bald Justice

As Mark read through the nine listings which next detailed the pretended acts of British Parliament for America, he came across the last, which read;

“For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.”

There he saw it, that now-familiar phrase, “*in all cases whatsoever.*”

Mark could barely believe his eyes. The exact phrase used in the Declaration of Independence which had been particularly chosen to describe acts of tyranny was used, word-for-word, in the Constitution to purposefully describe the type of power Congress exercised in the district constituting the seat of government of the United States.

Parliament once argued they were invested with the power to legislate over the Americans “in all cases whatsoever,” and they imposed stamp taxes to prove it, though they finally settled with only a miniscule tax on tea due to the American uproar.

Americans rebelled further over the concept that others could bind them without their own consent, to a jurisdiction foreign to representatives of their own choosing. The American colonists knew no people were free who lived under rules imposed by others.

Mark knew the fundamental principle of the American fight for liberty was legislative representation, which was guaranteed to us after independence in Article IV, Section 4 of the U.S. Constitution.

In Article I, Section 8, Clause 17, however, here Mark saw that Congress was given exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over the district constituting the seat of government.

Mark noted there was no legislative representation here on this ground which must be ceded by the involved State(s) and accepted by Congress; there were and are no Senators or Representatives elected to represent the government seat.

Senators and Representative were chosen only by States and the seat of government was explicitly not a State, but created *from* States.

Mark realized that the district constituting the seat of government of the United States was fundamentally different from the States. Further, *the principles of government for this area stood fully opposed to that put in place for the whole United States.*

At that moment Mark saw history repeating itself. Americans today were living under a federal tyranny seemingly foreign to the Constitution, under which no one was represented.

Mark also knew those who didn't study history were doomed to repeat it. It was incumbent upon him to see this logic through, to understand how we Americans lost our liberty and justice which was once firmly in our grasp.

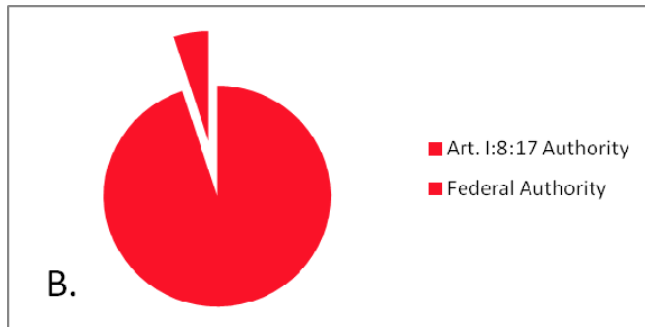
As Mark was reading this clause, his new graphic representation of Government Model 'A' came to his mind. He realized that the U.S. Constitution was here authorizing a type of government which in no way conformed to those commands.

That realization was the initial crack which began to form in the dam which held back understanding how the federal government could seemingly expand beyond the Constitution. Small bits of liberty-sustaining understanding were beginning to flow into Mark's consciousness.

Bald Justice

Mark speculated that this clause must somehow be or somehow allow the transition-model of government which permitted Government Model 'A' to somehow become Government Model 'C.'

Mark therefore labeled the Article I, Section 8, Clause 17 power for the seat of government the illusive Government Model 'B,' which he named for *Beguiling*, as the model had perhaps become. He graphically illustrated the model as follows:



Congress retained their normal small sliver of federal authority detailed throughout the Constitution for allowable federal action throughout all the States.

However, in these limited geographically-confined areas detailed in Article I, Section 8, Clause 17, Congress were here also given the government authority normally held by States.

Thus, Congress controlled all government power in these exclusive legislative areas, in all cases whatsoever.

Only in these exclusive legislation areas did *one* American government exercise *all* government power.

Everywhere else government power was divided into federal and State authorities by the commands of the U.S. Constitution and the dictates and principles of the Tenth Amendment.

For the first time, Mark realized that the Constitution actually had always authorized two very different models for government.

First was the government recognized by Americans everywhere including his great-grandfather in the normal case for the States of the Union, which Mark called Government Model 'A.'

The second form of government was the government of the district which constituted the seat of government, which Mark began calling Government Model 'B.'

Mark was beginning to properly conceptualize 'the Big Idea' of American government, starting to envision a puzzle box-top which would ultimately allow all the loose, fragmented pieces of the omnipotent government puzzle to fit together into a coherent picture.

Mark postulated that the government allowed for the district constituting the seat of government of the United States somehow broke out of its 10-miles square corral.

He figured it was time to play cowboy and lasso the loosened stallions and pen them up again. Although the founders evidently allowed a little federal tyranny within the corral, it was also readily apparent they intended to keep those fences well-maintained.

Sadly, later Americans evidently didn't pay close enough attention to the rule-book and the wildest stallions broke through the gate by 1862, implementing the first legal tender paper currencies. With that event, all the other horses of wild regulation later followed the leader.

Chapter Three

Mark began looking forward now to as much time off-work as was possible, while working to the degree necessary to pay the bills.

Mark studied further into Government Model ‘B,’ the government authorized for the district constituting the seat of government of the United States.

First of all, he realized that Article I, Section 8, Clause 17 required a cession of State governing authority over a specified area of land *before* the federal government could exercise exclusive legislative jurisdiction therein.

Thus, similarly as when Great Britain relinquished her claim of governing authority over the new American States at the end of the Revolutionary War, in 1791 Virginia and Maryland willingly ceded and relinquished their governing authority over a ten miles square tract of land which Congress accepted for the new government seat.

Thus, in the federal seat, there was now no longer any State authority operating in this federal enclave which was now under the “exclusive Legislative” authority of Congress “in all Cases whatsoever.”

Since there was no longer any State government authority in the federal seat to enact legislation normally enacted by States, *Congress would thereafter exercise that role* for this area.

Mark realized that the Constitution was never meant to limit Congress otherwise acting as a local legislature for the district constituting the seat of government, and thus, normal constitutional restrictions do not operate on Congress for enacting what essentially amounts to local legislation.

The Constitution, of course, always supersedes any law enacted by Congress. The Constitution expressly vests the exclusive legislative authority for the government seat explicitly with Congress. Thus Congress would always remain the true and final authority over the government seat, even if Congress later delegated some authority over to a local government body such as a mayor and council.

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark heard his cell phone ring. Picking up the phone, he saw it was a call from his mom and answered.

“Mark, Treasury agents and a U.S. Marshall are here with a court order to seize our gold, saying Mark Adamson defied federal authorities by failing to turn in his gold as everyone was commanded in 1933,” Hannah blurted out. “They’ve also served me with a summons and complaint, saying the government has started a civil lawsuit against us laying claim to our contraband gold.”

“What?” Mark asked, incredibly.

“The agents say if we don’t hand all of the discovered gold over to them, they will arrest me and throw me in jail and tear the house apart to find it,” Hannah exclaimed.

“I will be right over,” stated Mark, as he walked to the door.

“Penny, I don’t know how long I’ll be, but federal agents are at my mom’s to seize my great-grandpa’s gold, saying he was obligated to hand it over in 1933,” Mark said to Penny hurriedly.

“I hope you’re kidding,” Penny said.

Bald Justice

“Nope, not one bit.”

Mark quickly walked up the drive, and saw two black sedans in his mom’s driveway. One man was standing by the front door of the house, and Mark could see movement inside from others.

“My name is Mark Evanston, I found my great-grandfather’s gold and I have my father Vincent’s power of attorney,” Mark relayed to the agent by the door. The agent stepped aside and allowed Mark to enter the house.

“May I please see the search warrant?” Mark asked of no agent in particular.

“Agent, hand this gentleman the warrant,” responded the marshal.

Mark grabbed the piece of paper and scanned through it. He had never before seen a search warrant, and really had no idea what to examine for authenticity and legality.

He saw the name, title, and signature of the authorizing judge, authorizing U.S. Marshals and Treasury agents to search the home of Vincent and Hannah Evanston for gold coins which had not been turned into a federal reserve bank as commanded in executive order number 6102 issued by President Roosevelt on April 5, 1933.

Mark had no clue if the warrant was legitimate or not. He couldn’t figure out how the government would know which gold pieces hadn’t been turned into the federal government nearly 80 years before.

The question seemed moot to Mark, since the government hadn’t questioned private ownership of gold now for nearly 40 years.

“How are you supposed to know what gold we acquired after 1973, after the government no longer attempted to prohibit private gold ownership?” Mark asked.

“It’s not our job to know, or care,” the marshal admitted. “It is our job to find all the gold we can and seize it into evidence. It will be the court’s job to determine ownership of the gold.”

“I’ll bet at the end of every rainbow is some government thug with a club seeking to confiscate some poor Leprechaun’s gold,” Hannah offered. “And I’ll bet the silver lining of every cloud is being mined for the government’s benefit.”

Mark had never heard his mom talk like that before; obviously she was not pleased with the situation.

“You know, I pay \$5,000 a month to have my husband cared for, I suppose I really ought to let you take care of me at your expense,” Hannah stated as she rose defiantly to emphasize her point.

Mark snickered when he heard his 81-year mom enunciate his own fail-safe retirement plan, one which offered a dry bed, a roof over one’s head, three squares a day in a gated community, with modern exercise equipment and ready access to no-cost health care.

While many conservatives railed against such enticing facilities, Mark knew his political views could very well end up leading him there someday; thus he tended to leave alone the topic.

When opponents pointed out the unsavory figures living there, Mark said they weren’t as bad as many government officials. Mark even offered that if the two sets of people traded places for a decade, that America as a whole could well end up being better off. Even if it weren’t true, it was at least amusing to hear the listeners’ varied responses.

Bald Justice

“Whatever you wish, lady,” stated the short Treasury agent with a power-mongering swanker about him, towards Hannah’s comment. “Whatever you wish,” he repeated as he reached to a pouch on his belt to pull out a pair of handcuffs.

“Now just a minute,” stated the marshal. “It isn’t good public relations if we handcuff little old ladies and haul great-grandma off to jail. I don’t want any public relations nightmares developing on my watch. I have only three years to retirement and I want them as peaceful and orderly as possible.”

“Either bring the gold to me or we’ll start searching everywhere a gold coin could possibly be hidden. We have backup available if we need to call in additional men, but you’ll not appreciate the mess when we’re done,” said the marshal.

Hannah stood silently in defiance, having made her stand.

Mark, not wanting to see his mom go to jail or the house torn apart, stated, “I will go and get the gold.”

“Follow him,” stated the marshal, to the short Treasury agent with an attitude.

Mark went into the office and unlocked the file cabinet and grabbed the first bag and put it on the desk. He grabbed the second bag and put it also on the desk, telling the agent that the third and final bag was silver coin and not gold. “Bring it into the kitchen anyway,” said the agent.

Mark grabbed one bag of gold and Treasury agent the other. When Mark got to the kitchen, he told the marshal that these two bags were all the gold he found, that the third bag contained only silver coin.

The marshal commanded, “Bring the third bag in here so I may verify that it contains no gold coin.”

Mark brought out the silver bag and emptied it on the kitchen table, after which the marshal replied, “Very well, you may keep that bag here; our warrant is only for gold coin. The amount of gold I see before me matches our reports on the size of your gold discovery. We are seizing these two bags of gold coin. Grab the gold fellows, and follow me.”

The men got in their sedans and stormed off. The whole episode was over within 20 minutes, occurring on Monday, August 6, 2012.

After the men left, Hannah began shaking. “I guess we shouldn’t have told anyone about the gold; we should have just quietly sold off a little of it at a time over a large area as money was needed,” Hannah blurted out. “The Evanston sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters could have enjoyed nice trips abroad and traded the gold coins in at local coin shops for spending money and trips.”

“Who would have ever guessed the government would lay claim to our gold after all these years, 40 years after they stopped attempting to prohibit gold ownership,” Mark stated. “That’s the trouble with government today, it has become so arbitrary and capricious that you just don’t know what to expect and can’t really know what you have to do to protect yourself from its clutches until it is too late.”

“I guess we’ll need to contact an attorney to defend our gold,” Mark admitted.

“Just another hand grabbing at your great-grandpa’s gold,” Hannah muttered.

Bald Justice

“But there’s not much of a chance of getting back the gold without an attorney.”

Mark added, “Given the amount of money involved, I think I should spend full time working to get back every ounce of our gold, if you can afford paying me a small salary out of the silver I found.”

“Ok,” said Hannah, knowing that hiring an attorney doesn’t let a responsible client off the hook for remaining involved in the case, to make sure things were properly addressed in timely fashion.

∫ ∫ ∫

Hannah talked with her kids about who they should hire as an attorney. Hannah relayed that it was important that any attorney they hired would work on the case on a contingency basis, rather than the attorneys needing to be paid every month out of her pocket.

It was settled that Mark would contact Vancouver attorney Jack Grandview and serve as point man for the family in the quest to reclaim their gold.

“I also think we need to get the media in on this,” said Mark.

“I don’t know about that,” said Hannah. “I strongly prefer to keep our private financial dealings to ourselves.”

“I agree with Mom,” said daughter Diane.

“Ditto,” said Allen, Diane’s husband.

Daughters Wanda and Amanda and son Daniel were less committal, but also leaned toward keeping it out of the press.

“You act as if we don’t contact the press, then they won’t have anything to say about the whole event, which is utter nonsense,” said Mark. “The court of public opinion is an important court for us to rally needed support. If we can get out front and frame the issues as we want them framed, it will be much better for us.

“Besides, we dare not let the media shape the issues as they need just to sell more advertising space and we especially cannot let the government make Great-Grandpa sound like a crook.”

“Ok,” said Hannah. “You make good points. I don’t want to talk with the media, however.”

“And you don’t have to,” said Mark.

Mark contacted Jack Grandview and made an appointment to come up to his office after he gave him a brief overview of the case.

∫ ∫ ∫

“Hello, Mark,” said Jack as he walked into his own conference room where Mark had already been seated. “Good to see you.”

“Good to also see you again,” said Mark. “Although I wish it was under different circumstances.

“Before we get too far, one of the first things I would like to know is whether you’ll take this case on contingency basis. There is maybe a million dollars of gold at stake, but we don’t have access to the amount of money we’ll need to fight this case. If you will take it on contingency, we need to know the percentage,” Mark stated.

“That is something that my partners and I will have to take a look at, after I understand a few more particulars,” Jack said. “But we will work on it for now without charging you anything if we cannot come to terms. We’ll have it all figured and spelled out when it is time to sign our contract.”

“Just to make sure you know, your decision whether to take this on a contingency will be a huge factor in deciding if we ultimately hire you to defend us in this matter. We simply don’t have a large amount of cash for paying \$240/hour attorneys to fight this claim.”

“Understood, but I need to also let you know that my rate is now \$295 per hour.”

“Ugh! Even more so, then,” said Mark. “I brought copies of Mark Adamson’s notes on legal tender paper currencies and F.D.R.’s gold confiscation for you to examine.”

“Good, his frame of mind and thoughts on gold confiscation may prove highly pivotal to the case.”

“I want to be kept in the loop on this lawsuit, regarding strategy, needs, giving me time to review briefs well before they are due, etc.”

“Ok, but that will consume more time, and drive up your costs.”

“Understood; I’ll remain cognizant of that.

“I was thinking, since F.D.R.’s gold confiscation order exempted \$100 in gold for each person, that \$200 in face value of gold should be ours from the get-go, exemptions for great-grandpa and great-grandma,” said Mark.

“Also, the executive order exempted numismatically-important gold coins from having to be turned in. Thus we should lay claim to that exemption wherever possible.

“Bill Smith from Clark County Coin should be able to help us with that determination, as he and a few colleagues examined every piece of gold and took notes on them before the gold was confiscated from us with this lawsuit. There should be some coins that would fit within that exemption which should be taken off the table and returned to us.”

“Good points,” said Jack. “Yes, every bit we can whittle away helps the bottom line, sooner.”

“Let me look into the particulars of this case, talk with the federal prosecutor, look up some relevant law and court cases, and talk to my partners. Let’s make another appointment for Friday, when we can go over all the particulars and sign the contract if we decide to accept the case and we can all agree on the terms.”

“Sounds good; if you need anything from me before then, don’t hesitate to call or email,” replied Mark.

“Ok, have you updated your contact information with our receptionist at the front desk?”

“Yes, you have all my current contact information.”

“See you Friday.”

Chapter Four

Mark gave his notice at work, so he could concentrate full time on the legal case. His dispatcher had recently hired two new drivers and said they could get along without the two week notice, so Mark was able to begin his intensive studies immediately as he strongly preferred.

Mark re-read his great-grandfather's notes on gold confiscation. He re-read the Constitution and the Fifth Amendment protections against private property being taken for public use without due process and just compensation.

Tried as he might, he saw no way that government could rightfully require *anyone* to turn in their gold, let alone *everyone*.

Mark read through the 1933 and 1934 executive orders, legislative acts and resolutions which dealt in one manner or another with gold.

He couldn't get past how blatant were those government actions and how seemingly easy it was for them to do what they did, despite the 'chains' of the Constitution which were supposed to 'bind' the government.

Mark read how everyone turned in their gold and accepted legal tender paper currencies out of fear of \$10,000 fines and ten-year prison terms, everyone except at least his great-grandfather.

It suddenly occurred to Mark that if legal tender paper currencies were but a sham, then government could not have forced people to accept paper in place of gold. Thus Mark reasoned that legal tender paper currencies were a precondition for any effective gold confiscation program.

Since Mark was getting nowhere looking at gold confiscation, he decided to look again at legal tender paper currencies. Besides, it seemed he was closer there to figuring out something important.

Although standard political thought was the legal tender paper currencies and gold confiscation were implemented under what Mark was now calling Government Model ‘C,’ Mark began developing a sneaking suspicion that they actually had something to do with Government Model ‘B.’

Mark again re-read through his great-grandpa’s notes, and contemplated his own thoughts of the issues involved with legal tender paper currencies.

Mark postulated that Government Models ‘A,’ ‘B,’ and ‘C’ were ‘the Big Idea’ concepts into which he needed to fit the particulars of legal tender paper currencies and gold confiscation.

He looked again at Mark Adamson’s statements regarding paper currencies which were made legal tender “within the United States.” He knew this redundancy was somehow important.

Mark figured he better investigate further the legal tender court cases which he had not examined critically after his newfound understanding. He looked first at the 1871 case of *Knox v. Lee*, the first supreme Court case to uphold a legal tender paper currency.

Mark highlighted several seemingly-important passages in the act. The first was:

“The legal tender acts do not attempt to make paper a standard of value. We do not rest their validity upon the assertion that their emission is coinage, or any regulation of the value of money; nor do we assert that Congress may make anything which has no value money.”

Bald Justice

“So much for the claim that paper currency is money,” Mark thought to himself. No one would make such a fruitless claim today if they had first read those two short sentences of the relevant supreme Court case.

Notably the first court to uphold the validity of a legal tender paper currency did not rest the validity of paper currency “upon the assertion that their emission is coinage” nor that it was “any regulation of the value of money.”

The court even admitted that currency had no inherent value and was not money and that it could not be made money, for ‘money’ constitutionally remained only gold and silver coin.

In other words, the supreme Court upholding the power of Congress to emit a legal tender paper currency did not rely in any way on Article I, Section 8, Clause 5 of the U.S. Constitution.

Since the court did not rely on that clause to uphold the power of Congress to emit a legal tender paper currency, Mark asked himself, “Just what did the court use to justify it?”

He then found where the *Knox* court stated:

“What we do assert is, that Congress has power to enact that the government’s promises to pay money shall be, for the time being, equivalent in value to the representative value determined by the coinage acts...”

Mark figured that such a cryptic answer, if one could even call it that, provided a fair degree of evidence that the real answer which empowers Congress to emit legal tender paper currencies was likely so fragile that the Court could not afford overt explanation.

Mark’s cell phone rang at 4 pm, startling him slightly. “Hello, this is Mark,” he answered.

“Hi Mark, this is Jack Grandview. Say, after looking through your case and speaking with my partners, we have decided against taking your case on a contingency basis.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“We wanted to give you as much notice as we could, so I’m calling you now, so you can obtain alternative counsel quickly since the clock to answer the government’s complaint is ticking.

“I spoke with Stewart Jamison at Jamison, Smythe, and Kendall in Tacoma, not far from the federal courthouse and gave him the particulars.

“He is a great attorney and his firm is respected nationally for his First Amendment free speech cases. They have also been winning a number of high-profile Fifth Amendment property-takings cases lately.

“Anyway, he’s chomping on the bit to take your case, and they’ll do it on a contingency basis. I’ll send you his contact information in an email.”

“Thank you and I appreciate your efforts.”

“You’re welcome; good-bye and good luck.”

Mark checked his email 15 minutes later and found Jack’s email. Mark picked up his phone and called Jamison, Smythe, and Kendall. He scheduled an appointment for Monday, August 13. “At least we didn’t lose much time,” Mark said to himself.

∫ ∫ ∫

Bald Justice

Mark returned to the *Knox* case the following morning, coming now across the court's discussion on federal crimes.

Mark thought it odd that the *Knox* Court brought up and discussed crimes detailed in the U.S. Constitution, as the underlying case had nothing to do with any alleged crime.

Mark was about to skip over this section when he realized that the court's discussion of a seemingly-irrelevant topic might itself be relevant.

After briefly discussing the three classes of federal crimes detailed by the Constitution (treason, counterfeiting the securities & current coin of the United States, and piracy and felonies committed on the high seas & offences against the law of nations), the *Knox* Court wrote:

“Yet Congress, by the act of April 30, 1790...and...March 3d, 1825, defined and provided for the punishment of a large class of crimes other than those mentioned in the Constitution, and some of the punishments prescribed are manifestly not in aid of any single substantive power. No one doubts that this was rightfully done, and the power thus exercised has been affirmed by this court.”

As the court specifically referenced “a large class of crimes *other than those mentioned* in the Constitution,” Mark knew that the Court's earlier reference to counterfeiting, piracy and treason may be safely ignored, since they were expressly mentioned in the Constitution. Thus these three expressly-listed criminal jurisdictions had nothing to do with authorizing Congress to emit a legal tender paper currency.

By a process of elimination, Mark found discussion of a large class of crimes in the 1790 criminal act such as in Section 3, reading:

“That if any person or persons shall, within any fort, arsenal, dock-yard, magazine, or in any other place or district of the country, under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, commit the crime of wilful murder, such person or persons on being thereof convicted shall suffer death.”

Suddenly Mark realized that the *Knox* Court, by referencing the exclusive legislative jurisdiction of Congress for the seat of government in criminal cases in the 1790 and 1825 criminal acts, was now providing its legal justification for holding paper currencies a legal tender, it simply did so in a way few people would ever follow.

Paper currencies were not being made a legal tender for the whole country under Government Model ‘A.’

The Constitution simply did not allow the making of anything other than gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts within the United States as those terms were understood by the Constitution, just as the supreme Court repeatedly held during the first 70 years.

Neither was paper currency being held as a legal tender under omnipotent Government Model ‘C’ as widely believed for the 150 years which would thereafter follow the 1862 act.

Try as they may, apologists for this government model simply failed to provide any consistent theory which would allow government to uphold legal tender paper currencies for the whole country. Many inconsistent attempts were nevertheless proposed; the only real evidence for such a government model was simply its appearance; that it appeared to exist.

That appearance, however, was but only a mirage. The closer one got to it, the further away it would seem. That mirage was but a floating phantom upon which no one could ever directly lay a finger.

Mark realized that the *Knox* ruling only justified legal tender paper currencies “within the United States;” i.e., only within the exclusive legislative jurisdiction of Article I, Section 8, Clause 17.

The phrase “within the United States” had simply been re-defined for purposes of that 1862 legislative act to mean the “District for the Seat of Government of the United States.”

The *Knox* Court’s reference to the exclusive legislative jurisdiction crimes in the 1790 & 1825 crime bills was the court’s deft admission that they were holding paper currencies a legal tender *only in that same exclusive legislative jurisdiction*.

In other words, United States notes were being made legal tender legally only *within the district for the seat of government of the United States*, only under Government Model ‘B.’

Talk about a light bulb moment — Mark’s world had just been rocked by a nuclear explosion and the brilliant light suddenly rearranged all the seemingly-separate omnipotent government puzzle pieces into an understandable puzzle box-top picture.

This puzzle box-top picture showed that individual liberty and limited government under the strict terms of the Constitution were inevitable, *as they never left us*.

It mattered little that limited government appeared to be diminishing for well over a century and that omnipotent government appeared invincible at present. Mark recalled that the Soviet Empire appeared mighty strong right up to the moment the Iron Curtain fell and the Berlin Wall crumbled.

Even though the American government wizard appeared all powerful, Mark knew at that moment that all that was needed to end that masquerade would be the actions of a small dog with a little brain but who trusted its nose to pull back the proper curtain and start barking loudly to properly expose all that which smelled amiss.

All that now stood in the way of regaining limited government under strict construction of the Constitution was exposure of the mechanism of deception for bypassing Government Model 'A.'

Thankfully the internet had recently decentralized the means of mass communication which could provide the means if major media failed to distribute this mechanism.

If omnipotent American government — Government Model 'C' — had no bearing in legal tender paper currencies, Mark realized that it was unlikely that Model 'C' actually had any applicability or bearing, *anywhere, ever*.

Another nuclear bomb exploded in Mark's mind; Government Model 'C,' omnipotent government which appeared to be able to do anything to anyone at anytime *did not exist and had never existed*.

No wonder all attempts to slay that omnipotent government dragon every two, four, or six years at the polls failed. One cannot slay the phantom which does not exist, whether in the polls or in the courts of law or in the court of public opinion.

Americans were simply being tricked into believing omnipotent government existed *when it never had*.

Americans had simply believed the magnified image of the wizard bellowing thunderous hot air in a forbidding manner and didn't look well enough behind the curtain.

Bald Justice

Mark realized that the Constitution only authorized two *and only two* Government Models, Models 'A' and 'B.'

Model 'C' was an utter fallacy; its appearance was but a clever set of smoke and mirrors.

Because the 10-miles square area for the district constituting the seat of government of the United States fell under the exclusive legislative authority of Congress in all cases whatsoever, normal constitutional limitations did not here operate.

The Constitution was never meant to limit Congress when acting much as a local legislature for the seat of government. This area had none of the constitutional limits placed upon States since the district was not a State. In the district, Congress could exercise the reserved powers of State governments *without their limitations*.

Under Government Model 'A' for the whole country, the lack of a proper delegation of authority kept Congress from doing anything beyond those delegated powers, unless it fell under the necessary and proper means of one of those express powers.

In Government Model 'B,' however, it was a different matter entirely. The Constitution did not explicitly prohibit Congress from emitting bills of credit or holding anything other than gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts.

Only State governments were expressly prohibited those powers and certainly Congress was not a State government.

Since Congress could here act with greater authority than they could for the whole country, they could here emit bills of credit and declare them a legal tender; this is all the *Knox* Court ruled, rather covertly at that.

In 1862, government under the Constitution took a slow and deliberate turn away from the whole of the Constitution to begin operating almost solely under but one clause — Article I, Section 8, Clause 17.

Before Mark continued his thoughts too far, he knew it was important to look at the second legal tender court case, to see if his theory retained its initial luster.

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark looked into the 1884 case of *Juilliard v. Greenman*, the second of the legal tender court cases to uphold legal tender paper currency.

What Mark found most interesting was that the supreme Court made several comments regarding the powers of *sovereign* governments, including the most notable:

“The governments of Europe, acting through the monarch or the legislature, according to the distribution of powers under their respective constitutions, had and have as sovereign a power of issuing paper money as of stamping coin.”

Especially pertinent was the court’s specific regard for the “distribution of powers” of European governments “*under their respective constitutions.*”

Mark asked himself, “Must we really believe that European constitutions influence our form of government, but our own Constitution does not?”

Bald Justice

Mark knew that the *Julliard* Court's comments made no sense if one thinks of our normal American government model, Government Model 'A,' where the powers of the federal government are determined and detailed by *our own* Constitution.

Since the *Julliard* Court's comments made no sense under Government Model 'A,' Mark knew that it must be the wrong model for this legal tender case!

Knowing that the Constitution authorizes one other government model, he looked at the Court's comments in light of Government Model 'B.'

Viewed in that light, the *Julliard* Court's comments *made perfect sense*.

Under Government Model 'A,' Mark knew that the whole of the Constitution provided many parameters for allowable government action. Thus those powers are well-defined by our written Constitution which may be studied and referenced.

Likewise with the State governments under Government Model 'A,' one may look at the U.S. Constitution and to the various State Constitutions to study the allowable powers of each State.

Mark knew the question of what is allowable government action within the exclusive legislative jurisdictions for the District constituting the Seat of Government of the United States to be a wholly different equation, however.

What, for instance, are the allowable parameters allowed there? Where does one go to study them?

The answers to these questions were anything but simple, or well-defined. Mark knew there was only one constitutional clause which discussed the extent of action within the District constituting the Seat of Government — Article I, Section 8, Clause 17.

Mark knew that it *is* pertinent to know what powers sovereign, western-style governments were exercised at the time the District was created, for this knowledge does help determine from which powers Congress may here choose to exercise within their discretion.

Mark surmised that there is scarcely any government on earth that has ever existed with such power which was left so undefined as the district for the seat of government.

Thus, perhaps there was little surprise that Congress here exercised a little base tyranny.

Mark realized that the *Julliard* Court also upheld the power of Congress to emit a legal tender paper currency only by holding that Congress emitted these notes within their exclusive legislative jurisdiction for the district constituting the Seat of Government of the United States.

The necessary implication of this would be that the notes would not be a legal tender for the United States as those terms are defined and understood by the Constitution, just as Congress and the courts held for the first 70 years of government under the Constitution.

The *Julliard* Court, like the *Knox* Court, only upheld legal tender paper currencies only as they were issued for the district constituting the seat of government of the United States.

Mark knew that he had just discovered the method used by government to implement legal tender paper currencies.

Bald Justice

The trick was simply to re-define the phrase ‘the United States’ in the legal tender acts *only* as the district constituting the seat of government of the United States. This phrase was not redundant after all, but critical to limit the act’s proper legal limits.

Mark’s Big Idea regarding legal tender paper currencies involved government deception by re-definition of common terms outside of their normal meanings for a specific legal purpose.

His monetary box-top puzzle picture was almost complete and the various and seemingly-disconnected pieces of the monetary puzzle now formed a readily-identifiable picture.

Mark reasoned that the 1933 gold ‘confiscation’ could likewise only occur there within that exclusive legislative jurisdiction.

It still didn’t make sense to Mark, however, how even someone in this district could be forcibly deprived of their gold and forced to accept paper currencies even though that currency was a legal tender in that location.

He could understand that if someone willingly sought to trade something for money, then that person would have to accept a legal tender in return, but how could they be forced to make a trade they didn’t want to make in the first place?

Mark knew there must yet be something important missing in the so-called gold ‘confiscation’ or ‘prohibition’ action of 1933; for he knew people couldn’t legally be forced into a trade they did not want to make, short of a court order in each instance, even in the district constituting the seat of government.

Mark knew it was now time to delve further into the April 5, 1933 executive order number 6102 of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Mark realized that his eyes were getting tired. His mind had been racing all evening, thinking through all the vast implications of his newfound understanding.

He glanced down at his watch and saw that it was 10:30 pm. “I am sorry, dear; I didn’t realize how very late it was,” said Mark, as he walked into the living room where Penny was seated on the couch.

“It’s ok, I came through your office several times and you didn’t seem to notice, so I just continued on with my projects.”

“Well, I’ll get ready for bed right away.”

“Again, it’s ok. I don’t seem to need much sleep anymore and I don’t have the kids tomorrow, since it will be Saturday.”

“Well, I’m not sure I’ll be able to sleep immediately either; how about we turn on the T.V. until 11:00 so my mind can relax?” asked Mark.

“That sounds fine to me,” said Penny.

Chapter Five

Mark had a few chores to perform around the house on Saturday morning, finishing in time for an early lunch.

“I think I will head out to the care facility and pick up my dad for a spin around the farm and give my mind a little break and time to contemplate a few things,” said Mark, after eating lunch. “I mean what remains of the farm.”

“That sounds good,” Penny relayed. “I was going to bake some cinnamon rolls this evening, but I’ll make them now. Why don’t you bring your dad by here before you take him back and we can all enjoy a warm snack?”

“That’s a deal!” Mark exclaimed, not being one to turn down his wife’s baking.

Mark picked up his dad a half-hour later. Vincent immediately recognized him as he walked in; meaning Vincent was having a pretty good day.

Thankfully his medications were now stabilized fairly well at a low dosage and he was having many more good days lately.

The first rest home where Vincent was placed at the first of the year had him so doped up on medications so quickly that he ended up spending ten days at the hospital before that first month was over.

Vincent was unresponsive the first two days at the hospital. After he finally awoke, his speech was so slurred that doctors suspected a stroke. Thankfully it was ‘only’ over-medication and it soon worked its way out of his system as his doctors worked to dial in his medication.

The new facility worked out better for Vincent, though it was further away for most of the family to visit him. The staff was caring and responsive, even though they had their hands full with 15 dementia-care patients.

At 83 years of age, the past few years had taken quite a toll on Vincent's coordination, slowing him considerably in the process.

Relative to the other patients, however, he was still quite a bundle of energy. He thus kept staff on their toes, such as to thwart his attempted escapes from the care facility by climbing over the fence.

Vincent wasn't one to let a few obstacles keep him from the work which surely awaited him on the other side of the fence, after all.

Vincent's mind usually wandered to farm-related activities and he would be transported to whatever period in time his mind led him.

If Vincent recalled an event from 1964 when he was but 36 years old, then Vincent was that young again and he expected his body to perform any task needed for the job at hand.

The interesting thing about such a mind-set was that Vincent felt as if there was little that he could not do, as he expected the results which were once easily attainable to him.

Often his body couldn't keep up and he would stumble and find himself scraped, bumped and bruised, yet that still wouldn't slow him in the least.

He rarely ever paid any attention to the cuts on his eyebrow, his yellowing cheek, or his bleeding forearm and never complained of pain from them; those irrelevant things were someone else's responsibility to clean up and bandage.

Bald Justice

When Mark saw his dad, he could foretell some of his own future. He knew his own mind now drifted in thought far too easily for him not to be at least predisposed to his father's condition. Besides, he had heard all his life that he was much like his father, which was not always meant as a compliment. That, however, is how Mark took it.

Mark often joked that he received the worst of his parent's faults, yet considered them as his best features.

His dad was strong-willed and determined while his mom was equally as stubborn with a viewpoint all her own. Thus Mark was a stubborn, strong-willed ox, typically accomplishing what he would set out to do. Any result which depended upon other people seemed however to produce results opposite than he intended, as he seemed to think differently from everyone else.

Seldom was Mark willing to follow another's lead even though the well-worn path would be easier and even more beneficial financially.

The only thing Mark recalled from a leadership class in high school was a poster quoting Patton; "Do Something: Lead, Follow, or Get out of the Way."

Mark didn't care to lead, but certainly wasn't about to follow. He never figured it was within anyone else's discretion to limit his options, so he didn't worry either about getting out of their way.

Mark's chosen path became to blaze his own way, even if he was all alone or if his path clashed with everyone else's.

Mark got his dad seated in the pickup and they headed off to see the farm development.

Mark's mind soon wandered off and he was recalling something inconsequential which he hadn't thought about in years. Mark found it fascinating that the mind could store such information and bring it back into one's consciousness years later and have it seem so vivid as if one were actually re-living it.

Mark soon realized that his mind had wandered off, and he tried to bring it back to the reality of the moment and interact with his father who was lost in his own mind at the opposite end of the seat.

Although Mark had trained his mind to follow the leads he discovered in his research, he noticed that it was increasingly difficult for him to keep himself grounded in the moment.

Mark was beginning to feel some unease that he may someday lose the ability to pull himself back into reality at will.

Mark and Vincent approached the subdivision then under development. Long gone were the farmhouse, the shop, the north and south barns, the storehouse, and the horse barn.

"Well, that is where the old house used to sit," said Mark pointing to the site as they drove up to the development. A few moments later Mark pointed out where the old shop used to be.

"Where are we?" asked Vincent, unable to recognize the land.

"We're at the farm, or what's left of the farm."

"It looks so different."

"I know. It is hard for all of us to recognize much of anything. Come spring, when house construction begins, none of us will be able to recognize the place."

"Why was everything taken down?" Vincent asked innocently.

“Well, large-scale farming had become increasingly difficult in Clark County for the past few decades. There just isn’t a great ability to make sufficient profit in what is left, I suppose, like many other lines of work. You have large debts that need to be paid.”

“But grandpa and dad always made a good, debt-free living farming just the home place. Maybe we could ask them what to do.”

“They passed away long ago.”

“But I just talked to dad last week.”

“Sorry, but your dad died in 1973, and your grandpa in 1960.”

“Really? I guess I knew that,” said Vincent, as sadness overcame him like he had just lost them all over again.

“I know, and I’m sorry. Let’s go up to your grandfather’s house where Penny and I now live. She has made some cinnamon rolls for us.”

“Your wife is so nice and thoughtful. That much I remember. What’s her name?”

“Penny; my wife’s name is Penny.”

“Yes, Penny. I need a few dollars. I don’t have any money in my, my...” but Vincent couldn’t recall the name of the object he was trying to remember.

“Pocket? Billfold?” offered Mark, while realizing his father’s thoughts switched gears hearing the name of Penny, to then think of money.

Mark’s mind could make a half-dozen similar jumps in short order, leading him quickly away from his original thoughts to look at things suddenly in a new way.

Mark knew that such thought processes helped him make new discoveries with his monetary research, but that they were nevertheless potentially-dangerous. He found it increasingly difficult to stay on point.

“Billfold. I haven’t seen my billfold,” said Vincent, now finishing his sentence with Mark’s help.

“You don’t need any money at the rest home, everything there is already paid. And whenever you leave, someone is always with you.”

“But what if I need to drive to the feed store? I won’t have any money.”

“You haven’t driven on the road in two years.”

“I drove yesterday.”

“No, the last time I know you drove was when you drove my pickup around on the farm, but we didn’t leave the property. That was the summer before last.”

“But I drove home last week from the, the...”

“I don’t know the place you’re trying to come up with, but you’ve lived at this care facility for the last seven months, and you haven’t driven in years,” said Mark, figuring straight-out honesty to be the best course of action, even if it was hard for Vincent to hear.

Some of the others in the family just went along with Vincent’s current thoughts. Mark didn’t know which happened to be a better approach.

He erred on the side of honesty, figuring he didn’t have sufficient memory himself to remember what falsehood he agreed with when.

Bald Justice

When others commented that it didn't really matter to Vincent, Mark stated that he didn't really want the practice of going along with falsehoods, not necessarily for his dad's sake, but his own.

Vincent was obviously having difficulty comprehending all the changes of the past few years. Mark was thankful they were now approaching his home; the second house built by Vincent's grandfather which Vincent could perhaps recall.

Mark offered, "Let's go and have some warm cinnamon rolls."

"I'm not going to turn down that offer," said Vincent, enthusiastically.

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark arrived at the Tacoma office of Jamison, Smythe and Kendall and was escorted into the conference room where he began filling out the necessary paperwork. Twenty minutes later Stewart Jamison walked in and introduced himself.

"Good morning, Mark. I'm Stewart Jamison. My partners and I are very excited about taking your case and fighting those thieving government scoundrels."

"I like this firm already," said Mark.

"Jack Grandview and I talked and he forwarded us your case information, so I have a pretty good idea what you're up against. We're ready to hit the ground running and we'll take the case by the horns immediately."

"Wonderful."

“Do you have any questions or comments before we proceed?”

“I just want to confirm that you’ll take this case on contingency, and what it will be.”

“Yes, Jamison, Smythe and Kendall will take your case on a 35% contingency of the fair market value of all gold returned to you.”

“Yikes,” said Mark.

“I realize that is considerable, but we have to take into consideration the possibility of losing the case, or a prolonged, drawn-out legal fight.”

“I want you to know that I’m available for anything you need. My full attention is on this case,” said Mark.

“That is great. If we need anything, we’ll contact you right away. I don’t foresee anything at present, other than your signature on the contract, which is right here,” said Stewart.

“I wanted to let you know I have been reading through my great-grandfather’s monetary research, a topic I have studied for twenty years,” said Mark. “I have one additional matter to figure out and when I do I’d like to come back up and give you a short presentation on it, as it is central to this case.”

“I read through your great-grandfather’s research myself and it was quite interesting. If you break through some of those roadblocks he was challenging, we’d be very interested in hearing about it.”

“I’ll keep working on it and let you know if I get things figured out,” said Mark, as he signed the contract after scanning through it.

“We’ll get going on things here and look forward to your call.”

“Nice meeting you and have a nice day.”

Chapter Six

Mark made it home two hours later. After dinner he settled down on the couch and decided to give his mind a break that night. Mark asked Penny if she wanted to play card games, which they did for several hours to their delight.

The next morning with a fresh outlook, Mark began looking again through F.D.R.'s executive order number 6102. Sections 2 and 5 continued to stick in his mind; he knew he was missing something in them.

Marked looked first at Section 5:

“Member banks shall deliver all gold...to the Federal Reserve Banks of their respective districts...”

He then re-read Section 2:

“All persons are hereby required to deliver on or before May 1, 1933, to a Federal Reserve Bank or branch or agency thereof or to any member bank of the Federal Reserve System all gold coin, gold bullion, and gold certificates now owned by them or coming into their ownership on or before April 28, 1933, except the following...”

Mark realized that most people had concentrated on the four exemptions which followed, including \$100 of gold allowed per person and gold coins “having a recognized special value to collectors of rare and unusual coins.”

It was these exceptions which Mark had told Jack Grandview to make sure to take for his family in their lawsuit.

Mark looked again at his great-grandfather's notes, including his questions, "Why is everyone being required to turn in their gold to a *private bank*?" and "Why weren't people required to turn over their gold to the government directly?"

Mark also read his great-grandpa's notation:

"Section 1 of the executive order expressly defined 'person' to mean 'any individual, partnership, association or corporation', without exemption or exception, so how could private banks not be included within one of those terms?"

Mark wondered if the four exemptions of Section 2 served much as a decoy, to keep people thinking only of exemptions for gold.

A thought suddenly occurred to Mark, "What if Section 1 actually provides exceptions *for people*?"

It was then that Mark realized that he had it wrong all along; he kept thinking Sections 2 and 5 discussed *different* people or entities being required to turn in their gold — banks in the latter section and individuals and every other business in the earlier section.

Mark suddenly realized that Sections 2 and 5 were actually both saying exactly the *same* thing, only with Section 5 being made clear.

If "the United States" could be re-defined in the 1862 act to mean the district constituting the seat of government, then why couldn't "persons" and "individuals, partnerships, associations, or corporations" all be re-defined for the purposes of the gold confiscation regulation to mean only the member banks of the Federal Reserve system and maybe their shareholders?

Mark knew this new way of looking at the executive order held promise for understanding its actual legal ramifications.

Bald Justice

He figured that it would be important to now look at the 1913 Federal Reserve act to read what obligations the member banks of the Federal Reserve System agreed to when they organized under that act.

He found his answer in Section 16 of the act, which stated in part:

“Upon the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Federal Reserve Board shall require the Federal reserve agent to transmit so much of said gold to the Treasury of the United States as may be required for the exclusive purpose of the redemption of such notes.”

Indeed, Mark just discovered the proper puzzle box-top now for gold ‘confiscation’, the ‘Big Idea’ of gold ‘prohibition.’

When investors willingly chose to become shareholders of a bank for the vast benefits allowed them, they explicitly agreed to send gold to the treasury sufficient to back redemption of notes issued by or through that bank.

Thus, executive order number 6102 merely amounted to a *margin call* by their broker the government to send more gold to back their liabilities, including the issuance of Federal Reserve notes based upon their assets.

Depositors in 1933, after all, were lining the block to get into any bank they felt had over-extended its liabilities greater than they had ability to cover, which was most of them. It was thus quite appropriate that the bank *shareholders* should then send in more gold to back their over-extended banking liabilities.

Mark was beginning to understand the game of government by deception through re-definition.

Words would be extraordinarily re-defined to legally conform to law, while their normal meaning which was no longer applicable nevertheless appeared to support arbitrary government, Government Model 'C.'

The President had no authority to command any person defined without limit to send their gold to government, because the government cannot deprive any person of their property without due process and just compensation.

Obviously there had been no individual court trials for each person 'required' to send in gold to conform to due process rights and forcing paper for gold was certainly not 'just compensation.'

Neither could the President command every person to send their gold to a private business, because the government cannot take from Peter, a member of the general public to give to Paul, the private businessman, banker or otherwise.

The President could only command those particular 'persons' to bring their gold to a bank who had legally obligated themselves to such express terms because they were seeking banking profits on the bank's fractional reserve banking practices which lent money into circulation which had been created out of thin air.

Just as any investment account broker may call one of his account holders who had over-leveraged his trading account and 'require' them to send more money, now the treasury (through his boss, the President) was here requiring bank shareholders to bolster their accounts with additional gold. The repercussions in either case would be that the investors failing to bolster their accounts would forfeit their earlier investments which would be liquidated to cover their over-extended liabilities.

Bald Justice

But just like the account broker may not call any person who was not an account holder and require them to send him money, neither could the President. The Constitution and every founding principle of American government stood as the considerable barriers to such activity ever being lawfully authorized.

Sadly, however, the deception worked as planned and the largest investors of the Federal Reserve banks made out better than all the bandits who had ever lived. Their customers, fearful of ten-year prison terms and \$10,000 fines, brought in all their gold and accepted non-redeemable paper in its place. All their customers, except at least Mark Adamson, anyway.

Bank robbers foolishly use guns to forcefully remove money from banks, even at great risk to their own lives and personal liberty.

In 1933, the largest bank owners used the guns of government to disarm their victims and conned their victims to bring all their gold to the banks. It is the most heinous of criminals which require their victims to dig their own graves. At least the robber is honest enough not to pretend he's doing it for the good of his victims.

Mark suddenly understood that gold 'confiscation' and legal tender paper currencies were both deceptive legal maneuvers and, more importantly, how each caper was pulled off.

Mark knew that accurate diagnosis of the problem was essential before any cure could ever hope to be implemented.

He knew he needed to disseminate the proper diagnosis to millions of people who could then begin testing thousands of potential ways to implement needed change to find the successful methods for returning us to individual liberty and limited government under the whole of the Constitution.

Sadly the monetary swindle through implementation of legal tender paper currencies and gold ‘confiscation’ succeeded because Americans tragically failed to sufficiently question Government Model ‘C’ of arbitrary government.

America’s lack of constitutional understanding needlessly enslaved hundreds of millions of Americans for 150 years.

Mark re-committed himself to freeing Americans, of returning limited government under the Constitution under Government Model ‘A.’

He began envisioning his gold lawsuit case as just the means to pull back the curtain to expose the wizard as a clever fraud and bark that information far and wide.

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark knew he had to get this information to Stewart Jamison and make sure he understood it.

He called Stewart and made an appointment for the following Thursday, August 23rd. This would give Mark time to get together a presentation which could more easily explain his findings.

Mark knew that his information would be crucial not only in the battle to reclaim the Adamson gold for the Evanston’s, but understood that it was central to the infinitely-larger American battle to reclaim individual liberty and limited government under the Constitution.

Chapter Seven

“Good morning, Stewart,” Mark said as he met Stewart and his staff working on the case in his conference room. “You stated I could hook up my laptop to your projector and use your screen, correct?”

“Yes, Mark, over there,” said Stewart, pointing toward the center of the room. “You sounded mighty excited by your studies; let’s hope they are worth having all of us in here for the morning.”

“They are far more important than that.”

“To let you know, we have most of our answer to the complaint written already,” said Stewart, hinting the presentation may be a waste of time.

“Great,” said Mark, as he began his talk by letting his audience know that he had left Stewart a 16-page handout entitled *The Dollar, Revisited*, which duplicated the information he would be covering.

Mark reviewed Article I, Section 8, Clause 5 of the U.S. Constitution which delegated to Congress the power, “To coin Money, regulate the Value thereof, and of foreign Coin, and fix the Standard of Weights and Measures.”

He then detailed the portion of Article I, Section 10, Clause 1 which prohibited any State from coining money, emitting bills of credit, or making anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts.

The early slides were a review for most members of the audience, necessary to get everyone centered on the correct foundation. The faces of those viewing the slides reflected but a quiet patience of familiar information.

Mark soon began delving into information he helped discover, based upon his great-grandfather's original investigation.

Mark finished his presentation an hour and ten minutes later. The audience by that time looked weary, some even lost. Mark asked if there were any questions.

Stewart was the first to speak up. "Let's have a break so we can regain our bearings and give our minds a needed rest."

"Since it is a few minutes after 11:00 am, why don't we take an early lunch and meet back in here at 12:00 or 12:30?" Mark asked.

"Even better; everyone be back here and ready to go at 12:30 pm, and we'll have a half-hour of discussion before getting back to work."

Stewart and his partner Dale Smythe, who had also viewed the presentation, asked Mark to join them for lunch, which he accepted.

Sitting down at their nearby favorite lunch spot, Stewart, Dale and Mark looked at the menus and then ordered lunch. After the waitress had taken their orders, Stewart spoke up first.

"Mark, I must compliment you on your monetary studies. The work is fascinating. Your work has implications far beyond this case; it has the potential to change law as attorneys have practiced for well over a century. We too have based much of our work on your non-existent Government Model 'C.'

"None of us sufficiently questioned oppressive government practices which countered America's fundamental principles, nor did we adequately challenge what has now become the status quo.

"We thought we were well-familiar with Article I, Section 8, Clause 17 and the authority of Congress to exercise exclusive legislative jurisdiction for the seat of government.

Bald Justice

“Never once did we realize however what a powerful weapon that could become if someone re-defined a few key words, that this clause could then turn government on its head.

“I agree that Americans cannot be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process and that private property cannot be used for public use without just compensation, just as the Fifth Amendment plainly details.

“Thus, government cannot force Americans to give up their gold, except in individual cases as fines and punishments, after the party faced a trial and was found guilty, where court-ordered fines were previously delineated and weren’t excessive.

“And obviously, F.D.R.’s gold ‘confiscation’ or ‘prohibition’ was but a ruse as you pointed out.”

Dale agreed, “Mark, you definitely provided me food for thought. I see your information eventually being used far and wide by attorneys in every State to help push back apparent Government Model ‘C’ powers to the proper corral of Government Model ‘B’ under Article I, Section 8, Clause 17 of the Constitution.

“With this case, we can expose to our fellow attorneys federal government action beyond the spirit of the Constitution for what it is, such that soon we will change government relations as we know them. After all, we have all swore an oath to uphold and support the Constitution — the whole thing, not just one clause.

All this was music to Mark’s ears. He had a difficult time believing what he was now hearing, as he had envisioned a much tougher sale to convince people who were down in the trenches that they had been for generations fighting a non-existent enemy which was wholly misunderstood.

Mark knew that radical challenges to the status quo were generally unfavorable to the first proponents of change and was thus prepared for negative responses.

Though Mark knew that he would find an occasional open mind, he figured he'd find far more opponents.

There were all sorts of reasons for people to ridicule information contrary to their understanding and cast scorn on the proponents of new theories: ignorance; indifference; pride; jealousy; financial motive; and any other possible number of scenarios.

Lunch was soon over and the three men made it back to the conference room, where most everyone else in the morning's attendance had already re-gathered. In fact, there were also a few other people from the office in the room, willing to spend the remainder of their break learning a little of a new way of looking at excessive government action.

Mark thought it was a good idea to spend just a few minutes recapping his earlier presentation.

He went through 'the Big Idea,' that the Constitution authorized two and only two government models, 'A' and 'B.'

He then brought up non-existent Government Model 'C,' and stated that the 150-year old fight against this non-existent phantom had proven the impossibility of slaying it, because it never existed in the first place and that you cannot kill something that is not alive and is invalid.

Mark then showed how Congress issued the first legal tender paper currency 'within the United States' re-defined only as the district constituting the seat of government of the United States.

Bald Justice

Finally, Mark stated that F.D.R.'s gold 'confiscation' was only a margin call to member banks of the Federal Reserve system who had over-extended themselves.

The shareholders were being told they now had to support their over-extended positions with more gold or lose their earlier investments, as their customers lined the block to withdraw their money from insolvent banks.

"Any questions?" asked Mark.

One of the legal assistants raised a hand and Mark called on the young lady.

"Are you really expecting us to believe your bizarre conspiracy theory, that the courts have supported government action which would only be proper within the District of Columbia?" asked Alexis Roberts.

"No, I'm not suggesting that all of the government's actions are necessarily even appropriate for the government seat; however, I am stating that none of these actions which violate the spirit of the Constitution are valid within the States of the Union under Government Model 'A'," Mark relayed.

"I showed how two precedent-setting supreme Court cases went through world-class literary gymnastics to support legal tender paper currencies for Government Model 'B' without overtly disclosing that pertinent fact," said Mark. "There's no denying now what those justices did, which is the great thing about government; it documents everything for later examination."

As if taking her cue from Alexis' question, another staff member spoke up, "Are you really asking us to believe a single truck driver, or should we believe thousands of government officials and court cases?"

Mark answered, “First of all, you are overlooking the important and vital groundwork of my great-grandfather, who was a farmer. So, actually it would be a farmer and a truck driver.

“But I’m not asking you to believe me; I ask that you make rational and independent conclusions after looking at all the pertinent facts of the matter.

“Truth is not determined by majority vote nor is it dependent upon the party making the claim.

“Besides, I do not challenge the actual legal findings of the *Knox* or *Julliard* courts; they and I are in agreement with what they legally state; not at all what they falsely *imply*, but what they legally state. After all, they had to be legally-consistent or their rulings couldn’t stand,” stated Mark.

Working now as a cunning pack of coyotes cornering their prey and attacking from several sides, Alexis asked, “You don’t really expect any of us to buy into such drivel, do you; that even as conservatives cannot stem the progressive march away from the Constitution at the polls, that liberty and limited government are not only possible, but now inevitable?”

“I believe it to be anything but drivel,” replied Mark. “The primary obstacle to the return of individual liberty and limited government under the express commands of the Constitution was simply figuring out the method or methods employed to bypass the chains of the Constitution.

“I have now shown the primary methods employed by omnipotent government to appear to bypass the Constitution, which was but clever deception.

Bald Justice

“The trick was to be actually operating within the strict parameters of the Constitution by being within the authority of one of its clauses while never overtly revealing that actual source.

“Thus, proponents of expansive government would only appear to be operating outside *every* parameter of the Constitution, causing many people to improperly argue such actions were unconstitutional.

“The matter remaining now is only one of disseminating this information to Americans everywhere, who can then begin chipping away at the structure of improper government until it collapses on its own weight of immorality.

“It is inevitable now that liberty and limited government will again take root, although I cannot accurately predict a timeline. I believe its progress will be very slow at first, but once it takes hold, omnipotent government may collapse overnight and surprise the same talking heads who were surprised at the fall of the Berlin Wall.”

Another staff member spoke up, saying, “I don’t understand why some of you are vehemently resisting this information. The world of law suddenly makes much more sense to me now; I know in my gut that what Mr. Evanston is saying is true. It just makes so much sense, out of the nonsense I have been studying for the past six years.

“We were all trying so hard to be so sophisticated that we readily believed that the emperor was wearing clothes. We even tried to outdo one another, making up stories about his fanciful duds that we long ago lost sight of the simple fact that he was naked.”

Stewart finally spoke up, “Mark certainly rocked my world this morning. His research will fundamentally alter the battle strategy for this case that Dale and I have been working on for the past few weeks.

“We have a little bit of time yet to alter our answer to the government’s complaint, but the heart of the matter will be expounded in our motions and court briefs. I feel quite confident our new strategy which is not even detailed yet will shake the very foundation of the legal profession.”

“Exactly,” said Dale. “And everyone involved in this firm will be getting on board with this immediately, or will quickly find themselves out in the cold.”

With that last sentence, Alexis Roberts’s mouth took a decided turn south and a dejected look appeared in her eyes.

A few more questions were asked and answered before 1:00 pm, when Stewart spoke up, “Ok, enough strategizing for the day, it’s time to get back to work. Dale or I will be outlining for each of you what you’ll be doing in this case, at least after we’ve had a little time to digest the information. Everyone now be off to your desks.”

Stewart and Dale thanked Mark for making the trip and especially for all the research which went into his morning presentation. “Now we have a lot of work to do. We’ll be in touch,” said Stewart.

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark was lost in thought in his favorite spot on the couch.

“Where are you?” Penny asked as she came in from the kitchen.

“Oh, I was just trying to figure my next plan of attack, now that I feel like I finally understand ‘the Big Idea’ of government operating beyond the spirit of the Constitution.

Bald Justice

“I need to compile all the information into one rationally-organized reference work so others may best come to understand it.

“I wrote the *The Dollar, Revisited*, but that is just an introductory paper on the subject.

“What I really need to write is a thorough book to provide the proper context for everything. I will go through all the monetary laws of Congress, showing how gold and silver coins are the only ‘things’ which have been made a legal tender for these United States of America.

“Then I will go through the legislation which effectively but deceptively converted us from a coin standard to a paper currency and end with gold ‘confiscation’.”

“Where are you going to get the money to publish it when you are done?” asked Penny. “Or are you going to look for a publisher?”

“Obviously, we don’t have the money or the contacts to publish and distribute a printed book ourselves. But neither am I willing to give anyone else exclusive distribution rights. No, I will just publish it electronically and distribute it by email and via my website and will release the work into the public domain,” Mark said.

“Why do that?” asked Penny.

“A copyright is a means to restrict information; I don’t want this information *restricted*— I want it *disseminated*, everywhere.

“Besides, if one person owned or controlled the copyright, conceivably that person could be persuaded, coerced or have his hand forced to give up that copyright to someone else who may want the information kept secret and then it could be lost seemingly forever.

“No, the only way to keep the information safe is to release it freely for anyone and everyone to use as they see fit. In that way, even if someone else wanted to later restrict it, there is no effective means for them to do so. The information could seemingly spontaneously appear in a thousand different places,” Mark said.

“Still, undoubtedly that will be a lot of work to just give away,” Penny said.

“True. But look how much work we put into Crown Industries, and that ended up costing us both time *and* money. We would be far better off today if we hadn’t worked those five years, than the time, effort and money that we put in and then lost,” said Mark.

“A revelation just popped into my head. When we started Crown Industries, my plan was to later research and write from a position of relative financial strength.

“If that had come to pass, I would have undoubtedly been inclined to maintain a copyright on my monetary law book. Perhaps instead God wanted me to work from financial weakness for His glory, to show what a single individual without any worldly strength could do through Him to help restore truth to a lost people. From that position, I would be inclined to release the work into the public domain so it could never be restricted. I don’t know, just a thought.”

“You mean not serving two masters, seeking profits for oneself or seeking liberty and truth, through and under God?” asked Penny.

“Something like that, yes. I need to finish my book before the case concludes; a win there could help distribute that information.”

“Sounds as if you have it all figured out.”

“As far as plans go, I think it is a worthy one.”

Bald Justice

“When I have time, I will also make a Volume II of the book, containing an appendix of all of America’s monetary laws. With that compilation, interested parties may find all the original source information in one place.

“But I need to concentrate on Volume I, the narrative, to make sure that is completed before the case is finished.

“Thank heavens for the internet, as it will undoubtedly diminish my time looking up all the legislation and otherwise typing all those laws into a document,” said Mark.

“Technology certainly has come a long way in the past decade, making information so much easier to disseminate,” answered Penny.

“Yes, although many people worry about the advancing technologies with government snooping on its citizens, technology has greatly decentralized power. Look at the media, for example.

“The major media conglomerates for television, radio, newspapers, magazines or books no longer have monopoly control over the flow of information, and now it flows across borders and around the world at breakneck speed.

“This technological advance threatens not only many profit centers in the major communications industry, but also threatens the very foundation of strong central governments, *especially* that strong central government which operates deceptively within a misunderstood loophole.

“In fact, without recent advances in the internet, I do not necessarily know if my information could ever be disseminated before powerful adversaries would be able to restrict its distribution through printed books, magazines and newspapers.

“Come to think of it, my great-grandfather’s great-grandfather was rumored to have been killed in Washington, D.C. to stop him from exposing some high-level financial treachery after the Civil War.

“If he figured out how and where paper currencies were being made a legal tender, he could well have changed history if the internet had been available to him to quickly disseminate that information far and wide before his opponents could silence him.

“The electronic world provides freedom not possible in the physical world, where physical distribution may be too easily stopped at some critical central control point.

“Since our government has been hiding in a loophole which they have expanded to its breaking point, never before in the history of America are we so poised to return to the solid constitutional principles of our founding.

“Truth is our ally, knowledge is our friend, and decentralized mass communication our answer to regaining our righteous freedom,” Mark stated.

“All of which brings up that government may not readily wish to allow you to finish your work so you can publish it,” Penny blurted out.

“I do have some concern for that, yes. If they respond to it in any way, however, it will give my position credibility which they cannot afford to convey.

“Thus, they may well decide to do nothing, especially since bureaucracies are certainly not known for creativity or risk-taking.

“Well, we both need to be paying attention to things; I certainly don’t want my grandchildren getting hurt in any way,” said Penny, protectively.

“Yes, Grandma Bear, I know you are very protective of your little grand-cubs; I pity the poor soul who dares come between you and them,” said Grandpa Bear.

“Grrrrr,” said Grandma Bear.

“Precisely! My work will help later generations the most. With \$16 trillion of acknowledged government debts and 2010 census numbers at 308 million Americans, our grandkids are each already indebted to \$52,816.

“Their debt share jumps into the hundreds of thousands of dollars when the government’s vast unfunded liabilities are added in.

“Given the potential rewards of my writing and research, I know I must take the risk to complete it and broadcast it to the world,” said Mark.

“We need to learn the lesson of finding your great-grandfather’s gold. You told others about finding the gold and soon the government was able to learn of it, and they came and confiscated it.

“You would have been better off keeping it secret. Likewise, keeping your studies secret until you were finished would be better.”

“You have a point, but we can’t now go back and change history; I can’t go back in time and not call the coin dealers about the gold.

“Neither may I go back and not give Jamison, Smythe, and Kendall a copy of *The Dollar, Revisited* or take back the words given to the staff in the presentation. I guess we just have to be more careful and observant and pray for our protection.”

“Unceasingly.”

“Well, it appears time is therefore of the essence, and we’ll be safer the quicker I get *Monetary Laws* finished, which is what I’ll call my book. I’ll proceed post haste,” stated Mark, as he went to his office and turned on his computer.

∫ ∫ ∫

At the end of the day which followed Mark’s presentation, Stewart Jamison submitted his draft answer to the government’s complaint to Mark for his review.

Within the complaint’s answer, Stewart relayed the purposes of government from the Declaration of Independence, that governments are instituted among men to secure man’s unalienable rights which were endowed by their Creator.

As an affirmative defense, Stewart also detailed that the Fifth Amendment protected everyone, including his clients, from being deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

He also wrote that private property — including that most liquid form of property, one’s private gold coin — could not be taken for public use without just compensation.

Stewart argued that the forced taking of one’s gold coin against one’s wishes could not be paid for in a paper currency which was not a legal tender, as it could not meet the constitutional requirements for just compensation.

Bald Justice

Stewart further charged that paper currencies were not a tender in payment of debts in the United States, as both those phrases were used in and understood by the Constitution.

He stated that neither his clients, nor Mark Adamson, could be forced to give up their gold and compelled to accept a paper currency that was only a legal tender in a jurisdiction foreign to them, that for the district constituting the seat of government of the United States.

Stewart also argued that President Franklin D. Roosevelt's executive order number 6102 issued April 5, 1933 only applied to member banks of the Federal Reserve system and possibly their shareholders who had previously obligated themselves under the 1913 Federal Reserve Act, as amended, to send gold to the treasury to back their bank's note issues.

Stewart included a declaration stating that neither Mark Adamson nor his heirs therein named had ever owned any bank stock.

Mark was pleased with the draft. It laid the groundwork for Mark's arguments against legal tender paper currencies, of gold confiscation and prohibition.

It also fought for Government Model 'A' and denied the existence of Government Model 'C,' while it denied the applicability of Government Model 'B' jurisdiction.

Mark called Stewart on the phone and asked him the next step.

Stewart responded, "Discovery." Stewart informed Mark that Dale had been putting together a list of questions seeking the government's position on legal tender paper currencies and the 1933 gold 'confiscation' of F.D.R.

Dale especially sought the government's authority to confiscate Mark Adamson's gold 40 years after the government withdrew any stated objection to private gold ownership.

Stewart relayed, "We want to get this case before a jury, and will argue that the material facts we submit into evidence are not settled. We'll argue that they remain in dispute and therefore need a jury to decide them rather than having the judge at a summary judgment hearing apply the applicable law to settled facts.

"We want the jury to nullify the historical interpretation of executive order number 6102. We will also ask the jury to endorse our view that it was but a margin call only to bank shareholders to send in gold to support their over-extended liabilities."

"So how do you get the government to admit anything we want in the answers to your questions?" asked Mark.

"Well, first, we ask the right questions. Then we ask them to support their positions legally, asking for their delegation of authority. Then, once they have answered our questions and provided their legal citation of authority, we depose them and turn up the heat," said Stewart.

"This case is different than most cases which come our way, in that everyone originally involved with all these deceptive acts, orders and resolutions are long-dead. Thus, we only get to question people who may only have a passing familiarity of them, if even that. It will prove more difficult for us, because we can't question the original scoundrels who first made those outrageous claims of omnipotence.

"Nevertheless, we want to get the people we question to either admit our point, or go out on a limb defending the indefensible.

“If the latter case applies, then you start shaking the tree and firing up the chainsaw, to really rattle their cages. Then you hand them the chainsaw and watch them cut off the very limb upon which they are standing,” Stewart said.

“And for this, you get to charge my family, while you get to enjoy all that fun?”

“Ok, I admit that this is going to be fun. Still, it will be based upon a great deal of hard work and proper strategizing. So yes, you will be billed for it; handsomely I might add.”

“I would think this case would be a dream case for you.”

“The further we are getting into this case, the more I see truth in that statement. I think we may be the first attorneys in a very long time to be able strike a major blow against that appearance of government omnipotence.

“We get to play Toto, to pull back the curtain to expose the Wizard as a fraud,” said Stewart.

“Let’s hear it for the small dog with a little brain but who trusted his faithful nose,” replied Mark. “When things didn’t smell right, that faithful little mutt snooped around until he found the man behind the curtain who pulled the strings of government operating far beyond his true authority and exposed the wizard as but a swindler.”

“Precisely. As we proceed with discovery, you have to remember that all this takes a while, so please be patient.”

“Will do,” said Mark. “I’m working on assembling all this monetary information into a logical and well-supported book, so that will keep me quite busy for some time.”

“Great, that sounds like an excellent plan. I would be quite interested in reading that myself.”

“I am striving to finish it before this case concludes, to be able to take advantage of any media attention we may get.”

“Free news reporting detailing an important win in court is some of the best publicity one can get,” admitted Stewart.

Mark and Stewart said their good-byes and offered one another the best success on their respective work.

The weeks and months flew by for Mark as he stayed busy at his computer working on *Monetary Laws*.

Chapter Eight

Unbeknownst to Stewart Jamison and Dale Smythe, their legal assistant Alexis Roberts didn't appreciate what she viewed as public humiliation at Mark's presentation. No one else, however, recalled her questions 10 minutes after she had asked them.

Alexis' father was a practicing federal judge, and her grandfather had been a law professor at an Ivy League school back east.

Alexis yet hoped to make it into law school, and had recently re-applied. Her original college plans had been derailed for several years after she had gotten into a little bit of trouble enjoying too much her newfound independence at her college sorority.

Alexis no longer fit the normal parameters of a typical Jamison, Smythe, and Kendall liberty-minded legal assistant. More important to her now was her family reputation to uphold, one she had already tarnished more than she wished.

She had been working quite hard the past several years to overcome her earlier rebellion; perhaps explaining her growing shift towards ultra-conformance with the status quo in government.

Alexis realized the significance of Mark's presentation enough to know that it could perhaps broadside the government. She also knew that as much warning as possible would help the government best figure out how to defend their position.

She suspected that the Assistant U.S. Attorney prosecuting the case may thus appreciate to learn some of the defense's strategy, before it became too late.

In the back of Alexis' mind, she figured that she could perhaps benefit from that appreciation someday and help her get again on the legal fast track, while even putting Mark Evanston in his place. She did not appreciate his challenge to the very government authority she hoped to one day extensively wield.

Alexis printed off a copy of *The Dollar, Revisited* which Mark had left behind at the office. She then asked for a day off work, saying she had to go to the doctor.

Once she had the doctor's appointment, she also made an appointment for later that same day with one of the junior attorneys in the United States Department of Justice office in Tacoma prosecuting the Evanston gold lawsuit case.

She didn't have any real reason for the doctor's appointment other than she wasn't yet willing to tell an overt lie. In her view, she just didn't volunteer everything she'd be doing that day.

Alexis arrived for her September 18th legal appointment fifteen minutes early. Twenty five minutes later, she was asked to step into the conference room, which was empty when she arrived. She took a seat at the far side of the table, near the middle, and waited patiently.

Finally, the door opened and in stepped Jonathon Mooney, who was aiding Assistant U.S. Attorney Ken Blair in the case.

"What brings you in today, Ms. Roberts," asked Jonathon after he introduced himself and gave her his business card.

"Mr. Mooney, I have information for you in the Evanston gold lawsuit case. It is a unique view on legal tender paper currencies and gold confiscation, and I think it will help you to know its content to best support your case. I wanted to leave it with you," stated Alexis, handing him the papers.

“And what do I owe the honor of you bringing this to my attention; what is your interest in the matter?” Jonathon asked.

“My father is a federal judge back home, and my grandfather was a law professor. I have applied to law school and hope to follow in their footsteps,” answered Alexis, not really explaining her personal interest in the matter.

“And you were perhaps looking for a little *quid pro quo*?” asked Jonathon, reading between the lines.

“I wanted to do the right thing when I became aware of some information that I knew would be important to you, and thought I would make you aware of it,” said Alexis.

“And just how did you become privy to this information?” Jonathon asked.

That was the one question Alexis never considered might be asked of her. “I, a, um, heard m...my roommate talking about the case, but I couldn’t understand some of what she was talking about.”

This, of course, was a lie. Her roommate knew nothing of the matter and worked as a perfume sales clerk at a department store.

Alexis continued rambling, knowing she needed to provide some answer. “I saw this paper lying on the coffee table and glanced through it. Reading through it, I knew that it could be important to the prosecution, once I read the newspaper article about the suit.”

“And why didn’t you just send it in anonymously?” queried Jonathon.

“I didn’t think it was necessary to hide anything,” offered Alexis, who now fully realized it was — she certainly didn’t want anyone at work to know what she had now done.

“No, you don’t seem to be doing that, at least as far as I can tell. Is there anything else?”

“No, nothing else,” answered Alexis, now anxious to leave.

“When you get through with law school, come see me,” stated Jonathon. “I don’t know if I will be able to do anything for you, but I’ll do what I can.”

“Thanks, that is very kind of you,” replied Alexis, as she walked hurriedly out the door of the conference room.

As Alexis was leaving, she was becoming increasingly concerned over her breach of ethics with taking private information she learned at her law firm to the prosecution.

Although her initial interest had been helping herself out while getting a little revenge, now she realized that she really only put her own plans in jeopardy.

Alexis took the stairs down from the 7th-floor suite, hoping to avoid meeting anyone in the public areas of the building. She walked out the stair well and escaped out what she figured would be a little-used exit.

Alexis quickly rounded a corner to walk into the adjacent parking garage where she had parked her car, almost walking into a man moving in the opposite direction.

“I am sorry, sir,” she murmured, as she glanced up to see the smiling face of Calvin Kendall, the third partner in the law firm where she worked.

“Alexis, where are you going in such a hurry?” asked Calvin.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Mr. Kendall; I wanted to try and make it back to work, if traffic wasn’t too bad,” offered Alexis, who a moment before had no such plans.

Alexis was adapting quite well to a little creative bending of the truth, a practice at which she had been getting a little rusty. She was finding out it was just like riding a bicycle.

“Isn’t that the good employee,” said Calvin, as another large smile developed on his face. “What brings you into this neck of the woods?”

“Oh, just a doctor’s appointment,” said Alexis, striving to keep her story straight and simple.

“Nothing serious, I trust.”

“No, just routine; I just wanted to get a little use out of the excellent benefits you provide us lucky employees.”

“Well, I need to meet with a government attorney in the Jackson case. I don’t know if I’ll make it back to the office today, though. I’ll see you tomorrow,” said Calvin, as he hurried on his way.

“Take care,” said Alexis, wanting to get away from there as fast as possible.

Back in the attorney’s office Alexis had just left, Jonathon Mooney started glancing through the 16-page newsletter she had dropped off. He figured it would be a waste of time, but he thought he had better scan through it nevertheless.

The first few pages seemed rather monotonous, listing familiar constitutional principles Jonathon knew well. He quickly scanned forward another few pages and suddenly found himself reading wholly-unfamiliar thoughts and passages.

Jonathon thought to himself, “I need to go back and start reading this carefully,” and thus reclined in his chair and started reading from page one.

40 minutes later, Jonathon offered a loud, long whistle as he finished reading the last page. The information was totally new to him and offered a totally different perspective than the one he had dedicated the last 20 years of his life learning and practicing.

Jonathon surmised that it spelled trouble for his case. He also had a gnawing suspicion that its implications were such that it would even affect a great many court cases, if what he read panned out.

Jonathon picked up the papers and left his office and walked to the office of Ken Blair, the senior attorney in the Evanston gold case.

Ken’s office door was shut, and he heard talking, so Jonathon approached Ken’s legal assistant and asked if Ken could be interrupted.

“Sorry, he is in with a legal expert for one of his cases. I would think they’d almost be done. They’ve been in there for 45 minutes, but Ken had only requested 30 minutes.”

“Ok, I have something very important to discuss with Ken on the Evanston gold case. I’ll just wait.”

While Jonathon was patiently waiting for Ken’s appointment to end, an adjacent door opened and out walked Calvin Kendall.

Calvin’s rural client had mistakenly located one of his property corners and therefore built his fence over his property line, encroaching slightly upon the adjoining federal lands. The fence became the minor issue in the case, however, once the client cut down a few fir trees which turned out not to be his own.

Calvin offered that his client re-build the fence on the correct line, re-plant 150 seedlings for each of the three trees cut down and pay treble damages for the stumpage value of the trees. The meeting was made to see if they could agree upon that stumpage value so the case could be settled before it ever really got going.

Jonathon Mooney did not know Calvin Kendall, and neither did Calvin know Jonathon. But that didn't stop Calvin from noting the now-familiar masthead of *The Beacon Spotlight* which was in Jonathon's lap as he sat patiently waiting for his meeting with Ken Blair.

Calvin's partners Stewart Jamison and Dale Smythe had kept him updated about their gold case, and they had him read through *The Dollar, Revisited*, which was the third issue of *The Beacon Spotlight*.

Calvin deftly provided no reaction to seeing that masthead, putting on his best poker face which he needed to call on from time to time as a skilled courtroom attorney.

Like his employee before him, Calvin now preferred to leave the building as quickly as possible.

∫ ∫ ∫

"Stewart, may I have a quick meeting with you and Dale?" asked Calvin the next morning. "It could be important."

"Sure, I'll ask Dale to come right over," answered Stewart.

Stewart called on the intercom, "Dale, do you have a quick moment to come into my office? Calvin has a quick concern he'd like to share with both of us."

“I’ll be right over.”

Walking in the door, Dale asked, “What’s up?”

“Please shut the door,” replied Calvin.

Shutting the door, Dale sat down in the empty chair facing Stewart, adjacent to Calvin.

“I don’t know if it was just a coincidence, but when I was approaching the U.S. Attorney’s office yesterday, Alexis Roberts nearly ran into me as she walked into the parking garage.

“I didn’t think much of it at the time, but in hindsight, she seemed rather nervous seeing me. I initially thought it was because she almost knocked me to the ground. But now I’m not so sure,” Calvin offered.

“What makes you question her actions now?” asked Dale.

“Well, when I later came out of my meeting, I noticed a gentleman waiting outside of Ken Blair’s office. In this man’s hands were a small packet of papers. I happened to notice *The Beacon Spotlight’s* now-familiar masthead. The federal prosecutors in your case already have *The Dollar, Revisited* in their hands.”

“That certainly didn’t take long,” said Stewart. “This means that we now won’t catch our opponents off-guard and they will have more time to prepare a better defense.”

“From my current line of thinking,” Dale offered, “I don’t know if advance knowledge of our strategy will necessarily help them. It will keep them from being blind-sided, for sure, but I don’t think they will be able to offer much of a defense.

“After all, it is the government which has been operating secretly in an obscure loophole. Once the implications of that loophole become known, however, it is not like they have any real defense against the truth.

“They may try and hide or evade the truth, but they cannot jump to another loophole, for there are none like it.”

“They are as relatively helpless as the supposedly almighty wizard who could only offer the now-familiar refrain, ‘Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain,’” Stewart offered. “They can only act as if our understanding is ludicrous, that we are crazy conspiracy-theorists, that of course the government is empowered to do what it does.”

“Ok, but what about Alexis?” asked Calvin. “What if she leaked the information?”

“Why would she do that?” asked Stewart, just beginning to see where Calvin’s questioning was leading.

“Well, come to think of it, she did challenge Mark Evanston during the question and answer period pretty aggressively and it’s not as if either of our comments supported her viewpoint,” stated Dale.

“Still, to jeopardize not only her work here, but her whole career?” asked Stewart. “That would be certainly foolish of her.”

“We see clients day in and day out who don’t think through the implications of their actions until it’s too late; Alexis may have suffered the same short-term but clouded thinking,” said Dale.

“We should approach this subject carefully, we don’t need to be accusing her of anything she didn’t maybe do,” said Stewart. “We should confront her, carefully.”

“Which would be fine if she’s guilty, but what if she’s not?” asked Dale. “Won’t it look like a witch-hunt?”

“We just lay all our cards on the table, saying how Calvin saw her leaving the building which also houses the U.S. Department of Justice in a hurry and how she seemed flustered. We then relay how Calvin later saw *The Dollar, Revisited* in the Assistant United States Attorney’s office,” said Stewart. “We don’t accuse her of anything, or imply anything; we just wanted to know if there was anything she needed to tell us, given the facts before us.”

“If she folds, then we’ll have our culprit. If not, we just gave her the opportunity to shed any light on the subject she happened to know and we just move on but pay careful attention for a while,” said Stewart.

“We should do this right away,” said Dale.

“Agreed,” Stewart said as he called his assistant on the intercom. “Please have Alexis Roberts come to my office right away,” Stewart stated in a calm tone.

“Yes, Stewart; I saw her come in 20 minutes ago,” answered the receptionist.

Two minutes later there was a knock on the door.

“Come in,” Stewart answered in a loud voice.

When Alexis walked in, she saw the three principals of the law firm of Jamison, Smythe and Kendall sitting before her, with stern faces looking back at her. Calvin’s eyes seemed to pierce right through hers, and he seemed to know what was racing through her mind. She immediately burst out crying.

Bald Justice

“No need to cry, Alexis,” Dale stated as he arose and offered his chair. “Come in and have a seat; we just need to talk with you to clear some things up.”

“I realize now that it was utterly foolish of me to give the U.S. Attorney’s Office a copy of Mr. Evanston’s paper,” Alexis offered between burst of tears.

“Why did you do it?” asked Stewart in a somber voice.

“I don’t know. I felt embarrassed when I tried to discredit his research at the presentation but failed. A few people stared at me as if I had just taken a shot at Thomas Jefferson or something.

“With your comments at the end, I figured that if I had just inadvertently destroyed one bridge, that maybe I should try and get in good graces with people on the other side,” Alexis offered.

“In law, no matter which side of the fence you ultimately find yourself on, you’ll find everything is based upon trust. You cannot afford to lose your credibility,” replied Stewart.

“That is precisely why Mark Evanston’s research is so radical, because he exposes so much government deceit practiced over such a long period of time that it shakes all of government service and the whole legal profession to their very core,” said Dale.

“I guess that is what I felt I couldn’t let happen. All I could see were my father and grandfather, and it seemed Mark Evanston was discrediting their work. I wanted to protect them,” offered Alexis.

“But all you did was short-circuit your own legal career,” Stewart stated bluntly as Alexis burst out crying again.

“No employer could ever afford to hire anyone who would purposefully sabotage their own case, certainly when unethical, immoral or illegal behavior on the exposed side wasn’t a factor.

“We have no choice but to fire you, Alexis, effective immediately. Have your personal effects removed from your desk in the next 20 minutes. We will call security and have you escorted from the building.

“Your pass-key and company identification, please,” said Stewart as he reached out his hand for the electronic photo key which Alexis unclipped from her sweater and handed him, her hand trembling violently.

“Your behavior and actions will be noted on your personnel file, which will undoubtedly follow you for quite some time. Plus, I have a letter-of-recommendation request for your law school application which I was going to write later this week. I’ll place that response on hold for now.

“If I don’t get a cancellation request notice from the school within ten days, however, I’ll respond accordingly,” said Stewart. “You may go now, Alexis, if Calvin would be so kind to escort you to your office so you may get your things. I hope you consider your future actions before you again act so irrationally.”

Alexis walked out of Stewart’s office behind Calvin, devastated. She now had no job, and her future plans were crushed. Her whole world had suddenly turned upside-down. Now she really had let her father down, even as she tried to protect him.

“Stewart, you sure seemed plenty harsh with Alexis,” Dale stated, after Alexis had left.

Bald Justice

“We have an obligation to our clients to have honest personnel who have our client’s best interests at heart, certainly at least within the boundaries of ethics and morality.

“She failed us in that, and she failed our client, that client who will be paying us good money to work on his case. Alexis willingly undermined that trust,” said Stewart. “We can in no way condone such actions, nor dismiss their severity. I think she was let off rather lightly, in the grand scheme of things.”

“Besides, when I disclose her actions with our client, I need to show him that we acted appropriately,” said Stewart. “I would think our client would demand no less than what we did.”

“I suppose you’re right,” said Dale. “I guess that’s why your name is first on the door.”

“Yes, it is wise to pay attention when the Big Dog barks,” Stewart stated with a hearty laugh.

Chapter Nine

Time was passing quickly for Mark as he worked on *Monetary Laws*. He was quite pleased with the progress.

Stewart's case was also moving along, and Stewart called Mark when he received the government's answers to Dale's legal questions.

"I'm dropping copies of the answers and produced documents in the mail for your review," said Stewart.

"Thanks, I'll scan them and place them on my website, like all of the other court documents I've placed there. In that manner, anyone who cares to follow along the case may," Mark offered.

"Very well."

"So what are your initial thoughts about their answers?"

"There isn't anything in the documents they have given to date which indicates they have any magic shield whatsoever to defend against our magic bullets called truth and understanding.

"Neither do I comprehend any way they can ultimately defend their position. Of course, a cornered wild animal is the most dangerous. When they cannot win on strength, they may well resort to intimidation, deceit, and trickery."

"Undoubtedly."

"Expect your credibility to be attacked," said Stewart. "It will be very important that they discredit you and make you sound as if you are a wacked out nut job that no one takes seriously."

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark read through the government's answers to Dale's interrogatories once he received them, and looked through the government's responses to his requests for production of documents.

It appeared to Mark to be all pretty standard boilerplate information. If the government had any secret planned strategies, they didn't reveal them in the documents before him.

Stewart and Dale were readying for their first depositions. Being deposed on Monday, November 12th in Washington, D.C. was Director of the Mint Arlington Stone.

Scheduled for the following morning was a deposition of Treasurer of the United States, Janet Davidson. She was the official with oversight responsibility for both the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for printed currency and the United States Mint for struck coin.

Stewart and Dale were taking quite a gamble on deposing such high-level government officials, as it would cost a fair amount of money to conduct the out-of-State depositions. Since neither of these two officials would have any personal knowledge of the Evanston case, the depositions could turn out to be an expensive but fruitless fishing expedition.

In the deposition documents, Stewart properly argued that these high government officials, however, were best positioned to likely have the precise degree of unique knowledge needed to answer his pivotal questions, and that lower officials wouldn't have the information he sought.

Bald Justice

Stewart decided to take the unusual step of sending a copy of *The Dollar, Revisited* to both deponents, through government attorney Ken Blair, for their review prior to the deposition.

Since Ken Blair already had that paper, Stewart figured he may as well formally run the paper up the flagpole to see if he could cause any political fallout.

When the scheduled day of the deposition arrived, Mint Director Arlington Stone arrived ten minutes late. He was flustered from rushing to get there on time. Though he preferred to be anywhere but at the deposition, he still prided himself on his punctuality.

After the Mint Director seated himself and was ready to proceed, the court reporter swore him in and Stewart began his questioning.

The other two people present were Assistant U.S. Attorney Ken Blair and Mark Evanston. Mark didn't want to miss the depositions and jumped at the chance to finally visit Washington, D.C., even if he didn't have time to explore any historic sites.

Stewart asked Arlington Stone to provide and spell his name. He asked the Director to detail his present occupation, provide his length of employment and list his primary duties. Next Stewart requested Director Stone to provide an overview of his prior positions and accomplishments.

Mint Director Stone had an arrogant manner about him from the onset. He did not hide his disdain for the federal subpoena which ordered him to appear at this deposition. His answers were curt, even to the point of being rude. He let his opinion be known in every movement and answer that he had more important things he should be doing.

Stewart asked if Mr. Stone had read through *The Dollar, Revisited* which he had forwarded for his review.

“I managed to get through it, yes,” stated Director Stone. “I thought it was tripe.”

“In what way, please explain your conclusion.”

“Well, it is absurd to suggest that our paper currency isn’t money. The supreme Court ruled otherwise long ago and everyone knows it. I’ve never heard of anyone refusing Federal Reserve notes. In fact, everyone I know spends an inordinate amount of their whole lives pursuing them.”

“There will always be a demand for them,” Stewart couldn’t help replying. “Because when a dollar is loaned into circulation, more must be later loaned so its interest may be paid. Thus a little always begets demand for more, if only to pay off ever-mounting debts.

“My questions, however, will not pertain to their popularity which necessarily increases over time, but to their supposed legal tender quality.

“What do you make of the argument that paper currencies are legal tender only for the seat of government?”

“I’m not an attorney and you seem to be asking for a legal opinion. Neither do I think a truck driver is qualified to interpret supreme Court rulings. Just who does he think he is, anyway, to suggest he is smarter than hundreds of millions of Americans, including some of the greatest minds in government?”

“From my experience, Mr. Evanston suggests nothing of the sort. But, Director Stone, I am the one asking the questions today. It is *your* duty to answer them. Do you understand that?”

Bald Justice

“Very well,” said Director Stone, rather dismissively, not appreciating that some private attorney was now putting him in place. After all, he was the Director of the United States Mint and he was quite used to people jumping at his beckoning.

“Could you please give me your opinion on the view that paper currencies are legal tender only in the District of Columbia?”

“You keep asking about paper currencies. I am the Director of the Mint and we don’t deal with currency, but coin. You keep asking questions that are outside of my field of expertise and beyond my knowledge.”

Mark listened to his attorney’s direct questions and the Mint Director’s non-committal answers. This guy excelled at evasion and talked without saying anything. Mark was willing to wager that outside of this deposition, the Mint Director had never before admitted to anything being beyond his knowledge.

Mark glanced at the others in the room. Ken Blair seemed at relative ease. The court reporter provided no reaction, but kept her eyes generally fixed forward with an expressionless face while typing away robotically at her stenotype machine.

“When did the United States stop coining gold for circulation?”

“In 1933, after President Roosevelt commanded everyone to turn it in,” answered the Mint Director.

“What did people use for money?” asked Stewart.

“Paper currencies; and Congress authorized the printing of new United States notes.”

“And what did the government do with the turned-in gold?”

“Congress passed the Gold Reserve Act of 1934 which prohibited gold from being coined or paid out by the United States,” stated the Mint Director, rather smugly. “The treasury withdrew all gold from circulation and melted the coins into bars under express legislative direction.”

Before delving further into the Mint Director’s answers, Stewart took a moment to gather his papers.

Stewart wanted to give the Mint Director a moment of peace from the rapid-fire questioning he had thrown at him.

While often Stewart pushed a nervous deponent even harder as they became increasingly anxious until they blew, Stewart thought it best in this case to let things die down for a moment.

Stewart readied his papers for an impending attack which would be released momentarily, as he thought the contrasts between a long period of calm spread between quick attacks may more easily throw this particular person for a loop.

Stewart Jamison pegged his opponent as a control-freak who micromanaged everything in a neat and tidy manner and liked things to proceed at even pace, even if it were quick.

Stewart intentionally spread his papers across the table before Mark and himself, and purposefully let some of them cross that imaginary divide which represented the Mint Director’s personal space.

Stewart sought to throw a bit of planned chaos into the orderly arrangement of things found on the other side of the table.

Bald Justice

Stewart started in again, “Let’s begin with your first quote of authority, of President Roosevelt ordering all persons to turn in their gold. The term ‘person’ was explicitly defined for use in executive order number 6102 as an ‘individual, partnership, association, or corporation’, is that not correct?”

“Yes, that is correct.”

“Were there any exemptions which exempted any person, entity or group?” asked Stewart.

“No, but everyone was entitled to certain exemptions for keeping some gold, such as \$100 of gold allowed per person or numismatically-important rare coins.”

“But you say these people were otherwise all *required* to turn in all their non-exempted gold, that it was not optional for them, correct?”

“Precisely; while there were some exemptions for gold, there were no exemptions for people or entities.”

“And where did they turn in their gold?” Stewart asked.

“They turned their gold in to a member bank of the Federal Reserve System or one of the twelve regional Federal Reserve banks.”

“Are the banks government institutions, public entities?”

“Why no, they would be your local private banks or branch offices of the larger banks, who are all members of the Federal Reserve System created by Congress in 1913.

“So the banks were the depositories where people turned in their gold, is that correct?”

“Yes, just as I said a moment ago. I thought I said that very clearly,” responded Arlington Stone.

“And those banks were private businesses?”

“Yes, as I just stated, if you were listening,” answered the Director of the Mint rather tersely, trying now to put the attorney in his place. If the attorney wasn’t paying attention, the Mint Director took the opportunity offered to badger him for being a little dense.

It never occurred to the Mint Director that his opponent was simply setting him up for a fall. Stewart Jamison had just got Arlington Stone to walk way out on a weak branch and was about to hand him the chainsaw which Stewart had just fired up.

“Can you please tell me then how the order which supposedly required *all* persons, *all* individuals, *all* partnerships, *all* associations, and *all* corporations, *without any exemptions*, nevertheless exempted private banks?”

“Whaaaaat?” answered the Mint Director, as he figuratively fell off the tree branch that he didn’t realize he had cut.

“Well, you just admitted that banks are private entities; private associations or private corporations, right?”

“Yes.”

“And you just argued there were no exemptions for persons, individuals, partnerships, associations, or corporations anywhere within the executive order, right?”

“Correct.”

“So my question is why didn’t the requirements of Section 2 that required all persons, individuals, partnerships, associations, or corporations to turn in their gold also apply to those private banks?”

“Why were banks instead designated as the *places* where *everyone else* brought their gold? Why didn’t everyone, including banks, turn in their gold to the government?”

“I, I, I don’t know,” stammered Director Stone, obviously shaken. “I’m not a lawyer and that was a long time ago.”

“But my real question is even more important,” continued Stewart. “If there were *some* persons, individuals, partnerships, associations, or corporations which were not persons, individuals, partnerships, associations, or corporations for purposes of that executive order, is it not conceivable that there may have been other exemptions?”

“But, but, but, member banks of the Federal Reserve System were required in Section 5 to deliver their gold to a Federal Reserve Bank in their district. So they weren’t exempted,” argued Director Stone.

“Precisely,” answered Stewart. “Banks were not exempted because *only* banks and their shareholders could be required to deliver gold for maintaining reserves commensurate with their liabilities. Only banks were “persons” for purposes of that order. It was actually only the banks who *were not* exempted from the order.

“It is not a mere coincidence that banks were the only businesses directly named anywhere in the executive order as being the entities which were explicitly required to turn in their gold.

“When investors willingly bought bank stock, they agreed to terms requiring them to maintain sufficient gold on hand and in the treasury to support the bank’s note liabilities.

“The President merely made a margin call to order those bank shareholders to send more gold to adequately cover their banking liabilities which were then under severe strain or go out of business.”

“You have ventured into an area well beyond my expertise. Maybe you should be asking these questions of a Federal Reserve Bank President,” offered Director Stone, obviously shaken from his game.

Mark laughed quietly at the spectacle. He watched Stewart Jamison set up the deponent with a set of seemingly innocuous lead-up questions, only to position himself for a quick kill.

Mark glanced over at Assistant U.S. Attorney Ken Blair. He appeared to be keeping his cool, but it was becoming readily apparent that he was getting nervous. Though it wasn't overly stuffy in the room, small beads of sweat appeared on his forehead and his breathing seemed strained.

The court reporter methodically kept track of everything being said, still without emotion. Mark thought it was too bad the transcripts would fail to show any emotion, facial expressions, respiration rates, blood pressure, etc., signifying a growing desperation on the behalf of Mint Director Arlington Stone.

Mark speculated that lie detector analysts must be the ones who really had the fun of watching questioned subjects break under the strain of a competent interrogator.

“Ok, you referenced the May 12, 1933 act of Congress,” Jamison began in again. “The United States notes therein issued were explicitly made only as valid as the 1862 notes. Mark Evanston's research showed those 1862 notes were only legal tender ‘within the United States’ defined as the district constituting the seat of government of the United States. These 1933 currency notes are no more valid than the 1862 notes, are they?”

“Again, I don’t know about such things. I am Director of the Mint and my responsibilities cover coin, not paper. Perhaps you need to depose the Secretary of the Treasury or the U.S. Treasurer.”

“Ok. You also mentioned that the Gold Reserve Act of 1934 prohibiting gold from being thereafter coined or paid out by the United States, and withdrawing all gold from circulation and melting the coins into bars, correct?”

“Yes, I guess so,” admitted Director Stone, cautiously.

“Section 15 explicitly defined ‘the United States’ to mean, for that act, ‘the Government of the United States’.”

“Ok?”

“Thus, when the act used the term ‘currency of the United States’, it really only meant, because of that precise definition, ‘currency of *the Government of the United States*’.”

“Ok; and your question?”

“This coincides with Mr. Evanston’s work showing paper currency being legal tender only in the Seat of *Government of the United States*, does it not?”

“You are again talking about paper currency; I don’t know about paper currency as I have already said repeatedly,” offered the director, wanting to avoid all such discussion if he could.

Mark looked over at Ken Blair. It did not look like he was having a good day. He was a practiced professional, of course, so he was doing quite well holding his cards close to his chest.

However, it didn’t take an expert to notice his present demeanor didn’t match his initial behavior. He seemed far less at ease.

Arlington Stone, even though he had advanced through the ranks because of his skills, advanced even further because of his connections. He was clearly having a bad day.

“Ok, what is your take that, ‘No gold shall hereafter be coined, and no gold coin shall hereafter be paid out or delivered by the United States?’”

“What about it?”

“Well, because of the definitions I just covered, that section only prohibited gold from being coined or paid out ‘by the Government of the United States’, is that not correct?”

“I am having a very hard time following your point,” said Director Stone, not only seeking to avoid providing any answer, but now also being genuinely confused.

“The words ‘All gold coin of the United States shall be withdrawn from circulation’ only meant ‘all gold coin of *the Government of the United States* should be withdrawn from circulation’, because of the definitions explicitly provided.

“The act could therefore only reach gold currently being held by government, not gold in private hands. Private individuals were yet free to make trades with gold, including Mark Adamson.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t understand if there is a question in there.”

“Your stated authorities in no way authorize you in the ways you claim. I am asking you to address the utter lack of authority of government to have ever commanded Mark Adamson to turn in his gold, as I challenge the authority of you and your fellow cohorts now to take Vincent and Hannah Evanston’s gold today. I am directly challenging the existence of omnipotent American government.”

Bald Justice

“As I stated before, I am not an attorney and I do not know the answers to your questions, or even understand them. May I suggest you contact the Justice Department for the clarifications you seek?”

Mark knew that the Mint Director was now telling the truth, that he wasn't able to gather his bearings; Arlington Stone was clearly in over his head.

“I would like to go off the record here for a moment to confer with my client,” Stewart stated.

“Very well,” said Ken Blair.

“Mark, I don't think we have too much more to seek from this official. His answers of 'I don't know' don't readily allow me much room to corner him. I could spend quite a bit of time to break down each question into simpler concepts that he would have difficulty evading, but such efforts may not prove very successful in showing this information to a jury.

“It is difficult to string together many separate questions to show a jury what I need them to see. I suggest we stop this deposition short and cut our losses, and hope tomorrow's deposition goes better.

“If it doesn't go better tomorrow, then I'll proceed to carry that discussion on to the degree we need to show things one way or another,” said Stewart.

“At best, this guy will try and save his political hide; at worst, he's totally lost,” commented Mark, allowing Stewart to do as he saw fit.

“Back on the record, now,” said Stewart. “I have no more questions from this witness for the present time, but I reserve the right to continue the deposition at a later and mutually-agreeable date and time.”

“I have nothing to clarify,” stated Ken Blair, happy that the deposition was over.

“This concludes the deposition of Mint Director Arlington Stone,” said Stewart, as a small sigh of relief developed on the Mint Director’s face.

“I guess we’ll see you, Mr. Blair, at tomorrow’s deposition of U.S. Treasurer Janet Davidson,” offered Stewart.

Shaking hands with Stewart, Ken Blair said, “Very well.”

“Let’s hope that the Treasurer’s deposition tomorrow proves more beneficial, though today’s deposition went fairly well overall,” said Stewart, once he and Mark were alone. “As her responsibilities span both printed money and struck coin, she could perhaps offer more insight to legal tender paper currencies than the Mint Director.”

Chapter Ten

The deposition of the U.S. Treasurer began on time Tuesday morning with all the parties present, Treasurer Janet Davidson, Assistant U.S. Attorney Ken Blair, Stewart Jamison, Mark Evanston and the court reporter.

Stewart began after the court reporter swore in Treasurer Davidson. After Stewart asked the Treasurer routine preliminary questions, he asked her if she read through the papers he sent her through attorney Ken Blair. She replied that she had. Stewart next asked if she had any general comments on them.

She asked him to clarify his question, more pointedly if possible.

“Did you get any impression from the papers one way or another, favorably or unfavorably?” Stewart asked. “Did they seem to present a plausible theory or were they balderdash?”

“I enjoyed the paper’s unique perspective to which I had never before been exposed,” she admitted.

Stewart asked. “Did you see any validity in the arguments being espoused?”

“There seems to be some rationale behind them, but I haven’t formulated a precise legal opinion on them as of this date,” Ms. Davidson stated.

“Are you discounting them as mad ramblings of an irrational being?” Stewart asked.

“No, I wouldn’t say that,” said Treasurer Davidson.

“It is just that the arguments are so new, so fresh, and so radical, that it will take me some time to digest their vast ramifications and implications,” the Treasurer offered.

“Do you hold out the possibility that the paper is correct on point one, that legal tender paper currencies are only legal tender for the district constituting the seat of government of the United States?” asked Stewart.

“I don’t know if I can yet place a high percentage on it at this point, but I do now recognize the argument. I guess one of the hardest things for me to believe would be to understand how no one in the previous 150 years since the 1862 act was enacted has ever made public such a fantastic argument. Given that, I don’t see how the theory could be true.

“I simply cannot see all the many government officials on both sides of the fence, including countless court justices, either being complicit in the deception or entirely ignorant of it. It just seems too preposterous to be true,” said the Treasurer.

“And yet, there lays 16 pages which have now been written, after all this time, which so plainly details what must be either a preposterously outrageous deception of unprecedented proportions or the fictitious work of a highly inventive mind,” added Stewart.

“Precisely,” stated Treasurer Davidson. “I would almost sooner believe in aliens than that hundreds of millions of Americans for 150 years either were completely ignorant of or complicit in what would amount to the biggest monetary deception in American history. It just seems too far-fetched to believe. I simply cannot get my mind wrapped around it to form an opinion, one way or another, at least just yet.”

Bald Justice

“I appreciate your candor and your integrity, Treasurer Davidson,” Stewart stated.

“I am very proud to hold the position of Treasurer of the United States, and take my office and especially my oath very seriously. Since reading those 16 pages, however, I find myself questioning everything, worrying what else I may have also taken for granted, wondering what else of what I know to be that just isn’t so,” admitted Treasurer Davidson. “I know I would like to learn far more of Mr. Evanston’s thoughts on the matter.”

“I am hoping this lawsuit ultimately sheds far more information on legal tender paper currencies and so-called gold ‘confiscation’ before it concludes,” admitted Stewart.

Mark bent over and asked Stewart quietly if protocol allowed Ms. Davidson to ask him questions during the deposition.

Stewart spoke out loud to the court reporter and Ken Blair and told them that he’d like to go off the record for a moment to confer with his client.

Ken Blair had no objections, especially since the off-the-record discussion the previous day signaled the end of the deposition.

“It would certainly be highly unusual to allow a deponent to ask questions of the defendant,” Stewart relayed back to Mark privately. “I can’t ever recall it being allowed. I can’t imagine Ken Blair allowing us to get away from proper structure, as I don’t see him having anything to gain and perhaps much to lose.”

“Well, what if we had an hour break, so Treasurer Davidson and I could just talk things over? She seems willing to honestly look at my information, but that she just doesn’t having enough of it in front of her yet to form an opinion,” Mark asked.

“That sounds more plausible, only I still don’t see Mr. Blair agreeing with it,” stated Stewart. “But it doesn’t hurt to ask.”

“Off the record yet, Mr. Bailey,” Stewart stated aloud, “Are you willing to take a one-hour break from this deposition, to give Mr. Evanston and Treasurer Davidson time to discuss monetary matters in greater detail in a private conversation, perhaps such that would allow Treasurer Davidson sufficient information so she could perhaps formulate more distinct answers?”

“That is highly irregular, Stewart,” answered Ken. “I would have to say no to such a proposal.”

“It’s not like we can’t simply reserve the right to depose Treasurer Davidson again in the future, perhaps after she and Mr. Evanston communicated on their own,” argued Stewart. “It would be far more efficient for everyone, however, just to allow a short break and get things over with now.”

“It would be fine with me,” offered Treasurer Davidson. “I may have to postpone some other meetings I have scheduled, but they are not overly important. Besides, I would very much like to learn more of Mr. Evanston’s viewpoints on the matter which is so important to my position, as I stated earlier.”

“I guess I don’t have any formal objections to a one-hour break, but I would still request Treasurer Davidson to refrain with speaking to anyone during that time. I would also think, Stewart, that you would object to your client talking to Treasurer Davidson, who I must also point out is a very accomplished attorney,” said Ken Blair.

“Stewart, I will sign any documents you need to release you from allowing me to nominally speak with the ‘opposition’ without having my attorney present,” said Mark.

Bald Justice

“It would probably be wise for me to write out a simple document saying that I am also advising against any communication, that I have informed you of the potential dangers, and that you are releasing the office of Jamison, Smythe, and Kendall from any liability or damage to your case which may occur if you should choose to ignore my advice,” said Stewart.

“Fine,” said Mark.

“Ok, we’ll take a one hour break from this deposition and meet back here in this room at 10:45 am,” said Stewart as he quickly wrote out the release, which Mark signed even more quickly.

∫ ∫ ∫

Treasurer Janet Davidson and Mark Evanston left the conference room and walked out to the outer lobby, where there was a set of chairs and table in a relatively quiet corner.

Sitting down, Treasurer Davidson asked Mark his occupation.

“I drive a dump truck,” stated Mark.

“Seriously?” questioned Ms. Davidson.

“Yes; I have been driving truck again for the past year and a half, something I learned growing up on a busy farm and also what I did in college to earn needed money.”

“So what did you study in college? You must have studied American history, political science, economics and similar courses of study.”

“Actually, it was anatomy, physiology, biochemistry, and the like. I became a chiropractor, but after four years of practice in another chiropractor’s office, I tired of working in the third-party payment model, dealing with health insurance, workman’s compensation and personal injury cases.

“I opened up my own cash, preventive maintenance care clinic and ran it for another year-and-a-half, but it didn’t fly financially. Not wanting to go back to insurance, I closed the office.”

“That’s a lot of preparatory work to walk away from,” noted Ms. Davidson. “Just where did you learn the information about which you wrote in *The Dollar, Revisited?*”

“While twiddling my thumbs waiting for patients that didn’t come, I read a few popular books on current government practices, especially related to growing government debt, inflationary cycles, etc.

“I just couldn’t understand how we got into our current predicament, given that there are so many bright people out there and it wasn’t like we were trying to cure cancer, or fly to Mars. So I began studying constitutional matters on my own.

“One day years later when I was delivering a truckload of raspberries to the processing facility for the farm, I happened to be listening to conservative talk radio, the Lars Larson Show. I didn’t often listen to radio, as I typically preferred the quiet time to reflect on constitutional issues.

“Anyway, the host and a listener were discussing whether a particular constitutional principle was found in the Fifth Amendment, or Sixth, or located elsewhere. I realized I didn’t conclusively know the answer either.

Bald Justice

“So I began memorizing the Bill of Rights. After that, I memorized the Preamble to the Constitution, and later I worked on the Article I, Section 8 powers of Congress. In about two years, I had memorized the original Constitution and the first ten Amendments and also some of the Declaration of Independence.

“Memorizing the Constitution made me very critical of every word and punctuation mark. I began researching what the Constitution meant, not by looking at court cases like attorneys, as too many court cases seemed to have a prior agenda to uphold, but by studying early congressional legislation. The pre-Civil-War era was the period of time Congress best followed the Constitution, so I concentrated my efforts there.

“But my biggest break monetarily was June 30th when I found my great-grandfather’s gold and especially his 30 pages of notes and questions on legal tender paper currencies and gold confiscation,” said Mark. “I was able to build upon his many decades of research, on top of all my own research to date.”

“So most of your theories on legal tender paper currencies and gold confiscation have just been developed in the last five months?” asked Janet.

“Correct. I had studied coinage legislation for a long time, but only recently have I made sense of the deceptive practices involved in the 1862 and 1933 eras. This is still a work in progress for me, and I hope to have much more information developed before this case is completed.”

“When you do, I’d very much like to read it.”

“I’ll make sure you get a copy, if you’ll give me your email address. But you will be able to find it on my website www.MonetaryLaws.com as soon as I’m finished with it.”

“Ok, so you are saying that the Constitution as a whole only allows for gold and silver coin as legal tender?”

“Precisely; just as enacted by early Congresses and how early courts ruled.”

“And paper currencies may only be a legal tender only under Article I, Section 8, Clause 17 for the district constituting the seat of government of the United States, is that correct?”

“Exactly. The district for the seat of government is not a State, and thus constitutional prohibitions meant to limit States do not apply to Congress operating in that particular capacity.”

“I can follow that, and cannot immediately find any fault whatsoever with that rationale,” said Janet. “But just how is Congress able to expand that power beyond the 10-miles square boundaries for the District of Columbia?”

“That is the crux of the matter, but I’d like to postpone discussion of it for a moment. The short answer is predominantly by deception. That dual-role of Congress is confusing on its own, and confusion breeds opportunity for unscrupulous activity.

“Even when Congress legislates for the district constituting the seat of government, they remain clothed with the remainder of their federal powers as detailed in the Constitution.

“One must realize Clause 17, after all, is found within Section 8 of Article I. This is the same article and even the same section which details the remainder of the primary powers of Congress.

Bald Justice

“The supreme Court long ago ruled that otherwise local legislation enacted by Congress for the seat of government nevertheless remained applicable federal law; allowing nationwide federal enforcement to the extent necessary to make the laws locally effective,” said Mark.

“What do you mean, ‘allowing nationwide enforcement to the extent necessary to make the laws locally effective?’”

“That is perhaps a nefarious phrase with far-reaching meaning,” admitted Mark. “I mostly understand the court’s rationale and am not necessarily in disagreement.”

“But are you saying the local federal laws for the seat of government operate throughout all the States, that they are valid *everywhere?*” asked the Treasurer.

“No, not in the sense you seem to be saying; they are not federal laws applicable in the States. All federal laws applicable throughout the States must follow all the commands of the whole Constitution.

“So you are not saying that federal officers can simply enforce these local laws nationwide.”

“Correct, I am not saying that. Officers may only enforce these otherwise local laws enacted by Congress nationwide only to the extent necessary to make them ‘locally effective’.”

“Ok, while I understand the importance of the qualifier, I don’t follow how it applies in this situation.”

“Ok. Do you recall in the old movies, where local sheriff’s deputies are chasing some bad guys, but the deputies stop their chase at the county line and the bad guys get away?”

“Sure.”

“Well, the principle involved there is jurisdiction, where a person is empowered to act with government authority. Once a local officer crosses that line, his government cloak of power evaporates.

“Well, if the bad guy commits an action in the exclusive legislative jurisdiction that Congress previously made a crime there, then federal officers chasing him do not have to stop at the State or county line. They can keep going throughout the U.S. until they catch him. That is nationwide enforcement of locally-effective laws.

“Let’s now say that same action was instead actually committed *outside* of that exclusive legislative jurisdiction, i.e., within the jurisdiction of some State. In this case, then that action could not be a federal crime unless it conformed to the *whole* Constitution.

“In this latter case, then, federal officers could not *start* their pursuit *across* that county or State line, *outside* of their exclusive legislative jurisdiction, because it wouldn’t be a federal crime unless it conformed to the whole Constitution. It may be a State crime under State laws and State or local officers could pursue, but it would not be a federal crime,” stated Mark.

“So you’re saying that if a criminal action made illegal by Congress occurs within the exclusive legislative jurisdiction, then federal officers can pursue those criminals anywhere in the U.S.?”

“Correct.”

“But if that same activity occurred outside of that exclusive legislative jurisdiction — within a State — then it couldn’t be a federal crime unless it dealt treason, counterfeiting or piracy; is that what you are saying?” asked Janet.

“Precisely, and this was all but admitted by the *Knox* Court. The 1790 crime act also detailed court-related crimes, but the court’s jurisdiction isn’t overly relevant to our present discussion.”

“We were initially talking about monetary legislation; remind me again how we began talking about crimes?” said Treasurer Davidson.

“It was the *Knox* Court which referenced federal crimes to explain their ruling regarding paper currencies. The Court brought up a large class of federal crimes listed in the 1790 and 1825 crime acts that were beyond those expressly mentioned in the Constitution and stated that no one had ever alleged that this specific class of crimes were not appropriate federal issues.

“The court expressly mentioned federal criminal jurisdiction to deftly point to the exclusive legislative jurisdiction of Congress, to reference what they were legally doing with monetary legislation, but without explicitly spelling it out.

“The critical piece of information they failed to mention, however, is that those exclusive legislative jurisdiction crimes detailed in the 1790 and 1825 criminal acts *yet conformed precisely to the strict constitutional principles of jurisdiction*.

“Just because the criminal jurisdiction for the government seat wasn’t *expressly* mentioned in the Constitution didn’t mean it wasn’t otherwise explicitly provided for. After all, ‘all cases whatsoever’ refers not only to *civil* jurisdiction, but *criminal* as well.

“Just because no State is involved in these exclusive legislative jurisdiction areas didn’t mean the framers of the Constitution intended for a murderer to get away with murder committed in the government seat, simply because murder was not listed in the Constitution as a federal crime.

“Congress would now simply provide for the criminal punishment of murder within the exclusive legislative jurisdiction as part of their legislation enacted ‘in all cases whatsoever,’ just as they provided in the original 1790 crime act.

“The long and short of it is that federal officers can pursue perpetrators throughout the Union for actions committed within their exclusive legislative jurisdiction and made illegal by Congress.

“However, those same actions committed outside such limited geographical boundaries are not federal crimes unless they conform to the three classes of federal crimes listed in the Constitution. Do you follow?”

“Oh my goodness! I can hardly fathom the implications. Is there any place where I can read more about the true geographic criminal jurisdiction of the United States?”

“Title 18 of the United States Code, Section 7 is a good place to start.

“The actual ramifications of Government Model ‘B,’ of course, expand much further than simply to federal crimes. They extend to *all* federal government activity beyond strict construction of the U.S. Constitution, which today seems almost without end.

“It is difficult to come up with an accurate proportion of improper activity today, but I would have to speculate that some 90 – 99% of all their activity is improper within the United States as a whole.

“All of that government action beyond strict construction of the Constitution actually occurs in Government Model ‘B’ jurisdiction, since there is no Government Model ‘C’ of omnipotent and arbitrary action.”

Mark was having a wonderful day; no doubt about it. Never before did he imagine in his wildest dreams that he would be having such an open conversation with such a high government official.

The deposition with the Director of the Mint was more along the lines Mark envisioned most government officials would react to his information, protecting their errant turf in spite their sworn oath to only support the Constitution.

Mark was thankful for Stewart Jamison's bold decision to go fishing in Washington, D.C., into the very bowels of the beast itself. Mark knew that it was a big risk on Jamison's part, the expense coming out of his cut if he won and out of his pocket if he didn't.

Treasurer Davidson responded, "Ok, I think I finally understand the qualification. Still, relatively few people in the United States ever even step foot in the District of Columbia, so how did government get so big?"

"Well, that's the multi-trillion dollar question. The real trick then is how to get Americans, *wherever they are located*, to 'volunteer' to that exclusive legislative jurisdiction *and thereby fall under its authority*.

"This may take decades of research by thousands of competent researchers to discover all the many ways people inadvertently 'volunteer' to fall under the exclusive legislative jurisdiction of Congress even as they are located within a State.

"May I ask if you are a citizen of the United States?" asked Mark.

"Yes I am."

"Are you sure?"

"I was a moment ago."

“What if I asked if you were a ‘citizen of the United States,’ but then re-defined ‘the United States’ to mean only ‘the district constituting the seat of government of the United States?’”

“Oh, come on now, it couldn’t be that easy. Are you saying I ‘volunteer’ to that exclusive legislative jurisdiction simply by agreeing that I am a citizen of *that* United States, even when I didn’t know Congress may have re-defined ‘the United States’ in some law or regulation to mean ‘the district constituting the seat of government of the United States?’”

“Have you ever heard ‘ignorance of the law is no excuse?’”

“Yes, but come on.”

“Don’t kill the messenger. I’m not saying that their actions are just or proper, simply that those actions fall within their definition of ‘legal,’ because that is how they are somewhere defined within their many clever laws.

“We saw how easy it was to re-define words for monetary legislation. Why would monetary legislation be any different than criminal legislation, regulatory legislation, etc.?”

“No one should really question why so many Americans distrust their government today even as they love their country.

“Faith in government will not be restored until government again becomes faithful to its founding principles,” responded Mark.

“How do you account for the fact that the Treasurer of the United States who prides herself on her open mind which she constantly seeks to fill with relevant information regarding her position has never heard such theories on either legal tender paper currencies or gold confiscation?” asked Janet.

Bald Justice

“I just came out with this monetary information in the past few months, and neither have I ever read of anyone else making known any similar monetary theories.

“I don’t know how many people have discovered the information, but many must have been informed of it, as the writers of all these deceptive acts must know precisely what is going on.

“It would be in the interest of those who pass along this information to keep it very quiet, for if many others found out about it, their distinct financial advantage would be threatened.

“Any of those people who know about it and work to expose it are likely dismissed as crackpots and conspiracy-theorists.”

“How is it that you came to figure out what you did?” asked Janet.

“I refused to accept unnecessary roadblocks on something so important as individual liberty and limited government under the powerful chains of the Constitution.

“I stubbornly believed that the government model in practice must correspond precisely with the government model in principle. My faith did not waver, no matter the circumstances.

“Basically, I just keep at my investigation until I could understand the apparent contradiction, as contradictions cannot exist.

“What I learned was that the practice does, in the strictest sense, correspond with the principle. The consequential difference is that which was meant to be the rare exception has been deviously and improperly switched to become the rule which was never meant to be used in the sly manner as it has been used.

“Of course, the important thing to realize is not whether you have heard this theory before, *but what you will do once you have heard it*. Remember, you are a high government official who has given her sworn oath to support the Constitution. That oath extends to supporting the *whole* Constitution, not just one clause,” Mark relayed.

“Given my initial thoughts of your findings, I could see that following my oath will now present me with increasingly-difficult decisions. It will undoubtedly even put my continued employment in jeopardy, politically. In realistic matters, however, I have a house, vehicles and bills to pay,” answered Janet.

“The founders of this country pledged not only their fortunes, not only their sacred honor, but also even their very lives to secure their freedom and the liberty of their loved ones and posterity.

“If Americans today began concentrating on freedom, they would not see a path of obstacles, but of spectacular opportunities.

“With freedom and limited government restored, the American dream would again come alive as not one in a million today experience. When dreams again appear possible, the once-impossible becomes the inevitable.

“Whatever one may happen to lose in any transition turmoil could be quickly regained in the explosive economic growth occurring once our country gets back again on a solid foundation, and the whole future would be then nothing but gain,” Mark detailed.

“I have a question for you,” said Mark.

“Go ahead,” said Janet.

Bald Justice

“After becoming aware of my work on legal tender paper currencies and gold confiscation, will you now be able to move front and center to covering up that information and deny the existence of such vile and deceptive practices used to enslave your fellow Americans, including members even of your own family?”

“Never!” exclaimed Janet vehemently, surprising herself. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to shout.”

“That’s perfectly all right,” said Mark. “In fact, I think it is great. You have already made up your mind, even if you don’t yet realize it. I see that it is not in your nature to fail to do the right thing, once you have determined what that is.

“You have a strong moral compass which points true north and you don’t really have the option to do anything but pursue your proper course, even as it turns perilous. I pray for your sake calm seas, but I think you should expect rough seas and prepare yourself accordingly.”

“I think I am as ready as I will be to complete my deposition,” said Janet.

∫ ∫ ∫

The attorneys and court reporter were waiting patiently in the conference room, looking at the wall clock as the two returned. Mark gave Stewart a favorable look, indicating that the conversation with Treasurer Davidson went well.

Treasurer Davidson resumed her position in the hot seat to complete the deposition. She looked as if a quiet peace came over her.

Ken Blair, seeing her calm, became agitated. His jaw was clenched and his lips were pursed, as the veins in his neck began to throb as his temples bulged in and out with the beat of his heart.

“I want it stated for the record that our break was highly irregular,” said Ken, grasping now at straws.

Stewart Jamison resumed his questioning, reminding Treasurer Davidson that she remained under oath.

“Treasurer Davidson, before this deposition, had you formed any opinion about the legality of legal tender paper currencies?” asked Stewart.

“I had always believed them to be legal.”

“Do you still hold that position?” Stewart asked.

“Yes,” said Treasurer Davidson.

Stewart glanced over at Mark, puzzled as Treasurer Davidson’s answer didn’t seem to correspond with Mark’s earlier favorable glance.

He discounted his unrealistic optimism, realizing that it couldn’t be so easy. After all, just what could the Treasurer of the United States say any differently and keep her position?

Ken Blair breathed a sigh of relief, realizing that he too had unduly worried about the deposition break. Besides, it was absurd to think that a 16-page paper and one-hour conversation with a truck driver could sway the opinion of the U.S. Treasurer to change her view on coins and currency under her direct oversight.

“Are paper currencies legal tender within the United States?” asked Stewart.

“Yes”, stated Treasurer Davidson, as Ken Blair relaxed further into his chair.

Stewart narrowed his question, “Are paper currencies legal tender within the United States, as ‘tender’ and ‘United States’ are defined and understood by the Constitution?”

“No,” replied the Treasurer of the United States Janet Davidson in a matter-of-fact tone, as Ken Blair’s jaw almost hit the conference table and his eyes became as large as a cue ball.

Stewart quickly followed with another question, “In what way are legal tender paper currencies not a legal tender through all the United States of America?”

“Paper currencies are a legal tender only in the district constituting the seat of government of the United States under Article I, Section 8, Clause 17 of the Constitution, which provides that Congress may exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over that district,” said Treasurer Davidson.

“What a fishing expedition this turned out to be!” Stewart thought to himself. He had just landed a trophy marlin that he could mount on the wall for all to see.

Though he had made similar conclusions, he never thought he’d hear those words being offered by any high government official, let alone the Treasurer of the United States.

Treasurer Davidson continued, “The U.S. Constitution which I swore an oath to uphold only allows gold and silver coin to be made a tender for payment of debts in these 50 United States of America.

“The precise amount of silver hardened with copper was later defined by Congress to be a coin which amounted to 371.25 grains of fine silver. The eagle is a gold coin of specified weight at given purity and valued at ten dollars.

“Federal Reserve notes are dollars of and for the district constituting the seat of government of the United States. The dollar for this district also reaches to base metal coins, and even gold and silver dollars, which is rather ironic, as these latter dollars have far greater inherent value than the others even though their exchange value is nominally held to be the same.”

Ken Blair, unsure exactly what to do to save his case, blurted out. “Stewart, at your earlier request, we had a one-hour break. I’d like to now request the same so I may confer with my associates. May we please meet back here at noon?”

“I guess I have no objections, as long as Treasurer Davidson remains available to complete the deposition,” stated Stewart.

“I am available for as long as needed,” stated Treasurer Davidson.

“Actually, why don’t we just break for an early lunch and be back here at 12:30 pm?” asked Stewart.

“That would be great,” said Ken. “Let’s do that.”

“Treasurer Davidson, I am leaving the room and I order you to do the same, and to have no further conversations with either Mr. Jamison or Mr. Evanston until I return, understood?” asked Assistant U.S. Attorney Ken Blair.

“Very well,” answered Treasurer Davidson, not wanting to push the envelope any further that day, knowing she was in enough hot water already and didn’t want to appear combative.

∫ ∫ ∫

Ken Blair didn't make it back to the conference room until 12:45 pm, after the others had returned from lunch.

"Sorry I'm late. I'm afraid we can't start yet. This case just jumped higher than my pay-grade. Assistant Attorney General Albert Godfrey in charge of the Civil Division of the United States Department of Justice should be here within 20 minutes and he will be taking over this case. I need to meet him in the main lobby downstairs, so we'll return in just a little while. Please be patient."

At 1:20 pm, in finally walked Ken Blair with three other gentlemen in suits and ties who had all been obviously quite rushed, with Treasurer Davidson following behind them. The Assistant Attorney General spoke up and introduced himself, but not the other two gentlemen with him.

"You must be Mr. Jamison, the lead attorney defending this case," stated the Assistant Attorney General. "I have great news for you and your client. The Secretary of the Treasury has dropped this lawsuit and your client's gold will be returned to the family within the week.

"Mr. Jamison, the Secretary will be paying all your legal fees involved in this case per your contract with your client, including your trip here and the deposition costs. This therefore concludes the case and the deposition. Good day," stated the Assistant Attorney General, as he turned to one of the gentlemen who hadn't yet been introduced and nodded.

“Court Reporter Laura Reynolds, I have a court order from Judge Robert Allen in this case ordering you to hand over to me your transcripts, and any and all other reports, notes, documents, whether written, printed, typed, photographed, recorded or otherwise produced or reproduced communication or representation of any kind and description, whether comprised of letters, words, numbers, pictures, sounds or symbols, or any combination thereof, or inscribed by hand or by mechanical, electronic, magnetic, microfilm, photographic or other means, as well as phonic or visual reproductions of communications, oral statements, conversations or events, and including material in any form including, but not limited to, any report, study, record, handwritten note, map, drawing, working paper, chart, paper, draft, index, tape, microfilm, data sheet, computer-stored or computer readable data, data processing card, computer printout, or any other written, typed, printed, photocopied, dittoed, mimeographed, recorded, transcribed, taped, filmed, photographic or graphic matter, all other data compilations from which information or communications can be obtained, however produced or reproduced, and any drafts or revisions of any of the foregoing. The term ‘document’ also includes the file and folder tabs associated with each such aforesaid original and/or copy, all correspondence transmitting such document or explanation or commenting on the contents thereof, and all working or supporting papers involved in this deposition of U.S. Treasurer Janet Davidson on Tuesday, November 13, 2012, in the case of *United States v. Evanston*, Cause No. 2:11-cv-00007-RHW,” said the gentleman as he glanced up from the court order he’d been reading.

Assistant Attorney General Albert Godfrey spoke up, “Treasurer of the United States Janet Davidson, the Secretary of the Treasury has requested your immediate presence in his office and has asked me to personally escort you. Would you please come with me?”

Janet Davidson well understood that this was not an ‘invitation’ which she could decline.

Mark glanced up at Janet, who maintained a calm expression about her. “And so it begins for you,” stated Mark. “I’ll keep you in my prayers.”

“Please pray for justice, bald justice; open, forthright, and undisguised justice,” Janet stated, as she walked out with Ken Blair and the Assistant Attorney General.

The other gentlemen remained while the court reporter gathered her things about her, separating the stenography tape, audiotape, and notepad to give to the gentlemen who appeared none too patient, so they could take the material back to the Secretary of the Treasury.

Court reporter Laura Reynolds handed over the documents, saying, “This is everything I have regarding today’s deposition.”

“Thank you,” responded one of the gentlemen. “You may leave out the door ahead of us.”

Stewart Jamison and Mark Evanston remained in the conference room after the door closed.

“Well that was certainly an interesting and mighty unusual experience,” said Stewart, followed with a low whistle. “I would have had a hard time believing it if I hadn’t witnessed it firsthand.”

“I’ll say,” said Mark. “It sure appears the government was mighty nervous about letting this case get to trial.”

“They knew they would now lose this case, given the Treasurer’s sworn statements today,” said Stewart.

“To act so fast, Mr. Blair must have already apprised his superiors regarding our defense,” said Mark. “They must have already instructed that if or when things took a decided turn for the worse, to contact them for the decision to pull the plug. And boy did they move fast.”

“That makes sense,” said Stewart.

“I imagine that Treasurer Davidson will be fired immediately, don’t you?” asked Mark.

“From what we witnessed, I would think so. I would guess, however, the public statement will undoubtedly be that she’s quitting for personal reasons.

“Maybe she will be offered some serious hush money to retire in peaceful, quiet comfort, though I’m not so sure she would accept it if it were ever offered,” said Stewart.

“So what do we do now?” asked Mark.

“Go home. My bill will be paid by the government and you’ll get back your gold, whole,” said Stewart. “Your case is over and we won.”

“At this point, I was really looking forward to getting our case to trial. I would have been able to really build some valuable publicity in the press for the book I’m working on; a court ruling in our favor would have been wonderful,” said Mark.

“Which is precisely why the government could not provide you the forum,” stated Stewart.

“You know, I’m surprised that the government didn’t require a non-disclosure agreement that we would have to sign before you got your legal fees paid and my family got back our gold,” Mark stated.

“That would seem to make sense, but would you have agreed?”

“No.”

“They likely surmised as much. The government didn’t want to open the door for you to then start a lawsuit against them for getting back your gold, as they’d eventually find themselves back in the same position in the lawsuit, but now with you controlling it.

“To give you back your gold only costs them some transportation expenses. My fee will cost them \$300,000 or \$400,000, but that would only really be chicken feed to them.

“Just think of how much money the United States government is able annually to take advantage of through their printing presses, and how much power and influence that printed currency buys them. Then think of all the money created merely by accounting entries, which is not even ever printed. *That* is what they must protect.

“Their take is unfathomable for all mere mortals, which leads me to think they have only a few ways left to deal with you, at present.

“First they can attempt to buy you off to shut you up. How would you like a million dollars or \$10 million this year, Mark, and a nice annual maintenance stipend for the rest of your life?” asked Stewart.

“That would be a whole bunch of money, no doubt. However, to accept it, I would have to sellout every principle I hold dear. Every time I spent even one dollar of that money, it would remind me I sold my soul for dollars, the number of which would be irrelevant.

“I wouldn’t ever be able to look at my wife, step-kids, nor especially my young grandchildren, who would live their whole lives under bondage their grandfather had some capability to help remove.”

“Which is why they did not pursue a non-disclosure agreement,” offered Stewart. “They absolutely had to terminate their lawsuit before we had in our hands the deposition transcripts of the Treasurer of the United States saying legal tender paper currencies are not legal tender for these United States of America.

“Which leads me to their second course of action, Mark. You need to change your return flight so I won’t be flying home with you on my plane into SeaTac! You may as well fly now into Portland, at least if you dare,” Stewart said in a deadly serious tone. “All I can say is be careful and watch your back.”

“I’ve thought of such a scenario, not much, but it has been in the back of my mind. You know, of course, that if they really are out to get you, that it is not paranoia,” Mark said with a laugh, trying to lighten the mood.

“I am going to leave now, Mark,” said Stewart. “I have really enjoyed this case and it is a pity that we couldn’t have taken it all the way to trial and received a verdict in our favor. But we won greater than I had ever first imagined and now it is time to move on. Thanks for all your research and best of luck to you in the future. I’m confident I’ll be hearing more of and about you in the future.”

“Thanks, Stewart,” said Mark, as they shook hands and parted.

Chapter Eleven

“Penny, are you there?” asked Mark on the phone as he reached the outside plaza below.

“Yes dear, how are things?” asked Penny.

“The second deposition went superbly, so well in fact that the government folded its hand and dropped the lawsuit. They are paying Stewart Jamison’s legal fees and will be returning our gold within a week.”

“Really? That’s amazing. Fantastic. Congratulations.”

“When I get home, we should go to the zoo to see the bears and lions to celebrate,” Mark stated very clearly and carefully. “And, of course, ‘we’ includes the kids and grandkids, if they would like.”

When the phone went quiet, Mark knew that Penny understood.

“Yes, that sounds wonderful,” Penny said after a slight hesitation and with an almost imperceptible quiver in her voice. “I will talk with the kids, to let them know we may be going to the zoo. We’ll be ready to go when you get back.”

“Ok, but if the weather doesn’t look like it will hold out until I get there, then just go ahead and begin without me. If I miss anything, I’ll catch up.”

“Have you heard the weather forecast, by-the-way?” asked Penny.

“No; but this time of year, you have to keep your eyes on the horizon and watch for any sign of inclement weather,” said Mark. “I’ll be home tomorrow night. I love you, dear.”

“I love you also. Have a safe flight and I’ll see you soon.”

As Mark hung up the phone, he said a brief prayer to God to watch over and protect his wife and family.

Mark had told Penny that if his research ever gained any traction, that it could mean some danger to them. That is why he had been working so diligently on finishing his *Monetary Laws* book.

Once it was released into the public domain, he felt that they would be that much safer. If anything unusual happened to him after that, it could possibly make him a martyr, perhaps driving his work front and center into the limelight, which his opponents would certainly not want.

Mark's mention of 'zoo' was the codeword for their rendezvous point at a quiet, secluded cabin they knew was most always available for rent in the distant hills up above Cougar, Washington, on the south flank of Mt. St. Helens.

'Bears' and 'lions' indicated Mark's assessment of the current danger. Bears being near the beginning of the alphabet with lions nearer the middle, told Penny that Mark believed the danger level to be light-to-moderate. This meant to keep alert and ready to move at a moment's notice, but no immediate known danger.

If Mark had mentioned 'tigers' it would have put Penny on high alert to start assembling all transportable goods for a road-trip and to leave as soon as she was able.

If Mark had mentioned 'zebras,' Penny would have dropped everything and immediately ditched the cell phone, grabbed any available cash & precious metals and the extra duffle bags of food and supplies stored in the porch closet, and thrown everything in the car and vacated the premises.

Bald Justice

Penny then would have driven to her daughter Bethany's work to tell her personally the score, which Bethany would then personally inform Blake or Daphne of the same. Penny would trade cars with a friend or relative, if possible, before heading to the rendezvous site.

There were other code words designating other locations, with related objects to provide current assessments for danger.

Mark would now try and call Penny every three or four hours during alert status, to make sure things were ok at each end and to note any changes of status.

Mark called within three hours, figuring Penny would be most apprehensive during that initial period.

"Hi dear, is everything going well at your end?" Mark asked.

"Yes, everything is great here. The kids are playing well together," said Penny, who took care of Bethany's young kids Paige and Ryan while Bethany worked.

"That is great. I'm going out to grab dinner, but I won't be out long or go far."

"Well, be careful. I hear that the District of Columbia can be a dangerous place."

"Only when members of Congress are in session," joked Mark, repeating that old saying. "I won't stay out after dark."

"Ok, call me tonight."

"Will do," said Mark. "I love you."

"I love you too, Mark," said Penny.

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark left the hotel room to grab a quick bite to eat. When he saw a hot dog cart, he knew he had to stop there for dinner.

He made small talk with the vendor, admitting that he tried his hand at the trade for a while, and still had the stainless steel push-cart. The vendor said he was interested in purchasing such a push-style cart, and they exchanged information after Mark told him the sales price. Mark said he would send him an email with photos.

Mark made it back to his hotel early for an uneventful evening. He called Penny at 10:00 pm eastern time and relayed his quiet evening. Penny offered the same.

Mark said he would call her in the morning and told Penny he loved her and looked forward to again seeing her beautiful face.

Mark initially lay restless in bed as he recollected the momentous events of the day, but he soon nodded off and fell fast asleep.

Mark awoke to the sun peeking into his room the next morning. He got up and showered and packed his belongings. Looking at his watch, it was 8:30 am, he had about 30 minutes before he needed to start toward the airport, but he figured he may as well get going and arrive there early.

Mark arrived at the airport and checked in and received his boarding pass and went to get in line at airport security. The line looked like it would take at least a half-hour, so he decided to call Penny during the wait.

“Good morning, Sunshine,” Mark said as Penny answered.

“Good morning also to you.”

“I’m at the airport, waiting to get through security so I can get to my gate.”

Bald Justice

“Good, no problems over the night?” asked Penny.

“Nope, and I slept like a baby. I don’t want to talk too much here in line; I’ll call you once I’m at my gate. My plane leaves at 12:05 eastern time and we arrive in Portland at 6:10 pm.”

“Ok, I’ll talk to you in a little while.”

Mark neared the end of the line in front of the row of metal detectors and carry-on x-ray scanners and got out his boarding pass and wallet. He showed his ticket and identification to the TSA security guard, who looked through a few sheets he had on his clipboard and handed Mark back his paperwork.

Mark noticed the agent pressed a button on the pedestal beside him and made a check-mark on the paperwork. Mark moved forward to the conveyor belt area and emptied his pockets and placed the items in the trays, along with his belt, shoes, glasses and watch.

As he waited his turn to walk through the metal detectors, he noticed three agents coming out of the nearby office and walk toward the security guard who had summoned them.

As Mark walked through the detector, its lights flashed and buzzer buzzed due to his three-year old titanium hip. Security personnel used their hand wand on him and cleared him to pick up his belongings. The three TSA security staff walked toward and confronted him as he went to find a chair.

“Mr. Evanston, would you please grab your belongings and come with us?” asked the senior agent.

“What is the matter, if I may ask?”

“We are being asked to detain you,” stated the agent.

“For what reason?”

“That is above our pay grade, we’re just asked to detain you.”

“May I put on my belt and shoes, first?”

“Just bring them with you, you can put them on right over there in the office,” said the agent, motioning toward the office only 50 feet away.

“Very well.”

When he got settled in the office and had his belt and shoes back on, Mark took out his cell phone and started to call Penny.

“Sorry, no cell phone use is allowed in here,” said one of the men.

“Under just what authority are you preventing me from using my phone?”

The man pointed to a small poster picturing a cell phone with a big red circle and slash mark.

Unimpressed, Mark casually hit the speed dial for Penny, but left the phone at his side. Not being able to hear Penny answer, he waited a few extra moments to make sure she was either there or her voice mail was already active and then he quickly brought the phone to his mouth and started speaking extra-clearly, “Penny, I’m being detained by security at the Washington National Airport.”

“What?” said Penny, still wanting to make sure she heard him correctly.

“Hey, I told you no cell phone use in this office,” said the agent, as he walked over to confiscate the phone.

“I’ll call you as soon as I’m cleared out of security,” Mark said as he was cut off and his phone confiscated.

Bald Justice

Mark was thankful he got through to let Penny know that he was being detained, but was otherwise ok. He didn't want her to worry that perhaps he had been hurt and lay in a hospital somewhere.

After 45 minutes of waiting, Mark asked if they knew how much longer it would be, that he had a plane to catch.

"Again, above our pay grade," stated the agent.

In another half-hour, the door opened and in walked two men in suits.

"Mark Evanston?" asked the marshal.

"Yes."

"May we see your identification?"

Mark showed them his driver's license and the officers seemed satisfied they had their man.

"Please stand up and place your hands behind your back, you're coming with us."

The men handcuffed Mark and walked him and his belongings out of the office and paraded him down the hall to a nearby side-door emergency exit. The TSA agent stationed at the door opened it for them and they walked outside and got into a waiting car, putting Mark in the backseat.

It had been a new experience for Mark to be handcuffed and paraded like a criminal before throngs of people. He noticed a young boy pointing at him and leaning in towards his mother's ear to ask a question. He received scowls and stern looks from many other people of all ages.

Mark knew no one in the crowd and even though they suspected the worst of him being hauled away in handcuffs, Mark knew he had done nothing wrong and thus could not feel any guilt. Besides, even if someone did happen to recognize him, he knew his reputation would someday be exonerated.

Mark was questioned extensively over the next two days.

The first thing Mark stated once interrogators entered the interrogation room was, "I demand that I be let go immediately."

The interrogator chuckled, "You are not free to leave; you are being detained."

"What does that mean; am I being arrested?" Mark asked next.

"Being detained means you may not leave. We haven't decided yet whether to arrest you. We may detain you for 72 hours and may delay making the decision to arrest you until then."

"Under what pretense am I being held?"

"You are being held because we have the power to do it."

Mark didn't like what he was hearing; they were doing what they were because they could. He didn't like being the fish of someone else's fishing expedition.

Mark was deciding whether or not he should answer the interrogator's inevitable questions or remain silent. He recalled watching an online video of a law professor's lecture to law students telling them that they should never, ever speak with interrogators or arresting officers and that they should likewise instruct all their clients to do the same. The professor then gave very compelling arguments backing up his statement.

Bald Justice

Yet Mark knew his case was different from the typical criminal case, his detainment being politically-motivated. Since political crimes were far more subjective than standard criminal cases, however, the professor's point was all the more relevant for Mark.

One thing Mark didn't want to do was to initially stand mute only to later begin talking, for it would look like he 'broke.'

Above everything else, however, Mark well knew that it was his inherent nature to talk and explain his political positions to anyone, anywhere, anytime.

The complaint Mark heard most often in his political discussions was "too much information." As Mark didn't hear that complaint now, he talked at great length and explained his theories to his attentive audience.

By the end of the first day, Mark's voice was beginning to get hoarse, and by the middle of the second, he could hardly even talk audibly anymore.

Mark didn't know why his throat was always so weak. The quickest way to finish off his voice was to be in the back seat of a car and try and carry on a conversation with the people in the front. He would raise his voice and try to cast it forward, and his voice would seemingly leave right out the front window.

The interrogators found Mark eager to explain his position, even-tempered and patient. They tried different techniques to agitate him, but to no avail.

Though perhaps his jailers would physically threaten him, he knew they wouldn't carry it out. He knew head games, of course, were certainly fair game.

When threatened with imprisonment, Mark relayed that his family felt as if he had long ago cast himself in a voluntary prison of historical research.

His wife thought if she hadn't married him, that he would have ended up as a hermit holed up in a cave somewhere, doing nothing but his life's work, typing on a manual typewriter by daylight and by candlelight in the darkness.

When threatened with solitary confinement, Mark relayed that he would likely prefer it over being placed with the general prison population.

Of course, if Mark really had any idea of what prisons were actually like, he may well have had greater cause to worry about such threats.

The interrogators threatened to confiscate his assets; but he told them he had none beyond minimum State exemptions. And further, that they'd have to stand in line behind his cabinetmaking creditors for the small fortune he yet owed.

When asked why he hadn't yet declared bankruptcy, he told them that he knew he owed the money and wasn't seeking to deny his creditors who took a risk on him their just due, and if he was somehow able to pay them someday he would do his best to do so.

When asked if he had been paying any of the creditors in the interim, Mark readily admitted he hadn't. He stated that even if his short-term debts could be converted to a 30-year mortgage at rock-bottom interest rates, that he would still not even be able to pay one-tenth of a monthly payment.

He also admitted that if any creditor pushed for payment in his present situation, that he'd be forced into bankruptcy and none of them would get anything.

When asked if he would like to get his life back on financial track, he stated that his top financial priority for decades had been his research and writing and once our money was again gold and silver coin, that then he'd worry about seeking more of it.

Numerous people entered the room and questioned Mark at length over the next two days, repeating many of the same questions over and over again.

The things continuously pressed were the names of his fellow conspirators and who all he told about his theories. The interrogators also wanted to know where all of his information was stored. Mark didn't provide answers to these questions.

Mark clarified that he didn't conspire against anything; that his mission in life was to uphold America's fundamental principles which could not be made illegal.

He told his captors time and again that his primary liberty-minded work was his research and writing, and he did this alone. No one would see his work in progress, only once he was satisfied with it was it then released for others to read, though few seldom ever did.

The morning of the second day brought several men whose names and positions were not given and who came and went like they owned the place.

Even the primary interrogators didn't know who they were, but their paperwork from the highest levels of government gave them *carte blanche* authority to do as they pleased.

To these men Mark offered nothing. Their manner was opposite from the other men who questioned him. They were overly secretive and cunning, if not conniving. These were the kind of men one didn't want to meet in a darkly-lit alley, where something sinister would inevitably happen.

These men ended up questioning the interrogators more than they questioned Mark, to gather the information they sought, to learn about Mark and his vulnerabilities.

To everyone's appreciation, these men left three hours after they arrived; evidently satisfied they had what they needed.

Mark's interrogators seemed frustrated from their lack of progress with their otherwise cooperative client. It seems they were not overly used to dealing with someone with a guilt-free conscience and didn't really know how to proceed for so long.

In normal cases, they would have released their detainee long before, but they were informed at the onset to question Mark the duration of time allowed.

Other than Mark's concern for his wife and his family's well-being, they didn't find any area of weakness which they could exploit.

∫ ∫ ∫

At ten minutes after twelve o'clock noon of the second day of interrogation, an attractive, long-legged woman approached the security staff on the first floor of the building where Mark was being questioned.

Bald Justice

The woman was Penny, who had flown to Washington, D.C. after she hadn't heard from Mark for six hours after she lost contact.

It took Penny four hours and six stops that morning to get to the building where she hoped her husband was actually being held.

It took another hour to get a pass to go through security. Penny sat impatiently for yet another hour in the stark reception area six floors up, outside an even more secure entryway.

Every hour on the hour Penny approached the sixth-floor receptionist and asked in an increasingly firm manner to speak with her husband or any officer who knew about him. "I have flown across the country to find my husband and I won't leave until I have found out something," she firmly relayed on her last approach.

Twenty minutes later, the lead interrogator in the case, U.S. Marshal Steve Fredrickson, finally came out and spoke briefly with Penny.

"Mrs. Evanston," he began after introducing himself, "I can appreciate your position and I'm sorry no one has been able to come out and speak with you sooner. After we are finished talking, I'm going to be speaking with my superiors. As soon as I know something, you'll be informed in short order."

"Well thank you, Marshal," said Penny. "I appreciate your help. I do not appreciate, however, my husband being treated like a criminal. You were wrong to detain him, and you should have figured that out by now."

"I cannot comment on his holding, or provide my opinion in the matter. But again, once we've determined our course of action, you'll be informed."

Marshal Fredrickson conferred with his superiors and told them he had nothing whatsoever to give them after 36 hours of questioning, certainly nothing worthy of arrest.

Marshal Fredrickson recommended releasing Mark. The marshal felt that instituting legal procedures after arresting Mark on a trumped-up charge wouldn't dampen his commitment, but merely offer him a bigger soapbox while inevitably making him a more competent adversary for future battles.

As far as Mark was concerned, if he lost his battles, he felt no shame as long as he fought with the best of his means and ability. He did not expect super-human results from his meager efforts and he no longer questioned where life's turns took him.

Mark recalled the Apostle Paul's imprisonment where he wrote four inspired books of the New Testament.

He remembered Galileo's life confinement during the Inquisition for the heresy of helping prove the earth revolved around the sun, during which time he completed some of his best works.

With such inspiring examples of these, Mark knew he would be in good company if he were imprisoned. Mark was yet thankful that the chances of him being sent to the Siberian Gulags were remote.

Mark no longer feared failure, as he had learned far more about himself in his personal failures than in his successes. The only thing he feared was not trying to succeed with his life's important work.

He did not look to his external environment for satisfaction; it came from within and poured outward, not the other way around.

It may well prove beyond his means and ability to succeed, but his failure wouldn't come from not trying.

Bald Justice

The decision was made in Washington, D.C. to return Mark home, without an apology for his detainment.

A new face came into the interrogation room. “Good evening, Mr. Evanston. I’m U.S. Marshal Thompson, and I’m here to escort you back to your family. We’re picking up an extra person to ride along with us, I’m told.

“We will also be meeting two other agents on the airplane who are safeguarding some valuable cargo to make sure it gets back to your family without incident.”

“Let’s get you to the airport,” said Marshal Thompson. “Follow me to the garage where our driver is waiting for us.”

When they were in the car, waiting for the other passenger, Mark asked for his cell phone.

“Your belongings are all in the trunk,” said Marshal Thompson. “You can get it when we get to the airport. Oh, it looks like our other passenger is now coming.”

Mark looked up and was quite startled but very pleased to see his wife, pulling her luggage bag, being escorted by Marshal Fredrickson, walking towards the car.

Marshal Fredrickson opened the door and Penny saw Mark.

“Well hello, Gorgeous,” Mark said hoarsely, as he got out to give Penny a warm welcome. “Thanks for coming to rescue me. You must have been successful, because I’m no longer in handcuffs.”

“If you wouldn’t get in so much trouble, I wouldn’t have to fly across the country to come to your rescue,” said Penny, thankful to see her husband out of detainment. “You know how I don’t like to fly. And I can hear you’ve been talking too much, again.”

The car soon took off for the airport, pulling back into the secure area from where Mark had been taken two days earlier. Marshal Thompson rang the buzzer beside the door and a TSA agent asked him over the intercom to raise his I.D. badge to the video camera.

Once inside the airport, Mark and Penny were quickly ushered through the security screening and made it to the gate when boarding was still about 20 minutes off.

Marshal Thompson went to check in with the airline's gate attendants and provided them with his identification and paperwork. Coming back a few moments later, he said, "Ok, they will board us now; please follow me."

The airline attendants showed the two men and Penny to their seats, which were immediately behind two other men already seated.

Passengers began boarding the plane and soon it was on the runway and taking off. That was the second-worst part of the ride, as far as Penny was concerned.

Within minutes, Mark was fast asleep as he hadn't been allowed to sleep during detainment and only woke as the plane began descending to the Portland airport in the early morning hours of Friday, November 16th.

Penny was preparing herself for the worst part of the ride, the landing. She especially didn't like the bumpy turbulence they were hitting, with its sudden vertical drops when it felt as if the plane would fall from the sky.

Once the plane landed and pulled up to the terminal gate, Mark got up to get his things together, but Marshal Thompson stated that they would wait to get off until everyone else cleared the plane.

Bald Justice

Within short order the plane was cleared of its other passengers and Marshal Thompson signaled to his cohorts to disembark.

The two men first on the plane each now grabbed two sturdy containers. Mark figured the containers each held a half-bag's worth of gold. The men with the gold followed Marshal Thompson. Penny followed behind the marshal and Mark brought up the rear.

Mark asked Penny if she had her car in long-term parking, but she stated that Bethany had taken her to the airport.

Two black sedans were waiting for them near one of the side entrances off-limits to the public. Marshal Thompson directed Mark and Penny to follow him to the front vehicle, and the other men jumped into the second.

The cars sped off towards I-205 north, crossing the mighty Columbia River by the Glenn Jackson Bridge and into Washington.

Mark borrowed Penny's phone to call his mom; thankfully his voice had pretty much returned overnight. "Penny and I have left the Portland Airport and are heading your way. Federal officers are bringing us and our gold to you. We should be at your home in 15 minutes."

"That's wonderful," said Hannah. "I am sorry to hear how much you've been put through. It's good to hear that you are safe."

The two cars traveled west on Highway 14 and merged onto I-5 northbound, getting off at the Hazel Dell exit. They arrived at the home of Hannah Evanston at 7:45 am.

Welcoming them home were Mark's mom and sisters Wanda and Diane. Mark led the gentlemen into the house and told the treasury agents they could put the gold on the table, which they did.

“Please sign this paper acknowledging receipt of four canisters containing your gold. Please note that the lids remain sealed, and that the seal numbers correspond with the seal numbers listed on the paperwork,” stated one of the Treasury agents.

Mark compared the seals and they all matched. “I want to break open the seals in your presence to view the contents,” he relayed.

“I’ll get some wire cutters,” said Hannah, as she walked off and quickly returned with a pair.

Mark sliced open the first seal and removed the lid of the pail. He poured out the contents onto the table. The Treasury agents remain unmoved by the activity.

“It looks all there,” said Mark, as he opened the three remaining containers and removing their lids. He poured the contents of the second bucket into the first, on through with the fourth bucket into the third. “Yep, it looks all there,” he stated as he signed the paperwork and asked which copy was his.

“You may have the bottom copy for your records,” said the agent.

“Gentlemen, our work is complete. Let’s go,” said Marshal Thompson. The agents walked out, got in their cars and sped away.

“Congratulations on a job well done, Mark,” said Hannah. “I’m surprised the Treasury folded their hand so quickly. They seemed so determined to get their claws into your great-grandpa’s gold.”

“They realized their goose was cooked once the U.S. Treasurer agreed with my research in her sworn deposition. In no way could they afford to let the case make it to trial where we would receive a favorable verdict, for it would completely undermine their omnipotence everywhere,” said Mark.

“We need to get this gold somewhere safe before someone attempts to steal it if we get any publicity that we got our gold back,” said Mark.

“Agreed,” said Hannah. “I want all you kids to take some gold. I also want all the grandkids to have some, too. I think \$100 face value for each Evanston child and \$50 in face value for each Evanston grandchild is a good start.”

“That is about \$8,000 worth of gold valued in currency for each kid, \$4,000 for each grandkid,” said Mark.

“Well, then, round it up \$10,000 and \$5,000 worth, respectively,” said Hannah, thrilled to be able to help out her kids and grandkids.

Wanda, Diane and Mark each dealt out \$125 in face value of gold for themselves and \$62.50 for each of their kids and thanked their mom profusely.

Wanda’s husband Martin arrived shortly thereafter and agreed to take Hannah and the gold to her bank to secure safe deposit boxes in her bank’s vault. Daniel was called to help make sure the gold got safely to the bank and he relayed that he’d be right over and that he’d be packing his pistol.

Hannah commented, “We need to work a little harder getting this gold sold, now that we have it back, before anything else happens.”

“Ok,” said Mark, “I’ll make a few calls and get the grading process started in motion for the coins which are in better condition or thought to be fairly rare. We can start selling the lesser-quality ones right away, if Bill Smith can help again sort through the gold.”

Mark gathered his gold and that for Blake and Bethany and he and Penny left after saying, "It's been a long couple of days, but thanks again, Mom."

"You're very welcome and it is the rest of us who need to thank you for getting all our gold back, whole, and so soon," said Hannah, as she hugged Mark and Penny as they left.

"It is fantastic that we get to keep some of the gold, it will certainly come in handy," said Penny as she and Mark walked up the driveway toward their home. "But it isn't as good as getting you back safe and sound."

"Well, thanks dear," said Mark as he gave her a gentle squeeze and a light kiss.

"I hope your earlier apprehension about potential danger turns out to be unjustified," said Penny. "But still, we had armed escort by federal officers all the way home from Washington, D.C."

"I think the escort was for our gold, not us," said Mark.

"Nevertheless," said Penny.

"A very real threat to the government's excessive way of life for 150 years is now known to exist," said Mark. "I just don't see many high government officers acting as nobly as did Treasurer Janet Davidson. She will undoubtedly prove to be the very unusual exception, not the rule."

"When one has cornered such a powerful opponent who has acted in the wrong for so long, it is time to be extremely careful, for they may lash out as if they have nothing left to lose. And if they understand the implications correctly, they won't have anything to lose."

∫ ∫ ∫

Penny called Blake and Bethany and told them the good news, that they had six gold eagles and a quarter-eagle waiting for them.

Blake was especially thrilled to finally have some gold coins, while Bethany was unsure how much gold that would entail. After all, Penny didn't offer the size of the figurines. Bethany couldn't understand why she would be getting a broken eagle.

Penny laughed and explained that an 'eagle' was the name chosen for the ten-dollar gold coins in the coinage acts. Penny clarified that Bethany would be getting six ten-dollar gold coins called eagles and a \$2.50 quarter-eagle coin, not six eagle figurines and a broken one.

"Don't let Mark hear that you didn't know a gold eagle was a coin," Penny commented to Bethany.

After Mark rested for a few hours, he emailed the Washington, D.C. hot dog vendor with pictures and information about his hot dog cart.

He next phoned Henry Barnes down at the local newspaper, who had written a story on the federal seizure of the discovered gold and the lawsuit.

Mark filled him in on the deposition, with the government folding its hand and ending the lawsuit, his detainment, and then the return of the gold and his trip home. He also told Henry he would email him a copy of *The Dollar, Revisited*, which he did.

Henry asked numerous questions regarding the deposition, saying he would contact Mark if he had any further questions before he wrote another story.

“Well, it looks like it’s time for you to get back to work, driving truck,” Penny said to Mark, after he had finished eating lunch.

“No, I don’t think so,” said Mark. “Besides, it is slow at work, and winter is a great time for me to work at my computer. I will certainly feel much more at ease once I finish writing *Monetary Laws* and get it posted online.

“I figure on using our \$10,000 worth of gold as my wages until I get my book completed. I can go back to work once the busy summer season begins.”

Chapter Twelve

The first month after Alexis Roberts had been fired from her job proved to be the most difficult for her. She had to mentally adjust her long-term goals from getting into law school to paying another month's rent, without a job.

Her second month almost became easier to deal with emotionally, even as it became increasingly difficult financially, as she found herself at the end of her fiscal rope.

Her 'friends' seemingly vanished overnight. Even her roommate without tie to the legal profession suddenly moved out because of some made-up story which Alexis could not now recall.

Though Alexis had difficulty meeting rent, she nevertheless had a nice wardrobe and the latest of electronic gadgets. Those things, of course, were thanks to her maxed-out credit cards.

It took her father a while to get over his initial disappointment regarding her college rebellion days. If his daughter had been a son, however, he may well have said, "That's my boy."

Her father still admonished Alexis for her frivolous spending, spending which he would neither have tolerated from a son.

Alexis' dad stated that he would help her out again financially once she got back into the law school track, as long as she curtailed her lavish spending. It took the lack of regular income to finally make a dent in her copious spending habits.

Maybe her father would look favorably on her loss of job as a necessary means to finally get her spending under control, she told herself. She wasn't brave enough to test the theory.

Alexis hadn't told her father yet that she had been fired. She kept her phone calls with him infrequent and brief. It became the story of her life; she began distancing herself from everyone who didn't yet know her predicament, as those who had already learned of it had already done with her.

Alexis had lately found herself sinking further into a growing depression, not knowing what to do to get back on track earning money again, as she became increasingly worried about her budget.

Her interviews for prospective jobs didn't go well because she didn't feel good about herself.

Alexis began to frequent some of the rougher bar scenes from her rebellious days, where she again found ready acceptance.

She ran into old friends she hadn't seen after straightening herself out and they seemed genuinely pleased to have her around again.

In late November, one of her girl friends relayed that she had last seen Alexis' old flame Duke Cunningham at a party the week before.

Duke was one of those arrogant and spoiled rich kids with a large trust fund who would probably never grow up. He was notoriously unfaithful, but that didn't mean the same girls wouldn't come back to him time and again, each time convinced he really loved them.

Duke had a regular habit of switching phone numbers to cycle out old girlfriends he didn't want to hear from again, though he told everyone he just got a new phone and didn't bother switching over his number. He fooled no one.

Alexis' girlfriend gave Alexis his latest phone number, as the girlfriend had recently received her fill of him again.

Alexis called Duke and told him she was interested in seeing him again. Duke jumped at the chance to again date Alexis, for she was high in his 're-do list.' Duke had a number of lists like that, but only kept track of them in his head.

Duke suggested immediately that he pick her up. Though Alexis hadn't spent a single dollar herself on a drink that night, she was drunk enough to say yes without a moment's hesitation, if she had ever been so inclined.

Duke arrived at the night club 20 minutes later and walked in and found Alexis at a table with several guys fawning over her.

"You're looking mighty-fine these days, A-Lex-is; just like I remembered," Duke said as he casually pushed away the other guys who knew of his reputation and knew they were outmatched.

"You must be drunk, too," said Alexis.

"Nothing I can't handle, though maybe you are more than I can handle."

"Oh come now, we both know better than that."

"What brings you back into the late-night scene? I thought you were on your law school path, getting back into good graces with Daddy-O," said Duke.

"That was before I was fired."

"Fired? What did you do to get fired? Actually, before you answer that, let me get you a stiffer drink," said Duke, as he asked the bartender for a double of the stiffest alcohol he could recall Alexis enjoyed. "Let's drink to unemployment!"

"So what did you do to get fired?" asked Duke.

“I provided the prosecution with privileged client information, showing that our client knew how the financial wizards of Wall Street have pulled the wool over everyone’s eyes for the last 150 years.

“Say, isn’t your father one of those wizards?” asked Alexis, just now remembering that fact.

“How do you think I get to drive a new sports car every year or two, and never have to work?”

“Well, then, your father and his type are all in for a rude awakening. Their days are over; they just don’t yet know it.”

Duke didn’t like what he was hearing, not at all. He knew if his father’s funds evaporated, that his fun would end and the gravy train would be over.

Duke began questioning Alexis to learn what she knew. Duke had said many times before that there was no such thing as a time which wasn’t ripe for partying; he didn’t realize that he was now providing an exception.

Alexis continued to drink because she wanted to forget. Duke didn’t want her to forget anything that might be relevant. Their intentions clashed that night and Alexis had her way with the alcohol.

Duke didn’t end up getting anything else he wanted that evening. He offered to take Alexis to his apartment penthouse so she could spend the night with him, so he would be able to pursue his now-primary intention come morning.

Alexis didn’t let on that spending the night with him had been her purpose since she had first heard recent mention of his name, because she couldn’t now recall her original intentions herself.

Bald Justice

Earlier in the night when she was still thinking rationally, she knew it would only be a matter of days before she would be getting an eviction notice.

She made up her mind in an instant that she would ride the Duke-Train for as long as it could last. It was almost as if it were love at first recollection, though security would have been a more apt term.

Alexis awoke late the next morning, not exactly feeling at the top of her game. Duke began almost immediately with his rendition of 20,000 questions. Alexis could barely think straight, but was sufficiently coherent to know she had to keep herself in his good graces.

Alexis begged to be first allowed to get some coffee and a little solid food in her stomach, so she could take some aspirin to help her pounding head.

She relayed that she'd like very much to take a long hot shower and get cleaned up, if Duke wouldn't mind. Duke said he wouldn't mind accompanying her.

Alexis asked for a rain-check, promising Duke she would take care of everything as soon as she felt better.

Duke was a bright kid and seemed naturally gifted to understand anything which could either benefit or harm his way of life.

Duke's 'harm-radar' flashed 'all-lights-red' after Alexis later began going into the intricate details of Mark Evanston's monetary theories. He listened carefully as she detailed monetary concepts which were quite foreign to him.

When Alexis began detailing the events at the prosecuting attorney's office, Duke's intent listening skills dropped a few notches, though he listened for hints how the attorney may have taken the information.

When Alexis relayed the story about her bosses confronting her, Duke's listening skills dropped several more rungs in the ladder.

As Alexis' story turned to being all about her, Duke stopped listening altogether and he began processing the possible ramifications which the new information could impose on his way of life.

Duke hadn't been home since Christmas of 2009. He asked Alexis if she was up to visit his parent's estate back east right away.

She would jump at any opportunity to hobnob with the rich and famous; or in this case, the ultra-rich and perhaps infamous. When Alexis agreed, they both would get what they wanted out of their budding relationship.

Duke called his dad and asked if he would be home yet that weekend, because Duke had some important information to discuss with him.

His father scoffed at the idea that his son truly had anything important, figuring it would be a trip to request an increase in the monthly trust benefit.

"I can make some time next weekend, would that work for you?" replied Charles Cunningham, VII. "Or, if it can wait, I know your mom and I would be thrilled to have you home for the holidays."

"It is far too important to wait even a week, couldn't you make some time for me before that?" asked Duke.

Bald Justice

“I’m afraid not, I’m flying to London first thing in the morning for some high-level meetings early next week, and then I need to be in New York for the remainder of the week.

“I’ll be home Friday afternoon. There have been some really important talks the past few months, and I cannot miss them. Sorry, but your plea for cost-of-living allowance hike will have to wait until I get back.”

“No Dad, it’s not about me. It’s about you. This is important, *for you.*”

“It’ll have to wait; sorry, Son.”

“Ok, I’ll see you for dinner Friday, December 7th. Oh, by the way, I’m bringing Alexis Roberts with me. Do you remember the gal who was going into law like her father, whom I dated three years ago?”

“Yes, I remember her; the hot brunette with a cute smile. So that’s what this is all about, a girl, huh? Is she pregnant?”

“No dad, nothing like that. It is something she learned that will impact you as you can’t imagine.”

“Ok, I’ll let your mother know you’re bringing a girl here next weekend. She will be happy to see you. And she always liked Alexis, if I recall correctly, after meeting her when we had flown out to visit you.”

∫ ∫ ∫

After returning home from Washington, D.C., Mark resumed his work on *Monetary Laws*. He wrote and he read, he re-read and he re-wrote.

The work was coming together well, even if it was becoming more scholarly than Mark had initially hoped. Mark was striving to be accurate and thorough, meaning the work would end up being precise and technical; attributes which do not make for widely-read works.

Mark toyed with the idea of writing a fiction novel to reach an entirely different audience. He didn't know how that would turn out, however, as he didn't have any experience in writing for a popular audience.

Mark essentially lived in his office day and night, banging the keys on the keyboard and typing out words on the computer screen.

The local newspaper came out with a good article about the successful conclusion of the Evanston gold lawsuit. It alluded to U.S. Treasurer Janet Davidson's deposition answers, but kept them somewhat vague since no deposition transcripts were anywhere available.

The article reported that Ms. Davidson resigned her post a few days after her deposition, citing personal reasons and a desire to pursue other interests.

Mark had tried to contact Ms. Davidson when he got home with the email address she had given him, but the address had already been disconnected. He knew she could contact him if she had any desire.

Nothing unusual occurred in the Evanston household, to Mark's relief, since he returned from Washington, D.C. with the gold a month earlier.

The newspaper article on the conclusion of the lawsuit made a bit of splash in the local media and was only now finally dying down.

November had come and gone, and December was advancing. Mark was pleased to have *Monetary Laws* all but finished. He was just re-reading it through the final few times, making minor changes to make it flow better.

Mark was thankful that his initial concern for his family's safety turned out to be a minor case of paranoia. Still, he wondered whether the past month's media attention had given them a small measure of protection.

The media was certainly capable of behaving much like a hornet's nest, and anyone wanting anonymity tended to act like cockroaches and scurry into the darkness when any light of exposure could be shown their way.

∫ ∫ ∫

Duke and Alexis arrived at his parent's estate on Friday afternoon, the 7th of December, well in time for dinner. Alexis' mouth dropped as the limousine pulled into the gated driveway of the estate and the spectacular mansion came into full view.

"I never knew you were from such a wealthy family," said Alexis, in utter amazement.

"Like many fathers, Dad often stated that 'money didn't grow on trees.' Unlike others, though, he clarified that 'money was printed on huge government printing presses operated at his beck and call'."

Duke's mom Shelly had arranged for their chefs to prepare a large feast for the veritable return of the prodigal son.

Duke knew there wouldn't be any opportunity to speak with his father about the matters at the forefront of his mind until after his mother's dinner party ended.

Tonight was the second time in his life that Duke didn't care much for partying. Unfortunately for him, his mother prided herself on her lavish dinner parties which would make royalty proud.

It was 9:30 pm before Alexis, Duke and Charles Cunningham were able to retire to the study to have their private discussion.

Shelly sensed her son's desire to speak with his father and purposely gave them their privacy, for she thought it was time he started accepting some responsibilities in life and he appeared to be doing so now.

Shelly was surprised that Alexis seemed to be central to Duke's interest with his father. This seemed to rule out Shelly's hopes for the reason her son brought home his girlfriend to again meet his parents.

"Anyway, Dad, remember I had said on the phone that Alexis had some important information which could harm your interests?"

"Yes."

"Well, go ahead, Alexis. Tell him what you told me — your whole story."

"Ok," said Alexis, starting off rather bashfully. She hadn't spoken with anyone about the monetary research since Duke, and before him, her bosses and federal prosecutors. She still had a strong measure of guilt when she told the story.

Bald Justice

For nearly three months now, Alexis had thought about little else other than the parting words of Stewart Jamison.

That had been the same feeling she had felt after her father first confronted her over her college rebellion. Alexis hadn't told her father she had been fired to avoid feeling that way even further.

When Alexis started relaying her story and admitted to Charles that she had worked for the law office of Jamison, Smythe, and Kendall in Tacoma, Washington, Charles raised an eyebrow hearing the name of that now-familiar law firm.

Charles immediately sensed he was in front of the very person responsible for bringing Mark Evanston's monetary research to the attention of the top-rung of the financial community.

Alexis went through her whole story, ending with her final talk before the law firm's partners and getting fired. She then relayed how her law-school prospects dried up and that she hadn't even told her own father that she had been fired.

"Well it is certainly too bad that your loyalty to the establishment resulted in you getting fired and seemingly black-listed from your chosen profession," stated Charles.

"However, you haven't been black-listed from the legal profession in any way whatsoever. Sure, the lowest rungs may not want you, simply because they cannot recognize a diamond in the rough. My friends and I, on the other hand, always keep our eye out for unrecognized talent that just needs a little cut and polish.

"We have greatly benefitted from your advance warning which we heard about through federal prosecutors some time ago. Your information is precisely what my high-level talks have been about for the past few months, which culminated just yesterday.

“My friends and I are very appreciative of your sacrifices and we always take care of those persons loyal to our interests. What college did you say you wanted to get into? With a few phone calls from me Monday morning, you’ll be in the college of your choice, tuition-free.

“If you prefer to work until you start school next fall, what city would you like to work in? You could start work in the New Year in any major metropolitan city of your choice, if you want.

“I imagine you’d like to tell your father of your promotion to a new job in a more prestigious legal or major financial firm in person, wouldn’t you?

“Duke, this one is a keeper. Take good care of her. She is going places.”

Duke had always striven for his dad’s attention, but seldom ever seemed to get much of it. He was now getting it in spades.

Charles was quite impressed that his own son’s girlfriend was the very person responsible for bringing such important information forward which immediately became the hushed discussion of the highest levels of his industry. Charles now kicked himself for not paying more attention to his only son.

If Charles’ colleagues could have found out about that information from Charles, he could have traded upon it ten-fold.

He would still work his angles to get some benefit now, of course, but the fact that he didn’t find out about the information until it worked its way through the channels from the federal prosecutors didn’t allow him anywhere near the same punch.

Bald Justice

Charles would be the natural go-between for Alexis and his colleagues, and he would seek to trade on her popularity. At worst, his jealous adversaries would only be able to fault him for being a proud father and prospective father-in-law.

Duke wouldn't now let Alexis out of his sight. What was his was hers. Where she would go, he would go along also, without appearing to follow.

If Alexis would pick out a job in a new city, he would immediately ask his dad for an important position in the same city, and aim to arrive there first. When she went to college, he would seek a transfer.

Alexis, Duke and Charles were finishing up their conversation at about midnight. Duke was sensing this night was his first real opportunity to finally make that leap from being a playboy to someone important in his own right, and perhaps someday a leader.

When Alexis went to the spa with Duke's mom Shelly Saturday afternoon for some girl's time out on the town, Duke had another chat with his dad about his own future under his protective wing.

Duke relayed that he thought it was time to start the transition to begin working his way alongside of his dad some year. Duke let his father know that he would be bringing Alexis along with him for the ride, which is what Charles wanted to hear.

Duke didn't ever ask his father what course of action he and his associates had decided to take regarding Mark Evanston's research.

Duke hadn't cared to learn, while Charles Cunningham knew his son wasn't yet ready to hear such plans. Duke, after all, was but a naïve boy and their chosen course of action was a man's disagreeable duty needed to protect the extensive interests of the country.

The whole economy, after all, ultimately relied upon the decision of Charles and his colleagues.

Charles had a visitor Saturday night, one which he met privately in his study.

“We’re all set to implement the next phase of your strategy,” said the forbidding, middle-aged man without mention of a name.

“Wonderful,” said Charles.

“You realize that everything must go as we have planned, right?” asked Charles. “There are no options for failure.”

“Yes. From our psychologist’s review of video from the November detainment of Evanston and from reviewing our files on him, the good doctor doesn’t think he would be open to a pay off.

“We didn’t find evidence of anything we could use for publicly discrediting him, at least anything based partially in truth, not that we should necessarily let that stop us. Neither has our surveillance of Evanston showed any specific vulnerability, other than the obvious of family harm.

“The good thing we learned from detaining Evanston was that he works alone and doesn’t share his work until he is finished. We haven’t really lost any time, as long as we prevent him from distributing his work which we believe he may have nearly finished,” said the mystery man.

“I still have regrets about not doing more to personally discredit him and to keep him from ever getting more of his work accomplished in the first place. I think that was a big mistake,” said the man who called himself a problem solver.

Bald Justice

“Well, that call was made way above your head,” said Charles. “It is often best to ignore and monitor some things which may look like problems but which simply die down on their own.

“To respond to them is not only a lot of work, but gives them credibility they don’t deserve. To work to discredit Evanston publicly still places him in a public forum where someone skilled in public relations could yet build upon, which we couldn’t chance.

“While Mr. Evanston doesn’t seem to have any marketing skills himself, given his commitment to his cause, we felt he could attract someone with that talent who would then come to his aid. That could prove to be a very dangerous partnership for us.

“Our strategy to deal with the information which did get out about Mr. Evanston is to provide a lot more information on other topics which are more apt to catch the public’s attention.

“Do you recall the news story breaking on the U.S. Senator who had a five-year affair with his aide? Well, we’ve been sitting on that story for three years, waiting to break it at the opportune time.

“Given today’s information overload, the trick now is for us to provide even more information, to keep heat off the things we really care about.

“With so much information now available, everyone must ignore the vast bulk of it. Thus few things of importance ever really gain traction and there was a very good chance Mr. Evanston’s work would have fallen into that category if we had simply left him alone from the start.

“It is too bad the Secretary of the Treasury ever got so greedy and had to file that regretful lawsuit to get a little gold that slipped through his predecessor’s hands.

“If government bureaucrats weren’t so proud and were a little more practical, they’d have seen that trying to get every last scrap is simply bad business. You always want to leave a morsel on the table to keep the small guys motivated, to keep that hamster wheel called the economy spinning.

“The news media has finally let the lawsuit’s ending die down in peace like we forecasted, so we now finally find ourselves with the suitable time to respond appropriately to Mr. Evanston.

“We have determined our best bet is to now send Evanston a strong message, very personally, that he cannot ignore. We simply raise the cost of his efforts until he finds it beyond his willingness to pay, to stop him once and for all.

“We get to play both God and the Devil, and we’ve cast Evanston to play Job of the Bible, though we are going to alter the story line to send a very direct message his way and then work out from there.

“We knew if we took his family like what happened to Job, he would find he had nothing left to lose and we couldn’t stand that risk either. It is best not to risk our trump card too early, so we’re going after him instead.

“It’s too bad though he lost everything in business himself before we could have used that against him. If I knew then what I know now, I would have personally given him a large loan just to keep his business afloat so we could threaten him with its loss.”

“If that is all, Boss,” stated the nameless man, “I must really attend to the things I need to prepare.”

“Yes, that is all.”

Chapter Thirteen

Wednesday, December 12, 2012, began much as an ordinary weekday for Mark and Penny. Penny left at 8:15 am to take granddaughter Paige to school and took grandson Ryan along with her to get a few things at the grocery store.

Mark left earlier to run a few errands, first taking his Ford pickup in for its annual oil change, whether it needed it or not after another 15,000 miles. He looked at the odometer, and it read 197,523 miles.

When finished, Mark pulled out of the bay at the lube shop, and waited his turn to merge into traffic along Highway 99. When the road cleared, he pulled out heading south, to run another errand.

As he approached an adjacent vacant parking lot, he noticed a large dark sedan slowly pulling forward to pull out of that driveway, with a van following close behind.

“That driver sure pulled his nose a long way out into the highway,” Mark said to himself aloud, as he slowed down. Mark all but stopped, motioning for the driver to go ahead and pull out. Instead, however, the car began backing up, accidentally hitting the van behind him in the process.

Since Mark witnessed the accident, he figured he better pull over to the side of the road to provide his contact information to both vehicles. He didn't figure anyone was injured, as the accident occurred at such low speed, but would check anyway.

Since the curb-drop to the vacant parking lot was blocked by the accident, Mark simply pulled to the side of the road and stopped. He didn't anticipate being there but a few minutes and there was plenty of room for traffic to continue past him.

As Mark walked towards the sedan, the front seat passenger got out, closed his door, and walked back to look at the damage. The driver remained seated with the engine running and was talking with someone on his cell phone.

The front and rear passenger doors of the van opened and out got two men. Mark asked if they were ok, but they didn't respond as they walked forward to examine their vehicle.

Mark heard a faint sound coming from the van and turned to see what it was. Mark at that moment felt himself being lifted up under both elbows and being quickly carried by the three men towards the van's sliding door six feet away.

Mark resisted until he saw a man inside the van lean out and point a large-caliber semi-automatic pistol at his chest, telling him to get in the van.

The men pushed Mark inside and jumped in behind him as both vehicles sped away from the scene of the 'accident.'

Mark was bound, gagged and blindfolded and had stereo headphones placed over his ears. Mark thought to himself that he must have got lost in a low-budget, B-grade movie. Really, he thought? Bound, blindfolded *and* gagged?

What he disliked the most, however, was the lousy noise being pumped through the 'music' headphones. Now this was torture, he thought, as he certainly could not call it music.

He rubbed his head against the floor that he had been laid upon, to brush off his headphones. When his guards could suddenly hear music playing aloud, they saw that Mark had cast off the headphones.

Bald Justice

The closest thug quickly informed his captive by several blows to his body that he best not do that again and the headphones were again placed over his ears.

Mark debated long and hard which was worse; the music or the punishment.

Mark settled on a tie and pushed the headphones forward on his cheek to keep the noise at least off his ears but hopefully drowned out from his captors.

Mark's subjugators nevertheless realized what he had done and gave him a few more reminders of what they deemed inappropriate behavior. A strap was then firmly wrapped around his head to keep the headphones placed over his ears so he could not hear what was going on around him.

Mark knew they had headed north on Highway 99 and continued on I-5 north. It was hard to estimate, but he guessed several hours had passed. They must be nearing Tacoma, he figured, though he held out the possibility that they either went west towards the coast or east toward the Cascade mountain range at some point.

Since their path seemed to be of consistent speed and without sharper curves and bumpier roads indicative of a minor highway or county road, he reckoned they continued north on the freeway.

The engine was soon turned off and the doors opened. His headphones, blindfold and gag were removed, but his hands remained tied with zip-ties. He was walked through a vacant warehouse and was strapped onto an old metal chair inside a shipping container set on the ground with the rear doors swung open. It was fairly dark in the warehouse and even darker in the container, at least until his eyes adjusted.

∫ ∫ ∫

Penny and Ryan were returning home after getting a few things at the store. As Penny exited off I-5, she saw a rising plume of smoke off in the distance. It must be one of the neighbors burning a considerable amount of brush, she thought. Funny, she hadn't recalled noticing anyone clearing a large amount of brush lately and it seemed late in the year for trying to burn outside.

The smoke still billowed strongly as they neared home.

Once Penny pulled off the public road and onto the gravel road which bypassed the Evanston Farms' housing development out front, she could see many emergency vehicles around her house. Or, more accurately, she could see many emergency vehicles around what should have been her home.

Penny saw no sign of any house structure, only a large plume of smoke and some flames, with the firemen aiming large torrents of water at the base of the fire.

Penny started crying and four-year-old Ryan asked what were all the fire trucks doing at Grammy and Gramps' house and why all the smoke.

Ryan also asked why he couldn't see the house itself. Penny tried to block the emotion but failed and cried out, "It looks like our house caught fire while we're gone; I hope and pray Gramps is ok."

Penny drove up and parked at Diane and Allen's house next door, for her own driveway was blocked by emergency vehicles. Hannah, Diane and Allen were standing in the driveway, watching the commotion.

“What happened to our house?” questioned Penny, frantically, to the three, “And where’s Mark?”

“Mark hasn’t returned yet,” said Diane. “I saw him leave about 7:45 am, but he hasn’t yet come back and he doesn’t answer his cell phone. We were just going to call you.”

“Your house blew up,” answered Allen, speaking towards Penny. “The fire captain asked if we have natural gas up this road. When I told him that we did not, he stated that there’s little else that a typical homeowner would ever have on hand which could have possibly caused such devastation.

“They want to question you and Mark about what you had stored in your basement. You didn’t have any propane tanks, gas or other flammable liquids stored down there, did you?”

“No, not at all,” said Penny, as she was trying Mark’s cell phone, which immediately went to voicemail. “No, we had the barbeque on the deck, with only an itty-bitty propane tank.”

Two sheriff’s deputies pulled up, followed by a dark sedan with U.S. Government plates. Two gentlemen in suits got out of the latter vehicle, with jackets which said “ATF” on their backs.

“Well, it looks like the fire captain thinks the house may have been blown up by a bomb,” said Allen.

“A bomb!” exclaimed Penny and Hannah almost together. They each started to worry what that would mean, and hoped Mark returned home soon. Ryan began crying, not knowing what to think, seeing all the grownups worried.

“Now Ryan,” said Penny, as she bent over to grab him in her arms. “We are all ok, and so is Gramps. Our house burned to the ground, but the important thing is that we are all ok, right?”

Another deputy pulled up twenty minutes later. The deputy came over to Penny, Hannah, Diane, Allen and little Ryan, who was now clutching Penny’s leg.

The deputy spoke up “Hello, I’m Clark County Sheriff’s Detective Miles Clement. I’m looking for Penny Evanston, wife of Mark Evanston. Are either of you young ladies Mrs. Evanston?”

Penny spoke up, not knowing what to think, “I am Penny Evanston, Mark’s wife,” she said in a quiet voice.

Hannah spoke up more firmly, “And I am Hannah Evanston, Mark’s mother. And this is his sister, Diane, and her husband Allen Wakefield. They live in this house here and I now live in the other house up the driveway.”

“Mrs. Evanston,” stated the detective. “I am sorry to have to inform you that your husband has been kidnapped.”

“Kidnapped?” shrieked all four in disbelief.

“I am afraid so,” said the detective, glancing over at what had once been a house. “It seems evident that your husband has made someone very unhappy. Do you have any idea who it could be?”

“The fascists in our federal government, or their criminal cohorts in our financial sector who have been looting this country blind for a century,” blurted out Allen, not really caring with whom he was speaking.

“What do you mean?” asked the detective. “Why would anyone do something like this?”

“Because they weren’t able to stop him through the court system, which they tried and gave up,” replied Allen.

“I’m not following,” said the detective, who recalled reading some of the story in the paper. He didn’t have much patience for conspiracy theories, but he realized that here he was standing near a house which had been blown to bits, to inform a kidnapped man’s wife that her husband had just been abducted.

“Let me get some of his research for you,” said Allen. “You’ll see how he could have made a few powerful people very upset with him.”

With Allen gone into the house to retrieve a copy of *The Dollar, Revisited*, the detective relayed that F.B.I. agents were on their way from Portland, and that they would be taking over the kidnapping investigation.

The detective informed them that he would nevertheless remain the point man for the local investigation and that if they had any issues, they could call him day or night. He asked for their phone numbers and promised to fill them in if he should hear anything.

The detective also asked that they inform him and the F.B.I. immediately if they should hear anything from Mark or the kidnapers.

“Dear Lord,” said Penny as she started praying aloud, “Please keep Mark safe.”

“We got a description of the vehicles and a partial plate on the van. We know they headed north on Highway 99, and assume they headed north on I-5.

“We’re checking the cameras at the truck scales at the port of entry at Ridgefield, and WSDOT cameras along the way. We hope to have some word from them within an hour,” said the detective.

Penny knew immediately what Mark would want her to do, since he was essentially done with his book. He had long told her that he thought they would both be much safer once that work was completed and published and sent out to the world across the internet.

Penny asked Hannah if she could use her computer. Diane said she would watch Ryan, but Penny knew with all the turmoil, he needed to stay with her, saying “No, it is ok; I’ll take him with me, but thanks for the offer.”

Penny walked into Hannah’s home and logged onto their www.Bizbuilt.com account over the internet. She was glad Mark had taken his cousin up on his offer to explain to them the new business-minded social networking, cloud-computing online program he and his partner had developed.

Penny accessed Mark’s files he had stored there on the cloud which could be securely accessed from any computer with internet access. Penny shuddered to think of all the information in their computer which would have now been lost if it hadn’t been properly backed up off-site.

Penny first printed out a paper copy of *Monetary Laws*, since it would take some time to print out all 360 pages of Volume I. She then opened up Hannah’s software program which Mark used to keep his website up-to-date. Penny uploaded *Monetary Laws of the United States* to the site in both its original Word format and also in a pdf file she created.

She then went to Facebook and linked the MonetaryLaws.com website to a post she made there.

Finally, she retrieved Mark's emailing lists from their Bizbuilt.com account and sent out emails to hundreds of his contacts with *Monetary Laws* as an attachment and the website information posted in the message.

In the email she also wrote of Mark's abduction and included a picture she had taken from her phone of the bombed-out house site with all the emergency vehicles and plumes of smoke and fire.

She made pleas not only for prayers for Mark's safe return, but also requested everyone forward the email to all their own contacts. She relayed that Mark had always believed that the wide dissemination of that information would best ensure its and their safety.

With that work completed, Penny then called Henry Barnes down at the newspaper and relayed the story about Mark's abduction and their house explosion, and gave him the detective's name and number.

She also said she would email him a copy of *Monetary Laws* which was now complete, which she did once she ended the call.

The last thing Penny needed to do was to take the printed copy of *Monetary Laws* down to the County Auditor for recording, as Mark had wanted it recorded as a permanent public records document for additional back-up safety.

Penny took Ryan and they drove down to the auditor's office to record the papers. The 30-year clerk had never heard of anyone recording a book and suggested Penny must want the copyright office.

Penny assured her she was doing what she was supposed to, and asked her to call the County Auditor who Mark had previously spoken with regarding his plans to make sure it were possible.

The Auditor came down and told the clerk that she just needed to file it as a miscellaneous document and cross reference it by Mark's name. A half hour later, the 360 pages were recorded as a permanent public document under Clark County Auditor's file number 4868497.

With Penny's work done, she slumped back into the seat of her car after she got in and began to cry, hoping Ryan wasn't paying close attention. Knowing she wouldn't be able to get away with that display of emotion for very long, she started up her car and said, "Do you want to go see Mommy?"

Ryan, of course, exclaimed, "Yea!"

After Penny dropped off Ryan and told Bethany of the morning's unbelievable events, she called Blake at work. She then told her son that Mark had been kidnapped and their home blown up.

Blake was shocked and stated he would meet Penny back at the farm.

Penny was gone for almost two hours when she returned back to the explosion site, without Ryan.

Hannah looked at Penny, inquisitively; surprised that Penny would leave the site of activity surrounding the investigation of Mark's abduction and the exploding house, which ATF agents were tentatively concluding a bombing.

“There were some things Mark would have wanted me to do immediately and I got them done,” said Penny, not feeling as if she needed to justify her actions or provide her whereabouts.

“Where is Ryan?” asked Hannah.

“I took him to Bethany,” said Penny.

Penny was introduced to F.B.I. agent Sam Wilbey who had taken over the kidnapping investigation and arrived an hour earlier.

Agent Wilbey too was surprised when he heard the wife had left the explosion site immediately after being informed of her husband’s kidnapping.

“Have you heard anything from your husband or his kidnappers?” asked agent Wilbey.

“No, I haven’t,” stated Penny.

“Would you mind telling me where you’ve been?” asked Agent Wilbey, in an authoritative tone honed by decades of experience. It was a tone for which Penny did not care.

“Mark always said we would both be safer once he had disseminated his latest work documenting his twenty years of monetary research that built upon his great-grandfather’s earlier investigation,” said Penny. “He was almost done with it, so I just posted it online and emailed it out to all his contacts. It is what he would have wanted me to do.”

“I see,” said agent Wilbey. “What is the website address, so that I may have that information reviewed?”

“It is www.MonetaryLaws.com,” said Penny. “You can read the 16-page work *The Dollar, Revisited* and the 360-page work *Monetary Laws of the United States*, which is what I just posted.”

Agent Wilbey phoned his office and requested agents there begin reviewing the information, to be able to provide him with a synopsis of the information ASAP.

“Mrs. Evanston,” asked Agent Wilbey, “Did you and your husband have a working computer in your office?”

“Yes,” answered Penny. “Why do you ask?”

“Though there isn’t much left of the house or its contents, we found evidence of a computer, but one that had its cover separated and its hard drive removed. We think your computer’s hard drive was removed from the computer before the house exploded.”

“Really?” said Penny and Diane almost together.

“But Allen and I live right here, and I didn’t see or hear anything before the massive explosion,” said Diane.

“I’m guessing that means that our perpetrators came in and went out along the woods,” said Agent Wilbey. “Excuse me a moment while I get some men investigating that area while we call in some tracking dogs.”

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark had been left alone in the cool, dark container and the doors had been shut, but not tightly. He was trying to guess what time it was. He knew he was taken around 9:00 am. He guessed they had driven for about two hours and that he had been seated and bound to his chair probably 20 minutes.

Mark rocked forward in his old chair to try and gain his balance. After the third attempt, he was able to get onto his feet even as the chair remaining firmly strapped to his chest, wrists and ankles.

Mark pivoted back and forth and waddled over to the back of the trailer and pushed on the doors. They gave way only a few degrees before the chain binding them clanged tightly.

Mark hollered out, "Hello, anybody there?"

Some birds flew up in the rafters, but he could hear no sign of human life. "Hello," he yelled again; "Help," he hollered.

Since he wasn't gagged, he figured that he must be in a remote area where no one could hear him. He peered out the doors, but couldn't see much other than what appeared to be a large, older vacant industrial building.

Mark turned around, facing the rear legs of the chair toward the doors and pushed as hard as he could. Nothing happened; he just couldn't get any leverage or exert much force pushing straight back.

He turned 90 degrees and from that position he then pivoted hard, throwing the back left leg of the chair into the door. The leg gave way slightly from hitting the door. Mark continued beating the chair against the door until the leg was bent in.

He then put the leg in the gap of the floor below the doors and tried to straighten it back out. After a minute, he was able to bend the leg out. He then repeated the process again and worked the weakened leg back and forth until it finally snapped off.

Mark now had a club, but couldn't yet reach it as it lay on the floor. Of course, he now had a broken chair which couldn't easily be used for its standard purpose anymore either.

Mark's ankles and wrists were getting quite sore where they were tied at the chair, so he thought he ought to rest a little. He carefully leaned his chair with the area of missing leg against the wall and then slid it down the wall until the chair balanced on its three remaining legs on the floor.

He realized too late that he'd have an even more difficult time getting back up to his feet after he rested for a while.

He didn't really have much of a plan, but figured he first needed to get free of the chair and then he'd work to get out of the container. He wondered why he was left alone for the moment, but didn't question too hard a good thing.

Mark was thankfully able to get back to his feet after he rested for about 15 minutes. Soon he had both back legs of the chair broken. The chair's structure was weakened considerably with both rear legs now broke off.

Mark wasn't sure how to break up the rest of the chair. Since he no longer had the greater reach of the back legs, he gave up trying to hit the door which angled away from him.

He concentrated now just hitting the seat against the solid walls of the container.

Mark's wrists and ankles were getting very sore now where they were tied to the chair, and they were starting to bleed. His back was aching from standing hunched over.

Unfortunately, in the process of swinging repetitively into the firm wall, he had unknowingly incrementally pushed himself away from the wall with each strike, such that on the next rapid swing of the chair, he missed the wall entirely.

Spinning violently forward toward the door, Mark lost his balance and landed on the sharp edge of the container's floor at the back door.

In the violent fall, Mark broke apart the seat back from the seat and legs. Unfortunately, he had also hit his head in the process and foolishly knocked himself silly.

He awoke some time later, with a bucket of water being thrown in his face. He now found himself strapped to some type of gurney, still within the shipping container.

"He seems to be coming to," said one of the men standing over him, to the others, who were nearby.

"Good, we've lost enough time," said another.

Mark's kidnappers didn't appreciate having to spend a little time getting Mark to regain consciousness, just so they could beat him into submission themselves.

Seeing his bleeding wrists, sweat-stained shirt, and knowing Mark must have a large bump on his head, one of the kidnappers joked, "It appears this idiot was so anxious to torture himself that he started in without us."

The men all had a good laugh at that, but the sternest of them said, "Well, he ain't seen nothin' yet."

The only benefit from that fateful event was that he never regained full consciousness before the intentional infliction of pain began. If Mark was to suffer abuse, being a little rummy to begin with helped remove some of the painful introductions.

"Who all have you told about your research?" growled the man who spoke before.

Mark was about to ask, “What research?” when he reflected again on whether he should speak at all.

He knew these men would have no compunction whatsoever against inflicting a great deal of pain, as he had already experienced a little of their inclinations on his ride north. Mark knew that if he didn’t cooperate, that he’d soon be in a world of hurt.

“I asked you who you have told about your research, and I don’t like to repeat myself,” growled the gruff man again, as the first of several downward blows smashed down on Mark’s chest.

Yup, Mark knew he was not about to have one of his better days.

Mark didn’t figure he could resist physical torture, and the mere thought of it sent shivers up his spine. He liked his body parts; and enough of them already ached that he didn’t want to invite any more.

Mark wondered how creative his torturers would turn out to be. His mind brought forward an old memory of the Paramount Pictures movie *The Marathon Man*[™] that he’d seen probably 35 years before.

The scene which played over and over in his head now was when Lawrence Olivier enthusiastically attacked Dustin Hoffman’s teeth and gums with creative use of a few dental instruments.

From his own studies of anatomy and physiology, Mark could think of dozens of similar ways pain could be inflicted; he assumed his experienced captors could probably think of many more.

Mark began to pray for a little old-school abuse, the using of hands, feet, elbows and knees as weapons, the kind of punishment which perhaps caused extensive bruising and maybe even a few broken bones, but not the kind which inflicted deep punctures into vital organs, poked sensitive nerve tissues, or cut off body parts.

When Mark realized the absurdity of his prayer, he asked God if he may instead substitute another; “God, please rescue me, shower me with millions of dollars, and throw my attackers in prison,” he said silently. That was a much better prayer, Mark thought.

“Get him up off that gurney and strap him to the wall, where we can really inflict some pain,” said the leader to the other two men.

Not exactly the words Mark was hoping to hear.

“God, I know you have your own time schedule and that a thousand years to us is but as a day to you, but I was wondering about that rescue thing,” Mark prayed as he began bargaining with God in earnest. “I’d be willing to drop the request for money, if you’d perhaps concentrate on my first request, and now, please.”

Mark was brought back to the reality of the moment as he was stood up against the container’s wall and his outstretched arms were strapped at the wrists to secure restraint blocks.

He tried to struggle when he was taken off the gurney, but his mind still wasn’t really registering what was going on by that point, given his earlier concussion.

Mark felt a crushing blow to his abdomen, then another and another. He heard talking, maybe even of questions being asked of him, but he couldn’t really understand the words.

One of his attackers who thought he was Bruce Lee performed a spinning back kick to Mark’s chest. Though the guy wouldn’t win any trophies for technique, the kick nevertheless inflicted its fair share of pain. The not-so-gentle-man next tried a flying side kick, which met its target with a fair degree of accuracy and far greater force.

Mark thought the guy still needed quite a few more martial arts lessons, though; as he didn't rotate his hip forward sufficiently or point his toes down and pulled back to lead with his heel. Mark wasn't complaining however, since the improper technique wouldn't transmit near as much of the rookie's power through to his own body.

After what seemed to be an eternity of attacks on his chest and abdomen which evidently served as a heavy punching bag, a powerful fist was thrust into Mark's left cheek.

It was as if the Karate Kid suddenly turned into Mohammed Ali, who immediately began violently snapping Mark's head as if it were the boxer's speed bag. Mark felt as if his cheek had been crushed and his head had been ripped off.

Mark's abusers concentrated on punishing his head and face for a while. They were real thoughtful that way, to give his wounded torso a needed break.

Mark's eyes soon began swelling shut, and his cheeks began turning purple and puffy. Mark's eyebrows were ripped apart and blood began trickling down his face.

More blood oozed from the inside of his cheeks, mixing with the saliva in his mouth. Mark could do nothing to keep the thick, red drool from violently escaping the corner of his mouth as the blows to his face whipped his head from side-to-side.

Mark thought of the various succession of St. Bernard dogs whose name was always 'Cop' his mom's parents raised when he was growing up.

Right about now, a drooling Cop would do nicely, Mark thought — either dog or policeman.

Mark thought if he wasn't allowed to drink from the jug of brandy around Cop's neck, perhaps his goon-squad would imbibe heavily such that they would perhaps soon forget their primary task at hand.

"Don't kill him yet," laughed another of the thugs. "That's not yet been authorized, though it may be inevitable."

To the extent those words were comprehended, they were not exactly music to Mark's ears. If Mark could still reason, he would reason that his chances of coming out of his current predicament were not overly strong.

Mark's mind drifted to his wife. After he was kidnapped, he began praying that she was safe and sound. When Mark was still capable of processing information, he knew that he had been taken long enough before that if Penny had also been taken, that she would have already been paraded in front of him to make him talk.

And Mark knew in that position, that he would have done everything in his power to protect his wife, including confessing to the murder of JFK even though Mark was only 18 months old at the time, or he would die trying.

Mark concluded that Penny must therefore be safe and in that knowledge he found great comfort.

"We're not supposed to kill the guy; we need to hold back a little bit," argued the least-experienced tormentor, this time a little more seriously.

"He may be right, we may need to discontinue until morning," argued the other, to the gruff boss, words he had never before uttered.

“Very well,” said the most experienced of the three. “We’ll continue this in the morning. All right, since you were most concerned for this guy’s well-being, you stand watch tonight,” the boss said to the least-experienced thug and turned and walked away.

Mark regained consciousness an hour later. He raised himself back up on his feet. His shoulders, chest and face hurt so badly. He was quite thirsty and had to go to the bathroom.

“Hello,” he moaned with all his strength.

The least-cruel of the three thugs who had remained behind walked over to the container and unlocked the rear doors and approached him.

“You took quite a beating today,” the man offered.

“I need to use a restroom, and I could really use some water please,” Mark was able to communicate.

“Very well, I’ll bring in a bucket for you and I’ll get you some water to drink.”

He returned a few moments later with a bucket and bottle of water. “I’ll untie your left hand so you can do your business, but don’t try anything funny or you’ll find yourself in a world of hurt, and you won’t again be given another bucket, if you understand the implications.”

Mark completed the task before him and his hand was re-secured.

“Here is some water,” the nursemaid offered, squirting some in his mouth.

It was strange to see the man who helped contribute to his pain hours earlier now serving as his nursemaid. He seemed more at ease with the latter responsibilities than the former, unlike the other two.

Bald Justice

“Do you have a stool I could sit on, by chance?” asked Mark.

“No.”

“How about a box, or something like that?” asked Mark.

“I did see an empty 55-gallon barrel,” said the man who didn’t particularly care to act as a personal butler, but who turned and walked away, perhaps to fetch the barrel.

The butler returned in a few minutes with the barrel and Mark bent to one side so it could be placed under him, centered under the arm straps.

Mark raised himself up with his legs, getting himself on top of the barrel and thanked the man for it.

He scooted himself to the back of the barrel and found himself in relative comfort, now with his torso high enough that it gave his chest a bit of a break from the outstretched arms which had pulled so greatly.

Mark soon fell asleep, though it was hardly a restful position.

Mark awoke to the sound of four men talking. After the nursemaid related that it had been an uneventful night, and was told to return again that evening.

Mark laughed at the thought that the nursemaid may be now going home to see his wife and play with the kids and tell them how much he loved and missed them, informing them of a long night at the office needed to catch up on important work.

The cruelest man from the prior day noticed Mark’s faint trace of a smile though his bruised and swollen features, sending him into a raging inferno, asking, “What’s so funny?”

“I guess we’ve been far too nice to you. Well, your comfort ends now,” he said as he kicked the barrel out from under Mark, causing Mark to fall violently towards the floor until his arms were stretched to the limits of their sockets.

Mark got his legs back under him and pulled himself up. If yesterday was bad, today would be worse.

“Where do you have backups stored of your research?” hollered the vengeful man an inch from Mark’s face.

Mark discussed various options in his mind. “Perhaps I should say they were given to the Tooth Fairy,” he thought to himself.

Although Mark knew that such sarcasm would be swiftly punished, that isn’t what kept him silent. It was the image of Lawrence Olivier armed with dental probes which again flashed in Mark’s mind. Mark realized that he didn’t really want to give his punishers any ideas.

He was thinking through the implications of saying, “Santa has a copy,” when a right cross hit his left jaw. He didn’t think it would probably be necessary to tell his ruffians that they were surely at the head of the naughty list and would likely be getting a lump of coal that Christmas.

Mark let out an involuntary grunt after another harsh blow. Mark was confident that he now had a severe subluxation of the sixth cervical vertebra, and that he would certainly need regular chiropractic visits if he should ever make it home.

Mark briefly contemplated offering a little sarcasm, such as “I received harsher neck adjustments in chiropractic school by rookie students,” but wisely decided against it.

Following that thought, Mark felt a sharp backhand blow to his right cheek. Although not exactly an approved chiropractic adjusting technique, at least this blow was opposite the previous force, and thus stood a small chance of balancing him out, Mark thought, perhaps a little irrationally.

Mark was thankful he had inadvertently developed his mind to wander to a world of its own quite regularly, for he now traveled there effortlessly.

Mark involuntarily let out many grunts, groans and shrieks that morning, as he was seemingly beat by a mad chef fanatically seeking to tenderize the evening meal. His mind wandered in and out of consciousness, which perhaps saved his life.

Even his experienced captors seemed averse to pummeling him further once he lost consciousness. Evidently they knew some limits to what pain they should inflict and when.

As the day and beatings wore on, Mark had offered them nothing of use, not that he had all that much to offer them anyway. Never did he understand what had been their actual agenda. As far as he could tell, they just wanted to inflict upon him unmerciful pain.

Their punishment took a heavy toll on his body, short-circuiting any actual goal of making him talk, if that had even been important.

Mark thankfully did not recognize the baseball bat being brought into the game late that day, as one of the men tried to relive his glory days of his youth when he yet had plans for a respectful future.

That man never realized that a torn medial collateral ligament in his left knee was really all it took for him to start his travels down the not-so-honorable road where he now found himself; at least an unfortunate injury coupled to a soul without a hint of decency.

∫ ∫ ∫

Back in Vancouver, the newspaper ran a cover story on the kidnapping of the local man who had found his family's long-lost gold, asking anyone witnessing the incident to contact local police.

The F.B.I. agents handling the case were not happy Penny had called in the media. The F.B.I. didn't want the media knowing more than they wanted to share when they wanted to share it, to minimize the number of false leads media attention could generate.

The Washington State Patrol reviewed their tapes from WSDOT's cameras. The cameras caught glimpses of the vehicles as far north as Tacoma, but after that they were not seen again.

Local police began searching nearby industrial areas for the sedan and van, figuring such areas would offer the greatest privacy.

In the afternoon of Thursday, December 13th, U.S. Marshal Steve Fredrickson saw a F.B.I. bulletin on the kidnapping of Mark Evanston in Vancouver, Washington.

Marshal Fredrickson had been the senior interrogator of Mark Evanston in the two days of questioning he had received in Washington, D.C. back in November.

After those two days of questioning, Marshal Fredrickson had developed a certain amount of respect for Mark, once he began to follow some of his arguments which he hadn't initially cared to learn.

Since he released Mark, Marshal Fredrickson had been following up from what he began referring to as his 'private seminar' with a fair amount of home study. He became convinced Mark had uncovered some serious federal misdoings and he sought to learn more.

Bald Justice

Marshal Fredrickson soon tracked down ex-Treasurer Janet Davidson, as Mark had told him of her deposition answers and their private discussion. She proved quite resistant to his overtures initially, but after numerous attempts she finally became convinced that he was not a foe.

The two talked at length and each relayed their experiences with Mark to one another, strengthening each other's growing convictions.

Marshal Fredrickson was thankful that Janet had not accepted any hush money from the government agreeing she would not talk with anyone about her newfound monetary understanding.

Marshal Fredrickson and Ms. Davidson began meeting each other for lunch or dinner once or twice a week to discuss their growing understanding of underhanded financial activities.

As soon as the night's dinner meeting with Janet was over, he had made arrangements to fly out to Seattle to assist in the hunt for Mark.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news," said Steve as he sat down at the table with Janet. "Mark Evanston was kidnapped yesterday and is still missing. His house was also blown up by a bomb. I am flying out to Seattle late this evening to assist in the search."

"I was afraid something like this might happen," said Janet.

"Me too," said Steve. "Which is why before I let Mark out of my custody after your deposition, I placed a very small tracking device within the lining of his coat. I'm hoping he was wearing that same jacket when he was kidnapped and that it is still near him."

"Would the device still be active?" asked Janet.

“If it isn’t damaged, and it hasn’t been found, it should be,” said Steve. “The tracking device doesn’t have a battery; it merely bounces back the signal emitted from my transponder.

“The effective range is only a couple of thousand feet when there are not many obstacles. We try to get within a 1,000 feet when you throw in buildings and other impediments.”

“I wanted to let you know that I happened to check Mark’s website www.MonetaryLaws.com yesterday morning, and Mark evidently finished his book *Monetary Laws of the United States*. I wanted to talk with you about it today, so I stayed up late and got up early and I finished reading it two hours ago.

“Although it wasn’t an easy read, I was able to follow it pretty well and it was fascinating and informative. I now know for certain that I made the right decision last month. I am now completely convinced that Mark has it right, and we have all been one way or another complicit or ignorant in the greatest bit of monetary deception in the history of this country.

“Mark’s research will send us back to our roots of individual liberty and limited government under the Constitution which the federal government is powerless to transcend. There are simply no other effective loopholes by which the federal government may expand their power. Closing the District of Columbia loophole eliminates omnipotent government, or its appearance,” said Janet.

“I’m glad to hear your conclusions about *Monetary Laws*, and especially knowing that it is now available. With his book published, I think his life may be less in danger. I don’t think his opponents dare afford to make him a martyr,” said Steve. “Well, I better get going; I have to pack and catch a plane so I can find a patriot.”

Bald Justice

“I’ll keep you both in my prayers,” said Janet. “When you see Mark, tell him I think *Monetary Laws* provides the information people need to regain control of our lives, especially if people like me begin doing their part to get out the information, which I have decided now to do.

“No one should be allowed to kidnap people and blow up their home to stop them from telling the truth, especially when that truth is so important and so needed. I’ve always hated bullies.”

“Me too,” said Steve. “That is why I became a U.S. Marshall.”

∫ ∫ ∫

Penny hadn’t slept since Mark had been abducted. She was worried what harm had come to her husband. She also missed their comfortable bed.

Penny thought of the cherry bed-frame and dresser Mark had made them, and the hand-sewn Amish quilt they had on their bed. That bed-frame was now in thousands of pieces and the quilt ripped to tiny shreds.

The cherry desk, credenzas and entertainment center Mark made were also now mere splinters.

Penny’s scrapbooks and picture books were gone. She was thankful for digital pictures, for at least she didn’t lose any digital information even though the computer hard drive was taken.

Penny didn’t miss the well-worn leather couch and recliner, as they were on the downhill decline anyway.

Police comforted Penny by pointing out that it was a good sign Mark had been abducted, for that meant he was wanted alive. If someone had instead wanted him dead, they would simply have shot him or made sure he was in the house when they blew it up.

Penny took turns spending the night with her sisters Sheila and Sydney, but spent most days between Bethany's and Hannah's.

Bethany took off work so Penny didn't have to babysit her kids during a traumatic ordeal and Blake worked just the mornings so he could be available to offer his help in the afternoons.

Little four-year old Ryan didn't much understand what had happened to his Gramps, but knew it wasn't good. He asked Grammy when he would be able to again go into Gramps' office and sit on his desktop as he and Paige always did when Mark worked at the computer.

Penny was glad the grandkids didn't bother Mark when he worked at the computer. She was thankful that Mark could concentrate as they both played on his desktop or even climbed on him and his chair, playing as if they were monkeys.

Sometimes Penny would come in from the kitchen and tell the kids to quiet down and ask Mark how he could work through the noise. Mark would generally ask, "What noise?"

Of course, if Mark ignored the kids too much, he did get into a little trouble with Penny for that.

Ryan had always liked searching through Gramps' desk drawers and enjoyed playing with all the familiar items stored there; tape measures, triangular architect's and engineering rulers, an old wooden fishing net repair needle, wooden letter opener, and a similar treasure trove of items for four and six year olds with vivid imaginations.

Bald Justice

Ryan's favorite desktop ornamentation was an old telescope which shared desktop space with a small, distorted hand-blown glass pitcher Mark had made many years before. Several old wooden handplanes sat on the desktop near an Evanston Farms' ceramic pot which held pens and pencils and a pair of scissors.

Paige's favorite was the adding machine with tape perfectly sized for writing out Christmas lists for Santa. She admired the two small pottery dishes her mother had made in high school art class which Gramps used as a paper clip holder and spare change holder.

Paige and Ryan continuously asked Grammy when Gramps would be back; they were always told, "Real soon." When the grandkids stated that they missed him, Penny admitted that she did too.

Blake brought his three oldest boys with him to be with Penny those afternoons after Mark had been abducted, though his youngest infant born over the summer stayed home so he could be nursed by his mother.

The older Banning boys were quite rambunctious and full of vim and vigor, though they were only two, four and five years old. Wherever they went, they soon became the center of attention.

Even with her husband missing, Penny could not long remain in a saddened mood anytime her grandchildren were around, with their bright eyes and innocent smiles.

It was the quiet evenings which were toughest for Penny, especially when it came time to climb into a borrowed empty bed and try and sleep. Penny would cry herself to sleep and pray for God to protect her husband from lasting harm, only to wake a short time later, hoping it was all a bad dream.

Chapter Fourteen

Marshal Steve Fredrickson arrived at the Sea-Tac Airport on the Red-Eye at 5:00 am and was able to grab a few winks on the flight. He ate breakfast and hailed a cab to take him to the Seattle office of the U.S. Marshals where he would check-in and secure a vehicle.

He immediately set out for Tacoma once he had the vehicle, calling the F.B.I. officer in charge of the investigation in Vancouver to coordinate efforts and find out the Tacoma contact person.

Steve Fredrickson asked F.B.I. agent Sam Wilbey for a description of the coat Mark was wearing when he was abducted.

Agent Wilbey relayed that Mark was wearing a heavy, dark gray Carhartt jacket, which his wife stated was the only heavier casual winter coat he owned.

“Mark’s wife didn’t indicate that she or Mark had found anything resembling a tracking device, did they?” asked Marshall Fredrickson.

“Not to me, she didn’t,” said Agent Wilbey.

“Good,” said Steve. “If his abductors didn’t find the device I inserted in that coat last month, or discard his coat, it may well help me locate him, but I’ve got to get within a thousand feet of him, maybe two.”

“That’s some of the best news I’ve heard yet,” said the F.B.I. agent. “Contact Agent Tom Lindberg in Tacoma. I have his phone number right here, just give me a moment. We think we have a good lead to the general area Mark Evanston may be now located, but we seem to definitely need help to efficiently narrow down that field.”

After writing down the phone number, Marshal Fredrickson had his hopes raised that his intuitive concern may pay off and help bring Mark back to safety.

Steve called Agent Lindberg and told him he was coming from Seattle and he was about 40 minutes out, that he hoped his transponder may be able to help locate Mark Evanston.

Agent Lindberg gave the marshal his location and said he would map out their best guesses where Mark may be, and that he could personally escort him around, so Steve could concentrate on his transponder.

“That would be wonderful,” said the marshal. “I’ll see you in about a half-hour,” as he mashed the accelerator to the floor, advancing on his already considerable speed.

∫ ∫ ∫

To Mark’s relief, he had survived his second day of beatings and an uncomfortable night being forced to stand strapped against the wall. The thin straps which held his arms outstretched now cut deep into his wrists and long streaks of blood dripped down the wall into a large pool which had formed on the container’s floor below, as Mark now needed to use his arms to help stand.

Mark was finding it quite difficult to breath, and he surmised his lungs were filling with fluid, fluid resulting from the beatings to his heavily-bruised chest and having to stand with outstretched arms.

Mark knew he could not survive another day of beatings; he was simply too battered, bruised and beaten up.

Bald Justice

He was fairly sure his left femur was broken from several swings of a baseball bat as the batter tried to hit a few home runs the day before.

Standing strapped against a wall with outstretched arms for days on end and tortured, Mark could not help thinking of Christ. When Mark had prayed to be more like Jesus, this hadn't exactly been what he had in mind.

God must have some sense of humor, he thought.

If his mind had been clearer, Mark would have made a mental note to more carefully and clearly relay his prayers.

Mark didn't know what God wanted him to learn from this experience. He knew it unlikely that he would develop Jesus' compassion for his captors and knew he wouldn't ever have His innocence or purity.

Mark prayed for deliverance for himself and protection for Penny and grandkids, but finally just began praying that God's will be done.

Mark had long experienced difficulty letting God direct his life, partly because he never really got subtlety.

He didn't necessarily want God throwing lightning bolts down at him, but he wouldn't have minded the skies opening up amidst a great thunder storm and hearing the voice of God, even if that voice ended up sounding somewhat like Charlton Heston.

Something like that, thought Mark, would probably be obvious enough to get his attention and make him realize what God wanted him to do.

Yet Mark figured he must have been doing what God called him to do; for he seemed wholly unable to cast aside what he felt was his obligation, his moral duty.

He certainly wasn't in it for fortune, fame, or ease, as only the opposite ever came his way and the harder he pushed the higher price he paid.

Mark realized that many people who knew him in life thought he was a bit 'off' for his drive towards things oriented in liberty and that few people ever read his work.

Mark recalled one of his cousins informing him that when he had earlier seen a photo of Mark in his colonial patriot outfit, that this cousin 'didn't know whether to laugh or cry.'

"Are you ready for another day of beatings?" asked the now-familiar voice of pain and torture.

Sweat began to form on Mark's brow simply from the knowledge that the blows would soon again commence. Mark felt like a helpless Pavlovian dog in a twisted experiment gone terribly bad.

"It is too bad you have to stand there in your bloody and sweat-stained shirt and your soiled pants. If you would cooperate, we'd have allowed you a shower and use of bathroom facilities long ago.

"Besides, you stink and we'd prefer that you didn't. But, as you stubbornly continue to thwart our plans, you'll pay an increased price for that stubbornness and we'll plug our noses."

Mark wanted to communicate the Christian message, "Well stuff this up your nose," and have a fist drive home the recommendation, but he didn't seem to have a free fist. It wasn't as if any strength remained to properly punctuate the message, however.

Mark was hit on the chin with a stiff uppercut. A few more minutes of torture was followed by another hour's loss of consciousness, during which time a large basin of water was brought in and the gurney returned.

Mark collapsed into the arms of his captors as he was cut down from the container wall, wholly unable to support his own weight.

The only reason for the gurney's on-board restraints now were for keeping his body from sliding off it once it was pivoted down so that Mark's head could be easily immersed in the basin of water.

After regaining consciousness, Mark was dunked into the basin. The first upside-down backwards dip was ever brief, yet it still caused Mark to swallow a fair amount of water. He had tried to lift his head out of the water, but was unable. He choked violently, trying to clear the water and breathe in some life-sustaining air.

He then tried to be patient and let the water drain before he gasped for the surrounding air, just as he tried not to inhale while under the water. He failed each attempt.

Each dip in the water lasted longer than the previous episode, even as Mark found himself being less able to hold his breath.

The merciless thug operating the gurney's pivot was about to send Mark down for fourth time when Mark tried to talk, but couldn't quite catch his breath.

"Wait a minute, I think he is finally ready to talk," stated the head ruffian. "About time, I had pretty much come to the conclusion that we weren't ever gonna get through to him. Loosen his straps and tilt him up to give him a few moments to catch his breath."

Mark knew he couldn't last but a few more dunkings; he was far too weak and simply had too little lung capacity left. He was well past the point of exhaustion and could not even sit up on his own and he faded in and out of consciousness now at frequent intervals even without additional beatings.

While Mark hadn't given up all hope of being rescued, he felt God now calling him home. Mark began contemplating a little more seriously where that 'home' would be, where he'd be spending eternity, at least to the degree he could think rationally.

He prayed more earnestly that heaven would be his new home as it appeared imminent that he would be leaving the present world.

"Dear Lord, please forgive me of my sins and take me into Your arms that Your will be done," he prayed, thankful that he was able to form any words in his mind at all.

Mark thought how hurt Penny would be if he died today. Penny was still not over the loss of her mother 18 months earlier, and Mark knew it would be very difficult for her to now lose her husband.

Mark knew Penny to be quite fragile, yet she was simultaneously also a very strong woman. She had a quiet resilience about her which defied human explanation. Mark thanked God for bringing her into his life and knew He was the source of her strength.

Mark often commented Penny was his 'far better half,' and said that she kept him a 'more rounded individual.' He clarified that he wasn't simply talking about his round belly that she kept well-fed, but that he was a much better person because of her.

When Mark invariably started to wander off the appropriate path and too much ignore his grandchildren or pay insufficient attention to things which needed it, she would give his chain a proper yank.

Bald Justice

Mark felt guilty for neglecting his wife because he was too pre-occupied with his noble causes which would now cost him his life.

It would have been one thing if Mark had spent his available time seeking profits such that she would at least have some money to help carry her through his absence.

He wished he had paid more attention to Penny, so she would also be just as thankful that God brought him into her life.

Now Penny would be left too-young a widow *and* church-mouse poor, at least the American variety of poor.

He was thankful that she would have her grandkids so she could still exercise her maternal instincts which were no longer much needed for her own kids.

As Mark's thoughts turned to Blake, Bethany and especially his grandchildren, he again felt proud about his life's work. Mark was confident that his efforts at liberty and limited government under the whole Constitution were beginning to pay off, even if he had only helped lay some of the groundwork for others to later build the structures necessary to reinstate liberty firmly in this land.

He knew that his grandchildren and his inevitable great-grandchildren would benefit from his liberty-minded efforts if his work ever took hold. Mark was hopeful that his wife would live to see the good come about from her late husband's efforts which could benefit generations to come and thus could forgive him.

Mark thought of all the men and women who came before him who had fought against tyranny and died in the name of protecting liberty. He knew he would soon be in the great company of millions of courageous Americans who likewise died far too young in the defense of all that was honorable.

Mark had never served in the military, but he had nevertheless fought the good fight defending freedom and would evidently soon be giving it his all.

The founding generation of the United States well understood that freedom wasn't free, as did many Americans through to the present day.

There was always a very high cost to ensure that noble concept; just many people were able to remain ignorant of it because of the vital and dangerous work of countless others. He would now add to that work so many others before him provided.

Mark had fought for bald justice and bare liberty while he hoped to be around to enjoy their benefits. That didn't appear possible at the moment, but he was certainly incapable of denying on his deathbed that for which he valiantly fought throughout his life.

"All right, you've had long enough to catch your breath, talk," growled the impatient man.

In an almost inaudible voice, Mark boldly stated, "I haven't enjoyed this much inversion and hydrotherapy since college."

The impatient man could not make out what Mark had said and ordered him to repeat it, but Mark was physically unable.

The thug operating the gurney heard the words and repeated them loudly for his boss — that their tortured prey hadn't "enjoyed so much inversion and hydrotherapy since college."

The impatient boss-man lost all semblance of control when he heard those words and was about to strike what would have undoubtedly been the finishing blow when a voice in the background spoke loudly and authoritatively and said, "Stop."

Bald Justice

The impatient man recognized the voice and stopped immediately. “I didn’t expect you to come down here — you shouldn’t be here — you could be seen.”

“I came to check for myself your progress, which doesn’t appear to be going very well. That man is about dead and you have not been given the directive. Get him cleaned up and showered, and into a warm bed. See to it that he doesn’t catch his death.

“Not one more hair is to be harmed on this man until you are told otherwise. After I confer with my superiors, I’ll get back with you. Here is the phone on which I will call you. After we talk, make sure you get rid of the phone, immediately,” said the unknown authoritarian, the man who answered to no one but Charles Cunningham, VII.

“Understood,” said the ruffian.

“I’m not sure you do; if he dies, you all die.”

Mark was unconscious and didn’t yet realize he likely won a reprieve; that is, if he could survive the next few hours.

f f f

Penny checked in with F.B.I. Agent Wilbey, to see if there was any updated information he could relate to her.

“I don’t want to get your hopes up, but we may have caught a break,” said Agent Wilbey. “The Washington State Patrol thinks they have tracked the kidnapping vehicles to the industrial area around the Tacoma dock-yards.

“The marshal who interrogated Mark in Washington, D.C. in November inserted a tracking device into his coat before he was released, as he was worried that Mark was maybe under some danger. He has flown here and is checking for that tracking device signal with his transponder as we speak.

“If Mark is in those dock-yards and the tracking device still works and his coat is on or near him, Marshal Fredrickson believes he will be able to find him rather quickly,” said Agent Wilbey.

“That is about the best news I’ve heard yet since this whole thing started,” said Penny. “I knew the marshal was a decent guy.”

“I’ll let you know if I hear anything,” said Agent Wilbey. “By the way, you never found a tracking device in his coat, did you?”

“No, I didn’t find anything suspicious,” said Penny. “And Mark would have told me had he found one.”

∫ ∫ ∫

“Is he stable?” asked the authoritarian over the phone.

“Yes, we got him cleaned up and put a change of clothes on him. He is asleep on a cot with a heavy blanket, propped up slightly to help keep his lungs clear. It looks like he will make it, at least if he gets to a hospital soon,” said the head ruffian.

“Make sure he could leave on his own accord if he regains strength. Make sure he has water if he needs it in the meantime. Then clear out, immediately. The mission is over as his work and kidnapping have been made public, neither of which we anticipated. The police are closing in as we speak. Get rid of the phone.”

The thug was about to respond, but his phone went dead. “The mission is terminated boys and we need to leave, now. Grab that basin of water that we used for dunking and place it instead alongside the bed. Make sure we haven’t left anything else lying around. Police are close. Let’s move.”

∫ ∫ ∫

U.S. Marshal Steve Fredrickson had been riding shotgun with F.B.I. Agent Tom Lindberg for the past 30 minutes. They had a map of the Tacoma industrial areas, which was the State Patrol’s best guess where the abduction vehicles went, based upon their last WSDOT traffic video feed.

As they drove slowly through the industrial blocks, Steve Fredrickson turned knobs and listened in his headphones for any sound which registered as a ping, a hit off the tracking device. This certainly wasn’t high tech, but the remote tracking device placed in Mark’s coat was inconspicuous and reliable.

Plus, those old devices themselves were not monitored so well at the office that one of them would be missed for the marshal’s unauthorized use.

They had covered their primary target area, and the secondary area was fast diminishing. One more target area remained and if he wasn’t found there, then the potential locations for Mark suddenly became quite vast.

About half-way through the third sector, Steve heard a slight ping in his headphones. “Wait a minute, I may have something.”

Agent Lindberg slowed the car down to a slow and steady crawl.

“Ping...ping,” Steve heard again in his headphones. “Yes, I have him. Keep your course, steady as she goes.”

As they went forward several hundred yards further, the signal got steadily stronger. “Call for backup, we are approaching the target area. I’m getting a strong signal now and we should be able to isolate it in a few more minutes.”

Agent Lindberg called dispatch and gave them their current location and relayed that the transponder was picking up a signal, and that they should have it isolated within a few minutes.

Agent Lindberg requested silent running the final five miles on approach for all responding vehicles. Since they didn’t know yet where they were going, he didn’t want the captors being tipped off.

“We’re getting further away, turn around and we’ll run perpendicularly when I tell you.” Steve soon said, “Ok, turn left.”

“Ok we’re getting stronger again; we are close, now. Give backup our current location.”

They drove several hundred feet and saw a large abandoned warehouse adjacent to the wharf. It looked like an ideal location to question an unwilling witness. “This must be the place. Try and get out of sight until backup arrives. Give everyone our final location.”

Within three minutes, six officers had arrived at the staging area. “Two SWAT teams are en route, one five minutes away and one fifteen,” said Agent Lindberg.

“Ok then, we go in five,” said Marshal Fredrickson. “Spread the word and let everyone know, and tell that second SWAT team to hurry, I don’t know what we’ll find.”

“We also better order an ambulance here too, to come to the staging area.”

By the time the first SWAT team arrived, twelve more police officers had arrived in six more vehicles.

Marshal Fredrickson and Agent Lindberg coordinated with SWAT and the local police captain onsite. They would hit the building from the front, driving any hostile forces inside towards the water. A police boat was in the harbor, heading toward the building, ready to close in once the frontal advance began.

The building had two entrance areas, front and back. In the front of the building was a door into the office. Beyond the man-door were two large roll-up vehicle doors into the warehouse area. In back of the building were five roll-up doors, with a man-door beside the closest roll up door. The police would gain entry at the front door and fan out from there.

Three officers stayed with their vehicles placed near the front of the building, while three officers were stationed at each back corner of the building adjacent to the wharf.

After gaining initial entry, the remainder of the officers moved quickly and quietly through the building.

The inside of the building was vacant of all machinery, offering advancing officers no protection other than their riot shields. Thankfully, the wide-open spaces simultaneously allowed the police clear visibility inside the building, other than it being fairly dark. The only obstacles in the building were the walls of the office area and a shipping container near the back of the building and occasional posts.

It didn't take long to search the office areas, which were all clear and showed little signs of recent activity. There were fresh tire tracks inside the building from one of the large roll-up doors, offering officers hope that they were in the right place.

The shipping container remained the last place to check and the officers converged there. Steve Fredrickson was the first to reach the rear doors and, while SWAT officers covered him, he pulled back one door as he used it to shield himself.

"We've got a live victim on a cot," hollered the SWAT commander who trained his flashlight on his carbine rifle into the container, as the second container door was quickly opened. "The container and building are secure. Open up those big doors and get that ambulance over here."

Steve holstered his weapon and approached Mark while other officers opened the roll up doors to bring more light inside the building.

"Hello, Mark. Wake up. This is U.S. Marshal Steve Fredrickson, do you remember me? I questioned you back in Washington, D.C. last month."

"Have vu spoken wit' wife?" asked Mark, somewhat unintelligibly and barely conscious.

"No, I haven't spoken with your wife, but I've been in contact with the F.B.I. Agent in charge of your case, who has been keeping her posted."

"Call her?" asked Mark.

Bald Justice

“Sure, give me the number and I’ll dial it for you,” said the marshal, but Mark couldn’t come up with Penny’s number and faded back into unconsciousness.

F.B.I. Agent Lindberg phoned Agent Wilbey and provided him with the good news of Mark’s rescue. He retrieved Penny’s phone number for Steve to call.

“Hello,” answered Penny, unsure who was calling her from an unknown area code, as she was passing time at her mother-in-law’s with Blake and Bethany.

“Hello Mrs. Evanston, this is U.S. Marshal Steve Fredrickson; we met in Washington, D.C. We have found your husband here in Tacoma. He is pretty weak and quite banged up, but the ambulance is here and will be taking him to a local hospital shortly.”

Penny burst out crying and thanked the marshal for the wonderful news. Steve made sure Penny had his cell number and to call with any questions or concerns.

“Evidently I have some traveling plans to make,” said Penny, as she hung up the phone.

Chapter Fifteen

“Let me take the kids home and grab a change of clothes, and I’ll take you up to Tacoma,” Blake offered once he heard the news Mark had been found and was being taken to an area hospital.

“That sounds great,” said Penny. “I guess I don’t have much of anything to pack, so I’ll just have to pick up a few things in Tacoma.”

Hannah was thrilled that Mark had been rescued, but stated that she wasn’t really up for travel after all the drama. “Please give him a hug and kiss from me, and have him call me when he can.”

Penny agreed, as she and Blake left for his home with the boys.

Blake and Penny dropped off the kids and Blake grabbed a few of his belongings which Daphne had put together for him. Soon they were heading for a hospital in the Tacoma vicinity.

Penny started making phone calls as Blake drove, to let the many people who had been praying for Mark’s safe return to let them know he’d been found and was heading to a hospital.

Steve Fredrickson later called Penny and gave her the hospital information and stated that he would meet her there, that he was standing guard outside Mark’s room.

Marshal Fredrickson then called ex-Treasurer Janet Davidson and gave her the good news of Mark’s rescue.

“Wonderful news, Steve,” said Janet. “Say, a reporter from *The Washington Sentinel* has been in contact with me since I was fired and I opened up to her yesterday. She has started reading *Monetary Laws* and has already questioned me extensively about it. She seems to understand the ramifications involved.

“Anyway, reporter Sarah Jacobs wants to do a story about Mark’s gold discovery, the lawsuit, me getting fired, and Mark’s kidnapping and rescue, using you and me as the experts in the case.

“I told her I was up for it, but couldn’t speak for you. What do you say; are you ready to jump in on the winning side of this fray, at ground zero of one of the most important political stories of the last century, if we can get Mark’s research front-and-center?”

Steve’s first inclination was to decline or put off the decision, but he courageously decided otherwise, instead saying, “Give me her number and I’ll call her when I get off the phone with you.”

“Wonderful,” said Janet. “Here it is...”

Washington Sentinel reporter Sarah Jacobs answered her phone in her usual, to-the-point manner, “Sentinel, Jacobs.”

“Ms. Jacobs, this is U.S. Marshal Steve Fredrickson. I just got off the phone with Janet Davidson, who gave me your number and relayed your interest in the Mark Evanston kidnapping and rescue.”

“Oh, good,” said Sarah, “Does that mean Mr. Evanston has been rescued?”

“Yes,” said Steve. “He’s been badly beaten and appears to have a few broken bones; he’s at the hospital now getting patched up.”

“Do you know much of the kidnapping or rescue?” asked Sarah. “I’d like to expound upon those events in my story.”

Steve relayed that the F.B.I. Agent Sam Wilbey out of the F.B.I.’s Portland office would have more information on the Evanston kidnapping, but he admitted that he had been heavily involved in the rescue.

“How did you happen to get involved in the rescue?” asked Sarah. “Didn’t you interrogate Mark Evanston in November in Washington, D.C.?”

Steve admitted that he had questioned Mark for two days after Mark had been detained at the airport following the deposition of then-Treasurer Janet Davidson.

Steve stated that he had 22 years experience in questioning really bad people and he knew after a few minutes of questioning that Mark’s detainment was politically-motivated. He knew that Mark hadn’t likely done anything other than get the wrong people upset with him.

“After two days of questioning, Mark Evanston had given me a complete run-down on his theory regarding legal tender paper currencies and the 1933 gold ‘confiscation’ by President Roosevelt.

“Although I hadn’t cared to learn about the theories initially, I soon became intrigued with the fresh perspective which answered quite a few questions which had developed in the back of my mind over my past few decades in government.

“His perspective brought into focus a box-top picture of all the seemingly disconnected jigsaw puzzle pieces which hadn’t previously made sense. Over the past month, the picture is developing quite nicely, and it is becoming far less of a puzzle.

“By the end of questioning, I knew that Mark may be in danger; that he’d just made too many powerful enemies. So I placed a small tracking device in his coat that no one knew about but me.

“Luckily, that is the same coat Mark had on when he was kidnapped, and we used that to locate Mark in the abandoned warehouse in Tacoma three hours ago.”

“That is fascinating,” said Sarah. “How far of range does that tracking device have?”

“Since it is old school technology, I can talk about it. Depending upon the terrain, the tracking device has an effective range anywhere between 1,000 and 2,000 feet,” said Steve.

“You seem to have no problems talking with me, are you concerned with keeping your position?” asked Sarah, knowing that the government’s cover story for Janet Davidson was but a farce.

“Let’s just put it this way,” said Steve. “I’m far less concerned about keeping my position than I am in protecting our country and fulfilling my sworn oath to support the Constitution. I did not take an oath to protect my job, my superiors, or even the Marshal’s service.”

“May I quote you on that?” asked Sarah.

“If you wish,” said Steve. “You need to watch your back, especially until you get your story out. The same thing that happened to Mark may be waiting for you. I think what saved his bacon was his wife getting his writings online and out into the public domain. Mrs. Evanston’s contacting of the media after the kidnapping may have not been expected by the kidnappers either.

“Likewise, until your story is published, you will be a target. I would advise staying away from windows, not opening unknown packages, never going out alone, etc. Be careful, very careful.”

“Thanks for the advice; a little paranoia may be healthy in my line of work,” said Sarah. “Thankfully, I have a fair amount of the story already researched. I was confident there was a story behind the U.S. Treasurer’s departure, and after consistent prodding, I finally hit pay-dirt.

“I just needed the rescue information which I am now getting from you, and would like to yet obtain some of the kidnapping information.”

“That Mark was able to not only influence the U.S. Treasurer but also the 22-year veteran of the U.S. Marshal’s office who was initially charged to interrogate him is a nice story on its own, especially once that marshal took it upon himself to come to Mark’s rescue.”

“If you have any more questions, don’t hesitate to contact me,” said Steve. “And remember, watch your back.”

“Thank you,” said Sarah. “I’ll be in contact.”

∫ ∫ ∫

“Agent Wilbey,” he said as he answered his cell phone.

“Good afternoon, agent, this is *Washington Sentinel* reporter Sarah Jacobs, I was hoping you had a moment to answer a few quick questions now that Mark Evanston has been found.

“I want to include his kidnapping and rescue in my story. Marshal Fredrickson provided me information regarding his rescue, but he didn’t have much information on the kidnapping.”

“I haven’t even talked directly yet with the marshal after the rescue, I’m impressed that you already have,” stated Agent Wilbey.

“I have a deadline to meet, you know. The presses wait for no one,” said Sarah.

“By the way, how did you get this phone number?”

“Marshal Fredrickson gave it to me,” replied Sarah.

“I’ll be speaking with the marshal about that. Make sure you give it to no one.”

“Understood.”

“The F.B.I. refers all media interviews to our public relations office, especially on active cases.”

“But this case is over, at least other than the paperwork,” said Sarah.

“Not yet officially,” said Agent Wilbey. “You know; by the book, ma’am.”

“Ok, then, how about off the record? I just want to make sure I get some of the background information straight, even if I don’t have a name and title to quote. Since there is no question he was kidnapped, I don’t really need to quote sources.”

“Just what is it that you want to know? I’ll see if I’m comfortable answering off-the-record.”

“As I have it, Mark Evanston was kidnapped in Vancouver the morning of Wednesday, December 12th after he had witnessed a minor traffic accident, and was taken after he approached the vehicles involved in the accident to see if everyone was ok; is that correct?”

“He was kidnapped about 9:00 am that day and in the manner as you pointed out and we presume his intentions were as you indicated,” answered Agent Wilbey.

“Were there any ransom requests?” asked Sarah.

“No, there was no family contact by the kidnappers,” said Agent Wilbey.

“Did that rule out being kidnapped by someone wanting to get some of the family’s discovered gold?” asked Sarah.

“Well, it meant it was unlikely, but did not rule it out completely.”

“What about the house bombing? Is it common for kidnapers to blow up a house?”

“No, not at all. The A.T.F. could provide you with more information on the bombing. All I know is that there was little left, and that Mark’s computer hard drive was evidently first taken from the home.”

“So the bombers were looking for information?”

“That seems like a logical conclusion. Or they were simply trying to keep information from getting out to other people. I took the explosion as a harsh message being delivered rather bluntly.”

“Did you have any initial leads about the kidnapers?”

“We had an eyewitness of the kidnapping, who saw a man being carried a few feet to a van and forced inside, with the vehicles speeding north up Highway 99 in Vancouver,” said Agent Wilbey. “The eyewitness was the caller who contacted police immediately to let us know he witnessed a kidnapping and that his vehicle had been left behind. This allowed us to know who had been abducted.

“We also had WSDOT traffic cameras along I-5 record the vehicles all the way to the Tacoma region. That is about it in this case, we didn’t really have much else to work on.”

“May I quote you on the information you gave me?” asked Sarah.

“Why don’t you use your ‘anonymous sources’ in this case,” said Agent Wilbey.

“Very well, is there any comment you could give me on-the-record?” asked Sarah.

“The F.B.I. is pleased to have contributed to the safe return of kidnapping victim Mark Evanston and would like to thank the Clark County Sheriff’s Office, the Washington State Department of Transportation, the Washington State Patrol, the Pierce County Sheriff’s Department, the Tacoma Police Department and the members of its SWAT team for their invaluable contributions,” said Agent Wilbey.

“And the U.S. Marshal’s Office?” asked Sarah.

“And the U.S. Marshal’s Office,” said Agent Wilbey.

“Can you comment on the reason the U.S. Marshal’s Office got involved in this Vancouver kidnapping case?” asked Sarah.

“I think that is a question for the Marshal’s office. I am just glad they got involved,” said Agent Wilbey. “At least, other than the marshal giving my phone number to a reporter.”

“Thank you for your help,” said Sarah, quite thankful the marshal broke protocol and gave her the agent’s phone number. “By the way, do you have the phone number for the A.T.F. agent in charge of the Evanston house bombing?”

∫ ∫ ∫

When Penny first saw Mark Friday night at Tacoma General Hospital, she asked herself, “Who’s that?”

That was the same question Blake asked.

Neither of them had thought about the possibility that Mark would look much different than he always did.

“I love you, Dear,” Mark attempted to say, as he awoke Saturday morning as he first saw Penny by his side. Through the heavy medication attempting to dull the pain and due to his contorted and swollen face, it sounded more as if he said, “A lu va, do.”

“I love you too, Honey,” said Penny, as tears readily flowed from her eyes. “I’d like to give you a hug, but you looked so bruised and battered, I don’t want to hurt you further.”

Mark gave a faint smile, as if to say, “I’m hugging you in my mind.”

Mark drifted back into unconsciousness for two hours, waking up when the nurse came in to check in on him and record his vitals.

As Blake looked upon Mark as he lay in bed barely conscious, he recollected an event from his early teenage years. He had gone with his mom up to some property Mark had earlier purchased, where Mark was working with a backhoe.

It had been a warm summer day and Penny was bringing Mark a cool drink of water. Mark took too big of a swig and got dizzy and fell down to the ground, evidently fainting from heat stroke.

Penny thought Mark was playing around at first, until she saw Mark let go of the water jug and water began spilling all over the ground. Penny knew he wouldn’t waste his precious drinking water.

After Mark regained consciousness but still lay on the ground feeling a little woozy, Blake took the opportunity to give Mark a gentle kick, telling Mark that this was finally his opportunity to get the best of him.

Blake knew that even his two-year old son could now get the best of Mark. It looked like a whole platoon had already gotten the best of his stepfather, he thought.

After the nurse had finished, Blake asked Mark if he recalled the event so many years earlier and Mark nodded. Blake was thankful that Mark's memory seemed intact.

"Don't worry, I won't come after you now," Blake offered, as a hint of a smile developed on Mark's contused face.

Penny offered, "There is someone waiting outside that you may be surprised to see, but who was instrumental in finding you."

Mark raised his swollen eyebrows, as if to say, "Who's that?"

Penny opened the door and motioned for Steve Fredrickson to come in.

"Good morning, Mr. Evanston, I hope you are doing better than when we found you," said Steve.

Mark recognized the marshal who interrogated him the month before and attempted to say, "Why are you here," but it came out, "Wi va he?"

"Why I am here because of your kidnapping, of course," said Steve, doing a good job of deciphering Mark's utterances.

"We occasionally get involved in kidnappings, but mainly the F.B.I. is involved, which they also were in your case," said Steve. "I came out here as soon as I heard you were kidnapped."

"Tank vu," said Mark, more intelligibly, seeming to figure out how to talk through the numbness and pain with facial muscles which didn't want to work like normal.

The rapid improvement in speech helped signify that his impairment wasn't neurological in origin.

“Well, before you left our interrogation back in November, I thought you may be in danger, so I inserted a small tracking device in your coat. I came out here hoping you were wearing that coat when you were kidnapped,” said Steve.

“Pov-a-tee hav ben-fits,” said Mark, thankful now that he didn't have other seasonal coats to wear.

“Former U.S. Treasurer Janet Davidson sends her regards,” said Steve.

“Willy?” asked Mark, attempting to say, “Really?”

“She's read your posting of *Monetary Laws* online, and she's looking forward to talking with you about it,” said Steve. “She thinks its information will rock the world.”

Mark looked at Penny, “Vu got *Mon-e-tee Laws* posted; tank vu.”

“No problem,” said Penny. “It gave me something to do after I first found out about your kidnapping. The next couple of days and especially nights were not as easy.”

“There is also someone else wanting to talk with you, *Washington Sentinel* reporter Sarah Jacobs. She has been talking with Janet Davidson since Janet was fired, though Janet didn't really open up with her until she read *Monetary Laws*.

“The reporter wants to write a story on your gold discovery lawsuit and your kidnapping. She'd like to talk with you as soon as you are up to it. I have her phone number,” said Steve.

“Great news,” said Mark, nearly back to intelligible speech.

“It’s not the best news I have heard even in a day,” said Penny, as she bent down and kissed his forehead ever so gently.

“Tank you, dear,” said Mark.

“It’s true,” said Penny, with another tear forming in her eye.

“Rest,” said Mark, obviously getting fatigued even from his brief conversations with Penny and Steve, as his speech again became increasingly difficult to again understand.

“Ok, I’ll let you rest,” said Steve.

“Tanks.”

“Don’t mention it. You may not know it yet, but you are beginning to develop a few dedicated supporters, and I think that number is going to rise exponentially once Ms. Jacob’s story breaks,” said Steve.

“With all that good news,” Penny started. “It may be a good time to give you the bad news.”

“What?” asked Mark.

“Our house,” started Penny. “Your great-grandfather’s house was blown up. It’s been destroyed and we lost everything.”

“No,” said Mark, in disbelief.

“I’m afraid so,” said Penny. “At least no one was hurt.”

“Where you stay?” asked Mark, in speech which began sounding more like a non-native English speaker having difficulty with the new language.

“Back and forth with Sheila and Sydney,” relayed Penny.

“Now bot homes my great-grandfader build have been destroyed,” said Mark. “Why this fight take everyting and destroy all family history?”

“Well, almost all,” Blake corrected Mark. “Your great-grandfather’s block storage shed is still standing; the explosion didn’t damage it.”

“I tired,” Mark admitted. “I rest.”

“Just regain your strength, Mark,” said Steve. “I will be relieved by a local police officer in about fifteen minutes, who’ll stand watch today. I need to get back to Washington.”

Mark had already fallen asleep, and hadn’t heard Steve’s parting words and wasn’t able to say good-bye to his protective rescuer.

∫ ∫ ∫

Mark awoke three hours later when a doctor came in to check on him. After the doctor spoke with them, Mark asked if he was allowed to eat. The doctor said that hunger was a good sign and that he would have a nurse bring him some broth and see how he did with that.

Mark felt much better Sunday morning and his speech was nearly normal. After Penny helped him eat, he rested again for an hour before he asked Penny to finally call the reporter. Penny dialed Sarah Jacob’s phone number that Steve had given her and handed Mark the phone.

“Sentinel, Jacobs,” answered Sarah, not really noticing that it was a Sunday.

“Ms. Jacobs, this is Mark Evanston of Vancouver, Washington. U.S. Marshal Steve Fredrickson gave me your phone number and told me that you wished to speak with me.”

“Yes, Mr. Evanston; how are you feeling?” asked Sarah.

“Much better, today,” said Mark. “The doctor told me I was brought in very weak the day before, but he seems happy with my progress since. He wants to keep me in observation for a few days, to make sure I don’t have any internal bleeding or other complications. The doctors here are the first people to ever tell me they appreciated my thick skull.”

“I’m glad to hear you are feeling better,” said Sarah, laughing at Mark’s bit of self-deprecating humor. “I’ve been looking into this story for a month now, and I think I understand a great deal. I would like to put a little personality into the story. Are you up to me asking you a few questions?”

“A few,” said Mark.

“Fair enough,” said Sarah. “I’ll keep it brief for this first conversation. Did you think at any time during your kidnapping you may be killed?”

“Actually, I was quite sure of it at the very end,” Mark said, as he relayed his comment on inversion and hydrotherapy, informing Sarah that he had once been a chiropractor. Penny listened in horror and wanted to beat Mark on the head again for making such a comment that could have ended his life.

“You don’t remember anything after that?” asked Sarah.

“No, it took every last ounce of my effort to get those words out,” said Mark. “The next thing I remember was waking up here yesterday morning.”

“What on earth would ever incline you to make such a comment which threatened to end your life?” asked Sarah, speaking the very words on Penny’s mind which neither could fathom.

“I wanted to let my attackers know that while they may have had the physical power to take my life, that they could not break my spirit,” said Mark. “This is also why I think that the spirit of the Constitution is more important than its letter.

“Too many officials act only in strict obedience to its letter, by following but one constitutional clause, while in turn violating the spirit of every other clause with every action they take. Such actions contrary to the spirit of the Constitution must stop, NOW.”

“When Marshal Fredrickson and the other officers found you, you were by yourself, no longer bound, and all signs of your jailers were gone, like they abandoned their efforts,” said Sarah. “Do you have any idea when or why they left?”

“I can only speculate that they had failed in their intentions, whatever they even were,” said Mark. “I don’t recall much of anything, at least after I was first placed in the container, which is maybe best.”

“Why did you give up chiropractic, if I may ask; did you dislike it?”

“I actually liked it very much, which is maybe why I wasn’t willing to practice it with unnecessary obstacles. It was a profession that allowed me to use both my mind and my hands.

“I tired of third-party payment systems. You know, when my great-grandfather was a younger man, he was able to pay for an 18-day hospital stay, including use of a surgical room, for about four weeks’ worth of wages.

“Although I attribute the largest share of the rise in medical care to increased government regulations imposed since my great-grandfather’s time, third-party payments also contributed their fair share.

“I figured I couldn’t do much about government regulations, but I knew I could try and practice without accepting insurance payments. So I opened a cash maintenance care practice in 1989, cutting my rates in half and instituting prompt-service and other customer-service policies.

“I later switched to flat-rate monthly fees — \$40 per person/\$60 per couple/\$80 per family. Unfortunately, the concept didn’t catch on and my practice didn’t fly financially, so I closed it down a year-and-a-half later.

“Without many patients to treat over that time, I continued to read about current economic and political issues. All through these issues I saw many obstacles which had no business being out there.

“Basically, I spent the next twenty years in my free time researching and investigating those obstacles, which at their root primarily dealt with improper expansion of the U.S. government beyond the spirit of the Constitution.

“My life-long fight has ended up being the fight to remove unnecessary obstacles in our lives resulting from excessive government activity, activity which was allowed because we didn’t understand the Constitution.

“I began concentrating my studies on money, because we all work for money and money is involved in most every financial transaction made, from what we receive for working to the foods we buy, the clothes we wear, and extending all the way to major financial transactions requiring decades-long planning to implement.

“The study of money is important not only theoretically, but is a great practical course because people readily understand the physical difference between a slip of paper and a coin of gold or silver. This physical difference then aids them in learning the legal differences. Money is not simply some abstract legal theory without personal connection.”

“So you became a truck driver?”

“I was involved in a number of different businesses and took a number of different jobs. After closing my practice, my first job was with my closest cousin operating a front-end loader at his rock quarry. I didn’t equate myself with what I did for income; it was merely the means to provide for me and my family while I sought my own ends.

“My quest was to try and discover how the U.S. government became a power unto itself, and I am now well-satisfied that I have uncovered the fundamental basis of that answer.

“My future work will be to simplify and disseminate that information, even though my past efforts have ended in utter failure.”

“Well, Mark, I’m hoping I can influence your future effectiveness,” said Sarah. “You have begun to influence former and current high government officials, who have become fiercely loyal to their sworn oath of properly supporting the Constitution, the *whole* Constitution.”

“That would be much appreciated. I don’t want to be an alarmist, but there is much work to be done and there are serious issues which threaten us financially and morally which need to be dealt with once and for all. The next crash will likely be far worse than the last, which was merely postponed with more debt.”

“My editor wants me to schedule a brief photo-op with you in the hospital if we may. He figures that it would help relay a sense of the desperation your opponents must feel about your research. Would that be ok?”

“Yes. I could see it helping convey the stakes of my research. What about a picture of our blown up house, which I’m also anxious to see?”

“If you had some good pictures of such a scene, it would be fantastic.”

“My mom and sister always have a camera in their hands. I’m sure they would have satisfactory photographs. I’ll give you my mom’s phone number and you can contact her and work things out.”

“Just one more question, for now.”

“What’s that?”

“From what little I know of the past 20 years of your life, your quest seems to have had a high personal cost to you and your wife; was it worth it?” asked Sarah.

“Asking that question of me today after a *Washington Sentinel* reporter has told me that she is writing a story that may focus nationwide attention on my work, it is easy to now answer ‘yes.’ However, if you had been able to somehow ask that question of me a few days ago, I don’t know if I would have been quite as optimistic.

“But the question isn’t really ‘was it worth it,’ but whether I could have done anything different.

“Fair-weather patriotism is easy, kind of like cheering for a successful sports team. However, the faithful are there even when it is tough to be a fan. I have never known if I would live to see any success from my efforts, and as I’ve already said, all my early efforts have ended pretty much in failure.

“My quest, my job, my calling, which I seemed incapable of ignoring, was to do everything within my means and ability to work towards restoring individual liberty and limited government under the whole Constitution. Whether I would ever be successful didn’t really influence my work.

“It was my job to put in the effort while God would determine the results. My job was the toil, whether any rewards came in the here and now or in the hereafter I could not know.

“I guess that is one reason I was able to respond to the evil men who tormented me as I did, why they had no power over me even as they were preparing to end my life. I only worried about my wife and family, which I also prayed for God to protect and He did.”

“Ok, I guess I do have two more questions of you now, if you don’t mind.”

“Go ahead,” replied Mark.

“Did your capture lead you closer to your wife?”

“Yes, when I looked back over our lives together, I could more easily see how neglected she must feel. I know it is important to show her better how much I love her. I need to become a better husband.

“And your other question?”

“Did your capture lead you closer to God?”

“Again, the answer is ‘yes.’ If there was ever a time in my life when I was utterly powerless and placed within God’s hands, that was it, being strapped to a wall or gurney and beaten to within an inch of my life.

“The experience forced me to be completely reliant upon Him. Although I’ve had difficulties turning control of my life over to God in my past, I anticipate fewer issues with that in my future. Perhaps that is the lesson I needed to learn, and it was received loud and clear.

“Come to think of it, I guess I had asked God to be a little less subtle letting me know what He wanted me to do. It seems that in the past few days He has answered me in an unmistakable manner. My prayers were answered, only in ways I never anticipated.

“I suppose if I act as an old stubborn mule, that perhaps I should have anticipated having a two-by-four swung across my thick skull to get me to pay appropriate attention.”

“Good-bye, Mark. Get some rest,” said Sarah laughing.

After Mark hung up the phone, Penny spoke up, “I didn’t hear what the reporter asked you, but I heard your responses. I want it stated for the record that I don’t feel neglected, dear.

“The importance of your work is becoming more evident to me now. But even if it wasn’t, I know how important your work was to you, so I support your efforts. You may not know how much I love you, but I do with all my heart. I thank God every day that He brought us together — well, almost every day,” Penny said with a hearty laugh, a sly smile, and a playful twinkle in her eye.

Bald Justice

Mark knew then that everything would be just fine. After he rested, Mark called his mother and they chatted for few minutes.

∫ ∫ ∫

Bethany made it up to the hospital to see Mark on Sunday and took Blake back home with her that afternoon. Though she loved her stepfather, she found it quite difficult to look upon him after he had been through so much torture and was glad to get going quickly.

Mark felt a fair amount better Monday after another restful night of sleep. He was able to eat solid foods and the amount of fluid remaining in his lungs was but a fraction of what it was when he was brought in.

Doctors told Penny they wanted to watch Mark another day to make sure he didn't get any respiratory infections. They also still had some concern with a small amount of swelling remaining in his cranial cavity. Mark told them that he wasn't worried about a little swelling; he was just thankful they now provided him with strong evidence that he had a brain.

Sarah called later that morning relaying to Mark that her editor had approved a two-issue story. The first installment would come out on Thursday and deal with Mark's discovery of his great-grandfather's gold, the lawsuit which was initiated and later dropped, the firing of the U.S. Treasurer and Mark's abduction & rescue.

Sarah said she had most of the first installment written, but she needed greater insight for writing her related story on Mark's monetary theories which would come out Friday.

“Your research shows that the United States have long operated within a loophole allowed by Article I, Section 8, Clause 17, but in a way never imagined by the framers of the Constitution,” stated Sarah.

“Correct,” stated Mark.

“Well, if exposure of that mechanism threatens to undermine its continued misuse, couldn’t Congress just propose a few amendments and send them to the States for ratification, to obtain proper authorization for their desired activities?”

“To some extent, but you have to ask yourself why that route wasn’t taken long ago. The reason is because the Constitution sets very high thresholds for changing government power.

“Article V of the Constitution first requires that two-thirds of both houses agree to propose an amendment on a given topic and its wording, or it also allows two-thirds of the State legislatures to call for a convention for proposing amendments, which are both difficult.

“Once amendments are formally proposed, then comes the really hard part; the States must ratify it. It takes three-fourths of all the States to ratify the Amendment. This has only happened 27 times since 1789, and 11 of them were proposed that very same year.”

“That doesn’t seem so hard,” answered Sarah.

“Comparisons between Amendments and elections of legislative members help show the difficulty.

It takes only a simple majority of the voters *voting in any given election* to elect a candidate to a legislative seat.

“For example, let’s say that there are 100 registered voters, but only 60% decide to vote in any given election. This would represent a good voter turnout today. To win election, a Senator or Representative in this instance would need 31 or more votes.

“Just think if the requirement instead depended *on a majority percentage of the total number of registered voters*.

“In this case, then a candidate would yet need 51 of the 100 registered voters to win; or 51 out of the 60 votes cast, which would be extraordinary.

“Well, Amendments operate in the latter fashion; only the threshold for ratification isn’t a simple majority, but *three-fourths*.

“Nothing requires the States even consider the proposal, so they can opt out of the whole process which essentially offers them a true ‘none of the above’ option which so many voters wished was available to them.

“The important thing to realize is that those States which abstain from acting on an Amendment do not lower the requirement needed for ratification and three-fourths is a very high threshold in any matter.”

“I hadn’t thought of it in that way before,” stated Sarah. “Wouldn’t a few amendments still be likely, to keep maybe ninety-five percent of the U.S. government from evaporating almost overnight?”

“Perhaps,” said Mark. “But do you really think that once the American people understand better how the federal government has for so long violated their sacred trust that these people will allow their State Representatives or convention delegates to now formally give the federal government more power?”

“No, perhaps not.”

“The federal government has no coercive power beyond the limits of the Constitution. With a return of strict constitutional principles, no longer would the federal government be able to extend its influence through its printing press bribery or through revenue-sharing from windfall tax collections, which would all but evaporate as we returned to solid constitutional boundaries.

“Suddenly State’s Rights would return in full force and each State would decide individually whether to follow the lead set in Washington, D.C. on any matter outside the strict confines of the Constitution.

“Let’s look further into the high threshold for ratifying an amendment, in comparison with Presidential elections.

“Most of us have seen the red-blue color maps of the United States based on election results, especially those by county. The huge metropolitan population centers on each coast and the few from the center of the country are typically colored blue representing votes being cast for the candidate considered more liberal.

“However, in the middle of the map is the sea of red representing votes being cast for the candidate considered more conservative.

“That sea of conservative red which has lately proved insufficient to sway the results of Presidential elections amounts to a nearly-impenetrable wall, however, when ratifying amendments for granting expansive new powers to government.

“The 2012 election perhaps showed a greater divide among the electorate than previous elections. Widespread was the belief that the outcome of the election would determine the fate of government for at least the next four years.

“Such a high-stakes belief is wholly unfounded, however, for it is based upon the utterly false contention that the winners of elections may steer the ship of state in whatever direction they choose.

“Government’s course is not dictated by the President, the Courts, or Congress, but by the Constitution. People exercising federal power are powerless to increase it. They may only operate within their delegated sphere of authority, which under the Constitution is quite limited except in the government seat.

“There is no Government Model ‘C’ of omnipotent government which may arbitrarily steer government to a chosen course away from strict construction of the Constitution.

“In selecting the President in 2012, under the 2010 census, California had 55 electoral votes, while the fourteen least-populated States such as Vermont, Idaho and Nebraska had but three, four, or five each, totaling only 51 electoral votes.

“In the run to win the majority of electoral votes, the single State with the greatest population numbers had greater political pull for determining who wins the Presidential office all by itself than 14 other States with the least population numbers.

“When intentionally changing the allowed powers of the U.S. government by ratifying a constitutional amendment however, the 14 States with the lowest population numbers may — *all by themselves* — prohibit ratification, *even if all 35 other States of the Union sided with California!*

“What would be a veritable landslide in a Presidential election would yet fail to ratify an Amendment. That sea of red in the center of the United States represents a large number of States which would undoubtedly look unfavorably on a rash of new amendments to increase federal power.

“The immeasurable implication of this fact is that it would be absurd to make such a high standard for changing the powers of government if those exercising its power through a simple majority may arbitrarily change them at will.

“If our Constitution’s framers protected us so well against deliberate increases in government power, how much more did they protect us against illegitimate increases, of the President, Congress, or the Courts simply taking it upon themselves to do as they please?

“As Article V of the Constitution plainly declares, only the *States* ratify amendments or attend conventions. Therefore only the States are empowered to change the powers of the federal government.

“The President, Congress, and/or the Courts — individually or combined — are incapable of changing their own powers or the powers of the other branches.

“The illegitimate exercise of discretion outside of allowed parameters is, after all, but a polite term for tyranny, base tyranny; immoral, undignified, mean-spirited, selfish and cowardly tyranny.

“For such reasons, I do not think a rash of amendments will be ratified,” explained Mark. “We will see the individual States re-exert their relative independence on all matters outside their previous delegations of power to the federal government. The Tenth Amendment will be resurrected and bare liberty will again reign supreme; open, unconcealed and undisguised liberty.”

“Well, what about all the supreme Court rulings which have upheld all the excessive new powers of Congress and the President?” asked Sarah.

“You mean like the legal tender supreme Court cases where they upheld a legal tender paper currency for the last 150 years?”

“So you’re saying the courts ruled deceptively to support expansive government and its exposure invalidates extension of that supposed authority beyond the true bounds of the Constitution?”

“Precisely. The courts have no power whatsoever to change the Constitution. The 11th Amendment stands as a testament that the Constitution is what the States collectively say it is, not the courts.

“The 11th Amendment of 1795 over-turned the supreme Court’s earlier improper interpretation on the meaning of one portion of the Constitution; improper because the States clarified otherwise. The States are the entities which drafted the Constitution and ratified it into existence. What the States collectively say rules authoritatively.

“Neither Congress, the President and his minions, nor the court, individually or combined, can change the Constitution one iota. The Constitution created those branches of government, and thus those branches are limited by that Law which they cannot change. Those creations at Law may only make and carry out laws made in pursuance to that supreme Law.

The court’s holdings beyond the spirit of the Constitution for the past 150 years shrink back to the 10 mile square jurisdiction of the district for the seat of government when examined critically.

“Exposure of the mechanism of deception is like the bucket of water being thrown on the Wicked Witch of the West, causing government action to shrink back to only its rightful authority. Individual liberty and limited government are again inevitable in these United States of America,” said Mark.

“Wow, the implications of exposure of the government’s deception are almost unfathomable to comprehend. I guess that certainly answers my questions. I have a story to finish and a lot of writing to do,” commented Sarah as they said their good-byes. “Thank you so much for your insight.”

∫ ∫ ∫

Late Monday doctors tentatively scheduled Mark for release the next day, Tuesday, December 18th. His chest was heavily wrapped to try and help protect his many broken ribs, he had a thigh-high cast on his leg and he was black and blue from his shins to his swollen, pumpkin head, but he was alive and mending.

Consulting neurologists were brought in to monitor Mark's brain fluid retention. MRI tests showed the fluid was diminishing, though slowly. The neurologist said Tuesday morning that he wanted to wait another 24 hours before discharging Mark.

Passing the time, Mark glanced through the local newspaper. He saw a familiar face in a photo. The caption read that Alexis Roberts and Charles 'Duke' Cunningham, VIII were engaged to be married. Mark wished her well.

Many family members were on hand to welcome Mark home after he was released Wednesday, which for the night would be his mother's. Several pizzas were ordered and picked up, and a small feast was enjoyed by all. Hannah and Penny said how thankful they were to have Mark home safe and sound, in time for Christmas.

Mark relayed that a reporter for *The Washington Sentinel* was writing a story on his kidnapping and rescue, and that a second article should contain information on his legal tender paper currency and gold confiscation theories.

They congratulated him even as they knew little of Mark's writings. They really only knew that he was a rather dull guy who had a lot of seemingly radical ideas that few people ever seemed to care much about.

Mark often told his family he had been born 200 years too late. More recently, however, Mark began to think maybe he had been born at exactly the right time.

Mark got tired rather quickly at the party and from the drive home, and stated he didn't want to spoil everyone's fun, but that he needed some rest and thanked them all for their support, prayers, and aid.

Chapter Sixteen

Mark awoke at 7:30 am on Thursday morning when he heard Penny's cell phone ringing. Penny was up and had answered it after a few rings. Mark got out of bed and went in to use the bathroom, something he found he greatly preferred over being left to do without when he had been strapped to the wall of the container.

"Honey, it's reporter Sarah Jacobs on the phone, can you take it?" Penny hollered through the door.

"Sure, let me wash my hands and I'll be right out," said Mark.

"Good morning," said Mark, not yet remembering that the first installment of his story was being published that day.

"No, actually it is a great day," said Sarah. "My story is getting fantastic press. It is getting great traction on the internet and evidently quite a few papers throughout the country will be running it tomorrow."

"Really?" asked Mark. "That sounds great."

"You need to anticipate your life radically changing," said Sarah. "Expect to get a whole lot of attention in the weeks ahead."

"Funny, but before I was kidnapped, I couldn't get anyone to listen to me," said Mark. "Maybe our house being blown up was like a signal flare being shot high up in the sky."

"Maybe you could write a book called *Explosive Marketing Tactics*," said Sarah, laughing so hard she almost made no sound.

"Anyway, I wanted to make sure you knew the story was out and getting great feedback. The photographs we placed in the story really helped set its tone and made it resonate well with readers.

“Tell your mom and sister thanks for the pictures they sent, which were great. The photographs we had taken in your hospital room also really resonated with readers. You certainly look beat to a pulp.”

“Oh, they are no worse than I normally look,” stated Mark, in a serious tone.

“The second installment will be out tomorrow,” said Sarah, trying not to encourage Mark. “You can read today’s story online, but I’ll send you some hard copies of both articles tomorrow for your scrapbook.”

“The scrapbook which we can now begin again collecting?” asked Mark.

“Oops! I forgot you lost everything, even as I wrote the story announcing that fact,” said Sarah. “That was rather absent-minded of me, sorry.”

“No need to apologize,” said Mark. “I was just shooting for a little sympathy. I really want to thank you for all your work on matters very important to my heart.”

“It is I who need to thank you,” said Sarah. “Even with only my first installment out, people at work who’ve seen my second piece are already half-joking about me winning a Pulitzer this year.

“To tell you the truth, I think I’ve got a great shot at it. I’m confident the second installment on your theories will explode across the internet. I anticipate it will be the number one story of the year, if not the decade. It may well change government as we know it.”

“Music to my ears,” said Mark.

Mark rested extensively that day, as he still had a whole lot of mending to do.

Friday proved to be another matter entirely, as the radical Evanston monetary theory exploded off the headlines of *The Washington Sentinel*. Whereas Sarah's first installment dealt with the facts of the Evanston story, Friday's story delved deeply into Mark's research and writings.

The second article relied heavily upon quotes provided by former U.S. Treasurer Janet Davidson in order to break it up into bite-sized, digestible pieces and relay their implications.

The first reporter and camera crew showed up two hours later, requesting an interview.

Mark ended up giving three short camera interviews that day and talked with other reporters over the phone. The live reports tended to concentrate on the kidnapping and beatings, likely because Mark was such a sorry sight. Penny scheduled several other camera interviews for Monday, to give Mark time to heal over the weekend.

f f f

The weather Saturday brought plenty of the northwest liquid sunshine. Arriving in the morning at 8:00 am sharp was a polite, older gentleman who had a 'hitch in his get-along' and walked with a definite limp, asking if he had found the home of Mark Evanston.

This visitor was dressed in well-worn work clothes which seemed incongruent to his piercing eyes that seemed to record everything around him.

The man's intensity would suggest an intellect more at home in a hand-tailored three-piece suit, surrounded by large rooms with high ceilings and ornate walls of woodwork.

Penny invited the non-threatening caller to have a seat at the kitchen table, informing him that Mark would join them in a moment.

Hannah had already left to visit Vincent at the rest home, as she felt her best in the early mornings and liked being out before most people got going.

Penny poured some coffee for herself and the guest and they chit-chatted until Mark made it to the table a few minutes later.

The visitor was obviously not a reporter, as he did not jump in with a list of questions or have a notepad in hand. Neither did his personality or air about him suggest he was a government officer, which Mark was better able to recognize these days.

He didn't seem overly curious about Mark's experiences as Mark began talking about them, while his comments provided ample evidence he knew what Mark would relay of them, as if he had experienced similar incidents himself.

Mark noticed a thin scar on the gentleman's right temple. His left pinky finger was missing and the tip of his left ring finger had the familiar fixed flexion of mallet finger.

Gone from two of the fingers on his right hand were the fingernails themselves. He carried his right shoulder several inches higher than his left and the sole of his right shoe was quite worn along its outside edge and his knee bowed out considerably. Mark could see burn scars on the man's forearms under the ends of his long sleeves.

Bald Justice

The three spoke for a half-hour before Penny commented that she was glad that the horrible experiences of the past few weeks were behind them.

With that remark, the man leaned forward as if that had been his cue to begin speaking in earnest, finally getting into the heart of the matter and purpose of his visit.

For the next thirty minutes Mark and Penny listened attentively as the man spoke from his decades of wisdom on matters they were just beginning to experience. When the caller's speaking subsided, Mark and Penny began asking many questions and were patiently provided answers.

The intense question and answer period dealt with different likely future scenarios, given alternate possible decisions which would need to be made in the next few days.

When the caller completed the purpose of his visit, he told Mark and Penny that he'd return Sunday evening to answer any more questions they may have and they would need to tell him then if they were interested in accepting his offer.

After he left, Mark and Penny talked about the unusual experience, unsure exactly what to think.

"I think I have that shell-shocked feeling that I have given a few other people as they struggle to gain their bearings," Mark stated.

"I feel rather askew," offered Penny.

The two thought they ought to put the conversation out of their minds for a few hours, and go about their business and let things sink in for a while.

Penny had let all phone calls go to voicemail that morning, so she figured she better go through her missed calls and voice-mail messages.

Her sister Sheila had called and asked if she and her husband could come by for a brief visit. Penny called and invited them in for lunch, which they accepted. Hannah made it home and joined in with the meal.

After lunch, Mark excused himself to rest awhile, offering that he had a long way to go yet until he was healed.

The lunch visitors stayed another 30 minutes before leaving.

Mark woke up two hours later, feeling refreshed. He and Penny discussed the morning visit, but didn't come to any conclusions.

Blake and Daphne stopped by for a short stay, but they had left their kids with Daphne's dad as they thought Mark ought to heal up another week or so before the kids saw him.

Mark told Blake that he could tell the kids that Gramps was celebrating Halloween late this year.

After Hannah went to bed that evening, Mark and Penny quietly discussed further their future options. By the end of the evening, they seemed to have whittling down their options and were favoring a particular course of action.

They went to bed that night to sleep on it.

Sunday was a day of prayer and reflection for Mark and Penny, for the stranger who visited them the day before gave them serious food for thought. They prayed for guidance for picking the right path that lay before them.

By the time the visitor returned later that evening when Hannah was having a barbecued turkey dinner with daughter Wanda and her husband Martin, Mark and Penny had made their decision.

“We agree with your primary recommendation,” Mark said to the caller.

“Ok, then, I’ll make all the necessary preparations. I think it is the logical course of action.”

∫ ∫ ∫

Monday morning rolled around fairly quietly, as it was Christmas Eve day. Mark relayed to his mom that he had pushed himself too hard the past few days, and he seemed to be having a few setbacks.

The first of the reporters and camera crews scheduled for interviews showed up Monday at 9:00 am. The interviews were fairly short and still tended to concentrate on the kidnapping and beatings.

After Mark gave several interviews, he told Penny not to schedule any more of them.

Penny began referring all requests for interviews and information instead to Janet Davidson.

“Sarah’s on the phone for you,” Penny said to Mark as he was waking up from a nap.

“Good afternoon, Sarah, it’s been very busy here since your second piece came out,” said Mark. “You’re reaching far more people than I was ever able. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” said Sarah. “I have two great pieces of information for you.”

“Would you mind then if I placed you on speakerphone, so Penny can hear?”

“No problem.

“First of all, we are getting electronic transfers as hundreds of people are donating funds for your benefit; checks, cash and even some gold and silver coins are also being dropped off. Undoubtedly more will be coming in the mail in the days and weeks ahead.”

“Really?” said Mark. “That is amazing. I hadn’t thought too much yet of what Penny and I would do after I healed up a little bit. Maybe that will help tide us over ‘til we decide what to do.”

“Oh, I think it will do more than tide you over,” said Sarah, providing some scope of the amount of aid already given.

“I have been wondering what we’re going to do,” admitted Penny. “I guess the old saying rings true in our case, ‘When God closes a door He opens a window.’”

“But our house was blown up — there is no more door or window,” said Mark. “Maybe we should come up with a new saying — what do you think of ‘When God allows your house to be blown to smithereens, He will yet provide for you?’”

“Hopefully not pertinent for many people,” said Penny, laughing.

“It is good you are both able to make jokes about your tragedy,” said Sarah. “Your story has touched many people who saw its extreme cost to you. I think the pictures showing the devastation to your home and especially your photos in the hospital may even postpone a few adversarial political attacks against you.

“The other bit of information I wanted to tell you about is that the producers of a major network evening news magazine have contacted me. They would like to get you, Janet Davidson, Steve Thompson and me in their studio this Wednesday for interviews, the day after Christmas. They are planning to devote a whole show to your story and the implications of your work.

“They are also planning to interview adversarial parties on Thursday to debunk your work. I heard they asked Mint Director Arlington Stone, but that he declined. Anyway, then they want both sides to come in again on Friday to answer opposing arguments. I don’t know what their end-take on things will be, but I could see it getting nasty, especially on Friday.”

“I would really like to fly back there for the interview, but I’m just not feeling up to it yet. The last two weeks really took a toll on me,” offered Mark.

“I’m sorry to hear you’re not up for it, but I am certainly not surprised. Well, maybe they can arrange to interview you from their affiliate studio in Portland. I’ll let them know the situation and let them decide what they want to do. I’ll get back with you, or the studio will, as soon as things are figured out.”

“Thanks a million.”

“Penny, please cancel the remaining scheduled interviews,” said Mark after they hung up with Sarah. “I need to try and get rested up for Wednesday’s interview if it comes through.

“The current interviews seem to be only interested in the kidnapping, anyway, whereas Wednesday’s will be about my research. I imagine it will be fairly intense and I should be at my best for that.”

“Will do,” said Penny, who didn’t really care to have reporters bothering them anyway.

The local station called Penny an hour later and confirmed they’d be ready Wednesday for Mark to come to their facility for the news hookup. He needed to be there by 6:00 am for the filming to start at 7:00 am Pacific Time, 10:00 am Eastern Time.

Mark and Penny’s weekend guest stopped by for a brief visit and he was informed of Wednesday’s scheduled interview at the Portland television studio.

“That’s perfect. Marvelous and congratulations,” he commented. “Are you two ready?”

“Yes, we’re ready,” they answered.

“I’ll take care of everything,” said the visitor.

Mark and Penny enjoyed a quiet Christmas Eve and Christmas day with their extended families, full of food and festivities.

∫ ∫ ∫

Hannah wished Mark well for his big interview Wednesday morning. Mark relayed to his mom that he was feeling a little better, but far from the top of his game. She pointed out they didn’t have to go if Mark wasn’t feeling up to it.

“No, it is important that we go through with this,” Mark replied.

Penny drove Mark to the affiliate station in Portland, arriving an hour before their scheduled interview. They went in and got settled and were soon called back and Mark was wired for sound.

Bald Justice

The station manager recommended against face makeup, saying his bruises and swelling were an integral part of the story. Mark didn't want makeup anyway.

Mark was soon seated in the hot seat, and given a little coaching on what to expect. He was able to view a monitor which would show the host and guests at the main studio and he could hear them from his earpiece and talk to them through his lapel microphone.

Mark asked for a glass of water, so he could take a few pills.

Soon the studio lights were turned on, and the countdown was given to signal the beginning of taping. While Mark was thankful that it wasn't a live broadcast, but wondered how the segment would then be edited.

As the studio lights cast their bright lights down upon Mark, there was now no getting around that he was now at front row center of a growing controversy.

Mark was thankful for the cool air being pumped into his enclosed sound room to cool his nervousness. He nevertheless soon began sweating. Mark's pulse raced and his respiration quickened. He told himself to relax, but he had never been comfortable speaking.

He felt he could write fairly well, but there always seemed to be some electrical disconnect between his brain and his mouth, some faulty short-circuit which prevented a free flow of intelligent conversation.

Mark was thankful that Penny could finish his sentences. They often laughed when Mark couldn't quite come up with the words he needed to finish a thought until Penny said the words aloud for him, difficult words like her name.

Mark looked up at the lights which he wished could be dimmed. Before the taping began, the local station manager asked Mark on the headset how he was doing, that he was looking a little apprehensive. Mark relayed that he was feeling a throbbing sensation in his temple and a headache was forming, though he rarely ever got headaches.

The questioning of Mark, reporter Sarah Jacobs, former U.S. Treasurer Janet Davidson and U.S. Marshal Steve Fredrickson soon began and seemed to be getting off on a fair footing. Mark was pleased with the progress of the interview as a whole, even if he didn't necessarily remember any of the specifics.

The production manager continued to monitor Mark, as he didn't look so well. The production manager had seen stage fright many times before and Mark looked like a prime candidate for fainting, though it was more difficult to tell with the recent trauma to his face.

Mark's face was flush, sweat was developing along the line of his scalp, his respiration was quickened, and a general look of panic was in his eyes. He looked nauseous like he'd lose his breakfast any moment.

Mark began speaking after being asked a question, but ended up telling the host that he wasn't feeling well and that he needed to take a short break to grab some fresh air.

Mark got up from his chair and started to scoot towards his crutches near the door as technicians came in to unhook his auditory aids.

Unfortunately, the closest technician was too far from Mark to catch him before he collapsed to the ground. Mark didn't respond to attempts made to communicate with him.

“This guy doesn’t look so good,” said the technician. “Someone better call 9-1-1.”

“I’m calling them now,” Penny hollered loudly for all to hear, as she rushed into the studio room and fell at Mark’s side. “Mark, can you hear me?”

Penny began talking to emergency personnel on the phone, and she soon relayed to others in the studio that an ambulance was on its way.

The ambulance arrived within a minute, as it had been in the area. Mark was soon on his way to an exclusive private clinic which specialized in neurological issues.

He was rushed inside the modern facility while Penny was told to wait in the reception area. She would be informed as soon as doctors had anything for her.

Penny began calling family members and giving them a run-down on the morning’s events.

The neurosurgeon came out soon after Hannah and Wanda had showed up and said he recommended immediate surgery to install a shunt to drain fluid which was still building up on Mark’s brain, that he had not simply fainted.

“Should we expect any complications?” asked Hannah.

“It is often a wait-and-see scenario,” admitted the doctor. “We often won’t know if the patient will regain full use of his or her mental faculties until some time passes, or until they do. But we have an excellent success rate overall.”

After answering the family’s questions, decision was made to proceed with surgery.

By the time the surgeon returned two hours later, Blake, Bethany, Penny's sisters Sheila, Sydney and their father had also made it there.

Mark was soon brought out of recovery and placed in a private room. Underneath his bandages, he had a small incision behind his right ear and another near the top of his abdomen, typical of shunt surgeries.

The doctor said Mark was placed under heavy medication and given his recent history of extensive trauma, family members should expect a slow recovery.

Mark slept the rest of Wednesday and even well into Thursday afternoon, which would have been unusual for the surgery if it hadn't been for all Mark's other issues.

When Sheila and Sydney mentioned that Penny could stay with them again, Penny said that it was time she and Mark finally got a place of their own. She told them and Bethany that she would make finding a new home her top priority as soon as Mark stabilized.

Mark recuperated in the hospital for seven days, far longer than most patients undergoing the procedure. As Mark lay in his room, he was flooded with well wishes by scores of people he did not know.

Penny was able to rent a small ground-floor apartment with funds Sarah sent her from the paper's collection fund. Bethany was surprised Penny left Mark's side while he was yet recuperating.

The news magazine episode went on without him. Clips were aired showing him getting up out of the studio chair and collapsing and his frantic wife rushing to his side.

Bald Justice

Also aired on the evening news show were a few clips of Mark recuperating in his hospital bed after emergency brain surgery to deal with complications arising from his beatings.

A live update was given at the end of the airing of the episode, relaying that doctors were yet unsure if his mental acuity would return, and hadn't as of that date.

The news magazine episode was quite favorable to Mark's research, with extensive questioning and answering by ex-Treasurer Janet Davidson, who did a spectacular job. Marshal Fredrickson's interview centered on the kidnapping and rescuing, providing the drama.

Steve Fredrickson talked with Janet after the airing and they discussed whether the favorable slant would have occurred if Mark hadn't collapsed and been sent into emergency surgery.

They figured it would be a tough decision to ridicule a guy's research when he had been detained, kidnapped, beaten and whose house was blown up.

They figured it would be even tougher to ridicule the guy once he went back into the hospital for emergency brain surgery and may never again be the same mentally.

Besides, all this drama provided good evidence someone felt quite threatened by his research, so it would then be difficult to argue that it was nonsense.

Penny was thankful for the day when she was able to take Mark to their new apartment to regain some semblance of normalcy.

Friends and family made appointments to come by, which Penny would schedule around Mark's periods of rest and his therapy.

Mark's competent therapist came by three mornings a week to help him sharpen his critical thinking skills and help him with any issues he might have.

Mark's monetary research became the talk of the town, in every town across America. Investigations were being instigated at every level of government, seeking to understand how America could have been so easily sidetracked so far from her strong constitutional moorings.

Reporters and their guests from across the country began debating one another over the implications of *Monetary Laws of the United States*, as the number of hits on www.MonetaryLaws.com leapt off the chart. Plus, hundreds of people were posting *Monetary Laws* to their own websites, since it was within the public domain.

Mark received a number of emails from other authors letting him know that they were taking it upon themselves to write their own book simplifying or expounding upon the information found in *Monetary Laws*.

Once The Big Idea was effectively relayed, the necessary framework was in place so average Americans could quickly understand at least the basic concepts of the government deception.

The reoccurring question on everyone's lips which wasn't well answered was wondering how hundreds of millions of Americans for a century-and-a-half could be so easily duped.

Time passed and Mark's broken bones healed and his bruises subsided. Gone were complaints of headaches and blurred vision, nausea and loss of balance. Unfortunately, evidently gone also were Mark's critical thinking skills, though the therapist continued working with Mark three mornings a week.

Bald Justice

Penny continued to refer the requests for interviews and information yet coming her way to Janet Davidson. Janet had been touring the country giving speeches to sold-out crowds who sought greater understanding of the foreign concepts of hard money and limited government.

Penny was thankful that the media were mostly leaving Mark alone to recuperate in peace. It became common knowledge the Mark wasn't able to communicate intelligently on such matters any longer, though many held hope that his mental acuity would someday return.

It was often all Janet could do to keep the crowds from wanting to tar and feather every government official they could find after hearing her speech.

The Revolutionary-era Gadsden "Don't Tread on Me" Flag was seemingly being flown everywhere as the New Hampshire motto "Live Free or Die" was on the lips of Americans all over.

All officials became suspected accomplices, even though most had been merely naively innocent. Government officials of every persuasion could see the writing on the wall and increasing numbers took a hard line against the former status quo, even as the new information threatened many of their jobs.

Steve Fredrickson retired early from the U.S. Marshals Service even though his pension wasn't where it could have been if he waited a few more years. When asked, he said that, "Some things are simply more important than money."

Steve accompanied Janet on her grueling touring schedule, serving as her head body guard and offering a few words on Mark's detainment, kidnapping and rescue before sold-out audiences.

Reporter Sarah Jacobs wrote several follow up stories. The first was a brief article on Mark's setback and slow recuperation from his brain surgery.

The second covered Janet Davidson's speeches and new intensive training seminar. Sarah was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize on her original two-part story and was considered a shoe-in.

Janet Davidson and Steve Fredrickson agreed to Penny's invitation to a small 51st birthday party Penny was throwing for Mark in March. They coordinated a speech in Portland since they'd be in the area.

Reporter Sarah Jacobs was also invited, who offered that she wouldn't miss it for the world. Family members and a few friends also attended the event which was held at a local park.

Janet had been especially good at calling Penny every week to check on Mark's progress, and began talking with Mark also once he felt up to it.

Mark and Penny were quite pleased to finally meet Sarah Jacobs, and Penny was especially glad to meet Janet, as the two of them were becoming quite close.

The food and festivities went well, and the party was winding down by 4:30 pm to avoid straining Mark. Bethany helped clean up and then headed home with her two kids. Daphne took the boys home, but Blake stayed on for a bit.

Penny, Blake, Sarah, Steve, Janet and Mark sat down and reflected on the momentous events of the past year, which began when Mark discovered his great-grandfather's gold and monetary research nine months earlier.

Bald Justice

“What an eventful year it must have been for you two,” remarked Sarah, to Mark and Penny.

“I’m not sure ‘eventful’ does the last year proper justice,” said Penny, as everyone laughed.

“I used to say what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger,” joked Mark. “I don’t say that anymore.”

Mark’s sense of humor had returned; his new favorite line now had to do with having another hole in his head.

He joked about his hospital bill for seven days being exponentially greater than his great-grandfather’s 18-day stay in large part because there were so few specialists who were capable of finding his brain.

Unfortunately, the edge of Mark’s vitality which had long compelled him to understand government deception was no longer evident, and he seemed to have aged 10 years in the past three months. He continued to gain strength, but ever so slowly.

Mark left to Janet and her growing cadre of followers to detail the intricacies and nuances of the finer points of his original research.

During the party, everyone had kept the mood light and fun.

Now, however, Janet wanted to test Mark a little to see if she could sense whether his mind was returning.

After testing him slightly, she held some hope there may have been some improvement, but less than what she had hoped.

Sarah commented that it would be great to see Mark’s passion for his research return.

Mark replied that he was concentrating on re-energizing his passion for his wife, which received a laugh from the others and blushing from Penny. Steve mentioned there were pills for that.

When Penny got up to get some more punch, Janet followed her, as she had wanted to talk with her alone all afternoon.

“Penny, I have to commend you for being such a trouper through all your experiences this past year,” said Janet.

“It’s getting easier now that things are settling out,” Penny replied.

“I hope you aren’t too worried if Mark’s mind isn’t as sharp as it once was.”

“I’m just thankful I have back my husband, and that he is mending well.”

“There may be yet a silver lining, if you look carefully enough.”

“What do you mean?”

“Excuse me for being overly blunt, but Mark’s experiences have seemingly cost him his once-sharp mind. The benefit may be a more-attentive husband. I know he was concerned that you were being short-changed with his research and writing.”

“I know Mark has thought that for quite some time, but I haven’t felt short-changed,” replied Penny. After a short pause, she added, “I recall being asked during a work interview once to name the person I most admired. I told my prospective employer that it was my husband. She asked why and I told her that Mark was the person I most respected, that he had impeccable integrity and was honest to a fault; that his word was his bond and he would do what he could at least within the limits of his means and ability to follow through.

“When my boss stated that she had never heard any prospective employee give such high praise for a spouse, it was I who felt sorry for everyone else. Mark doesn’t need to apologize to me for anything.”

“We may not have fancy cars or a home of our own, but we have always managed. And since Sarah’s stories came out, Americans the country over have been very generous in showing their thanks, even materially. No one needs to feel sorry for us, not one bit.”

Penny and Janet sat back down with the others, just as Sarah spoke up, “I heard from one of my best financial sources that Charles Cunningham was scheduled to appear before the Congressional committee formed to look into our country’s shady financial affairs, but that he hasn’t been seen for two weeks.”

“Who’s that?” asked Penny.

“He’s a financier with a tremendous amount of old family wealth that goes back generations, with the highest of political ties. He doesn’t seem to have any particular title or job, but merely invests his money and meets with the few people ever allowed near him,” said Janet.

“Yes, a former colleague told me that they found evidence that he had been moving his assets around for months to protect him if things went sideways, and is rumored to have fled to some non-extradition country south of the equator,” offered Steve.

“The rats are scurrying before their ship sinks,” offered Mark.

“Well, I don’t know about the others, but it certainly appears to me, Mark, that your brain is working again just fine,” offered Sarah.

Janet summed up the evening with a short and impromptu speech;

“The most sacred of our public documents, our Declaration of Independence, inspired Americans to commit to freedom with their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

“I want to commend Mark for following that inspiration and providing Americans today with a living example of an individual dedicated to bare liberty and bold justice.

“The flame of liberty has been re-ignited and is now burning brighter each and every day; limited government under the strict confines of the Constitution is again at our doorstep.

“These United States of America are being restored in their rightful place as a bright Beacon of Liberty in a world all too full of darkness and despair.

“It is now time for Americans of every persuasion to once again learn about our nation’s fundamental principles and learn how to protect that precious freedom which is their birthright.”

Sarah asked, “May I please quote you on that?”

Janet responded, “Yes, but please also include my insight on our successful endeavors;

“Because we are fighting the good fight with God on our side, I have complete confidence that right will overcome might and liberty will defeat enslavement.

“God Bless America, Land of the Free and Home of the Brave!”

Bald Justice

THE END

Author's Post Script:

While *Bald Justice* is a work of fiction, its primary message exposing government deception is not.

If *Bald Justice* is to have any chance to help regain limited government under the whole Constitution, it will be necessary for readers who found it informative to encourage others to read it.

The author therefore asks readers to consider recommending *Bald Justice* to their family, friends, and contacts.

For further information on America's monetary laws, study guides on the Constitution, and related matters, please see www.PatriotCorps.org.





About the Author

Matt Erickson lives in Vancouver, Washington, with his wife. He has two step-kids and six grandchildren.

Erickson Farms, established in 1898, was demolished in 2012 and the first phase of 55 houses began being built in 2013.

There was no discovery of any treasure; neither was there any subsequent lawsuit or kidnapping. His great-grandfather did not research or write on monetary matters.

The century-old Evanston farmhouse was demolished to make way for development. Looking to save a few foundation bricks as keepsakes, Mark Evanston stumbled upon his great-grandfather's long-lost million-dollar gold cache, along with his great-grandfather's monetary research.

After word spread about the gold discovery, U.S. Marshals soon arrived with a warrant to seize it, saying the great-grandfather failed to turn in his gold as commanded in 1933 by President Roosevelt.

Mark began studying his great-grandfather's legal writings to compliment his own research to aid their defense.

When the U.S. Treasurer admitted the validity of Mark's research during a deposition, prosecutors dropped the case & returned the gold.

After announcement that the U.S. Treasurer was resigning for personal reasons, an investigative reporter began looking into the story.

Sinister parties took drastic action to prevent publication of Mark's research, kidnapping him and blowing up his home.

With Mark's abduction, the former treasurer who had spoke only intermittently with the reporter opened up and told her story. With his rescue, the reporter wrote a prize-winning story with a happy ending.

One family's loss of personal history helped America regain hers, clearing the path for the United States of America to again become the bright Beacon of Liberty in a world all too full of darkness and despair.

Read ***Bald Justice*** to discover how America's fundamental principles have been turned upside-down for 150 years.