



Liberty Tree

Vol. 18, No. 1 — January 2016

Federal Judiciary — Oligarchy Hit-Men!!!

Part IX

By John Baptist Kotmair, Jr.

In the last eight 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 continue to cover my incarceration.

As explained in the December issue, except for being confined to an area one or two miles square, you might say I was vacationing at taxpayer's expense, and for those of you who are still under the influence of the IRS Gestapo, thank you. But, God bless her, Nancy's existence was totally different.

After a couple of years traveling from state to state, holding meetings every night, the day I left for the federal prison camp at Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama brought that active life to an abrupt halt for

Nancy. She now found herself alone in 20 acres of woods, with a once-active telephone gone silent. All she had was a one-hour phone conversation with me once a week. After six months, I was allowed a 12-hour pass out of the camp with her, with a five-day leave to come home after the first year, and a seven-day leave the second year. In addition to that, Nancy was able to visit me three other times in the visitor's center in the camp for five hours. Yet despite these hardships, God love her, Nancy never whimpered to me – not even once – the whole time I was incarcerated.

When I left her to report in, she had only \$250.00 to her name. But by the grace of God, and the generosity of Patriots and family, she was able to pay for all her living expenses, her trips to Alabama, and my flight home, and still had \$2,700 left over for us to start up the Save-A-Patriot Fellowship. The best way that I can

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Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



Jesus is the Reason for the Holiday Season!!!

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explain my love for her, and her steadfast stand for the Cause of Liberty is found in Proverbs 31:10-12 (KJV):

10 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

11 The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

12 She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

As I was preparing for my second leave home, Charlie Hudson, the prison camp's director of recreation, asked me to pick up a copy of a book published by the U. S. Congress, entitled "Documents Illustrative of the Formation of the Union of the American States." This informative volume contains James Madison's Notes on the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and was available for sale at the Federal Book Dep-ositary in Washington, D.C.

Nancy and I stopped by the Book Depository, and while purchasing a copy, the clerk happened to tell us that we were purchasing the last copy. I asked if they were going to print any more, and the clerk responded that it would only be reprinted if a special resolution was passed by Congress, and that there was no record of that.

I asked the clerk which Congressional Office I would visit in order to request the reprinting, and she responded, "The House Ways and Means Committee."

So off we went to Capitol Hill, several blocks away. Upon arrival, we found the office empty, except for the Committee Chairman's secretary. I told her I was there to request that the Chairman introduce a resolution to the House to reprint the "Formation of the Union." We were dumbstruck when she quickly responded, "That will never happen again." When I asked when the Chairman would be in, she confessed that she knew that he had no intentions that such a resolution would ever be introduced again. And even though it appears that she was correct in her prediction that Congress would never authorize a reprinting, thanks to the internet, it is now available for free to anyone

interested in having a copy for themselves.

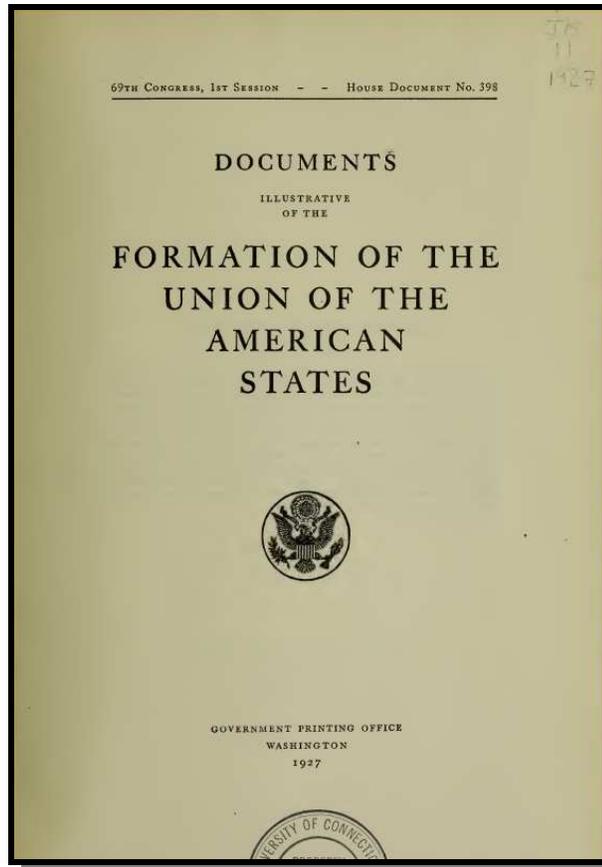
While we were in Washington that day, the late Herb Howard had arranged a luncheon to introduce me to William J. (Bill) Benson and Lowell H. (Larry) Becraft, Jr. The two were in Washington doing research for the book – *The Law That Never Was: The Fraud of the 16th Amendment and Personal Income Tax* – which Bill published along with Martin J. "Red" Beckman in 1985. After I was released some six months later, Larry contacted me with some of his research discoveries, and we have been working together ever since.

The prison camp counselor kept trying to get me to take parole, which I could have applied for after four months of incarceration. But, of course, if I were to take her advice, I would then have to file 1040 tax returns, which I had no lawful requirement to do, and pay so-called income taxes which I had no lawful duty to pay. She fully understood my position, but insisted that if I continued on the same course, I would just keep getting sent back to the camp, and I replied, "So be it." But even though there have been numerous attempts by the *Evil Trio*, so far, by the grace of God,

He has not allowed that to happen.

When not performing my duties as the "houseman" of "D dorm," I was usually tooling leather for pocketbooks and belts, which Nancy would sell at the various Patriot meetings. The building used to work leather was fairly small, so there was not always space to work. But, being assigned to D dorm gave me an advantage, in that it was in the back of the camp, and could not be seen from the guard shack, which had a clear view of all the other dorms. Therefore, the guards would come and count D dorm first, and then work their way back to the shack through the rest of the dorms. So, as soon as D dorm was counted, I would head off to the leather shop, climb through a window that I left unlocked, and lay out my work, thereby

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reserving myself a space. Then, I'd go back to the dorm and wait for the 'all clear' announcement, when we could go to the leather shop and work.

By this time, the captain with whom I was somewhat friendly had been replaced, and the new one was not as friendly. As the orders Nancy was taking continued to grow, I had to order leather sides more frequently, and my space at the leather shop was running out. So, after I tooled the leather, I would move the pieces that needed assembling and dyeing into my cubicle in the dorm.

Being the houseman, I had a cubicle to myself, while all the others housed two inmates.

On an average day, all I had to do was sweep the dorm after everyone left for work, and the rest of the day was mine. One day after sweeping the dorm, I was in my cube engrossed in assembling and dyeing leather, when a voice in back of me cried out "Got you." I turned and looked straight into the face of the captain. He then declared, "You are conducting a business," which of course was against the rules. He added, "I knew it, with all those cow hides being shipped to you." I told him that he was mistaken; that I had a large family, and I was making Christmas presents for them. Some of the work I was doing was certainly for that purpose, but how much of it was none of his business. So, not being able to prove his suspicions, he contented himself by making me get the leather out of the dorm, and said that he did not want to see me working on it in there again. While this put a slight cramp in the leather business, ultimately, I just had to be more creative in getting cow hides in and working on them.

Speaking of resourcefulness, it's rather amazing the extent of creativity man is capable of when motivated. For years, including long before I came to Maxwell, there was a still in operation, producing whiskey in the



Herb Howard



Larry Becraft



Bill Benson



Red Beckman

camp. You could not always smell the odor from the still, and though the guards searched for it, they never found it while I was there. The exact location was only known to the inmate who operated it, and the inmate

who inherited it from him in turn. Every Friday there was one showing of a Hollywood movie, in a projection room large enough to hold the entire population. During the show, the room was always filled with the strong smell of buttered popcorn that was given to the inmates. I was told by a very reliable source that the still was very cleverly secreted in the projection booth, where the

popcorn helped to mask its smells. Not being a drinking man, I never had any inclination to pursue the matter, but as far as I know, the guards never discovered the hiding place – that is, if they were *really* looking for it in the first place.

There were some celebrities at the camp who stood out among the others. One was an inmate who bunked across from my cube, whose name was Carlos Cruz. Carlos was the campaign manager for U.S. Republican Senator for Florida, Paula Hawkins, who was very close to President Ronald Reagan. Through Hawkins' association with Reagan, Cruz became the United States Marshal for Southern Florida. Believe it or not, Cruz was a very honest Patriotic

American, who vowed to work to make a difference. One of the first things he did after being sworn in was to put out the word that rigged auctions of drug dealers' confiscated property – cars, boats, airplanes etc. – benefiting government employees was at an end. All auction sales were to be public, open and honest; no more DEA or IRS agents obtaining the confiscated property for a few federal reserve notes. So, you can imagine how popular he was with these petty tyrants.

This policy was not in effect long when he received a call from the warden of the federal prison camp in

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Homestead, Florida, asking for an appointment to see Cruz. At the meeting, the warden informed Cruz that one of the drug dealer inmates in his prison camp wanted to take undocumented leaves of absences, and would pay very handsomely for doing so. Cruz rebuked the warden, and warned him that if he sanctioned that, Cruz would prosecute the warden. The warden promised that he would not and left. Soon after that meeting, Cruz was indicted for conspiracy to bribe, and bribery of, a U.S. government official. The warden was wearing a wire when he proposed the deal with the drug dealer, and by Cruz not placing him under arrest, he was convicted of bribery. He received a year's sentence, and the rigged auctions resumed.

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



Liberty Works Radio Network



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Pastor Sam Adams was born on January 18, 1959, and born again on March 30, 1987. He is married with five children. He trained as an architect, and received his B.A. in Architecture from Iowa State University in 1982, being licensed to practice architecture since 1986.

Since the day he was saved in 1987, Sam has been a voracious self-taught Bible student. He rejects modern Bible versions as diluted and perverted, and holds the Authorized King James Bible to be exclusively authoritative. His doctrine is historic Baptist — scripture (KJB) as the sole authority, strict separation of Church and State, and classical premillennial eschatology (as opposed to popular dispensationalism).

Among other issues, Pastor Adams is resolutely opposed to any attempt by the State to control the Lord's Church, the socialist-communist-fascist New World Order's destruction of liberty, the corporate takeover of American government, fraudulently misapplied and oppressive "taxation," our Nazi-style militarized police state, and our current phony "money" (Federal Reserve Note) system.

Sam Adams is a passionate Christian Patriot, and just like his name sake —



A True Son of Liberty!