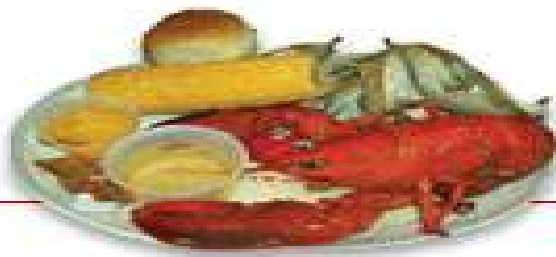


*I'll Beat the Hell Out of Any
Two Swabbies in This Joint!*



*Are Cops More Criminal Than
Criminals, with Their Tasers and
Steroids?*

By J. Speer-Williams

It all happened back in the Fabulous Fifties. It began in Salty's all-night restaurant.

“I’LL BEAT THE SH-T OUTTA ANY TWO SWABBIES IN THIS JOINT,” is what my Gator teammate and ex-Army paratrooper, Tony, actually screamed to about 300 U.S. sailors, at about 2:15 a.m. in Salty’s.

Tony was a well-muscled offensive guard, who was always offensive and always guarded his ego as if it were his most important possession.

“You stupid sh-t,” I muttered to Tony. “The Shore Patrol and cops will be here in less than sixty seconds. I’ve had it with your cheap ass.”

As I busted out of Salty’s, leaving a drunken Tony behind, two U.S. Navy Shore Patrolmen brushed past me on their way inside.

“That stupid sh-t,” I thought, over and over, while I tried to clear my head in Salty’s parking lot.

I had not parked my old 1957 Ford Fairlane at Salty’s; that much I knew. But where? Where had I parked my car?

Salty’s was a huge Denny’s-type restaurant that was across the street from Smitty’s, the most infamous nightspot in Jacksonville Beach, Florida, which was notorious for accepting any kind of ID.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, Smitty’s drew a houseful of sailors – in their white uniforms – who always outnumbered the ladies in residence by at least 10 to 1. Another reason Tony hated sailors.



And once Smitty's had closed at 2:00 a.m., on this particular Monday morning, it seemed that almost all the sailors had trooped across the street to have breakfast at Salty's.

Got the picture? Well, even if you do, you don't yet know half of this incredible story.

Standing in Salty's parking lot, I was getting drunker by the minute. Having little or no money, we used to throw

down the various drinks left by the ladies who were away from their tables dancing with the swabbies, especially near closing time. And at that time, the booze was quickly catching up with me.

Illogically, my worries about the whereabouts of my old Fairlane soon gave way to the crazy thought that I had to go back into Salty's and help Tony. But as soon as I turned back, I heard someone yell, "I GOT THE OTHER ONE."

I turned just in time to see the fiercest face I had seen since our fraternity housemother, Mother Shiver, was last screaming at me.

Bearing down on me was the largest

German shepherd I had ever seen.

I swear, that dog looked like a pony. And behind that horse-of-a-dog was a cop, running flat out toward me.

Obviously, the sneaky restaurant hostess in Salty's had identified me as the semi-good-looking blond guy in white shorts, wearing a dark blue Izod shirt (the one with the little alligator), complete with Bass Weejun loafers, with no socks.

Then out of the Twilight Zone appeared a police squad car with Tony slumped in the back seat behind a wire screen separating the front of the car from the rear.

Without a word of introduction, the cop on foot rudely shoved me into the squad car next to Tony, who appeared to have passed out.

The cop driving gunned his engine, while the cop riding shotgun got on his radio.

I started talking.

“Officers, we’re just a couple of football players from the University of Florida. If you’ll let us go, I’ll drive straight outta town and back to Gainesville. I’m sober as a judge and

we've got to be at practice this afternoon ... and ...”

On and on I went. I needed all the chutzpah I could muster.

I never stopped talking about football, hoping the cops were Gator rather than FSU Seminole fans.

The car slowed and I kept talking. Then, the driver looked toward his partner, who shrugged; I kept talking.

“You guys gonna beat Georgia?” asked the driver.

“Yes sir. Absolutely. And iffing you all let us go, you both will have played a great part in that victory.”

Slower went the cop car, until it finally veered toward the side of the road. They were gonna let us go,

something unheard of today. Instead of shooting us each with 50,000 volts (eleven times) from a Taser, they were going to let us go.

“AAHHHA!” screamed the driver. He was having a heart attack. Damn, damn, damn the luck.

BUT NO, THE DRIVER WAS BEING CHOKED BY TONY, who had bolted awake and shot his hands underneath the wire screen and around the neck of the cop driving.

I karate-chopped Tony’s hands free of the cop’s neck, yelling, “YOU STUPID SH-T!”

The driver rubbed his neck while catching his breath. Then he stomped

the pedal to the metal while the other cop started yelling on his radio.

Somebody turned on the siren, and probably the red overhead bubble light, as we sped to the police station; all I could do was to mutter, “You stupid sh-t,” over and over. Then the realization hit me: Tony was not a stupid sh-t; Tony was certifiably insane.

Today, everyone who is apprehended has their hands cuffed behind their backs; such has been the quick advancement of the US police state. It has been yet another way to make the American public submissive to authority. After all, who today would dare to tug on Superman’s cape?

Screeech screamed the squad car as it came to an abrupt halt behind the police station.

Immediately the two cops, both bigger than Tony, jumped out and opened his door. They pulled Tony to his feet and then hustled him toward the open door at the rear of the station.

Once inside the door, it looked like five or six cops began throwing punches at Tony. Then someone kicked the door shut.

“That’s bull-sh-t,” I thought, suddenly determined to get inside and help Tony.

First, I tried to open the door next to me, but it was locked. So I twisted the

door handle until it came off in my hand.

Not to be deterred, I positioned my feet on the backrest of the front seat and pushed until I popped it forward. I then crawled underneath the wire screen toward the right front door, which was unlocked.

Continuing my crawl out the door, I suddenly met resistance in the form of a couple of flat-footed coppers, who immediately began raining blows to my head and upper body. The more I was hit, the more my bravado proved to be no more than a false show of defiance. I regret to say I put up no fight at all.

The next thing I knew, Tony and I were standing – battered and bruised

– before the booking officer, a Sergeant Poole.

After Sergeant Poole's spiel, Tony and I were given the bum's rush into separate cells. My cell was bare with no bed, simply a toilet. Unfortunately, the concrete floor seemed to be covered with about an inch or two of water, which I hoped was not from the toilet.

My head and upper body felt a little sore, but otherwise I felt fine. The cops could have really hurt me, but I don't believe they even hit me in the face. In today's world, Tony and I would have likely been Tasered, or shot to death, for trying to choke a cop.

As I stood in my cell, I considered myself lucky. As I now write these words, I thank God I sowed my young and wild oats before my beloved country began turning into a police state. But still, back then, I wanted to complain.



“Oh, law enforcement officer Poole, are you aware that **THERE’S A FOOT OF WATER IN MY CELL?**” I yelled at the top of my lungs.

For some reason, I thought my question to Sergeant Poole was so

hilarious I could hardly stop laughing. But as soon as I could stop laughing, I'd yell out the question again and again, laughing the whole time.

The cops never said a word to me, but the other prisoners in the block began yelling with threats of death, unless I shut up. This really threw me into fits of laughter, followed by more yells to Sergeant Poole.

In time, I curled up on my concrete bed of dirty water and fell fast asleep.

It was a dreamless and short sleep I spent at taxpayer's expense at the Jacksonville Beach jail, as I was all too quickly awakened by a jocular cop. In fact, all of the cops at the station that morning seemed to be jolly fellows.

“You guys smell like a couple of sewer rats,” joked one cop. “I’m sure you’ll both make quite an impression in the courtroom this morning.”

It was on a front bench in the courtroom that Tony and I soon found ourselves, without breakfast or any chance to clean up, I may add.

We must have looked like convicts. Tony, with his 2” forehead, buzz-cut, and tattoos covering one of his arms (that looked for all the world like he must have inflicted them on himself), sat stoically and sullenly, while I sat nervously and looked around the courtroom, my hair uncombed and face badly in need of a shave.



I had never been in a courtroom and was surprised by how many people were in attendance. Were most of the people officials or merely retirees seeking foreboding entertainment, laden with evil portent?

At any rate, I was impressed with the majesty of the room and the seriousness that filled the air. Then HE appeared, the man above other men, who would decide the fate of a couple of second-rate college football players ... The Judge.

The judge had a solemn demeanor. He walked with a proud bearing that seemed to say he'd countenance no foolishness.

I had never felt threatened by the judges in black robes I'd seen in TV courtroom dramas, but this was my life, and this judge was not an actor in a pretended story. This was a real life drama, and truthfully, I would have preferred to see the judge robed in white.

After all, Tony and I could possibly be charged with the attempted murder of a police officer by strangulation, and I had destroyed government property. Would they also charge me with resisting arrest?

Questions flooded my mind, and the upcoming answers would determine my future. But first, someone had some official business to tell the judge. What were they talking about anyway? Why were they both looking at me? Then the charges against Tony and me were read.

The charges were brief, accurate, and damning. I don't think, however, there was any mention of the police car I damaged. In today's world, similar offenses would take three minutes to read and would include violations, crimes, infractions, and breaches I had never before heard.

Today, it's a felony – with a long prison sentence – to assault a police officer. To even defend one's self

against a psycho-cop is to risk a long stay in a federal prison.

During the reading, I watched the judge. His eyes were closed and his hands formed a steeple he placed against his lips.

After the reading, a hush had overtaken the courtroom, and I held my breath.

Slowly, the judge's eyes opened, and they looked deep and straight into mine.

“Young man,” the judge said to me, “if you were in my shoes and I were in yours ... what judgment would you render?”

“Sir, I'd render a decision of extreme leniency.”

The courtroom broke into laughter, and I froze. Had I just made the biggest mistake of my young life? Had I just made a laughingstock of the judge?

My judge, however, was a big man, far bigger than most judges today. My judge smiled and asked another question.

“Do you boys belong to a fraternity?”

“Yes sir,” I answered. “We’re ATOs.”

“ATOs? Who’s your housemother?”

Oh my God ... our housemother was Mother Shiver, who disliked me and absolutely detested Tony. Did the judge plan on getting character references from Mother Shiver? If so, Tony and I were in big trouble.

“Mother Shiver,” I timidly answered.

“Who?” asked the judge.

“Mother Shiver,” I said a bit louder.

“Ah,” said the judge with a dreamy tone to his voice. “Your Mother Shiver and I go back a long way, young man, a long way.”

Then the judge fell silent, with the courtroom following suit. I held my breath, wondering what it all meant.

“I want you boys to bring your Student I.D. cards to the Court clerk, sometime this week, proving you’re both students. Case dismissed!”

A murmur rippled through the courtroom, while I smiled, in awe of a big man, perhaps the biggest I had ever encountered. It’s the big, brave

men who are big and brave enough to show compassion.

The halcyon days of relative freedom and tranquility of the fabulous '50s and early 1960s were abruptly ended with the barbarous assassination of President John F. Kennedy, on the twenty-second of November 1963, by intelligence agents.

Sadly today, our local police departments have become a belligerent occupying force, no longer used to serve and protect American citizens, but to intimidate, control, and abuse them.

Today, one may wonder, “*Who is policing the police*”? The Justice Department? The Courts? Congress, Presidential administrations?

No, no, no, and no. It's the intelligence services. Well, who polices the intelligence services, you may ask?

The foreign oligarchs of the International Monetary/Banking Cartel is the correct answer.

That Cartel leveled the coup de grace on the American people with their mislabeled "Patriot Acts I and II," after their 9/11 false flag. Ever since then, a police state has been engulfing the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

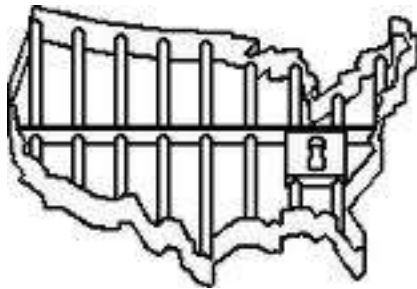
The military tactics, weapons, and mind-set of US combat troops now occupy the streets of our homeland, with the militarization of our local

police departments – and the good people of America are their enemy.

Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in President Reagan’s administration, Dr. Paul C. Roberts, has told us much about our deforming police state in his great monograph titled “America’s Police Brutality Pandemic.”

The endless US “war on terrorism” quickly turned into widespread campaigns of bombing and torturing innocents in the Middle East, which has torn families apart, rendered millions homeless, all amid universal ruin and disease, while overrunning America with terrorists wearing police uniforms, sporting their badges and carrying automatic weapons.

Dr. Roberts wrote, “Ironically, Bush’s ‘war on terror’ has made Americans less safe at home by diminishing US civil liberty and turning an epidemic of US police brutality into a pandemic. Today, Americans are not safe anywhere from police.”



Gratuitous brutality by police invariably ends with an arrest, often based on bogus charges. Even when they are videoed committing their crimes, few police officers are fired, or even disciplined.

Dr. Roberts wrote, “Cops cover up their own crimes by arresting their

victims on false charges that are invented to justify the unprovoked police violence against citizens.”

From our local city fathers to the US Congress to the White House, no one has stepped forward to stop, or even slow, the increasing savagery of police officers across the country.

Even more disturbing is the fact that many Americans still justify police cruelty, no matter how little it is warranted: a phenomenon that is likely to continue until such poor, uninformed, and rationalizing souls are themselves beaten by mindless cops, and they at last understand that a bit of what happens to others could happen to them.

Bullies and those with various inferiority complexes have long been attracted to police jobs, or other kinds of governmental work. Today, however, it seems that cruelty – as a personality trait – is a requirement for police work.

Exacerbating the growing specter of police inhumanity has been the militarization of practically every one of the 17,000 law enforcement organizations in the country; it's a very troubling development that has gotten worse yearly, since the assassination of President Kennedy.

To have police departments now using heavy military equipment, automatic weapons, and the tactics, training, and even uniforms of the military, means

but one thing: our governmental establishments are setting themselves against us – the people.

SWAT (Special Weapons and Tactics) teams were virtually unknown in the '50s and early '60s; today, however, SWAT teams have become so prevalent, they're even used in routine warrant service in drug cases and other nonviolent crimes, in spite of the fact that paramilitary actions can often trigger violence instead of defusing it.

University of Eastern Kentucky criminologist Dr. Peter Kraska has estimated there is a frightening 1,500 percent increase in the use of SWAT teams in America, from the early 1980s to the early 2000s. The

tyrannical use of SWAT teams has reached such proportions today that the America of the early 21st Century has become all but unrecognizable.

Asset Forfeiture and Seizure Laws

The corporate media reports few of the over 800 times a week SWAT teams break into American homes, trash them, shoot any dogs and cats they see, and, under the little known (but too often used) *Asset Forfeiture and Seizure* laws, steal what they want under the slim pretense of gathering evidence.

Less than one-half of these home invasions result in felony charges. In fact, many of these assaults by SWAT cops are at wrong addresses, with no redress for stolen property, killed pets,

or even the human lives these SWAT raids cost.

To *Serve and Protect* is no longer the role of our police officers. Today police officers are even labeled as *law enforcers*, an enforcement that will be needed to force unpopular laws on the public, laws that do not have the consent of the governed. The police in our once free America have, indeed, become an occupying military force.

Before the complete militarization of our local police departments came the federalization of them with congressional appropriations, which have not only undermined our Constitution, but have, in effect, nationalized our local police, since

federal money always comes with control strings attached.

Under our 1878 Posse Comitatus Act, it became illegal to militarize our civilian police, much less to all but nationalize them.

Our Constitution, and its attendant laws, however, has never curbed the agenda of the International Monetary/Banking Cartel, part of which is the implementation of the plan to nationalize and militarize all of our local police departments.

In 1981, Congress passed the Military Cooperation with Civilian Law Enforcement Agencies Act, which allowed the US Department of Defense to begin supplying city police departments with heavy military

equipment and training, as though the American people were the real enemy.

And as if that were not damaging enough, Congress again turned against the American people by passing the *1994 Omnibus Crime Act*.

Consequently, the American federal government took over the complete militarization, financing, training, and soul of our once-independent, local police departments, all under the control of “our” intelligence agencies.

In a September 7, 1999, *San Francisco Examiner* article titled *Paramilitary Cops Serve Themselves Not Us*, writer Harley Sorensen told us that the Pentagon [under the direction of intelligence agents]

routinely sends armored personnel carriers, grenade launchers, and a wide assortment of automatic rifles to city police stations.



Then, President Obama joined the betrayal of the American people with his highly touted and so-called Stimulus Bill (*American Recovery and Reinvestment Act-ARRA*) that

allocated \$4 billion to buy yet larger arsenals of automatic assault rifles and shotguns, and to hire more police, sharpshooters, and bomb squads. The American people paid for ARRA, but little of that money will ever be used to defend them.

Leo Tolstoy wrote ...

Governments need armies to protect them against their enslaved and oppressed subjects.

And pain compliance has become the preferred method of their army/police constabulary who have been heavily indoctrinated by our intelligence services to believe the general public to be their enemies.



Savage police brutality is not new. Even a score or so years ago *Human Rights Watch* published a report entitled '*Shield from Justice: Police Brutality and Accountability in the United States*'.

The report stated ... *“Police abuse remains one of the most serious and divisive human rights violations in the United States. The excessive use of force by police officers, including unjustified shootings, severe beatings, fatal chokings, and rough treatment, persists because overwhelming barriers to accountability make it possible for officers who commit human rights violations to escape due punishment and often repeat their offenses. Police or public officials greet each new report of brutality with denials or explain the act was an aberration, while the administration and criminal systems that should deter these abuses by holding officers accountable instead virtually guarantee them impunity”*.

The extent of rampant and savage police behavior has, to date, been largely hidden by the International Banking Cartel's corporate media, but no more.

Now that the Cartel's intelligence services has its Praetorian Guard in place, we will be hearing more and more about how criminal many cops have become.

After all, a harsh and tyrannical government is subject to creating great dissension in the general public, and understandably, there must be criminal police forces to control them.

The International Monetary and Banking Cartel cannot steal trillions of dollars from American citizens and then take it for themselves, leaving us

impoverished, without creating hard feelings in the public sector. But widespread knowledge about how brutal cops have become will convince most people to keep their hard feelings to themselves.

Those who get too vocal about their feelings will be deemed terrorists and will be dealt with by militarized cops anxious to brutalize, if not kill, anyone as long as they think they can get away with it. And they have been getting away with it, protected by intelligence agents who have been inserted into local police departments.

These agents have directed our police along the *Police versus the People* lines with secret training videos, manuals, and directives – all part of

the federal government's funding unknowing Americans pay for, resulting in the alienation of their local police, who will only serve those who give them their paychecks.

So brainwashed have many of our police personnel become that they actually believe there are many large, heavily armed militia groups throughout our country, even in the hyper-super-surveillance state that America has become.

Someone, please ask these diluted deluded cops how could a group of hotheads secretly meet and train with rifles, or automatic weapons, much less train with bombs, hand grenades, tanks, armored personnel carriers, artillery, and the like and get away

with it. Would not such training make a bit of noise that somebody would report?

Please understand, when you hear of the FBI busting up a “militia” group, it was probably a low-keyed outfit run by federal black-ops intelligence units put together to make the police and public believe such militias actually exist.

Another important issue that has largely been kept out of the media has been the pressure brought to bear on local police departments by the *Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department* to abandon “cognitive” entrance exams for police applicants. Cities that do not drop cognitive exams are often sued by the Justice

Department, under the pretense of “racial diversity.”

Cognitive entrance exams were once based on intelligence and reasoning abilities, which tested one’s reading and writing skills. Today, many police applicants only have to score about as well as the bottom one percent of what police applicants had to score twenty years ago to pass. Cops with IQs at the level of room temperatures are favored by tyrants, as such halfwits are easily controllable and directed by authority – more proof that ignorance and evilness are blood brothers.



Now you'll know why that policeman who gave you a ticket seemed as dense as a boat anchor.

Cops on 'roids not part of the public debate!

Once the Monetary Cartel had enough stupid cops, they needed something to keep them agitated. Pickling them in testosterone, caused by anabolic steroids, would do the trick. After all, don't their cops need to be bigger, badder, and brawnier than the "bad"

guys who object to federal government criminality?

So by adding the *bête noire* (black beast) of steroids to the mix, producing legions of cops in fits of 'roid rage, the Establishment got what they needed to control an outraged American public.



Dr. Harrison Pope, Harvard's steroid specialist and author of *The Adonis Complex*, has said ... *An intense 'roid rush can impair your judgment and inspire all manner of reckless*

behavior. You could have someone who's not particularly aggressive, who has no history of psychiatric disorders, and he goes on steroids and has a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality change. And, of course a police officer in that situation would be quite dangerous.

How many cops are on the juice?

“I’ve heard many, many accounts of officers taking steroids,” said Dr. Pope. “But, it’s impossible to put a number on it. Even if I got a federal grant to study this, I wouldn’t be able to get that number, because of the veil of secrecy.”

Dr. Larry Gaines, chairman of the Criminal Justice Department at California State University, San

Bernardino, said, “We don’t have a sense of the scope of the problem [cops on ‘roids]. And it is a problem, because of the potential for violence.”

Also, there is strong correlation between police officers on steroids and those cops who deal in other drugs on the street. What starts out with the illegal gateway drug of steroids can easily move on to dealing in pot, coke, Ecstasy and other drugs.

These juicers in blue are an open secret within the dark and secretive subculture of the intelligence world – the operatives who are making many steroids available to many cops. The growing problem of cops on ‘roids has long been kept quiet from the public.

Few police departments test officers for steroid use, and of course our national leaders are too busy investigating steroid use among baseball players to mandate steroid tests for all-or-any-of our 17,000 law enforcement and police departments and organizations.

Little George Bush Jr. announced in a State of the Union address in 2004 that the use of steroids in sports is dangerous ...

So tonight I call on team owners, union representatives, coaches, and players to take the lead, to send the right signal, to get tough, and to get rid of steroids now.”

President George Bush’s ridiculous distraction from our real problems

was followed by a long and amazing burst of applause from on-the-take senators and congresspersons none of whom had ever dared to mention that intelligence operatives play a significant role in ensuring many police officers use 'roids and rage against us, the American people.

Little Bush was an international embarrassment, but our American Congress is an utter disgrace to us all, with fraudulent leaders like Republican Senator John McCain and Democratic Congressman Henry Waxman, both leading us on a path of complete nonsense, with their obviously pretended concern over performance-enhancing drugs in sports.

Jay Leno once said ... *Congress is investigating steroid use in baseball. Apparently we've cured cancer and all other problems of the world so now we're starting on this one.*

Give a cop on steroids a stun gun or Taser and you have a potentially dangerous combination.

Today, a totally innocent American can be Tasered with 50,000 to 150,000 volts of electricity by simply verbally disagreeing with a police officer.

Tasers, known as “electronic immobilization devices,” deliver a long-lasting electrical shock up to 450 times stronger than the current of a household electrical socket. It's been reported that being hit with a Taser is

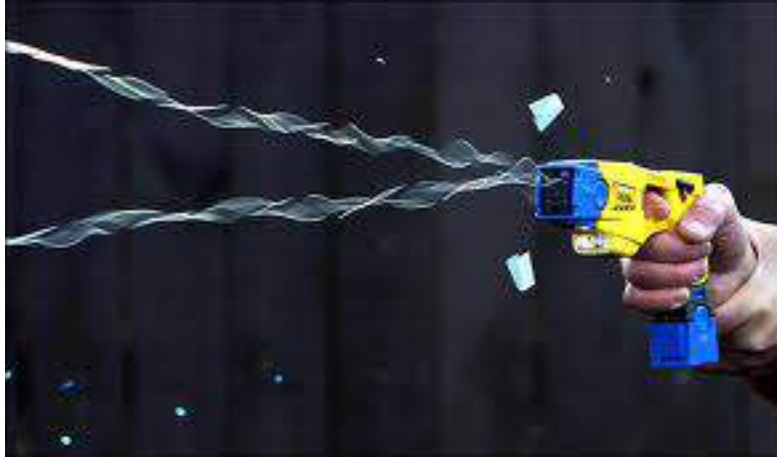
much like being hit full force on the head with a baseball bat.

Tasers disrupt one's central nervous system, causing severe, involuntary muscle contractions that immobilize and can stop one's heart unto death. Tasers kill dozens of people annually.

Killing unarmed civilians has become, with some cops, a macho thing to do, especially with some congenitally disadvantaged cops, who seem to have special moral immunity to murder.

The Internet used to be loaded with videos of cops Tasing old ladies, children, and people who offered no resistance to arrest. Police across the country are now, however, prohibiting

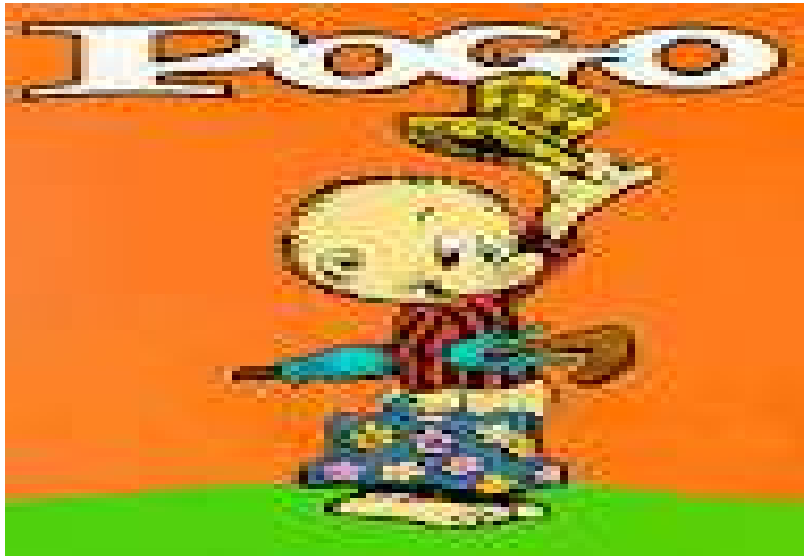
videotaping of their thuggery, while they video us with impunity.



It seems evident that some people want us to fear government. The great Thomas Jefferson wrote, “When governments fear the people there is liberty. When the people fear the government there is tyranny.”

But still, there are those who fear our government and police but insist they

live in a protected democracy. In the immortal words of Pogo, “We’ve met



the enemy and he is us.”

Federal and state governments carefully avoid keeping accurate statistics on police brutality or even officer-involved sexual misconduct.

Fortunately, the brave *National Police Misconduct Statistics and Report Project* (NPMSRP) does its best to

keep abreast of the constant and burgeoning outbreaks of gross police misconduct.

There is an indeterminate amount of under-reporting that exists within NPMSRP's statistics, since the Cartel's corporate media does not report on every complaint of police misconduct, nor on every lawsuit filed. Moreover, it can be assumed that many victims of police brutality have chosen to remain silent.

Still the statistics reported by NPMSRP should prove to anyone that America has indeed become a police state. Only with more of us becoming aware of our precarious situation do we have a chance of reversing what we have allowed to happen.

It would be foolish to expect any facet of our federal government to alert us to the extent of police brutality. The one and only such report that I'm aware of is about a decade old and was based on the data voluntarily given by only five percent of US police departments.

During the first three months of 2010, alone, NPMSRP cites 1,160 unique reports of police brutality or other misconducts, which includes 1,410 separate police officers, and 1,446 victims, with 52 civilian deaths.

During the same three-month period, seventy-seven police chiefs and sheriffs were named in misconduct reports.

From the thousands of police brutality and misconduct reports from 2009, listed below are some of those crimes.

1. Choking children
2. Child molestation
3. Shooting chained dogs
4. Beating people in wheelchairs
5. Tasering children
6. Sexual assaults on women
7. Breaking into private homes
8. Fleeing hit and run accidents
9. Getting DUIs



10. Destroying private homes
11. Perjury
12. Causing brain damage
13. Ignoring 911 calls
14. Driving on expired licenses
15. Sodomy of minors
16. Stealing money and drugs
17. Drug addictions
18. Illegal steroid use
19. Having sex in patrol cars
20. Extortion of cash
21. Wife beatings
22. Beating the hand-cuffed
23. Stealing evidence
24. Running into pedestrians

26. Stalking women
27. Tasing the unconscious



Until we get a president and a Congress who will do their jobs and take back control of our intelligence services from the foreign/private International Monetary/ Banking Cartel, “our” federal government will continue to force on us a police state

as tyrannical as was those of
communistic Russia or Nazi
Germany.

Instead, “our” leaders consider
everyone to be a potential terrorist,
while these very same leaders
terrorize us with their warrantless
spying of our emails, postal mail, and
telephone calls. They beat us, Taser
us, and falsely arrest us, while
pretending the very terrorists they
have created are to protect us.

Most of the kindly cops of the 1950s
have come and gone, but may God
bless those officers who still serve and
protect, while their associates serve
the dark forces.

And unless more of us wake up to the
tyranny afoot in this twenty-first

century, we – the American people –
are, indeed, the problem.

Perhaps it is the fight, not the victory
that will most reward us.

J. Speer-Williams

Jsw4@mac.com

Post Script: Please email me your thoughts to the above address.

I have a growing emailing list I send my work to hoping to receive some constructive criticism. At times, the feedback is simply criticism, such as the following email.

Dear Jack, I'm really disappointed in the liberal crap you sent me. We need our police. Next time you need a cop – forget it.

And you talked about how many people tasers have killed, but not about how many lives they've saved. I'd rather get hit with a taser than a bullet. Ever think of that?

And I don't believe a word of your wild story you made up about you and the sailors police and judge in Florida.

Take me off you list.

Caleb B

Dear Caleb,

I can understand your disbelief regarding my experience with the police and judge in Florida.

There has been a sea of change in American law enforcement and its judicial system since the fifties, especially since the 9/11 false flag.

Even prior to 9/11, the tyrannical shift in police work was noticeable to me,

during the twenty years I lived and worked in Los Angeles.

During that period of time, I came across some data that indicated the Los Angeles Police Department was being used for a pilot program by the CIA. That intelligence agency wanted to iron out any possible bugs before bringing about a complete nationwide rollout of a federally controlled, paramilitary police force. That important insight heightened my observation of police work throughout Los Angeles County for about twenty years.

Perhaps it was my imagination, but it seemed to me that the Los Angeles cops were progressively becoming more belligerent. For one thing, I

stopped looking at the cops in their squad cars, after receiving several hostile and aggressive stares from them.

Then, I noticed that other motorists never looked in the direction of LA police cars. Later, the penny really fell.

I was on a freeway, driving my seven-year-old daughter to school, when I saw a flashing red light behind me. “Damn, damn,” thought I. “What a time to get stopped by a cop, with my little daughter with me.”

I pulled over, turned off my engine, and quickly got out of my car.

The cop came running toward me, yelling, “Get back in your car.”

I did as he ordered, but soon he was telling me to get out of my car.

That cop acted like he was on speed, in fact – overdosed on speed. Never once did he tell me why he had stopped me. He merely barked one thing over and over: *I could take you to jail right now.*

Once, I very foolishly interjected, “Officer, I have my little daughter with me.”

That statement sent the cop into what appeared to be an outbreak of spasms. His face got red and one of his eyes twitched. *I could take you to jail right now.*

But he didn't.

I have often wondered why the cop stopped me. I must have been going too fast. But most of all ... why did he let me go?

Maybe he couldn't figure out where he was or what he was doing.

But more than that, I think my Guardian Angels saved me by telling me ... *Keep quiet!*

I think the cop was on steroids and any simple question, such as *What did I do wrong*, could have triggered a psychopathic response.

Once I was stopped at a red light near Watts (a neighborhood in South LA). Across the street, an LA cop held his revolver on a man who was on his stomach on the sidewalk.

The cop was yelling commands, of some sort, to his suspect, which seemed contradictory.

The pistol the cop held on the man was vibrating so much, I was afraid it would go off on the defenseless man.

I don't know what transpired, as I got out of the area as soon as the light changed. I did, however, come away with an important lesson learned: If a cop ever pulls a pistol or Taser on me, the incident has gotten out of hand.

In Los Angeles, however, I didn't have to be in my car to run afoul of the overly aggressive cops there.

One peaceful afternoon, I was working at my upstairs bedroom desk, which looked out over my front yard.

Separating my front yard from the street was a tall hedge. To my total surprise, on the street side of the hedge, two LA cops had their pistols drawn, which they held to their chests, as they slowly slid along the outside of the hedge – just like you might see on television.

I had a serious situation on my hands that needed to be defused.

HEY, WHAT THE F--- ARE YOU GUYS DOING??? I yelled, while positioning myself in the window so the cops could see me.

There was a long pause, then one of the cops yelled: ***Get down here!***

“What’s going on, officers?” I asked after I opened my front door.

“You gotta rag covering the license plate on the truck in your driveway.”

“Huh ... you sure?” I asked. “Is that illegal as long the truck isn’t on the roads?”

“It’s suspicious ... and that’s illegal,” snarled one of the cops.

Finally, I realized I had been far too mouthy with a couple of potential psychopaths.

“Sorry, officers. It won’t happen again. And thanks for bringing it to my attention.”

Cops in America today have to be handled like a loaded pistol ... a pistol always pointed away from you.

Regarding Tasers, I have no doubt they are more painful than a .38 caliber bullet.

Even one blast from a high-voltage stun gun, such as a Taser, can cause cardiac arrhythmia (an irregular heartbeat) leading to a heart attack by ventricular fibrillation (heart- beats with rapid, erratic electrical impulses) and cardiac arrest (death).

Two hits from a Taser can easily bring death, but I doubt that any cops high on steroids would ever stop with just two shots from their stun guns.

Any survivor who has ever been shot by a Taser will tell you it was easily the most severe long-lasting pain of their life. Tasers are not humane as advertised; they are barbaric and a

fitting symbol of the American federal government.

Nevertheless, most American law enforcement officers seem to have bought into Machiavelli's concept ...

It is safer to be feared than to be loved.

Warm Regards, Jack

Hi Jack, Do you know that 50,000 victims of cop violence were admitted to ERs last year? How many cops in return had to be attended to in the same situations?

In 2015, more than 1,150 people were murdered by cops.

Washington has declared war on the American people and the cops are nothing more than the deep state's enforcers.

The use of terror through violence, threats of violence, trumped up charges, and the stacking of charges against victims of the police state have turned America into a third world fiefdom where even the innocent can become victims of police brutality. Even children are no longer off limits.

Expect things to get worse until real Americans decide to fight back.

Sincerely, Gary

Dear Gary,

Thank you for your contributions to my essay. I am impressed by the two statistics you sent me: 50,000 victims of cop violence last year and 1,150 people murdered by cops in 2015. Please send me your sources for such alarming information.

Warm Regards, Jack

Dear Jack,

WTF? No Cognitive exams for cops? My Dad was a SFPD cop from 1946-1966. The greatest man I ever knew. He was an old time cop's cop (WWII vet). Tough as nails, wise as Solomon, kind as Jesus (especially to kids, old folks, and the down and out.

His kind are a rara avis in today's
Jack-booted thug constabulary.

Just a little note to congratulate you in
your absolutely magnificent article.

George

Dear George,

Thank you for your kind words. And,
I take my hat off to your father.

Warm Regards, Jack

A truly great article, Jack, it pretty
much lays out the situation we all
face. I love your articles. Keep up the
great work. You are a great guy. P.J.

Dear P.J.

Thank you for your kind words, they are all very much appreciated.

Warm Regards, Jack

Following is an email I recently received. It is one of the most outstanding pieces of satire I've ever come across.

*The Democratic Senate is considering sweeping legislation that will provide new benefits for many more Americans. The **Americans With No Abilities Act** is being hailed as a major legislative goal by advocates of the millions of Americans who lack any real skills and ambition.*

“Roughly 50 percent of Americans do not possess the competence and drive necessary to carve out a meaningful role for themselves in

society,” said California Sen. Barbara Boxer. “We can no longer stand by and allow **People of Inability (POI)** to be ridiculed and passed over. With this legislation, employers will no longer be able to grant special favors to a small group of workers, simply because they have some idea of what they are doing.”

In a Capitol Hill press conference, Nancy Pelosi pointed to the U.S. Postal Service, which has a long-standing policy of providing opportunity without regard to performance. At the state government level, the Department of Motor Vehicles also has an excellent record of hiring Persons with No Ability (63 percent).

Under the **Americans with No Abilities Act**, more than 25 million mid-level positions will be created, with

important-sounding titles but little responsibility, thus providing an illusory sense of purpose and performance.

*Mandatory non-performance-based raises and promotions will be given to guarantee upward mobility for even the most unremarkable employees. The legislation provides substantial tax breaks to corporations that promote a significant number of **Persons of Inability** (POI) into middle-management positions, and give a tax credit to small and medium-sized businesses that agree to hire one clueless worker for every two talented hires.*

*Finally, the **Americans With No Abilities Act** contains tough new measures to make it more difficult to discriminate against the non-abled, banning, for example, discriminating*

interview questions such as, “Do you have any skills or experience that relate to this job?”

“As a non-abled person, I can’t be expected to keep up with people who have something going for them,” said Mary Lou Gertz, who lost her position as a lug-nut twister at the GM plant in Flint, Mich., due to her inability to remember “righty tighty, lefty loosey” . “This new law should be real good for people like me. I’ll finally have job security.” With the passage of this bill, Gertz and millions of other untalented citizens will finally see a light at the end of the tunnel.

Said Sen. Dick Durbin, II: “As a senator with no abilities, I believe the same privileges that elected officials enjoy ought to be extended to every American with no abilities. It is our duty as lawmakers to provide each and

every American citizen, regardless of his or her inadequacy, with some sort of space to take up in this great nation and a good salary for doing so.”

This message was approved by Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, Diane Feinstein, Barbara Boxer, Maxine (WaWa) Waters, and Nancy Pelosi.

[This idea was also approved by 85 percent of our US Congress.]