



Liberty Tree

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Federal Judiciary — Oligarchy Hit-Men!!!

Part X

By John Baptist Kotmair, Jr.

In the last nine issues of the *Liberty Tree*, we have been covering the tyrannical treatment of Patriots at the hands of secessionists 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 incarceration, and in this issue we will continue with my incarceration, my release, and the formation of the Save-A-Patriot Fellowship.

We left off with Carlos Cruz, the campaign manager for U.S. Republican Senator for Florida, Paula Hawkins, who was very close to President Ronald Reagan. Through that association, Reagan appointed Carlos to be the U.S. Marshal for Southern Florida. We covered how he was framed and incarcerated as a result of his putting the brakes on the sweetheart auctions of the confiscated property of drug dealers.

We will now pick up the story with an FBI agent, who was the wiretap expert involved with the “Abscam” sting. Abscam was an elaborate sting operation that ensnared, among others, seven members of Congress — six in the House of Representatives, and veteran U.S. Senator Harrison A. Williams (D-N.J.) — along with a New Jersey state legislator, three Philadelphia councilmen and a number of high-level political operatives. The convictions began in February 1980, after politicians and influence peddlers were caught on undercover surveillance video accepting tens of thousands of dollars in bribes. The sting involved phony oil-rich Arab sheiks with suitcases full of cash, stolen artwork, payoffs for Atlantic City casino licenses and backroom influence peddling that

generated worldwide headlines and set off political shock waves for years thereafter.

The FBI agent in charge of all the video and wire-tapping ended up being the inmate “houseman” in E Dorm at Maxwell. He told me that any electronics surveillance work that I might need, he would do for nothing. He didn't understand that the Patriot movement had no need of such service, and I never told him any different. He truly felt betrayed by the FBI, who charged him with misuse of government property. It seems he had a friend who was a race car driver, and he helped his friend during races and practices by using FBI recording devices and walkie-talkies. When the FBI found out about it, they had him prosecuted, and he was ultimately convicted. I believe there were five counts or so, and that his sentence was a year for each, to run concurrently.

I heard many such stories of petty government prosecutions. I used to play cards with Lee Stoller, who was married to Christie Lane, the country singer who had a big hit with the hymn “Amazing Grace” back in the 1970s. Lee was a promoter who was hired to hold fund-raising drives for the Deputy Sheriff's Association in Madison County, Illinois. At the insistence of Sheriff John Maeras — who, at the same time, was involved in such other corruption as taking protection money from houses of prostitution — Stoller was to give 10 percent of the proceeds from these fund raisers to Maeras, before Stoller got his own percentage as payment for his efforts, with the remainder going to the DSA. The feds called these

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payments “kickbacks” and convicted Stoller of participating in the RICO (Racketeer Influenced And Corrupt Organizations) enterprise of Maeras.



Lee Stoller with Christy Lane
and children

There were usually ten or so Patriots at the camp at all times, and most, if not all, of them had very little or no means to support their families while they were locked up. Consequently, many were forced to take parole, which in turn forced them to capitulate back into the so-called system. This not only affected them and their families on the personal level, but the talk of it rippled through the Patriot community, which was doing serious damage to the advancement of the “Constitution Revivalist Movement.” I observed the pressure this put upon those Patriots, especially the ones with young families, and it got me thinking about ways it might be avoided. It was clearly sapping our ranks of Patriot recruits and much-needed funds, which were necessary to expose the seditionists subverting our Republic.

I knew that it took a lot of courage to overcome the fear instilled in Americans by the heavy-handed tactics of the IRS — with the direct and indirect encouragement of the news and entertainment media — and Lord forbid, take that first giant step. That is, stop filing the anti-5th Amendment confession sheet — known as the “Form 1040 - U.S. Individual Income Tax Return” — that we are all conditioned from birth to submit every year. I could see that without some kind of logistics being organized, the Patriot movement would fizzle out before its mission could be completed. I continually advanced the idea before the Directors’ meetings of the Patriot Network, and the National

Patriot Association, but to no avail.

Now, from my vantage point in prison, and witnessing this need first-hand, it was consuming my thoughts, and the word “sap” kept coming to mind. Then, it was as if the Lord whispered in my ear the name of this new Patriot organization that I was laboring to give birth to — “Save-A-Patriot” — and in doing so, “SAP” the IRS. I could hardly wait to make my weekly one-hour phone call to Nancy. I started planning how I was going to inform her in code, because of the possibility of the guard in the shack listening in. Needless to say, I used up quite a bit of the time, but failed anyway. So, it became the top of my list for her next visit, really giving me something to look forward to — as if seeing her was not enough.

While sitting in my cube in the dorm thinking about SAP’s organization and recruitment, the late Glen Getz, a Patriot from Macon, Georgia, came to visit, as he often did. With all this bottled up inside me, it came bubbling out all over Glen. He stared at me for the longest time, and did not say a word, and just turned around and went out the door. Three days later, he reappeared, and it was all he could talk about. I asked him if he had told anyone, and he said no. I then swore him to secrecy, to which he agreed, and kept his word. I



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was about three-fourths through my sentence, and was very anxious to get started, which made the clock seem as though it was going counterclockwise. The last month, every minute seemed like an hour!

Not wanting to be caught up in the revolving door, I refused to accept parole, for which I was eligible to apply after five months of incarceration. In maxing out my two-year sentence, I accumulated 30 days over what the law allowed me off the sentence, for the accumulation of “good time” and what is called “camp time” for working. This meant that the law required me to be under the supervision of the Bureau of Prisons for 30 days after my release, which they call “as if on parole.” Thinking about the publicity it would bring, I was toying with the idea of suing the Bureau of Prisons to force them to let me stay to finish my sentence. Just think about the headlines: **“INMATE SUES TO STAY**

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John Baptist Kotmair, Jr.
Office at 12 Carroll Street, Westminster, Maryland

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IN PRISON.” But when I presented the idea to Nancy during our next phone call, she thought better of it, and used her powers of persuasion — I was still middle-aged — to get me to change my mind. Funny, but Glen and the other Patriots thought it was a good idea.

My last night in camp, I thought I would not be able to sleep. But to my surprise, I laid down, and the next thing I knew, it was 5:30 AM on January 24, 1984, and the guard was shaking me awake to get dressed to leave. The camp office had made arrangements for a cab to pick me up and take me to the airport for the early morning flight to Atlanta, Georgia, and all of that proceeded like clockwork. The snafu occurred with my connecting flight from Atlanta back to Baltimore, Maryland. All flights out of Atlanta were canceled due to a severe storm warning, so the airline put me up in a hotel until the next day, when I finally got on my way.

I had been instructed to report to the parole office at the federal courthouse in Baltimore within 48 hours. Rather than take any chances, I went straight there from the airport. The parole office was located right next to the U.S. Attorney’s Office, and I remember thinking they got you coming and going. I was greeted by the parole officer, one Mr. VanScoy, who was quick and to the point. He said, “John there is no need to set up any appearance schedule for a month. Just don’t make any movies, radio or television appearances, stay out of the newspapers for the next thirty days, and I will send you a letter that you are released from the custody of the U.S. Attorney General.”

I replied that that was fine with me, and that would give me time to get reacquainted with my wife. As I started out the door, he said, “Wait a minute— there is one more thing, what about this ten-thousand dollar fine?” I turned and asked if he wanted it in “Kotmair

Reserve Notes.” He laughed and said, “Get out of here,” which I quickly did. VanScoy was as good as his word, and thirty days later, almost to the day, I received my release letter.

I spent those first thirty days with my family, and made preparations to launch the Save-A-Patriot Fellowship. Not having such a Patriot organization, Nancy and other Patriot wives had to depend on the individual generosity of the Patriot community, and if you were not well-known, your wife did not fare so well. To help with this, the unofficial Patriot publication of that time, *The Justice Times* — published by A.J. Lowery, and his wife Anita Kerns Lowery — had a special section listing incarcerated Patriots, referred to as “Patriots in service for our country,” giving the names and addresses of their wives for donations.

Because I was well-known around the country, Nancy received enough to live on, and had a surplus of a little more than two thousand FRNs, which we used to get the Fellowship started. That paid for the printing and mailing of recruitment applications, and helped with travel expenses to promote recruitment. I can well remember mailing those applications to the list I had accumulated before my incarceration, and then holding my breath waiting for returning mail. Slowly, applications started dribbling in. But we had to hold our breath again, waiting to see if we would get enough members, so that even a small assessment would not kill things before it had a chance to get started. But praise the Lord, He worked it all out for us, and we are celebrating our thirty-second year of continued operation.

For two and a half years, we operated out of our home, and then in 1987, we moved into one room at 12 Carroll Street. As time went on, we slowly expanded through the whole building, remodeling as we went, and added independent representatives, a paralegal

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department, and a casework department. The operation included a 140-seat auditorium where the SAPF Saturday night meetings were held. Eventually, the operation included a complete radio studio, and was like a bee hive of activity, with 50-plus Patriots buzzing around it, working hard for the *Cause of Liberty*.

No matter what you go through in life, you can gain from the experience. I often heard the phrase “doing hard time.” Now, having been incarcerated (falsely for a non-crime), I gained the knowledge of what that means, enriching my life even further. “Hard time” is just a matter of attitude. If you accept your circumstances, no matter what they are, and live within that environment, your time goes faster, and you will gain from the experience. If you do not, and instead fight it, well, you will definitely be doing “hard time.”

In the March 2016 issue of the *Liberty Tree*, the next installment of *Federal Judiciary — Oligarchy Hit-Men!!!* will continue the saga of our struggle, and the extreme lawlessness to which the *Evil Trio* are willing to go.



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A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT



January 14, 1956

In fall of 1954, the United States Navy transferred me from the Naval Auxiliary Air Station in Kingsville, Texas to the Naval Air Station in Norfolk, Virginia for my sea duty.

Norfolk was right on the outer edge of the allowable travel restriction for weekend liberty, to my home in Glen Burnie, Maryland. Needless to say, I was home every weekend catting around with my buddy Jimmy Kram.

My enlistment was up in November 1956, and one weekend in November 1955, my mother asked Jimmy and I to

take her to the Food Fair supermarket in Glen Burnie. Jimmy and I stayed outside talking, our conversation only interrupted whenever a good- looking “chick” would go in.

As my mother finished shopping, we could see her in the checkout line talking to the cashier, and pointing in our direction. When she came out, she asked if I saw the girl at the cash register. I looked in, and thought, “Not bad!” My mother continued: “She thinks you are cute, and I’m sure she will go out with you.”

With nothing to lose, I went inside, got into her line, purchased a pack of chewing gum, and asked her for a date. She accepted, and the following weekend, we double-dated with Jimmy and his girlfriend. Two months later, on January 14, 1956, at 5:30 PM, we were married.

That was 60 years ago. Today, we have four children, 10 grandchildren and (soon) 17 great-grand children. And Nancy Loretta Blunt Kotmair and I have enjoyed every moment of it; through thick and thin, we shared the Lord’s Blessings.

— John Baptist Kotmair, Jr.

A True Son and Daughter of God and Liberty



January 14, 2016