



Liberty Tree

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Federal Judiciary — Oligarchy Hit-Men!!!

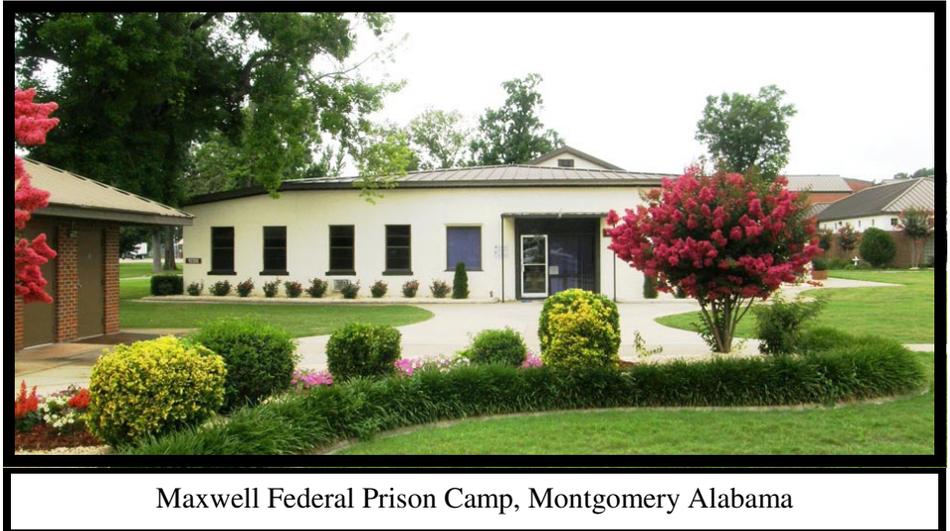
Part VIII

By John Baptist Kotmair, Jr.

In the last seven issues of the *Liberty Tree*, we have been covering the tyrannical treatment of Patriots at the hands of seditionists in the federal government – in particular the Internal Revenue Service, Department of Justice and the federal courts, which I call the *Evil Trio*. Last month, we covered my sentencing and incarceration, and in this issue we will pick up where we left off: on my stay at Club Fed, the federal prison camp at Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Alabama.

I arrived at the camp the night before, to keep from facing an escape charge, as the next flight into Montgomery would have put me at the camp after my scheduled time to be there. This caused me to spend the night in the “hole,” since I had not yet been assigned a cube or bunk. When the administration building opened the next morning, I was assigned a cubical in “D Dorm,” which had also been the abode of some of Nixon's “Plumbers” while they were guests of the camp. Orientation was by the “houseman,” an inmate who cleaned and actually ran the dorm, and probably had the best job in the camp.

The next morning I got up, got dressed, and proceeded to the closet containing cleaning products, and picked up a clear bottle of liquid all-purpose cleaner to wipe down my cube before going to breakfast as instructed. There were at least two dozen of these bottles there, and I just grabbed one. While spraying



Maxwell Federal Prison Camp, Montgomery Alabama

and wiping down my cubical, an inmate came up to me and informed me, “Hey man, you’ve got my vodka.” I was then shown which areas of the shelf to stay away from, which I made sure to do from then on. After my smorgasbord breakfast, I went on to my grass-cutting work detail.

When I got word to report to the Captain of the camp on my third day there, I was a little concerned, and somewhat puzzled, as I hadn't been there long enough to get into anything that would involve the camp captain. At the administration building I was led into his office, and was somewhat set back by his welcome. After a pleasant greeting, he told me that he was well aware of my record, and that he knew I was a political prisoner. He then proceeded to ask me if I would be interested in becoming his secretary, stating that the

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inmate holding that position was being released in a month, and my background and circumstance made me ideal for the job. I did not even have to think it over. I thanked him, but respectfully declined the offer. I knew that becoming the captain's secretary after such a short time in camp would likely lead to my background in law enforcement becoming general knowledge in the camp, which would not only make my stay a very unpleasant one, but could even be dangerous to my well-being. He said he understood, and I left his office.

The next day a message came over the camp public address system, for me to report to the recreation office. When I arrived at the rec-shack there were about 5 or 6 inmates talking to the Camp Recreational Director, a black man with a strong Georgia accent named Charles Hudson.

Hudson knew me by sight, and upon my arrival, directed me to come into his office. He then told all the other inmates in there to leave, and as soon as the last one was out the door, he shut and locked it. Turning to me with a big toothy smile, he said: "I'm not going to let you out of here until you tell me everything you know." That was the beginning of a friendship that lasted my entire stay at Maxwell. Charlie was a true American Patriot, and it was an honor to know, work with him, and be his friend.

Charlie and I set up a weekly class at which I lectured on the Constitution, federal tax law, the Federal Reserve Bank, and other associated American history. Since Charlie was the Camp Recreational Director, he made it an authorized camp recreational program. We also worked together to bring in speakers. One of those was an Alabama Circuit Court Judge named Kennedy, whose first name escapes me now. Judge Kennedy was also a Professor of Law at Troy State University in Montgomery, and it was that fact that convinced us to invite him to speak on the United States Constitution. Considering Kennedy's positions, I was quite surprised by his scant knowledge of this subject. So, when he had finished his lecture and opened the meeting to questions, I was the first to jump at the opportunity. I stood and asked him: "Judge, isn't it true that the intent of the law is the force of the law?" He evaded the question by replying, "We had rather consider it to be the spirit of the law." I countered with, "Come now Judge, if the legislature passes a law to do something certain, isn't that certain purpose to be sought in its enforcement?" He tried again to evade the question, but I was persistent, and he finally conceded that to be correct.

I then asked him, "Isn't it a fact that ignorance of the law is no excuse?" and he replied, "Everyone

knows that." I followed up with, "Isn't it true that there is a doctrine of law that if a law is passed that a man of average intelligence cannot understand, it is void for vagueness?" He replied: "Yes." Having thus set him up, it was time to knock him down. I said, "If the intent of the law is the force of the law; and ignorance of the law is no excuse; and laws are void for vagueness, then what is the purpose of case law?" He leaned down to the organizer of the lecture, Charlie Hudson, and whispered, "Get me out of here." But Charlie acted as though he didn't hear a word Kennedy said, while the judge's face got as red as a beet. Afterward, the lawyer that accompanied the judge came to me and asked, "Do you know Bob Muncaster?" I replied, "Yes," and he said, "I thought so." Bob Muncaster was a very knowledgeable and nationally-known Constitutionalist who lived in the Montgomery area.

The words of the "vagueness doctrine" make this premise abundantly clear:

Black's Law Dictionary 5th Edition
Vagueness doctrine. Under this principle, a law which does not fairly inform a person of what is commanded or prohibited is unconstitutional as violative of due process.

For a clear understanding of the importance, and educational value of dispelling the general belief that courts, especially the U.S. Supreme Court, make law, I refer you to the booklet "[Do Courts Have Law Making Powers?](#)" available from the Liberty Works Radio Network website.

One of the inmates was wealthy, politically connected, and a personal friend of Melvin Robert "Bom" Laird, a former member of the U.S. House of Representatives for Wisconsin, and Secretary of Defense in President Richard Nixon's Administration. Through this inmate, Charlie arranged to have Laird come to the camp to speak on his experiences as Secretary of Defense.

Laird's talk was interesting, but had some voids regarding the Vietnam conflict. Of course, to exploit such voids was the very reason we invited Laird to lecture. So as soon as he opened the program to questions, I again wasted no time being first in line, and the following is the dialog between Laird and myself. Due to the fact that this was nearly 30 years ago, the following is the best of my recollection, and is as close to verbatim as my memory will allow.

"Mr. Secretary, isn't it true that the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution was unconstitutional, and for every one of

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those American servicemen either killed or wounded in Vietnam, that you are guilty of the violation of the United States Code Title 18, sections 241 and 242?"

Laird's inmate friend lost it, and went ballistic, yelling at me, "Shut up Kotmair, and sit down." But Laird interrupted him, saying, "No, I will answer the question." He continued, "When the Vietnam hostilities first broke out, and President Johnson was contemplating making the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, as a Congressman I went to him and told him that such a resolution would be unconstitutional, and Johnson told me 'That is the way we are going to proceed.'"

I followed up with, "And you went along, and when you became Secretary of Defense, became actively involved in this criminal conspiracy, violating Title 18, sections 241, and 242?" Laird replied, "That is correct." Well, let me tell you, after this display of openness and honesty, you could have knocked me over with a feather.

Yet, even so, the sad irony of the situation didn't escape me. After the program, Laird, and those that accompanied him, left the prison camp after confessing to committing felonies, while I, serving time for a misdemeanor, and innocent of that, had to stay. Such is life in the Empire of the United States.

Charlie was not only in charge of inmate recreation, he was also the representative of the prison staff's union. One day he called me to the rec-shack to inform me that he would be attending a union convention in Washington, D.C., and that the union representatives would be meeting with members of the House of Representatives. He asked me what would be some good questions for them. I told him that when they shake his hand, don't let go of theirs, and ask them, "Why is it that every year, when the national debt is increased, Congress borrows from the Federal Reserve Bank, rather than issuing United States Notes?" He liked that idea, and committed to doing it.

When he returned from Washington, he called me to the rec-shack, and when I entered he was sitting behind his desk with a big Cheshire cat grin on his face, like a kid that could not wait to share good news. When I asked how he made out, he burst out in loud laughter. He said that when the union officials stood in a line, and the visiting members of the Congress came by shaking their hands, he did just as I advised. He held on to their hands, and asked them about using United States Notes. He could hardly get the story out, he was laughing so hard. He said not one of them answered the question, but every one of them struggled to get away, but he held on to them until it was truly embarrassing, and they got the message. He said the looks on their faces showed that they

never expected such a question from a union representative.

In the course of my incarceration, I earned two furloughs from the camp, the first one for 5 days, and the second for 7 days. Before I left on my 7 day furlough, Charlie asked me if I would purchase him a copy of "United States Formation of the Union." I promised him I would.

To fulfill this promise, Nancy and I made a special trip to the Federal Book Depository on North Capitol Street in Washington D.C., and when I asked the clerk for the book, she remarked that we were purchasing the last one. I

18 U.S. Code § 241 - Conspiracy against right

If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten, or intimidate any person in any State, Territory, Commonwealth, Possession, or District in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States, or because of his having so exercised the same; or

If two or more persons go in disguise on the highway, or on the premises of another, with intent to prevent or hinder his free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege so secured—

They shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than ten years, or both; and if death results from the acts committed in violation of this section or if such acts include kidnapping or an attempt to kidnap, aggravated sexual abuse or an attempt to commit aggravated sexual abuse, or an attempt to kill, they shall be fined under this title or imprisoned for any term of years or for life, or both, or may be sentenced to death.

§ 242 - Deprivation of rights under color of law

Whoever, under color of any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom, willfully subjects any person in any State, Territory, Commonwealth, Possession, or District to the deprivation of any rights, privileges, or immunities secured or protected by the Constitution or laws of the United States, or to different punishments, pains, or penalties, on account of such person being an alien, or by reason of his color, or race, than are prescribed for the punishment of citizens, shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than one year, or both; and if bodily injury results from the acts committed in violation of this section or if such acts include the use, attempted use, or threatened use of a dangerous weapon, explosives, or fire, shall be fined under this title or imprisoned not more than ten years, or both; and if death results from the acts committed in violation of this section or if such acts include kidnapping or an attempt to kidnap, aggravated sexual abuse, or an attempt to commit aggravated sexual abuse, or an attempt to kill, shall be fined under this title, or imprisoned for any term of years or for life, or both, or may be sentenced to death.

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inquired, "You're printing more?" and she replied, "No." I said, "You're kidding?" She again replied, "No." I asked her who would be the appropriate person to request that they did reprint it. She replied, "The Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee in the Capitol."

So, Nancy and I left the Book Depository and went directly to the office of the Chairman. He was not in, but I did get to talk to his secretary, which was probably even more informative. I told her that I was requesting the Chairman introduce a resolution to print more copies of "United States Formation of the Union." She was very candid in her reply, "That will never happen," and then continued, "They do not want that in circulation." In other words, there is a deliberate attempt to conceal from Americans a most important part of their heritage and culture — "James Madison's Notes on the Constitutional Convention of 1787."

Be sure not to miss the January 2016 issue of the *Liberty Tree*, and the next installment of *Federal Judiciary — Oligarchy Hit-Men!!!*, as we continue this saga of the extremes of lawlessness to which the *Evil Trio* are willing to go.



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Pastor Chestnut has his undergraduate degree from Cumberland College in Corbin, Kentucky in Bible and Ministry, and his graduate degree in forensics, criminal justice, humanities, and religion from Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana. He also has specializations in pharmacology, and drug and alcohol counseling from IUPUI in Indianapolis, Indiana.

And in his spare time he hosts a show on Liberty Works Radio Network a true servant of Almighty God, a protector of his family, a man expostulating the Cause of God's Gift of Liberty that is bursting from his breast.



*A True Servant of God
and a Son of Liberty*