

The Stockbroker's Lady

2ND ADDITION

WAYNE M PIERCE

Copyright © 2014 Wayne M Pierce
All rights reserved.

ISBN: 149547657X

ISBN 13: 9781495476570

Library of Congress Control Number: 2014914739

CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform

North Charleston, South Carolina

For Kim

The Lady from Orcas Island

Table of Contents

Introduction	xiii
1. The Lady from Orcas Island	1
First Meeting in Eugene, January 2002.....	4
Second Meeting in Eugene.....	6
Meeting in Temecula, April 2002.....	8
La Jolla Day Trip	9
<i>Revelations about Charles R. Schwab</i>	10
Micron–Hynix and Hints of Insider Trading	13
Schwab’s Detectives.....	15
Becoming Engaged	16
2. Domestic Heaven and Hell	17
Schwab’s Daily Harassment	19
Home Projects	20
Shopping for a Home	21
Micron–Hynix Business Trips	21
Visit to Orcas Island	23
Meeting Kim’s Daughter, Donya Cobb.....	24
Meeting Kim’s Daughter, Chris Cobb.....	26
Orcas Island Lifestyle.....	26
3. Wealthy Stockbroker Turns Cage Fighter	31
Charles Schwab Derails Our Wedding Plans.....	31
Kim’s Breakdown, July 2, 2002	34
Here Comes the Bribe	37
Charles Schwab’s Final Solution.....	38

Who's Vicky?.....	39
Who's Lisa?	41
Who's the Woman from Rogue River?	41
Kim Prepares to Move Out.....	43
Farewell Confession	45
4. Kim's New Life	49
Fieldstone Homes Project Manager, August 2002.....	49
Rendezvous in Temecula	50
Kim Dating Old Friend.....	52
Rendezvous in Cannon Beach, February 2003	53
Brief Engagement to Tom, August 2003	56
Where's Charles?	58
Engagement to Ed Doheny, January 21, 2004.....	58
Portland Rendezvous Invitation	59
Kim's Deteriorating Health.....	59
Kim's First Stroke, June 22, 2004	60
Kim's Second Stroke, July 7, 2004	61
Kim's First Ovarian Cancer, November 19, 2004.....	62
Kim's Second Ovarian Cancer, January 2005.....	62
<i>Letter to Charles Schwab, February 28, 2005</i>	62
Kim Retires and Moves to Texas, January 2008	67
5. Bush Rescues Charles Schwab	69
Senator Robert Byrd's Lament	69
Quest for Justice	69
Allegations against Schwab.....	71
Eugene Police Chief Robert Lehner.....	72
Lane County District Attorney Doug Harclerod.....	73
FBI Online Crime Reporting, August 2002	73
Eugene FBI Agent John Ferreira, August 2002	74
Portland FBI Agent Paul Mueller, August 2002	74
<i>Letter to President George W. Bush, August 15, 2002</i>	77

Legal Alternatives.....	80
<i>Letter to the SEC, August 16, 2002.....</i>	81
<i>Letter from SEC, September 11, 2002.....</i>	83
<i>Letter to US Attorney General John Ashcroft,</i> <i>September 10, 2002.....</i>	84
<i>Letter from President Bush, November 4, 2002.....</i>	86
<i>Letter from US Department of Justice, February 3, 2003.....</i>	89
<i>Letter to President Bush, February 8, 2003.....</i>	91
<i>Letter from US Department of Justice, March 26, 2003</i>	95
<i>Letter to US DOJ Nancy Bronstein, April 2, 2003.....</i>	96
<i>Letter to President Bush, April 2, 2003</i>	98
<i>Letter to US DOJ Nancy Bronstein, April 3, 2003.....</i>	101
<i>June 25, 2003, Letter from Nancy Bronstein</i>	104
<i>Letter to US DOJ Nancy Bronstein, July 1, 2003</i>	105
<i>Letter to SEC Chairman William Donaldson, June 16, 2003</i>	108
<i>Letter from US Securities and Exchange Commission,</i> <i>June 30, 2003.....</i>	110
Bomb Hoax Sting, August 2003.....	111
<i>Letter from Department of Justice, October 10, 2003</i>	112
<i>Letter to FBI Director Robert Mueller III, January 28, 2004</i>	113
<i>Letter to US Attorney General John Ashcroft, July 4, 2004</i>	118
<i>Letter to US Attorney General John Ashcroft, July 23, 2004.....</i>	121
<i>Letter to New York Stock Exchange, November 29, 2004</i>	127
<i>Letter to US Attorney General Alberto Gonzales,</i> <i>May 13, 2005</i>	130
<i>Letter from US Attorney General Gonzales,</i> <i>September 19, 2005.....</i>	132
<i>Letter to US Attorney General Alberto Gonzales,</i> <i>November 4, 2005</i>	134
Government Officials Who Don't Follow the Script	137
<i>Letter to House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, January 1, 2007.....</i>	138
Website Published, January 1, 2008.....	143
<i>Letter to Senator Patrick Leahy, March 18, 2008.....</i>	144

6. Bush's Harem of Spies	151
An from Eugene, Oregon, November 2002	152
Klamath Falls Nurse, January 2003	155
Kathleen from Orcas Island, June 2008.....	158
From Wikipedia:	159
AOL Virus Attacks, September 16, 2008.....	160
Match, October 20, 2008	160
<i>Letter to President Bush, October 21, 2008</i>	<i>161</i>
US Spying on Americans; What's New?	164
7. Charles Schwab Corporate Bullies	165
<i>Letter to Charles R. Schwab, October 29, 2002.....</i>	<i>166</i>
<i>Letter to Helen Schwab, June 24, 2003.....</i>	<i>172</i>
<i>Email to Keith Johnson of Fieldstone Homes, June 27, 2003.....</i>	<i>177</i>
<i>Email from Keith Johnson, July 19, 2003.....</i>	<i>183</i>
Kim's Address Book	184
<i>Letter from Charles Schwab Attorney Linda Drucker, August 1,</i>	
<i>2003</i>	<i>186</i>
<i>Letter to Linda Drucker, August 9, 2003.....</i>	<i>188</i>
<i>Letter to Charles Schwab, February 15, 2004.....</i>	<i>190</i>
<i>Letter to Charles Schwab CEO David Pottruck,</i>	
<i>February 15, 2004.....</i>	<i>198</i>
<i>Letter to Charles Schwab, March 30, 2004.....</i>	<i>203</i>
<i>Letter from Charles Schwab Attorney Richard Karoly,</i>	
<i>April 29, 2004</i>	<i>208</i>
<i>Letter to Richard Karoly, May 4, 2004.....</i>	<i>210</i>
8. Bomb Hoax Sting	213
The FBI Comes Calling, August 21, 2003	215
FBI Confirms Charles Schwab–US Government Conspiracy	216
Kim Caught off Guard	219
Second FBI Meeting	219
Polygraph Test	220

9. Sports Card Shop	225
FBI Agent Ferreira Goes Underground.....	225
Sports Card Shop Visit, October 2008	226
Sports Card Shop Visit, November 7, 2008	229
Sports Card Shop Visit, April 20, 2011	232
Coordination of Undercover Operations	233
Sports Card Shop Visit, July 25, 2014.....	233
10. Obama Administration	237
<i>Letter to US Attorney General Eric Holder,</i> <i>January 20, 2008.....</i>	<i>238</i>
<i>Letter to President Obama, February 19, 2009.....</i>	<i>241</i>
Obama White House Insider Connection, June 1, 2009	242
<i>Letter to President Obama, June 1, 2010</i>	<i>243</i>
<i>Letter from the White House, July 8, 2009</i>	<i>245</i>
<i>Letter to President Obama, July 20, 2009.....</i>	<i>247</i>
<i>Obama on the Ropes, Republican Style</i>	<i>249</i>
<i>Letter to Charles Schwab CEO Walter Bettinger,</i> <i>August 4, 2011.....</i>	<i>250</i>
11. Obama's Harem of Spies	253
Obama Administration Turns Up the Heat	253
Laura from San Louis Obispo	254
Sexy Sue from Vancouver, Washington.....	255
<i>Letter to Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano,</i> <i>April 14, 2011</i>	<i>259</i>
FBI Wetlands Sting Operation, June 2011	261
Setting the Trap.....	266
<i>Email to Congressman Peter DeFazio, July 17, 2011.....</i>	<i>268</i>
<i>Letter to Local Law Enforcement Officials, August 1, 2011.....</i>	<i>270</i>
Patricia from Portland	272
Senior People Meet	280
Stranded Nancy Seeks Driver.....	280

<i>Email from Nancy</i>	280
<i>Email from Nancy</i>	281
<i>Email from Nancy</i>	282
<i>Email from Nancy</i>	283
<i>Email from Wayne</i>	284
Easy Susan, Vancouver	285
<i>Email from Susan</i>	286
<i>Email from Susan</i>	286
Budding Writer Cynthia	288
<i>Email from Cynthia</i>	290
Unrelenting: Surveillance, Stalking, and FBI Sting Operations	290
12. Obama's Facebook Patsies	293
Kim Is Declared a Pathological Liar	293
<i>Facebook Message from Kim's Daughter, Donya Cobb,</i> <i>April 7, 2010</i>	293
<i>Facebook Message from Kim's Sister, Karla Slattery,</i> <i>April 17, 2010</i>	295
<i>Letter to US Attorney General Eric Holder, April 18, 2010</i>	299
<i>Letter to Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg, February 5, 2011</i> ...	302
Facebook Hacked, February 13, 2014.....	304
13. Costco Entrapment	305
Costco Entrapment, August 2013	305
<i>Letter to Senator Wyden and Congressman Peter DeFazio,</i> <i>August 6, 2013</i>	309
<i>Letter to Costco CEO Jeffrey Brotman, September 8, 2013</i>	315
14. Health Consequences	323
Stress Overload, September 2013	323
Stress Response	324
Poison	325
Letter to President Obama, March 3, 2014	326

Peace Offering: Letter to Charles Schwab, April 6, 2014.....	331
Peace Offering Ignored	332
15. Pothead Sting	333
Geneva, May 2, 2014.....	333
<i>Email from Geneva, May 3, 2014</i>	<i>336</i>
<i>Email to Geneva, May 3, 2014</i>	<i>336</i>
16. Website Back Online	339
Website Published, July 2, 2014	339
Letter to Oregon Senator Ron Wyden, July 2, 2014.....	339
Computer Hacked, July 6, 2014	341
<i>Letter to Charles Schwab, July 8, 2014</i>	<i>342</i>
17. Freedom of Information Act	345
<i>Letter from the FBI, September 23, 2013.....</i>	<i>346</i>
<i>Letter from the CIA, September 23, 2013</i>	<i>347</i>
<i>Letter from Homeland Security, October 28, 2013.....</i>	<i>348</i>
18. US Bill of Rights	349
First Amendment	349
Gag Orders.....	349
Fourteenth Amendment (1868)	350
19. Corporate Irresponsibility	351
US Businessmen Support Government Spying.....	351
<i>Letter to Microsoft CEO Bill Gates, September 17, 2004.....</i>	<i>352</i>
<i>Letter to EarthLink CEO Charles Betty, September 28, 2004....</i>	<i>354</i>
<i>Letter to CEOs of Dell, HP, Gateway, IBM, and Microsoft,</i>	
<i>November 2, 2004</i>	<i>357</i>
<i>Letter to IBM CEO Virginia Rometty, July 23, 2012</i>	<i>361</i>
Update, August 2014	364

20. The End of Journalism	365
<i>The Medium is the Message</i> , Marshall McLuhan	365
Freedom of Speech and a Free Press Are American Myths	366
<i>Salem News</i> Editor Tim King, August 2007	366
21. Occupy Wall Street	369
Afterword	373

Introduction

IT WAS IN a rare set of circumstances that I met Varian Kim Haines in 2001. Kim and I hit it off immediately and our romance quickly blossomed. After we had been going together for five months, Kim felt compelled to tell me about her former two-year relationship with Charles R Schwab of brokerage fame. She did this, she said, because of Schwab's constant harassment, stalking, and interference in her life. She was worried that he would not let up and would interfere with our relationship. She was right. After we became engaged and started living together, we could not have imagined how Schwab's obsession and illegal activities against us would lead to our split-up and the greatest tragedies of their lives. Kim and I experienced firsthand the corrupt and devious ways of the world's most wealthy and powerful men, in and out of government, who have little regard for human decency and break our laws with impunity.

After I reported Schwab's crimes to each level of government, Kim and I learned how quickly US presidents and our representatives in Congress abandon their responsibilities to uphold the Constitution and our laws and rush to protect their masters—the group of wealthy men who own and control the US government. Most troubling, and the reason I have written this book is the fact that the Bush and Obama administrations have conspired with Schwab, not only to obstruct justice and deny my civil rights, but to turn on me, spending many years pursuing me and subjecting me to constant surveillance, stalking, and attempted FBI sting operations. I will discuss these illegal activities in great detail.

My grandfather was a judge and when he observed people being treated unjustly by the rich and powerful, he warned that every now and then the prince makes a mistake and kicks the wrong peasant, meaning that not

everyone will take such abuse lying down. In 2002 it was presumed that Schwab was President Bush's top pick to replace outgoing Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neil. However, Schwab's hopes of ending his career in this most prestigious cabinet post were dashed when I reported his criminal activities against Kim and me to President Bush and leaders in Congress. At the time this bombshell hit, Schwab was head of Bush's economic council, carrying the banner for privatized Social Security accounts (that he would manage of course), tax cuts for himself and his wealthy friends, and elimination of taxes on dividends. Should we be surprised that he and his buddies did not include provisions for the needs and welfare of America's forgotten citizens?

Foreseeing the potential repercussions from my allegations against Schwab, the Bush administration immediately blocked investigation into my allegations against Schwab and issued gag orders to all levels of government and the media. I believe the Bush administration's purpose was to prevent Schwab's troubles becoming public knowledge, thus leading to an investor stock sell-off and the collapse of Charles Schwab stock and Wall Street. If this should occur, it would probably trigger the collapse of markets all over the world.

Schwab's troubles began when Kim broke off their two-year engagement and left him. While they were engaged and planning to become married, Schwab had involved Kim in potential illegal financial activities, the most serious of which involving her in what appeared to be serious insider trading that involved millions of dollars. It is assumed that financial dealings that might be legal for married couples are not legal for others. In order to remove any doubts about the legality of their financial dealings, I suspect Schwab was desperate to have his fiancée back so they could become married. Schwab's troubles became more serious when he discovered his former fiancée had become engaged to me and that we were planning to become married. He could

not allow this to happen and thus began his desperate campaign of illegal activities that would destroy our relationship.

In organizing the material for this book, I had a couple of options. I could organize it chronologically or by subject matter. I chose to organize it by subject matter because the story would be easier to follow. The story is complicated because of its multiple interacting themes and overlapping time frames. Over the past twelve years I have exchanged many letters with the US government, Schwab, and other corporate leaders. So I had to consider how many letters to include. I also had to decide whether to provide brief summaries or the complete letters. Summaries are subjective and can leave an author's interpretation and purpose open to question, so I decided to include complete letters so readers might draw their own conclusions. The basic issues are the same throughout, so the letters become repetitive. Of importance are the addressees and distribution lists that reveal the large number of government and corporate officials who have been made aware of my complaints, but remain silent.

CHAPTER I

The Lady from Orcas Island

AFTER STEPPING FROM the shower, I dried off and wrapped the towel around me. I turned and looked at myself in the medicine cabinet mirror. The years had taken their toll, and I was looking old, which was how it should be. I put my hands on the vanity so I could lean closer and stare into my eyes. Was I hoping to get a peek inside and perhaps catch a glimpse of my long lost youth? I did not have any plans for the day, so I decided to forgo shaving for another day, one of the few benefits of retirement. I put on my old jeans and a white T-shirt and went to the kitchen to make coffee. I looked out the window; the skies were dark, and it was still raining. I wondered again if Oregon had been such a wise choice as a place to retire.

Having worked all my life at IBM, I was interested in computers and was quite excited when the first personal computers became available. For better or worse, I felt the Internet provided an opportunity for people to gain insight and broaden their perspective of the world. For me, having a cup of coffee in the morning while scanning media sources around the world had replaced reading the morning newspaper or watching TV news. I hadn't taken the newspaper for years and had all but given up watching TV. Why should people pay a fortune each month so they can sit and watch ads about erectile dysfunction and what I thought to be false advertisements about worthless healthcare products? Ask your doctor indeed. He's out golfing with one of the pharmaceutical reps. The Internet provided great opportunities to explore

one's personal interests and enhance one's social life. After my divorce I joined several online dating sites. At my age and being retired and new to the area, I felt this might be the best way to meet women friends even if we might not become romantically involved.

On this particular morning in early November 2001, I received an email from a dating site I had all but forgotten about that caught my attention. It was interesting to me because the woman's member ID included the term "Varian360"¹. My mother had worked for Varian Associates in the mid-fifties, and I wondered if there might be a connection. I clicked to open the email and found a cordial note from Kim. She said she had reviewed my profile and was interested in chatting and getting to know me. She was a widow living on Orcas Island, located in the northwest corner of Washington State. I was tempted to respond, but thought it best to check the map before becoming overly enthused. After calculating the distance and the hours of driving that would be required to meet and date, my spirits were dampened. Besides the five or six-hour drive to Seattle, one gets to Orcas Island only by ferry. Kim's writing was exceptional, with a warm and congenial style that was refreshing, so I thought I should at least take a look at her online profile. I was instantly impressed. Her pictures were all natural and informal. She was beautiful, with a warm, charming smile. As I read her description of herself I sensed she was down-to-earth in the way people are when they have nothing to prove. I thought about the distance from my home in Eugene, Oregon to Orcas Island; perhaps it wasn't so bad. I replied and expressed my concern about the distance but said I'd be happy to chat so we could at least get to know one other. When I told her my mother once worked for Varian Associates and asked if she was connected with the company, she replied that indeed her first name was Varian and her mother was the daughter of one of the Varian brothers who had founded the company. She was surprised and said I was the first man she had spoken to who made the connection and asked about it.

1 Varian 360 refers to science lab equipment.

Kim and I started exchanging emails and getting to know one another through lengthy discussions on the phone. We gradually developed a closeness and trust that allowed us to open up and start sharing more details about our personal lives. Kim grew up in Boise, Idaho, where her father had been an engineer with his own lab behind their home where he worked. At the time Kim met her recently diseased husband, Sam Haines, she had two children from a previous marriage and he had three. They married and raised their five children together.

While living in Virginia, Sam had been a builder of upscale homes and Kim was a real estate broker and interior decorator. After they retired, they bought a large pickup and a forty-foot-long fifth wheel. Kim would become enthused as she told me about their unstructured journey around the country to places they always wanted to visit. After their adventure ended, Sam was restless and not ready for total retirement. He had always wanted to open a bed-and-breakfast, but she was against it. Besides having worked at several careers, she and Sam had raised their five children. Her experience as a wife and mother made it easier for her to imagine the day-to-day demands of running a bed-and-breakfast. However, Sam prevailed and they bought an old two-story red schoolhouse sitting on four acres on Orcas Island and together they converted it into Windsong Inn. To maintain their privacy, they continued living in their fifth wheel, which they parked among the trees behind Windsong Inn. Kim soon settled into the routine, and what she enjoyed most was using the riding mower to mow the large field that was once the school's playground. After Sam died, she closed Windsong Inn. She leased the place to a couple that was building a home on the island while she continued to live in the fifth wheel.

Kim's and my life stories provided a great social juxtaposition. I was born in Hanford, California, a small farm town in the San Joaquin Valley. My parents started out dirt poor while trying to eke out a living and start a family during the Depression. When I was ten, our family moved to the San Jose area where my father established a successful plumbing business. When I was

twenty I was hired by IBM to work at their beautiful new development lab and assembly plant in San Jose. I had a successful career and worked half my thirty-six years in management positions. At the time Kim and I met, I had been retired for eight years and divorced for a year and a half. My son, who came as a total surprise much later in life, was only nineteen and still dependent on me. I knew this would affect any new relationship, so I discussed it with Kim early on. She reminded me a couple times that she had already raised her five kids, but she accepted my son as part of the deal. After a few weeks of sharing stories about our past lives and our expectations for the future, I felt I was getting to know Kim well. I was not aware, however, that she was withholding the story about the greatest tragedy of her life.

First Meeting in Eugene, January 2002

Kim told me she was planning to drive down to visit friends in nearby Thurston and asked if I would like to get together while she was in the area. I told her I would be delighted, and we discussed places where we might meet, finally settling on Fifth Street Market's upstairs food court. I had become quite taken by Kim over the previous few weeks and on the day of our meeting I was upbeat, but apprehensive. When meeting someone for the first time, I knew it was all about chemistry and magic and it usually took only an instant to know which way things might go. I arrived a little early and strolled around looking for Kim. When I didn't find her, I sat down at a table and tried to relax. My mind was busy weighing the possibilities and I wondered if it was really possible at my age to feel this way about meeting someone new. Kim suddenly appeared in the doorway of the food court and was smiling as she glanced around the room searching for me. When our eyes met, it took only an instant to know that our decision to meet had been a good one. Kim was beautiful and radiated an unusual energy and enthusiasm as she strolled toward me. Tall and slender, she had a natural beauty and charm that I found appealing. Her hair was almost white and curly like mine and she wore little makeup. She was wearing a simple but stylish faded denim outfit.

We introduced ourselves and ordered espresso drinks before finding a table in a more private area where we could talk. First meetings can be awkward and stressful, as each person struggles, not quite sure where to begin. However, Kim and I were relaxed and comfortable, which I attributed to the weeks we spent getting to know each other through our emails and phone calls. After chatting for a while, I suggested we go for a walk at nearby Skinner's Butte Park located along the south side of the Willamette River. After the long hours of driving, Kim happily agreed. It was one of those rare, sunny, and clear days for January—the kind of day when Oregonians head for the outdoors and our many parks. The river, located not far from downtown Eugene, is wide and swift, and the shallow rocky areas form noisy rapids. The path along the river is lined with bushes and towering trees and I found it easier to talk and get to know someone while walking outdoors and experiencing nature together.

The chemistry was working and we were soon strolling along holding hands. After walking awhile, we stopped at a small observation platform that extended out over the river. We stood side by side watching the fast-moving water below. Without thinking about it, I turned to Kim and put my arms around her. She yielded and put her arms around me and we stood holding each other while listening to the sounds of the river. As we continued our walk in silence, I reflected on the feelings we were sharing and knew that Kim and I were falling for each other. We hadn't gone far when Kim looked at her watch and said she needed to get back in time for dinner with her friends. When we got back to Fifth Street Market where our adventure had begun, I walked her to her car. We talked about how pleased we were to have finally met and how we hoped to see each other again. We hugged warmly and then parted.

I was totally taken by Kim and was having difficulty believing the warm feelings we had shared. While driving home I began to realize that a whole new world of possibilities was opening up for me. Early the next morning, Kim was quite cheerful when she called to tell me she was about to leave for home. She said that her visit with her friends went well and she wanted me to

meet them someday. We again expressed how pleased we were with our first visit and how we wanted to get together again.

Second Meeting in Eugene

Kim called and said she had other friends in Oregon she hadn't seen for a long time and wondered if I would like to join her and visit them so she could introduce me to them. I was flattered and told her I would be happy to join her. For this visit she wanted to stay on her own, so I suggested the Campbell House, a large older home in a beautiful setting that had been converted into a bed-and-breakfast and restaurant. I felt bad that she would have to make the long drive again, but she was adventuresome and seemed to enjoy traveling. On the morning Kim left for her second long drive to Eugene, I was in a good mood and anxious to see her. While driving down I-5 she called occasionally to let me know of her progress. She finally called to let me know she had arrived at the Campbell House. I was in the small lobby when she appeared gorgeous and smiling as she descended the ancient stairs to meet me. We embraced and then moved into the quaint guest area where we could relax and consider options for the evening. We decided on Valley River Inn restaurant and lounge, which was one of the more popular attractions downtown. We were lucky to get a table near the window with a view of the Willamette River. It was great being together again and discussing what had been happening in our lives since we last met.

After dinner we checked out the crowded lounge and small dance floor. We relaxed near the large fireplace and sipped our drinks awhile before I asked Kim for our first dance. The music was slow and the feelings between us were sensuous and romantic. The intimate mood might have been what caused Kim to reflect upon her past. While we were dancing, she said, "I really love New York City with all the fun things to do. Have you been there?"

I felt a bit guilty when I replied, "I've thought about visiting New York City many times, but I still haven't made it."

She seemed pleased with my response as she looked at me and smiled.

In a soft voice she said, “Maybe I could take you there someday. We would have a wonderful time.” I told her I would love to visit New York City with her.

We spent the next few days touring about and visiting some of Kim’s friends. While we drove, she would explain their connection. “While Sam and I were living in Virginia, our home was on Footstep Court. We belonged to a group of couples also living on our street and called ourselves The Footsteppers. After retirement, many in our group moved to Washington and Oregon.” She told me she also had a brother in Oregon who owned an electric company.

The first of Kim’s friends we visited were a man and his wife living in an upscale neighborhood in Portland. Before retiring, he had worked for IBM’s marketing division and she had been a practicing psychologist. I felt a bit awkward knowing Sam was with her the time they had seen one another, but they were cordial and friendly and made me feel welcome. It helped that Kim had a way of always making me feel as though we had been together for a long time.

The next day we drove up the McKenzie Highway to Sisters to visit a couple who had a place on the west side of town among the pine trees. When we arrived, they were out on the lawn playing bocce ball with friends. Kim was pleased to see them and introduced me, but unlike the first couple, they were cool toward us and did not invite us to join them. We stood near their driveway and chatted for a while before Kim seemed to catch on and told them we were going to drive into town for lunch. Despite what I considered an obvious snub, Kim seemed happy with her visit. I said nothing but wondered why our visit seemed unexpected for them. Maybe she hadn’t let them know we were driving several hours to come visit them? Later, I wondered if the man had been a friend of Sam’s and was not comfortable with me being with Kim, but this was pure speculation.

Another couple we visited was living a short drive from Eugene. They had bought thirty-five acres so he could pursue his interest in winemaking. It was a beautiful setting and their modest home sat on a hill overlooking a long valley of natural beauty. The rolling hills behind their home were covered with

grapevines. Besides his well-kept vineyard, he was quite proud of the small wine cellar he had built, and gave us individual tours of the tiny cellar so we could check out the racks of wine he had made. Our visit was pleasant even though we did not come away with a bottle of wine. I thought perhaps this was because it had not yet received proper aging.

The next day we met the friends Kim stayed with during her previous visit. He was retired from the US Forest Service and helped us select a drive into the nearby mountains for a picnic. We drove up McKenzie Highway again until we found a picnic site beside the river that we all agreed upon. It was a beautiful day and lunch was delightful as Kim and her friends reminisced about the good times they had shared in Virginia. Seeing Kim happy with her friends brought me great pleasure. During our drives to as far away as Portland and Sisters, I became aware of Kim's uncanny memory and sense of direction. Although she had not visited her friends for many years, without a map she was able to guide us through complex neighborhoods to their homes with ease. I wondered if she might have picked up this skill while working in real estate.

Overall, our visit went well and we had a fabulous time together. Our romance was blossoming and we eagerly anticipated our next visit.

Meeting in Temecula, April 2002

By April 2002, Kim and I had known each other for five months. Our relationship was progressing well and we were eager to be together as often as possible. She called one day to tell me she was driving down to stay with her sister Karla Slattery and her husband in Temecula, about an hour's drive from San Diego. She said she would be housesitting and doing some interior decorating while they were vacationing in Africa. She surprised me a week later when she called and asked if I would like to come down and visit with her at her sister's place. "Everything will be okay," she assured me. "You can sleep in their guest room." I didn't have to think twice before accepting her invitation. The visit would be even more fun because I had not been to San Diego since I was a young man. The flight was short and I was full of anticipation as the

plane touched down at the San Diego airport. Unlike our previous visits, we would be together for almost a week and would have ample time to relax and get to know each other.

After departing the plane I walked across the main terminal toward the baggage area and took the escalator. About halfway down I saw Kim standing below looking up at me with her beautiful smile. How gorgeous she was in her light-green filmy outfit. I stepped off the escalator, walked over to her, and put my arms around her. It felt wonderful as we stood holding each other for the first time in weeks. Later in our relationship we sometimes reminisced about that magical moment at the San Diego airport when we saw one another and realized we were falling in love. She would say, "When I looked up and saw you descending on the escalator, my heart melted and I knew there was no holding back."

While Kim drove us to her sister and brother-in-law's place, I was amazed to see how San Diego had grown. It had been transformed from a quaint, peaceful little seaside town into a sprawling city with a network of cement highways heavy with traffic. After living in rainy Oregon for a couple of years, I found it easy to understand why the sunshine and blue skies were so appealing. Kim showed me the guest room, where I deposited my suitcase and laptop, and then gave me a tour of the modest home that now included her strikingly modern decorating. I tried not to act shocked when she showed me recently painted red bathroom and spaghetti-textured walls of the master bedroom. She poured some wine and we sat and relaxed for a while. We had grown fonder of each other and were happy to be together again. Later in the evening, we had a pleasant dinner at a restaurant she knew. By the time we returned home it had been a full day and we sat and talked awhile. When it was bedtime, we retired to the master bedroom where without discussion we undressed, crawled into bed for the first time, and spent a wonderful night in each other's arms.

La Jolla Day Trip

The next morning, Kim was eager to show me La Jolla, a nearby coastal town with interesting shops, art galleries, and quaint dining places. The major

attraction, of course, was the white sandy beach and beautiful view of the sea. It was sunny and warm as we strolled leisurely along the streets, now and then stopping to explore. Kim became excited when we came upon an art gallery displaying beautiful glass sculptures. She was especially pleased with one piece and I am sure she would have bought it if not for its size and weight and her concerns about transporting it back to Orcas Island. When we finished exploring, we walked out on the beach and removed our shoes. We then walked barefoot on the white sand, occasionally wading in the warm salty water. We were quiet as we ambled along holding hands and reflecting upon what was happening to us. By late afternoon we were tired, so we found an open-air lounge with seating on a deck extending out over the sand. The view of the beach and open sea provided a perfect setting for being together and relaxing with a drink. As the sun began to set, we decided to stroll along the walkway next to the beach and look for a place to have dinner. We chose a quaint, rustic place next to the beach and selected a booth that was cozy and quiet. It seemed the perfect way to end our day.

We were partway through dinner when I sensed that something was troubling Kim. She was trying to maintain her composure, but her face revealed her pain. It caught her off guard when I asked if something was bothering her. She looked at me and smiled slightly. "I'm surprised you noticed. I was born with an abnormal heart valve and sometimes it causes me pain. I was supposed to have it repaired many years ago, but I'm still putting it off." She could have been telling the truth, but her demeanor revealed that something more urgent was troubling her. I became worried when I noticed her eyes flickering rapidly side-to-side. I was very troubled and had never seen her this way.

Revelations about Charles R. Schwab

I sat quietly poking at my food while waiting for Kim to pull herself together. I knew she was about reveal something she had been holding inside for a long time. She looked at me with a slight smile, studying my eyes and attempting to establish a level of trust. In a quiet voice she said, "Our relationship is

becoming serious and I need to talk with you about what's been going on in my life the past couple of years since Sam died. You need to know because it might cause us trouble in the future." Neither of us was paying much attention to the food cooling on our plates. Kim looked at me intently, observing my reaction to what she was about to say.

"For the past couple of years I was engaged to Charles Schwab and recently broke up with him."

I was dumbstruck and sat quietly trying to comprehend what she was telling me. Though I knew the answer, I said, "You're referring to Charles Schwab the stockbroker, right?"

Kim extended her arm and showed me the wide diamond-studded bracelet she was wearing. "Charles bought this for me while we were in Switzerland. He paid \$25,000 for it." I felt a bit foolish, for all this time I felt bad about her leading a solitary life on Orcas Island and grieving the loss of her husband. Anticipating my curiosity, Kim told me she and her family had met Schwab and his family through their mutual friend, Keith Johnson, of Fieldstone Homes. She said, "Charles had been fond of me and was hitting on me for a while, and immediately after Sam died he insisted we become engaged. Things were moving too fast and left no time to grieve Sam's death." She looked off to one side and said, "Charles was planning for us to move into the retirement home he is building in Pebble Beach." Sounding guilty, as though needing to explain, she said, "I just wasn't ready for such a big step."

I said, "We always hear about the Charles and Helen Schwab Foundation, and like most people I have always assumed they were married." When she told me they were divorced, I assumed it was for PR purposes that this was not publicly known.² In coming months, Kim would occasionally discuss her family's relationship with the Schwab family.

By the time we arrived home that evening, our minds were overloaded and we were both weary. However, Kim's need for me to understand her personal

2 In June 2003, Kim told me Charles and Helen had remarried.

and financial relationship with Schwab kept our discussion going late into the night. I learned much about her two years with Schwab, including their travels all over the world in his private jet. It was a whirlwind of excitement for her, and she especially enjoyed attending art auctions in Europe where she watched him spend millions. Looking incredulous, she said, "At one auction I watched him spend \$20 million for one painting." Kim admired Schwab's wealth and power and his luxurious lifestyle, but she came to realize that it was all about him and his life, while she was relegated the role of what she referred to as "the rich man's woman." She became agitated and angry as she explained that Schwab was very demanding. "Everything has to be done his way. He has to control everything. If we got married he would have total control of our lives." This bothered Kim because she was from a large family and had many friends with whom she loved to spend time. She was well educated, talented, and had been successful in several careers. What was more important perhaps was that she had always been free, independent, and down-to-earth. She did not have to tell me that she would not be comfortable at stuffy parties where she had to rub elbows and act congenial with people she barely knew. Most important perhaps is the fact that having money had not gone to her head. She paused and reflected for a moment, then burst out angrily, "If I had married Charles, I would have been stuck managing the household staffs at all his mansions everywhere in world. I came to realize that life with Charles would not work for me and I wanted out."

In the coming months, I came to realize how much she admired him because of his riches and lifestyle. Even when he did her wrong and made her cry, she was quick to defend him. Though she considered him a friend, I doubt she ever loved him. Had she been allowed to grieve Sam's death and adjust to her new life, Schwab would not have been able to sweep her off her feet and into his world so easily. When she broke off her engagement to Schwab, she had no idea what repercussions were in store for her and any man in her future.

During my visit, Kim and I were able to talk more about our pasts and what fate had dealt us. She was born into a wealthy upper-class family and was

well connected with elite members of society. I was born into a poor family that often struggled to survive during my earlier years. Kim attended university and enjoyed several careers of her choice. I quit high school and left home when I was sixteen to work with horses. When I turned twenty, IBM hired me as a low-level assembly worker. Because of her recent relationship with Schwab and the world of luxury he had provided, I sensed her involvement with me caused her embarrassment in his eyes. The reason for this will become clear later in my story.

In coming days, Kim began to talk more about her complicated financial arrangements with Schwab and the tremendous losses she had suffered due to his involving her in stock purchases just prior to the recent stock market collapse. I will discuss this in detail in the next section. During our long walks, Kim would sometimes drift off and lament her losses. “If this had not happened, you and I could be living like kings.” Most upsetting for her was that she felt she had let her father down. “Before my father died he made me the executor of our family’s estate, and I promised him I would manage it well. Now it’s all gone.” It disturbed her immensely that her losses affected her whole family.

Micron–Hynix and Hints of Insider Trading

During the next few days, Kim talked more about her financial losses, and I soon learned that her problems were more serious than the recent stock market crash. She began by telling me that her father, Ray Kimbro, had been instrumental in the start-up of Micron Corporation in Boise, Idaho. According to her, he was involved with developing the technology upon which Micron was founded. While doing research for this book, in May 2012 I used Micron’s website to contact their public relations office and enquire about Ray Kimbro’s role in the start-up of the company. I did not receive a response so assumed what Kim told me was correct. According to Kim, Schwab involved her in what sounded to me like an insider-trading scheme. Schwab was managing Micron Corporation’s attempt to purchase Hynix Corporation from

South Korean bankers. To assure corporate approval, Schwab loaned Kim \$20 million to buy Micron stock that would make her a major stockholder in the company. When I asked Kim what her role was in the Micron–Hynix negotiations, she told me she was like a “silent board member.” I interpreted this to mean that her holdings assured Micron investor support in the takeover of Hynix.

Unfortunately, the timing of her purchase of Micron stock could not have been worse. She bought at the market’s peak just before the market collapsed, and her Micron stock lost two-thirds of its value, thus jeopardizing the assets she had put up as collateral. Her loan from Schwab was in default and she suddenly owed him \$20 million. In his position as the most successful stockbroker in the world, one would assume that Schwab was aware of the looming market collapse and wonder why he would get his fiancée heavily indebted to him in this manner. When anticipating such a market collapse, investors like Schwab are usually the first ones to start dumping their stocks. I do not think Kim understood Schwab’s motives for lending her such a large sum of money, but what would become clear was that it resulted in his gaining complete control of her finances and much of her life, which I will discuss later. My mind was in turmoil and struggling to grasp all that Kim was telling me about her former life and relationship with Schwab. She appeared to be under severe stress and I was totally helpless except to sit and listen and offer my support.

That evening as we were having a glass of wine and trying to relax, Kim became serious and appeared concerned. In a quiet voice she said, “Charles knows everything about you. He knows you are here with me. He knows your name. He knows your former spouse and son’s names. He even knows what you are worth financially.” She became embarrassed and her face became flush. “Charles told me, ‘This guy doesn’t have a pot to piss in. What do you see in this jerk?’”

Throughout our relationship, I would find it interesting how mesmerized Kim was by Schwab’s wealth and power and how she subconsciously sought his approval. Despite what his motivation might be, denigrating my character

in this manner was painful for her. During the remainder of our relationship, she often lamented Schwab's unflattering comments about me. Because of his overblown ego, Schwab had no idea that one day I would be able to express how I felt about him.

Schwab's Detectives

The more we discussed Schwab's role in Kim's life, the more she began to release her frustration and pent-up anger. We were having coffee and chatting one morning when she became exasperated after receiving another call from Schwab. "Since I left Charles," she said, "he has had his detectives following me. He knows everything I do and every place I go. He just called and told me he knew we were in La Jolla. He knew the streets we were on and the shops we visited. He even knows where we stopped for drinks and dinner." She had a puzzled look. "It's odd that he switched the names of the places where we stopped for drinks and dinner." This didn't make sense because detectives working for someone of Schwab's status would never make such an error. I was curious about these detectives, and whenever we left the house I kept a lookout for them. I never saw anyone who appeared suspicious and doubted Schwab was gaining his information from detectives. Because he knew so much about my family and me, I already suspected he was hacking our computers and monitoring our email. This would also explain all the virus attacks and computer crashes I had been experiencing since I met Kim. I did not share my thoughts about Schwab's hacking with Kim because I wanted to wait and see if I could prove my suspicions.

After several days of observing how upset Kim was about what she thought were Schwab's detectives, I thought I should do something to protect her. I told her maybe I should call Schwab and tell him to back off and leave us alone. Kim became alarmed. "Don't mess with Charles or get involved. If you piss him off he'll have his people take care of you. Just let me take care of it; I know him well and I can handle him." She had known him for a long time, so I figured she knew what she was talking about. All I could do was watch helplessly as she struggled.

Becoming Engaged

Despite our emotionally charged discussions about her relationship with Schwab, Kim and I managed to have a great time together. Our feelings for one another were exceptional and we had fallen in love. On the last evening of my visit, we were relaxing in the family room and talking about how much fun it was for people our age to feel like teenagers again. Because Schwab was still heavily involved in her life, Kim surprised me when she smiled and said, "Wayne, let's get married." I was crazy about her and hardly had to think before telling her I would be happy to marry her. Late that night we became engaged and started planning our wedding. We agreed to get married in August 2002 and would begin immediately to announce our plans to our families and friends. We decided to live together and had the option of her place on Orcas Island, which I had never visited, or my place in Eugene, which she had never visited. Out of consideration for my young son, we decided to live in Eugene.

The next morning we were both in good spirits as she drove me to the airport. I flew home feeling happy as I thought about my future with Kim. However, neither of us could have imagined the nightmares ahead, nor how naïve we were about the evil ways of rich and powerful men like Charles R Schwab.

CHAPTER 2

Domestic Heaven and Hell

KIM WAS IN Temecula loading her car and preparing for what would be a two-day drive to Eugene. I was busy cleaning my place and trying to make it presentable. After the lifestyle she was accustomed to, especially during her two years with Schwab, moving in with me might be quite an adjustment. Kim had talked with me about Schwab's many mansions and their travels, but she never mentioned if they had lived together. I was not worried because, perhaps naïvely, I felt the strong bond developing between us would overcome our social and cultural differences. After a few days of cleaning and getting things organized, I figured the place was about as neat as it was going to be without a woman's touch. I made sure to discuss my home and lifestyle early on with Kim, and she assured me everything would be okay because she enjoyed interior decorating. I was sure she would soon have ample opportunity to demonstrate her skills.

On the day of her departure from Temecula, Kim called early in the morning to tell me her car was packed and she was on her way. I wished her a safe journey and told her I was eager to see her. That evening she called to let me know she was stopping for the night. I awoke the next morning thinking about the major change I was going through and was elated by the prospects of Kim and I spending our lives together. In the afternoon, I dealt with my nervous energy by working in the yard. I was leaving myself plenty of time to get cleaned up before she arrived. While out front weeding the flowerbed, my

phone rang and it was Kim. "Where are you?" I asked. She told me she was somewhere north of Grants Pass. I relaxed because Grants Pass was about two hours away. Then she laughed and said, "I just wanted to know which way to turn on Kevington Avenue." Oh, no! She tricked me and was just around the corner from my place. After telling her which way to turn, I looked up in time to see her turning onto my street. As she pulled into my driveway she broke into a big smile. I scolded her for fooling me and arriving early. Then we hugged and I told her how happy I was to see her. When I invited her into my home for the first time she was a bit apprehensive as she wondered what to expect. As she stepped inside, she glanced around and said, "I have never liked low ceilings." I had never thought much about the height of ceilings, but now that she mentioned it I had to agree. They certainly were low compared to newer homes. It was not important, for we had already discussed plans to move into a larger home. I gave Kim a tour of my home and we discussed how she might fit some of her things into such a small place. She was gracious and adaptable and, other than her comment about the ceilings, she never complained.

Kim's move to Eugene occurred during Oregon's most beautiful time of year, and I enjoyed introducing her to our many parks. Our favorite was Maurie Jacobs Park where we had strolled along the river during our first meeting. Kim was relaxed and content while outdoors. Her little dog Maggie was always with us and we took her for walks almost daily. These occasions often led to my running and playing with her in the large field next to the rose garden. At home, Maggie was often beside us on the sofa while we read or watched TV. She slept with us every night. People really do not begin to know one another well until they live together and it didn't take long for me to become aware of Kim's high energy level and need to be busy, which was sometimes to my advantage. While watching TV or just lounging around, Kim sometimes pampered me with meticulous manicures and pedicures. Though I was not totally comfortable with the idea, I became used to having her apply clear polish to all my nails.

Schwab's Daily Harassment

Kim and I were happy and ready to embark upon our life together. We eagerly anticipated becoming married and she was busy planning our wedding. Our dreams of happiness were short-lived, however, and Kim was soon complaining about Schwab's detectives again. In frustration one day she said, "Charles is not going to leave us alone. He knows everything we are doing." She had thought that becoming engaged to me would cause Schwab to lose interest and leave her alone. However, he was not deterred and was not going to allow us to live in peace. After Kim moved in, his harassment and stalking became more intense, and Kim often complained about his frequent emails and phone calls. We were still in bed one morning when her cellphone rang at 7:00 a.m. Kim picked it up and glanced at the caller ID. She became upset and said, "What is it this time, Charles? We are still in bed." Caller IDs are quite handy under these circumstances, and witnessing her frustrations, I often wondered why she chose to appease him by answering his calls.

It pained Kim that Schwab continued to denigrate my character and call me names. His favorite was to refer to me as "the idiot." We were in the kitchen having fun preparing dinner one evening when he called. By the manner in which she glared at her phone's caller ID, I knew who it was. She took the call and tried to maintain her composure while listening to him. She eventually became upset and cut him off sharply. "Charles, please stop calling him an idiot. His name is Wayne and he's very smart. He is standing right here; would you like to speak to him?" When he refused she cut him off and ended the call. Kim did not normally discuss their calls with me, but I knew they usually left her upset. I found it hard to believe one of the richest and most powerful men in the world could find the time and energy to hound her every day in this manner. Based on his disparaging comments she passed on to me, it seemed he could not comprehend or endure the fact she continued to reject his advances and was planning to marry a commoner like me.

Kim sometimes defended Schwab, attributing his bad behavior to jealousy and his obsession about having her back. Because of the tremendous

amount of time and energy he was wasting trying to get her back, I found this too simplistic. I thought it more likely that he was desperate due to having involved her in Micron's attempted take-over of Hynix. I felt that his sharing information about the possible merger plus loaning her money to purchase Micron stock gave her an unfair advantage and could be interpreted as insider trading. I assume this is okay when people are married, so her leaving him created a problem for him.

Home Projects

Kim enjoyed home and yard projects, and though she could easily hire people, she preferred doing the work herself. My place provided many opportunities for her to apply her skills. I had recently received an estimate from a painting contractor to paint the exterior of the house. Kim would have no part of it and insisted we do it ourselves. Awakening some mornings, she would say, "Let's go rent a power washer today and strip the loose paint off the house so we can start painting." I was recovering from spinal surgeries and lacked her enthusiasm, so I would beg off for a few more weeks. Kim was also not pleased with the white interior walls and was eager to apply her decorating skills. Each room's walls were not only to be of different colors, they were to be of multiple colors. Working out the color schemes required several trips to the paint store, where Kim would pick up more color samples to bring home. Once she was pleased with her color scheme, she did not wait for me but went to work painting. She painted our kitchen, family room, and laundry room, all with different colors. While she worked, she sometimes talked about the daily chores and projects she and Sam had undertaken while running their bed-and-breakfast. Listening to Kim talk about her life with Sam so fondly, I knew she had loved him deeply and was still grieving his passing. During our time together, Kim's discussions about Sam and their children were always upbeat and positive.

At the same time Kim was working on the inside of the house, the beautiful weather was calling her outside and she suggested we fix up the yard. We

started by going to Rexius and loading my car with bags of mulch. We then spent the day pulling weeds and spreading mulch in the flowerbeds. Just as with the house, Kim was highly motivated and enjoyed physical work. I was surprised that she would not even consider hiring help. As I watched her in her old grubbies happily working in the house or yard, it was pretty obvious she would not fit into Schwab's lifestyle.

Shopping for a Home

Kim and I had agreed we would need a larger home to accommodate her furniture and belongings still stored on Orcas Island. A larger home would probably have been in order even if she didn't need the extra room. While having her morning coffee, she would scan the newspaper's real estate ads and circle those of interest. We would then pick a day to make calls and drive around checking out the available homes. I was still relatively new to the area, so this provided both of us an opportunity to become familiar with various neighborhoods. Because of Sam's and her backgrounds in home building and real estate, Kim was full of ideas about the type of place she wanted and the changes she would make. After checking out most of the new developments in Eugene, Kim became most interested in the new homes in the southwest hills. She was very picky and nothing seemed to fully satisfy what she was looking for, so our house-hunting activities continued for the duration of our time together. In retrospect, it seems Kim might have been delaying her decision, perhaps subconsciously, because of uncertainties about what Schwab might have in store for her.

Micron–Hynix Business Trips

During my visit with Kim in Temecula, she told me that Schwab was managing Micron's attempted take-over of Hynix. His loan and her purchase of Micron stock made Kim a major stockholder and influential in corporate-level decisions. While living with me, she joined Schwab and Micron's CEO, Steve Appleton, on several trips to New York City to meet with South Korean

bankers, who she said owned bankrupt Hynix³. On the day of these meetings, Kim would rise early and drive to the Portland airport where Schwab would pick her up in his corporate jet. They would fly on to Boise, pick up Steve Appleton, and then fly on to New York City. Kim knew Appleton well and chatted with him now and then on the phone. She was familiar with his career at Micron, telling me he had started at the bottom and worked his way up. Eugene's airport was capable of handling commercial flights, so I wondered why Schwab always had Kim spend two hours each way driving to Portland to meet him. I thought he must have been afraid of seeing me walk into the air terminal with Kim or having to meet me and shake my hand.

Kim seemed comfortable being involved with high-level business negotiations, but her strained relationship with Schwab caused her to dread accompanying him on these trips. With her heavy investment in Micron and her indebtedness to him, she knew she had no choice and had to stay focused on the business at hand and try to put her feelings aside. During their flights, she had access to a computer and kept in touch through email. She wrote frequently, and I enjoyed hearing the sometimes-glamorous details about flying with two corporate executives. Schwab's personal chef always accompanied him when he traveled and she enjoyed the fine meals he prepared. After finishing their business on one of these trips, Kim wrote about their helicopter flight back to the airport, describing the beautiful sights below. When their plane was in the air, she wrote to tell me that Schwab's chef had prepared delicious razor clams for everyone.

Traveling with Schwab had its glamorous moments, but it also had its darker side. Kim felt trapped and fearful due to their unresolved conflicts. Soon after they dined on razor clams, she wrote to tell me that Schwab was summoning her and how much she dreaded having to meet him face to face. After their meeting, she wrote again. "He talked with me again about our relationship and said he could not comprehend what I saw in you. He also

3 Steve Appleton died in a plane crash on February 3, 2012.

provided me another ‘activity report’ about you.” It was a one-sided game because when I asked Kim what was in his reports about me she would say, “Because of who he is and the confidential nature of his reports, I am not free to discuss their contents with you.” Being aware of his frequent disparaging comments about me, I knew his reports were anything but flattering. This was frustrating because I was not allowed to know what he was saying about me, nor could I defend myself. One day I would learn about Schwab’s accusations that I was chasing other women behind Kim’s back. For now I was in the dark and unaware of how he was torturing her, while I could do nothing to ease her pain.

During each of their flights to New York City, Kim’s emails revealed more about the stress Schwab was causing her. On what was to be their last flight home from one of these meetings, Kim sent an email telling me again how much she dreaded having Schwab summon her. She later wrote, “Charles told me he wanted to talk with me about my relationship with you and again asked me what I saw in you. He surprised me when he asked straight out, ‘Are you in love with him?’ When I told him I was, it hit him very hard.” She wrote later from the airport. “I really feel bad. While leaving Charles’ plane today he was standing at the bottom of the steps with tears in his eyes.” Despite everything Schwab had done to denigrate my character and try to destroy our relationship, Kim empathized and felt sorry for him. I was never privy to what Kim’s role was in their corporate negotiations, but the trips provided Schwab ample opportunities to meet with her and discuss their personal lives.

Visit to Orcas Island

Since driving down to Temecula to housesit for her sister and brother-in-law, Kim had been away from her Orcas Island home for a couple of months. She needed to check on her place and renters and take care of other business, so we decided to drive up for a few days. The trip would provide me an opportunity to explore Orcas Island for the first time and learn more about Kim’s former

life in this beautiful setting. She also wanted to introduce me to her daughters, Donya and Chris. Donya was living in Seattle and Chris was in Friday Harbor near Kim's place. It was a beautiful, sunny morning when we embarked on our journey. We were soon traveling up I-5 through the picturesque Willamette Valley with its many farms. The old Interstate Bridge that passes over Portland and the Columbia River into Washington State provided spectacular views of the city. The clear, blue skies allowed the sun to highlight the buildings and cast long shadows on the streets below. When the sun shines in Oregon, it does not go unnoticed.

Meeting Kim's Daughter, Donya Cobb

When we reached Seattle, Kim directed me to Donya's condo in an upscale neighborhood. Kim had described how close her and Schwab's families had been and I sensed the purpose of our visit was to gain Donya's approval of her mother's plans to marry me. When Donya answered the door, Kim smiled proudly as she introduced me. Donya's lack of interest in me was immediate; it was obvious that she already decided she was not having any part of it. She was cool and aloof toward me, and after a quick greeting she turned her attention to Kim's dog, Maggie. Donya's demeanor did not change when we were inside. Mother and daughter chatted and played with Maggie while totally ignoring me. I was concerned and wondered what was causing this reaction. After they had visited for a while, Kim suggested we go out for lunch. The host at the restaurant provided a booth where Kim and I sat on one side of the table with Donya sitting opposite. Back to her normal, friendly manner, Kim was upbeat and politely tried to include me in their conversations, but Donya ignored these opportunities and carried on as though I didn't exist. She remained distant and aloof during the entire lunch, without even an occasional glance my way.

I was now aware of two important people in Kim's life who did not approve of her mother's relationship with me. By the time we left Donya's place, I realized I had just experienced the first royal snubbing of my life. Donya was

a classy, elegant woman like her mother, but totally lacking in her mother's charm and social graces. After our departure, Kim's demeanor was serious and thoughtful. I asked, "What was up with Donya?"

Donya's behavior had not gone unnoticed by her mother. Kim said, "I'm sorry for the way she behaved. It doesn't have anything to do with you. Donya really liked Charles and she was upset when I broke up with him. I didn't know she would take it so hard." This did not justify Donya's rude behavior. If she and Schwab were as close as Kim had implied, I suspected he had been contacting her and denigrating my character in the same manner he used with her mother. He was also probably soliciting her assistance in convincing her mother she should leave me. In Donya's defense, it's likely that Schwab had her convinced I was an evil person only after her mother's money. Though Kim had not discussed it with me, I was sure she was aware of Donya's feelings and had hoped she might feel differently once she met me in person and got to know me. Unfortunately, Donya never gave it a chance. Kim and I never discussed Donya's feelings about our relationship again.

Kim directed me to the ferry terminal where we were soon boarding the ferry and heading to Orcas Island. It was a beautiful day and we spent most of our time out on the deck. At one point we walked up to the bow of the boat and stood holding each other. The fresh, cool breeze was in our face as we gazed out across the open water and reflected upon the transition we were going through. Kim was returning to a place where she had spent many happy years with Sam. Though she would never forget him and the great life they had together, I knew she felt it was time to close that chapter and move on. As it turned out, this would be one of her last visits home before moving her belongings and I was pleased that I could be with her. As we pulled into the gravel driveway at Windsong Inn, the beautiful setting among the trees and shrubs made it easy to imagine the days when it was a large busy schoolyard full of kids. Kim's forty-foot fifth wheel with its slide-outs was fully equipped and comfortable. I was impressed but could hardly imagine pulling it around the country for two years.

Meeting Kim's Daughter, Chris Cobb

On the second day of our visit, Kim's youngest daughter, Chris, took the ferry from Friday Harbor where she lived and came to visit. After my experience with Donya I was apprehensive, but I soon discovered that Chris was totally different from her sister. She was down-to-earth, outgoing, and friendly. Comparing her demeanor with that of her sister, it occurred to me that either she was not aware of her mother's relationship with Schwab or, more likely, Schwab had not involved her in his efforts to destroy her mother's relationship with me. When we got inside, Chris sat down facing me, apparently eager to get to know me. She wasted little time on small talk and started asking serious questions about my relationship with her mother. Kim was nearby where she could hear our lively discussion. As is normal, Chris was anxious to protect her mother, and when I felt her questions were becoming too probing I had to stop and assure her that her mother and I would work out any issues we faced. After we visited for a while, we went out for dinner and had a pleasant time while mother and daughter had fun chatting. When we got back to Kim's place, Chris left for home. Mother and daughter wanted more time together, so the next day Kim and I boarded a ferry to Friday Harbor where Chris met us and gave us a brief tour of the town. I enjoyed watching mother and daughter continue their lively visit.

Orcas Island Lifestyle

I was surprised to learn that the lifestyle on Orcas Island was casual and unpretentious. It was a place where people of means could slip off into a private place where they could relax and be themselves. For celebrities, it offered an escape from their fast-paced lives and public gaze. Most people I observed wore regular jeans and T-shirts. The stores and restaurants we visited were not what I expected, but common, in a way that left me almost disappointed. One evening Kim suggested we eat at a Mexican restaurant that she enthusiastically said was the best on the island. After listening to her description of the place, I was surprised at how small and plain it was. There were only a few customers and the food was average at best.

I stayed behind next day when Kim went up to the house to talk with her renters. I was in the yard and had the opportunity to become acquainted with their large dog, which was a Russian or Irish wolfhound. It was a huge dog and had the run of the property. What was special about Orcas Island was the easygoing, quiet ambiance. We frequently ran into people Kim knew and we would stop to talk. She would smile proudly as she introduced me to them. At a grocery store, she introduced me to a man who had taught a literature class she had attended. While strolling downtown, she introduced me to a young couple we happened upon and later told me he was her doctor.

One afternoon we stopped for hamburgers at a rustic old bar and grill. It was sunny and warm and the place was open to outdoor seating. We chose a table in the shade where our view included the bar inside where a couple of elderly men were sitting and chatting with the bartender. Kim pointed out one of the men whose white hair and beard were long and shaggy. He was dressed in typical baggy jeans and a T-shirt. Kim told me his name and explained that he had become wealthy by patenting a simple nonalcoholic drink. She said, "He's a bachelor and lives in a large mansion. He likes to come to town to pick up young women to take to his place." As if on cue, a young woman strolled in and walked up to the bar. There were plenty of places to sit, but she stood next to the wealthy old bachelor and ordered a drink. He initially seemed to be ignoring her, but as time passed he turned toward her and initiated a conversation. They were soon chatting and smiling and he bought her another drink. Kim looked at me and smiled as if to say, "I told you so." By the time we finished our lunch the old bachelor and young woman were having a great time together. We had to leave, so our imaginations would have to fill in the rest of the story.

During one of our outings, Kim pointed out some small housing units that she said Sam had helped build. She told me that he had been instrumental in building low-cost housing for people who worked on the island, but could not afford the housing. She took me to a monument that had been erected in Sam's honor because of his generosity and community work. Kim

always spoke lovingly of Sam, and after having been swept up into Schwab's world the past couple of years, our visit was giving her the opportunity to deal with Sam's passing.

One of Kim's favorite places on Orcas was Crow Valley Pottery. It was a popular art gallery run by two of her male friends. The quaint old buildings were of unpainted wood and the rustic look fit in well with the local style. Kim introduced me and we chatted about their latest activities. They gave us a tour of their large older home that they were renovating. The man responsible for decorating told us he preferred "the cluttered look," and indeed, it was hard to find a space without artwork or antique furniture.

One of Kim's objectives during our visit was to help some friends locate water on their property so they could drill a well. Because she had been successful at divining, people sometimes requested her help. Her friends had built a home on a large wooded lot near a cliff overlooking one of the island's beautiful bays. From their living room we could watch the waves lapping against the rocks and beach far below. After we were given a tour of their home and the bed-and-breakfast units they had built on their property, Kim got out her copper divining rod and we went to work. The undergrowth was heavy and made walking difficult. This caused Kim to have difficulty holding the divining rod steady enough to feel its signals. After testing several areas, she told us she was uncertain about the signals and suggested we all try it, but not reveal our findings until we were finished. We took our turns and after some discussion agreed on one area that seemed most promising. Unfortunately, I would never learn the results of our efforts.

After we were finished exploring for a likely spot to drill a well, their mutual friends from Crow Valley Pottery arrived to join us for dinner. After chatting and catching up for a while, our host offered everyone mixed drinks. Kim and I did not normally drink more than one or two glasses of wine before dinner, but we were celebrating and the martinis were a special treat. We were on our second drink when we joined our hostess in her larger luxurious modern kitchen, fully equipped with oversized stainless steel appliances. The

martinis were having their effect, and Kim was becoming relaxed and a bit giddy. In the many months I had known her, I had never seen her so happy and having a good time. As we stood in the kitchen visiting with our hostess as she prepared dinner, Kim surprised and embarrassed me when she started talking about me in glowing terms. She took my arm and with a big smile she said, "Wayne is a fantastic lover. He is the greatest lover of my life." Embarrassed, I could feel my face becoming red and commented that Kim was just feeling her martinis. No matter whom we were with, Kim had a way of always making me feel good. However, she had never gone this far. In many ways, this was a special evening for us and I loved being with Kim, as she was able to loosen up and enjoy herself. After a pleasant dinner, our host was ready to give us a tour of a special room he had built downstairs. I was quite surprised by the room's bright colors and the modern furniture. Against one wall was his pride and joy, a totally refurbished jukebox full of old 45 records. Like a bunch of kids, we took turns pushing buttons and selecting songs from the past. Part of the fun for me was watching the mechanism handle the records. Kim and I had a marvelous day and evening visiting her friends in this beautiful secluded setting. By the time we got home we were worn out and ready for bed.

Sitting across the driveway from Windsong Inn was an oversized garage where Kim and Sam had stored their household belongings while traveling and living in their fifth wheel. Kim unlocked and opened the doors and showed me the furniture and stacks of boxes. She said she wanted to get an idea of what she would be moving and what she needed to get rid of once we bought our home. In one of the garage stalls was her father's old Jimmy pickup. "He really loved this pickup," she told me. "He used it all the time for hunting and fishing." I wondered, if he loved it so much, why was it in such bad shape? The paint was faded and the interior was dirty. Of course, I did not know when her father had given up driving the pickup or who had been using it since then. Kim started the engine to charge the battery and suggested we take a drive around the island. I felt honored when she asked if I wanted to drive, but perhaps she had a reason. The shocks were totally shot and the ride

was unstable and quite bouncy. While driving leisurely through the woods on the two-lane road, Kim reminisced about her father. "Every morning he had to have the same breakfast of bacon and eggs and six cups of coffee. Then he would go to his lab to work." Kim did not need the truck or want to move it to Eugene, so she talked with a friend who agreed to sell it for her. Because of its condition I thought she would have a tough time selling it on Orcas Island.

We spent the next couple of days visiting more of Kim's friends. All were polite and cordial, and our time with them was pleasant. While Kim enjoyed introducing me to her friends and former way of life, I was honored that she and her friends accepted me into their lives. Though Kim seemed happy about being home, I knew she was grieving her loss and way of life here. I had difficulty imagining how she could leave this tranquil life and become part of Schwab's fast-paced world where she would be totally out of place. As we boarded the ferry to leave Orcas Island, I knew that Kim was leaving a part of her life that she would never forget. To my surprise, within a week, Kim's friend called to tell her the Jimmy had sold.

CHAPTER 3

Wealthy Stockbroker Turns Cage Fighter

Charles Schwab Derails Our Wedding Plans

By June 2002 Schwab had spent almost seven months trying to convince Kim she should leave me and return to his arms. Kim and I were weary and stressed to the limit by his constant harassment, stalking, and bullying, but somehow we were weathering the storm and sticking to our wedding plans. Though we did not discuss it, I think we both assumed that once we were married he would give up and leave us alone. Ironically, rich, powerful men like Schwab don't give up, which is why they are so rich and powerful. Once he realized his efforts were failing, he decided to play rougher. Kim was upset and shaken one day when she said, "Charles is summoning me to his office in San Francisco. He says he wants to discuss our financial agreements, which means he wants to talk about the twenty million I owe him." We both knew that a pleasant outcome was not an option.

On the morning of her departure for Portland to catch her plane, she was apprehensive. "I just dread having to face Charles and find out what he has in store for me. His loan is in default and my fate is in his hands." She again lamented the fact that she would be ruined financially if he were to call his loan. I found this quite amazing. If Schwab, with his billions of dollars, loved Kim so much and was desperate to have her back, why wouldn't he just forgive his ill-timed loan and the mess he got her into? Why not try to treat her nicely? After all, according to her, this was no more than he had paid for

a single painting while at an art auction. I was still not privy to the specifics of their financial agreements, but had felt for some time that Schwab's main problem was not his love for Kim, but that he had involved her in what could be interpreted as insider trading. I am assuming it would be okay if they were engaged or married. If I was correct, he would be desperate to follow through with their plans and become married. How else does one explain his many months of unrelenting efforts to have her back?

Despite her fears of Schwab, Kim did her best to maintain a good outlook as she embarked on her journey to meet with the man she claimed held her future in his hands. As with previous travels and meetings with Schwab, Kim had access to a computer and sent an occasional email to let me know how things were going. In the afternoon she wrote, "We have completed our business meeting and Charles has invited me into his office for a private meeting." I was surprised later when she wrote, "I've been talking with Charles and he wants me to apologize to you on his behalf for what he might have done to you. He says he was only trying to watch out for his own interests." Was he trying to make me laugh? This multibillionaire had spent all these months beating up on his former lover and me to protect his interests? Was Kim so naïve that she couldn't see what a bully he was? It sounded as if his explanation brought her some relief and she was trying to defend his actions. More likely, she was simply obeying his orders so she might minimize the financial damage he could cause her. I felt that Schwab's real reason for apologizing was that he had engaged in illegal activities against us and it could come back to bite him. In any case, his apologies were childish and pathetic. Men of wealth seem to evolve into these self-appointed gods who look down on the rest of us as though we are stupid and helpless, for good reason perhaps. Schwab's meager effort to appease my anger against him only made me angrier.

When Kim got home that evening she was exhausted and distraught. After settling down for a while, she told me about her long day. When she arrived at Charles Schwab headquarters, she was ushered into Schwab's office where he and his attorneys were waiting. As she expected, they wanted

to discuss the \$20 million loan and reminded her that Schwab could legally call his loan at any time. "Think of the consequences, Wayne," she said. "If Charles called his loan he would take everything I put up as collateral and I would be wiped out. I would end up with nothing." This was only the lead in, for Schwab and his attorneys had cleverly worked out a deal for Kim that she couldn't refuse. "They had a contract for me to sign that stipulated if I agreed not to marry you, Charles would not call his loan. If I refused to sign, however, he was going to call his loan." We held each other as she began to cry bitterly. "I had no choice but to sign." This was all beyond my comprehension. One of the world's most wealthy and powerful men, who was used to having everything he wanted, was torturing and blackmailing this helpless woman and denying her the right to marry someone she loved. Such are the ways of the powerful rich men we so admire.

After regaining her composure, Kim assured me that even though we could not get married, we could still live together. I asked her, "How is it legally possible that someone can prevent someone else from marrying whomever he or she chooses?"

She thought for a moment and said, "Charles never does anything without his attorneys going over every detail. There is no way out of this." Despite how Schwab had been torturing her, she again came to his defense, assuring me that Schwab was only doing this to protect his interests. I believe it was Kim's innocence and naïveté that allowed her to become so entangled with this evil man she claimed was a family friend. Men like Schwab have no friendships that don't come with financial gain.

In coming days, Kim continued to be distraught and repeated her complaints about Schwab's interference in her life. "Charles controls my life," she would say. "I will never be free from him." Her emotional turmoil and sense of desperation were such that on one occasion she was only half joking when she said, "Wayne, what I should do is go ahead and marry Charles. He would be content and leave me alone and you and I could continue our relationship on the side." Though her words sounded frivolous, Kim was desperate

and seriously looking for a way out of her dilemma. I wondered how many wealthy men's spouses have such arrangements and thought about the TV series *Desperate Housewives*. Kim and I made up an excuse and let our families and friends know that our wedding plans had been canceled, but we would continue living together.

Kim's Breakdown, July 2, 2002

Soon after Kim moved in with me we joined the YMCA and started attending aerobic dance classes three times a week. Doing this together inspired us and we had lots of fun getting in shape. It was a bit awkward for me because I was usually the only man in the class. On the morning of July 2, 2002, the rhythmic music was playing and we had just begun our routine when Kim stopped and came over to me. She was smiling, but appeared troubled as she held on to me. "I'm feeling lightheaded and weak and need to leave." I knew from experience that Kim did not complain unless she was having serious problems. She was becoming unsteady so I put my arm around her and walked her slowly out to our car. While driving home, I suggested I take her to the emergency hospital, but she was emphatic with her answer. "No, I just want to go home and lie down." Because of her background and independent style, it was not in Kim's nature to admit her vulnerabilities and seek help.

By the time we got home, her legs were so weak I had difficulty getting her from the car into the house. With her becoming increasingly helpless, undressing her and getting her into bed was a struggle. Finally in bed, she rested quietly with her eyes closed. All the while her mind was active and she continued talking to me in a faint voice, not always making sense. Two days before, I was with her when she had bought a new cell phone, which I placed on the nightstand. I was worried about repercussions from her family if something was seriously wrong with her, so I also placed a small recorder on the nightstand next to her.

Kim lapsed into a dreamlike state and mumbled unintelligibly for a while. Then she drifted back in time and in a quiet but serious voice began speaking

with Sam about their various chores at Windsong Inn. At one point, she was concerned about the linens and asked Sam, "Have we Burtoned the sheets yet?" I later learned that Burton was a brand of mangle—a machine for ironing large objects such as sheets. Because Kim usually received so many phone calls from her family and friends, I wondered if I should answer her phone and advise callers about her condition. Because of Schwab's frequent calls, this could be awkward, so I thought it best to discuss it with her.

She was resting quietly when I said, "Kim, if someone calls do you want me to answer your cell phone?"

Without opening her eyes, in a dreamy voice she said, "I don't have a cell phone." She paused for a moment and said, "I don't want to talk to him."

Knowing the answer, I asked, "Who don't you want to talk to?"

In a faint voice she said, "Charles."

I wondered if Kim might be suffering a nervous breakdown due to Schwab's unrelenting pressure, or if maybe she had suffered a stroke and needed immediate medical attention. She had refused my offer to take her to the emergency hospital, but perhaps someone in her family could persuade her to go. Kim had told me there were doctors in her family, and I thought they might be able to help. Knowing how Donya felt about me, I was not comfortable calling her, but she was closest to her mother and might be able to convince her she needed medical attention. I called Donya and explained her mother's symptoms and told her she had refused my offer to take her to emergency.

She said, "I'll make some calls and will call you right back." Within minutes, she called and said, "Get Mom to emergency right away." I assumed whomever she had talked with was worried about a stroke and wanted her on blood thinners to prevent brain damage.

I spoke to Kim through the fog. "Kim, I talked with Donya and she wants you to go to emergency so doctors can help you." She muttered agreement, and my first thought was to call 911 for an ambulance so medics could start working with her. However, I knew how much Kim would object and

decided to take her there myself. She was groggy and weak, but I managed to get her dressed and into the car. I sped through town managing to avoid getting stopped. Getting her checked into emergency was the usual hassle. I then spent the remainder of the day and all night by Kim's side while doctors periodically took her back for more testing. It bothered me that Kim was not thinking or speaking clearly and I had never been so worried about someone. Early the next morning a doctor sat down with me and explained all the tests they had performed without finding anything wrong. Even though I'd been worried, I was not surprised and thought my initial concern about a possible nervous breakdown was correct. By the time Kim was ready to go home, she was doing much better. She was alert and seemed to be thinking clearly, but she was still unsteady while walking.

After we were back home and Kim was settled down, I called Donya. "Your mother and I have been at emergency all night and they did lots of tests, but couldn't identify the cause of her problem." Because Kim's family was close to Schwab, I assumed Donya knew him. And she might be aware of the trouble between them. I said, "Your mother has been suffering severe stress due to Charles' constant harassment. Perhaps you should call him and tell him what your mother has been going through and ask him to back off and leave her alone."

There was a long pause before Donya said, "Take care of my mother, and let me know how she's doing." Before I could respond, she said goodbye and hung up.

After Kim had recovered for a couple of days and was feeling better, I talked with her about her ordeal. Being cautious about involving her family had been wise. When she learned that I had called Donya, rather than expressing appreciation, she came unglued. "How dare you call Donya and get my family involved!" Throughout our time together I always got the impression that Kim felt a desperate need to maintain a happy facade with her family and friends, regardless of how she might be suffering. When she received the bill for her visit to the emergency hospital I got another ass chewing because of

the expensive tests the doctors had performed. It would be a couple of months before we would learn that the decision to take her to emergency had been a wise one, if only her doctors had been more competent.

Here Comes the Bribe

Kim and I were disappointed about having to cancel our wedding plans, but relieved to know Schwab was not going to call his loan. At least for now, Kim felt her family's estate was safe and she could breathe easy. However, Schwab was not about to give up. After receiving a call from him one day, Kim came to me full of enthusiasm. "Wayne, Charles called and is offering to release \$2 million from my portfolio if I will agree to move to San Diego and invest it in a home-building partnership with Keith Johnson." She told me this would give her an opportunity to recover part of her family's fortune, which she had put up as collateral for her loan. She would also earn enough to pay off Charles' loan and be free of him. She said, "We should accept his offer and move to San Diego." I was always amazed at Kim's naïveté. For her it was all so simple, but based upon the little I knew, she did not understand the dilemma Schwab was in. Even if she could pay off her loan, it was not going to resolve his problems with managing her money and involving her in the Micron–Hynix negotiations. I told Kim that what he was doing was pure blackmail. (His motives will become clearer later on.) Most importantly, Kim did not understand that any plans Schwab might have for her did not include me. I was certain that moving with her would lead to nothing but trouble.

Despite how appealing Schwab's offer might be, it was troublesome for Kim because I would not be able to move with her. I reminded her again that my commitment to my son made it impossible for me to leave Eugene for at least a couple of years. We continued discussing our options, including the possibility that I would join her later. Kim wanted to believe that Schwab was being a good guy and that after she paid him off, we could resume our plans to be married. I knew, however, that he did not intend to abandon his obsession and she was falling into a trap. Of course, I felt certain he was continuing to

monitor our communications and was aware that I would not be able to join Kim in this move. Kim's admiration for Schwab made all this difficult for her to comprehend.

Kim struggled with her decision for the next couple of weeks. Schwab was also struggling. Kim came to me highly excited one day with an even better offer. "Wayne, Charles has increased his offer to seven million dollars! How can I possibly turn this down? We will be rich." Money. It was always about money and Kim had little empathy for me and could not understand my situation. I knew from her demeanor that she would not be able to turn him down. Schwab had won and Kim was going to leave me. Indeed, it was only a matter of days before Kim told me in a strained voice, "Wayne, I am accepting Charles' offer and will be moving to San Diego and starting work with Keith." She tried again to entice me by talking about the money we would have. I told her again that even if I were able to join her, Schwab was not going to tolerate our being together. After all, he had just spent eight months and \$7 million to get her to leave me.

Though I hated to lose Kim, I was beat down and weary from the many months of being caught up in her battle with her obsessed former lover. He was behaving like a madman and she was not free and available for a new relationship. I wanted to hang on to the possibility that Kim and I would one day get back together, but I also found a sense of relief knowing it was over. Kim lapsed into a solemn mood as she began preparing for her move, all the while talking as though our separation was only temporary. However, Schwab had his own ideas and Kim soon started withdrawing from me for reasons I would not understand until later. She became arrogant and careless with her remarks in a manner that would soon reveal just how ruthless Schwab could be in his efforts to destroy any feelings Kim might have for me.

Charles Schwab's Final Solution

It was my opinion that Schwab's strategy included several goals. He wanted to prevent Kim from marrying me, he wanted to force her to leave me, and

he ultimately wanted her to return to him. However, potential problem remained for him. After Kim moved, I might change my mind and accept her invitation to move to San Diego with her. Schwab's only solution was to convince Kim that I was an evil person and cause her to hate me enough that she would permanently end her relationship with me. Before this point, the only thing I knew he was doing was denigrating my character and claiming I was only after her money.

Who's Vicky?

By this time, Kim was about finished with preparations for her move. I doubted I would ever see her again. Schwab was in control and all I could do was stand around and watch while she followed his orders. The prospects of a life together with Kim had been taken from me and I would soon be alone and trying again to get my life back in order. Before meeting Kim, I had been dating a woman named Vicky, a part-time artist who created beautiful colored-pencil portraits of people's pets. I was developing a website where she could display and sell her work when she became involved in Scientology. Before I could get her website complete, she quit her job and moved to Los Angeles so she could become fully immersed in Scientology. Though we had dated for a while, I had no interest in Scientology and would never move to LA. We knew we did not have a future together. However, we kept in touch now and then via email. While Kim was busy preparing for her move, I sent Vicky an email and asked how she was doing. She sent a brief reply advising me all was going well. That was it and I have never heard from her since. A few days after I contacted Vicky, Kim stunned me during dinner one night. She looked at me accusingly and said, "Wayne, who is Vicky?" I could not believe it and my mind was racing as I struggle to figure out who might have told her about Vicky. Of course, I thought I knew the answer.

Trying to remain calm, I said, "How do you know about Vicky?"

She became rather smug and said, "I have friends in high places who know these things and watch out for me." This hit me so hard I could hardly contain

myself. Because of her naïveté and unfaltering faith in her friend Charles, Kim had unwittingly divulged their secret and confirmed what I had suspected for many months but had never confronted her with. I was now certain that Schwab had been hacking my computer for many months and reading all my emails. How could she possibly think I would not know who her friend in high places was? What I had not suspected was that Schwab was not just providing her activity reports but was sharing my actual emails with her. Of course, when we forward emails we can always modify the content. Because my email exchange with Vicky was so innocent, I assumed Schwab had embellished my emails before sharing them with Kim. I had been quite naïve myself, for who expects America's billionaires to be sitting around reading their stolen emails?

Thinking back about Kim's worries about his "detectives" following her and his knowing everything she did, I was correct in suspecting Schwab was getting his information from her emails. What's more, he had probably been spying on Kim before she ever met me. It was all I could do to control myself, but I did not let on that I knew whom Kim was referring to. Instead, I attempted to defend myself by explaining my brief relationship with Vicky and how she had taken up with Scientologists. Kim was not convinced and thought she had proof of my playing around with other women behind her back. Inasmuch as she was leaving me anyway, her jealous accusations seemed unwarranted and frivolous.

Schwab was committing serious crimes, and I was trying to grasp the implications for this American icon. I was overwhelmed by what was happening and needed to talk to someone, so I called one of my oldest friends whom I had once worked with at IBM. When he answered the phone, I was very excited as I explained the situation and how Kim had just inadvertently confirmed my suspicions about Schwab's computer hacking and spying on us. I told him to write down what I was telling him for future reference. Thinking about this later, I realized I had been trying to establish a witness to what was going on. In what I would learn to expect when telling friends about my experiences with Kim and Schwab, my friend expressed doubts that Schwab could

be involved and suggested that Kim was getting her information from another source. For most people there is an admiration for people of wealth and power that impedes their ability to accept negative information about them. For others, it is simply too shocking and their minds will not accept it.

Who's Lisa?

A few days after our confrontation over Vicky, I received a phone call from Lisa, a woman with whom I once worked at Staples in Wenatchee, Washington. We were both married at the time. I had last talked with Lisa four years before moving to Eugene with my wife. Lisa told me she and her husband had moved to Portland and she was now working for an investment company. She invited me for lunch and to hear her presentation about their investment strategy. I wasn't interested in her type of investments, but thought it might be fun to get together again. Later that day, I sent an email to a friend to whom I had introduced Kim and mentioned my unexpected call from Lisa. While having dinner the next evening, Kim appeared upset and was glaring at me. In a stern voice she said, "Wayne, who is Lisa?" I became angry, for I assumed my friend had told Kim about Lisa. When I suggested this, Kim denied it. "I did not learn about Lisa from your friend. I have friends in high places," she repeated. She was making it quite clear that she was placing great faith in this "friend in high places." Again, I did not let on that I knew the source of her information. Rather foolishly, I instead found myself on the defensive and trying to explain how I knew Lisa and how she had tracked me down and was trying to sign me up with her investment company. Kim was skeptical, but for the time being, she dropped it. Because she was not buying my explanations about these past friends, I could only assume that Schwab was embellishing my emails before forwarding them to her.

Who's the Woman from Rogue River?

Schwab was in overdrive and not letting up. Within a day or two of our confrontation about Lisa, I received an interesting email from an online dating

site that I had forgotten about. The email was supposedly from a woman in Rogue River, Oregon. She wrote about living alone in a one-room cabin in the woods beside the river. Her description of her place and lifestyle seemed weird, and I became suspicious enough to call and tell another IBM friend about it. I told him I thought it was a hoax, but I was going to go along with it and see if Schwab and Kim picked it up. I replied to the woman and asked a few simple questions about her solitary life beside the Rogue River. During dinner the next evening, Kim was giving me that accusatory look again. In a serious and controlled voice she said, "Why don't you tell me about who you know in Rogue River?" Bingo!

By this time I was able to maintain my cool when I responded. In a calm voice I said, "What makes you think I know someone in Rogue River?"

In what was becoming her standard response, she smiled condescendingly and said, "My friend in high places is always watching out for me." One thing for sure, Kim's "friend in high places" really did think I was an idiot. However, right now he was the one acting like an idiot. Anyone of average intelligence could figure out what he was doing. I wondered how one of the world's richest men could find time for all this child's play. I kept my thoughts to myself and refrained from confronting Kim because she was revealing so much valuable information about Schwab's hacking activities. This was the strangest predicament of my life. I was totally helpless while one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in the world, through his bizarre stranglehold on Kim, was methodically destroying one of the greatest love affairs of our lives. Because Kim had accepted his financial offer and agreed to leave me, he assumed that he had won her heart and he could now confide in her. However, she was blatantly revealing "their secrets" and exposing him to criminal charges.

Still pretending I was not aware that her information was coming from Schwab, I explained the situation with the woman from Rogue River as best I could and told her I had no interest in her. She sat quietly staring at me as I explained. "Kim, even if there was something to it, you are leaving me and I will

probably never see you again. Do you expect me to remain alone and not try to make new friends?" She did not respond and I could sense her confusion.

Kim Prepares to Move Out

Kim began her move by preparing to transfer her belongings from Orcas Island to San Diego. Because Schwab had her highly suspicious about me with his lies about me chasing other women, she was cool toward me and did not even ask me to help. Instead she called upon her best friend, Margie Wolfe, who was living in Arizona. Margie arrived in town and stayed over with Kim's friends. The next day they rented a large truck and prepared for their drive to Kim's place on Orcas Island. Before they left, Kim surprised me when she asked, "Are you planning a trip to Portland while we're gone?" She did not mention her by name, but we both knew she was referring to Lisa. She looked at me seriously and said, "Just tell me, yes or no. Are you going to Portland while I am away?" I thought about Schwab and how he had destroyed Kim's faith and trust in me. I wished I could convince her what a cowardly son of a bitch he was, but she was now under his control. I was honest and told Kim I wasn't sure. After Kim and Margie left, I was alone to reflect on Schwab's finale, as he took Kim away from me. Schwab was controlling Kim's life, but I was determined to not allow him to control mine. I called Lisa and accepted her invitation and the next day drove to Portland to meet her. Though my mind was otherwise preoccupied, we had fun during lunch discussing our time working together at Staples. Back at her office, she did an excellent job presenting her company's investment strategies, but unfortunately my mind was elsewhere and I was unable to give her the attention she deserved. Lisa could tell that I was not ready to become an investor with her and I never heard from her again.

Kim and Margie returned a few days later with their huge truck completely packed and parked it at Kim's friend's place where Margie was staying. Kim was primed when she arrived home. Walking into the house, she did not

hesitate before giving me that familiar glare. "Did you go to Portland while we were gone?"

Schwab was busy every day reading my emails and tattling on me to Kim, so it was hard to resist the urge to ask, "What's up? You receive another report from Charles?" Instead, I said, "Yes, I drove up and met Lisa. We had lunch and I listened to her sales pitch. There was nothing more to it." Kim's demeanor told me she was not buying it but rather filing it among Schwab's other false accusations against me. She never mentioned Lisa again.

Our last few weeks together were stormy and stressful. Kim was overwhelmed by everything going on in her life. She was leaving me and more uncertain than ever about our future. She was starting a new job in a demanding business. She was entangled in Schwab's financial dealings and his obsession regaining her affection. To top it all off she was worried about all the women I was supposedly seeing behind her back. It was quite a load for any human being. Schwab had total control over Kim's life and there was nothing she or I could do about it. I had never been in a situation where I was so helpless. During what he no doubt thought were Kim's and my last days together, Schwab was spying on me and passing false information to her with abandon. In his efforts to prove his omnipotence he had become quite reckless.

The next morning, Kim drove over to meet Margie to prepare for their long drive to San Diego. When she got there she called and asked if I would come over and help them load a couple more items. When I arrived, I could not believe how full the truck was from top to bottom. We had to work together to push those last few items in and still be able to close the doors. When they were ready to leave, Kim and I hugged, and for an instant she dropped her guard and we felt the affection we had once shared. I told her to keep in touch and let me know about their progress down I-5. I had a lot to reflect upon as Kim and Margie set off on their long drive down I-5. When they reached her sister's home the next day, Kim called to tell me all had gone well. She must have been struggling with her perceptions of this monster that Schwab had created in her mind. I was surprised when she said in a pleasant voice, "Margie

told me she was glad she got to meet you and thinks you seem like a nice guy.” Kim’s mind was in turmoil and she was letting me know how much she still cared and how she wished she could trust me.

Farewell Confession

After hauling her belongings from Orcas Island to her sister’s place in Temecula, Kim returned for a few days to finish loading her car with items she had arrived with four months earlier. We were both suffering severe emotional pain, but we were somehow still hanging on to the one hope we shared, that somehow we would get through all this and have a chance to recapture the joy and happiness we once shared. Despite the doubts and fears about me that Schwab had instilled in her, Kim again discussed the possibility of either moving with her now or joining her later. On the evening before her final departure for her new life, we decided to put our issues aside and go out for a quiet romantic dinner. We got dressed up and were both in good spirits despite the turmoil we were fighting to suppress. For our last evening together, we chose Adam’s Place located in downtown Eugene. We started with martinis, which helped us relax. There had always been tremendous chemistry between Kim and me and feeling warm and romantic had always been easy for us.

Kim was not yet gone, but I already missed her. I reached across the table and took her hand and told her, “You are quite beautiful this evening.”

She blushed a little and smiled. “You are quite handsome yourself.” She had a way of making me melt and I am sure I was also blushing. We talked about the long drive awaiting her the next morning and she assured me she would check in now and then and let me know about her progress. Despite the terrible ordeal we were going through, for a moment we were once more happy together.

We were almost finished with dinner when Kim’s mood changed and she became somber and quiet. For a moment, she sat looking at me intently as though she were trying to read my mind. Then, in a calm voice she said, “Wayne, this is the last time we will be together. I will never see you again after tonight.”

I was shocked and could not fathom what had prompted such comments. While trying to control myself, I said, "Kim, why are you talking like this?"

She stared at me intently. "My friend has been forwarding your emails to me for a long time and I know about all the women you've been chasing behind my back. I also know what you have been telling your friends about me." She convinced me about emails to friends by discussing some of the content of my emails. I had known for a long time that Schwab was hacking our computers and she had made me aware of his "activity reports." More recently, I had learned that he was lying to her about me chasing other women. However, learning that Kim had been willingly reading my personal emails was a shock and it hit me hard. I now saw her as Schwab's willing accomplice in his war against me. I was steaming inside as I sat looking at her while she repeated her accusations. Everything was welling up inside me and my world was collapsing around me. I was helpless and could not do anything to defend myself against Schwab. He had not only destroyed Kim's and my relationship; the bastard had convinced her that I was a rotten person. He had destroyed me in Kim's eyes and I was faced with the reality that I would never see her again. I was devastated. I could not find words to express my outrage over what Schwab had done to us, and especially to me as a human being. Little did I know that his efforts to destroy me had only begun. And little did he know that the prince must always be careful not to step on the wrong peasant.

I became so overwhelmed emotionally that I could no longer sit with her staring at me as if I were some evil person guilty of treating her so badly. Without saying anything, I got up and left the restaurant and walked up and down the street trying to pull myself together. I knew I could not leave Kim sitting inside, so I finally went back and paid the bill. We walked silently to the car, but once inside I lost control and exploded into the worst temper tantrum of my life. This was terribly traumatic for both of us and I will always regret having lost my temper and speaking to her as I did. After all, Schwab was the source of all my troubles and Kim was caught in the middle. When we got home, I was still ranting and out of control. All those months of pent-up

anger over Schwab's underhanded tactics and how he was fucking up our lives came boiling to the surface. Kim asked several times if we could just sit down and talk about it, but I was so upset about how she had conspired with Schwab and betrayed me that I could not pull myself together. For the first time since we had met, my language with Kim was abusive. I called Schwab every foul name I could think of and wished he had the guts to meet me in person so I could say these things to his cowardly face. Wouldn't it be great if powerful men like Schwab would come out of hiding from behind their secretaries, attorneys, PR pimps, and security guards and face the otherwise helpless people like me that they spend their lives shitting on? I was quite angry when I told Kim to take her \$7 million and find some other stupid ass to put up with Charles and her bullshit.

Instead of waiting and leaving the next morning as planned, and without hugging or kissing goodbye, Kim left late in the night under severe stress. After a sleepless night and having recovered from my tantrum, I called to check on how she was doing. She told me she had reached northern California before stopping for the night, so it would have been around four in the morning. We both broke down and started crying and could hardly speak as we struggled to comprehend and deal with the turmoil we were going through. Cold-hearted men like Charles R. Schwab, who spend their lives chasing dollar signs and screwing innocent people out of their last dime, could never begin to understand how much Kim and I loved each another. His quest for money had destroyed his capacity to empathize with others and share their friendship and love.

After Kim arrived at her sister's home later that day, she called to apologize. "Wayne, I am really sorry for wrecking our last night together. I did not intend to bring up that crap about Charles. It just popped out." My rage had passed and I understood and sympathized with her and the situation she was in. How could I expect her to endure the despicable manner in which Schwab had treated her since sucking her into his evil world several years ago?

Trying to hold myself together and not break down again, I said, “Kim, I am really sorry for blowing up the way I did. Honest to God I just couldn’t take any more from that evil man.”

Kim said, “Wayne, if you had called me last night and told me to turn around and come back, I would have done it.” Of course, in the angry state I was in, this was impossible. In the end it would not have mattered because Schwab and his team of attorneys and computer hackers were never going to allow us to be together in peace. It was becoming unclear, however, why she finally chose to leave me. Was it because of Schwab’s \$7 million bribe or that Schwab had finally convinced her I was cheating on her? Most likely it was a mixture of both. Although Schwab finally got his way and Kim had left me, we would soon learn that he was not going to let up, but would continue to interfere in both of our lives.

CHAPTER 4

Kim's New Life

IT MUST HAVE been driving Schwab nuts. After Kim was relocated and had started her new job, we were once more back on friendly terms. We were exchanging emails that I knew Schwab was reading and spending lots of time on the phone. I doubted she was aware that her friend Charles was still monitoring our discussions and following our every move. After eight months trying he had come too far and wasn't about to abandon his efforts to once more have Kim wearing his ring. It had nothing to do about what Kim and I wanted; it was all about what Charles wanted.

Fieldstone Homes Project Manager, August 2002

Kim had started her new job at Fieldstone Homes working with her partner and boss, Keith Johnson, and kept me apprised of her activities. She was suddenly thrown into the role of project manager, responsible for coordinating the various contractors during the phases of each home's construction. Having had a father who was a plumbing contractor, I understood the complexities of her work and had great empathy for her. I assumed she had gained her homebuilding knowledge while working in home construction and real estate with her husband, Sam. Because of her high energy level, at first Kim seemed pleased with the opportunity to stay busy. However, she occasionally seemed to be under the weather and not feeling well. I thought it was just the stress of her new job, but I would soon learn she had more serious problems.

Rendezvous in Temecula

After Kim bought her own home and got it decorated to her satisfaction, she called and invited me to come visit her. Because of the emotional turmoil we had been through, I had mixed feelings about continuing my involvement with her. I was also talking with the FBI about Schwab's crimes against us and felt this might complicate matters even more. Crazy as it seemed, anyone pursuing a relationship with Kim had to accept the fact that Charles R. Schwab came as part of the package and a normal relationship with her was impossible. However, I had this powerful longing to see her again and accepted her invitation. When I landed at San Diego airport, Kim was there to meet me just as she had been six months earlier. Unfortunately, the innocence was gone and we were guarded and avoided discussing sensitive topics.

After having shopped with her for a larger upscale home in Eugene, I was surprised by the modest three-bedroom, two-bath home she settled for in Temecula. I assumed her choice was influenced by the much higher home prices in the area. We were barely inside when Kim turned to me looking frustrated. "Charles already knows you are here." I was not surprised, for nothing had changed since my first visit in Temecula. I smiled but didn't bother to respond. I had become accustomed to his interference and knew there was nothing I could do about it, so why waste time talking about it? All I wanted was for Kim and I to enjoy our brief time together. Kim would be working during my visit, but we would have our evenings together. She was also going to take some time off. I brought along books and my laptop, and I also planned to do some exploring in the area. I would be fine.

On one of our mornings Kim invited me to tag along to work with her. She said all she had to do was pick up some documents at her office and deliver them to Keith Johnson's home. She had told me a lot about Johnson and I was hoping to meet him, but when we arrived at the office the place was empty. Kim picked up the documents and drove us to an exclusive gated community in San Diego where Johnson lived. As we drove up the street to his place, Kim slowed down and stopped in front of one of the most awe-inspiring mansions I

had ever seen. In a calm voice, she said, "I could be living there right now." This was the first time she had mentioned that Schwab had a home in San Diego. I found it interesting that it was two doors down from Keith Johnson's place and assumed Johnson had built the mansion for Schwab. This will be of significance farther on in my story. "This is just one of Charles' mansions," Kim said. "He has them all over the world." The sight of Schwab's mansion and the wealth it represented was more than my mind could fathom. Though it was massive and beautiful, I found its extravagance repulsive. It was like being at a fine restaurant and being served a beautifully prepared two-pound steak. I was speechless as I gazed at this example of how wealthy men spend their money while ignoring the plight of the less fortunate. I wondered if Kim's purpose for bringing me here was to help me understand what she had given up when she broke her engagement to Schwab. More likely she wanted me to observe a symbol of the lifestyle she found objectionable and where she would never fit in. When she told me Schwab was trying to sell this place, I wondered if it was because he was building his retirement mansion in Pebble Beach. As I observed these symbols of wealth, I thought about how Schwab was working with President Bush to cut taxes for him and his wealthy friends, but I did not mention this to Kim.

After she was satisfied, Kim drove a couple of doors down and pulled into Johnson's driveway. She said, "Wait here. This will only take a few minutes." While sitting in the car observing the wealth all around me, I realized this had been part of Kim's world for a couple of years before we met. It was quite a contrast to her modest lifestyle with Sam, especially on Orcas Island. Later in the day, Kim and I were having lunch at a quaint beachside restaurant. It was sunny, and we were sitting out on an open deck where we could look out across the wide sandy beach and ocean. Perhaps intending to point out one of the advantages of not being so wealthy, I asked her, "When you were going with Charles, could you have lunch in a place like this?"

She seemed a little sad when she answered. "No, Charles eats all of his meals in private." I had become familiar with Kim's lifestyle and outgoing personality and understood how this might affect her.

Kim and I struggled to make the best of our short visit, but the damage had been severe and regaining our ability to be free and spontaneous with one another was not going to be easy.

Kim Dating Old Friend

I received an email from Kim one day in which she said, "I am at a beautiful place in Kona, sitting by a large swimming pool and being waited on hand and foot." At the time, I thought she was vacationing at some resort, but I would soon learn that she was visiting one of Schwab's mansions.

Some time later I received another email in which she told me she was trail riding and her horse acted up and threw her into some rocks. She did not say with whom she was horseback riding or where, so I assumed she must be with Schwab on his twenty-five-thousand-acre ranch in Montana's Bitterroot Mountains. During my youth I worked with horses and taught equitation at the Menlo Circus Club, which ironically was near Schwab's primary residence in Atherton. It is likely that he and Helen Schwab were members of the club while I was working at the club's horse stable. My job included leading trail rides for the wealthy members of the club. Wouldn't it have been a coincidence if the Schwab's were on some of those rides? Something didn't sound right about Kim's fall from her horse. What I know about trail horses is that they are chosen from the most levelheaded and well-behaved horses. Stables have enough liability risks without having someone become injured by a horse that's easily spooked. If indeed Kim was riding at Schwab's ranch, I find it difficult to believe that he would own horses that would become so spooked they would throw riders into the rocks. For me this accident was highly suspicious, and when she told me about it I thought about the fact that she was the only direct witness to all of Schwab's insider trading and other illegal activities. Of course, I had no way of knowing for sure whose property she was riding on or with whom.

In February 2003, I was surprised by an email from Kim. She said, "I've been dating an old friend, but things aren't going well." I did not have to ask

who her old friend was. For reasons I would not understand until six months later, Kim was cautious while discussing their renewed relationship and avoided mentioning Schwab by name. After the misery and trauma he had caused her in his efforts to force her to leave me, only a stupid idiot would be surprised that she would not be able to rush back into his arms. However, true friendship and love are qualities long lost with wealthy men like Schwab, and it's all about their own perceived needs.

Rendezvous in Cannon Beach, February 2003

Shortly after letting me know things were not going well with Charles, Kim surprised me by with an invitation to spend a few days with her at her family's vacation home in Cannon Beach. She said, "You could pick me up at the Portland airport and we could have dinner and stay over downtown. The next morning we could drive to the coast." This was the first time I'd heard about her family's home in Cannon Beach, but it sounded like an ideal setting for our reunion. It had been five months since our last visit and I was anxious to see her again. Of course, our relationship had become much more complicated and I did not know what to expect, but I told her I would love to see her and would be waiting for her at the airport. When Kim arrived, the scene was similar to when she picked me up at the San Diego airport, except this time I was the one waiting at the bottom of the escalator. Suddenly she appeared and I watched as she stepped onto the escalator and began her descent. She was smiling as she glanced around looking for me, reminding me of the time we first met. Then our eyes met and we both began smiling. When she reached the bottom she walked over and we put our arms around one another. We stood there for a moment feeling each other's warmth and trying to ignore the deep chasm Schwab had created between us. She felt wonderful in my arms, and I looked forward to our next few days together. While driving from the airport into the city, I noticed a huge diamond ring on Kim's wedding finger. Her finger was red and raw, so I asked, "What's going on with your finger? It's practically bleeding."

Holding her hand out to me, she said, "It's my engagement ring and I haven't been able to get it off." She did not have to tell me whose ring it was, for there were few men in the world who could afford such a huge diamond. Ironically, she had to wear Schwab's engagement ring for the duration of our visit, a constant reminder that she had betrayed me and had gone back to him. I felt great satisfaction knowing that his many months of scheming to get me out of the picture and regain her affection had failed, and now she was again with me, but I knew he was still in control and that my sense of winning would be short-lived. During our visit, Kim and I avoided any discussions about her relationship with Schwab or her work. I knew that she had only returned to Schwab because she was coerced into it. Neither did I have to ask why she changed her mind and spurned him a second time. For a long time, I had attributed her willingness to comply with his wishes to her heavy indebtedness to him. Knowing Schwab always read our emails, I wondered how he would feel when he learned that Kim and I were spending a few days in Cannon Beach.

When we arrived in downtown Portland, we checked into the Hilton Hotel where Kim had made a reservation. It was a gorgeous day and still early when Kim suggested we walk around downtown so she could do some shopping. One store she wanted to visit was Nordstrom where she could shop for shoes. We were in buoyant moods and soon walking hand in hand. Despite everything we had been through, we were happy to be together again. We reached Nordstrom and headed straight to the shoe department. Kim seemed a bit rushed as she tried on several pairs of shoes. I was surprised when she selected a couple of pairs of light sandals costing \$200 each. This was an extravagant side of Kim that I had not observed before. We strolled leisurely back to the hotel and rested for a while before getting cleaned up for dinner at Typhoon, a nearby Thai restaurant. The large, well-decorated dining area was packed and noisy. While trying several tasty dishes, our discussions remained lighthearted, and we struggled to keep the turmoil we shared contained. After dinner we strolled back to the hotel and relaxed for a while. We were feeling

good and the chemistry and magic were once more working. If only for a moment, Kim and I were able to overcome the confusion and bitterness Schwab had caused us and spend a fabulous night in each other's arms.

After breakfast the next morning, Kim became uneasy about the shoes. She picked up the shopping bag and said, "I spent too much for these shoes and would like to return them. Would you mind?" It was a beautiful morning and we were in splendid moods as we headed back to Nordstrom. We returned to the hotel, checked out, and left for the scenic drive to the coast and my first visit to Cannon Beach. The Kimbro vacation home was located in a secluded area on the south end of town. When we arrived, Kim fetched the key from its hiding spot. She said, "We've been hiding it in the same place for many years." She didn't seem to mind that I observed where it was hidden. She let us inside and as she showed me around I commented on how much fun it must have been for her to come here as a young girl. The house was from a bygone era, but well kept and clean. It was located on top of a cliff with a sweeping view of the ocean and beach below.

We lucked out with Oregon's unpredictable coastal weather. It was sunny and warm for the several days we were there. We spent our first morning relaxing on the beach. We held hands as we strolled barefoot on the sand and then in the shallow water being created by each wave. When we tired, we sat side by side on the warm sand looking out to sea and watching the action of the waves. It was peaceful and we were having a wonderful time being together again. Kim was looking lovelier than ever and I was able to take some great photos of her. In the afternoon, we drove to the downtown area and visited some of the art galleries Kim loved so much. We came upon a gallery displaying an elderly woman's large bronze sculptures of chess pieces. They were about a foot tall and quite heavy. Kim was fascinated and could not resist buying one, even though she was worried about hauling it home on the plane.

Although we had a great time together, it wasn't the same because Kim and I were both reserved and cautious. Despite the deep affection we felt for each other, our visit had to be clandestine and I had to accept the fact that

Schwab was in control. He was not going to be happy about our getting together, and it was doubtful I would ever see Kim again. On the last day of our visit I drove Kim back to the Portland airport. Arriving early, we remained in the car for a while with our minds reeling due to the unexpressed emotional turmoil we were feeling. As we sat quietly waiting for her flight, I put my arms around her and held her for what would be the last time. Kim never told me how she had Schwab's ring removed from her finger.

Kim and I continued to exchange emails and chat on the phone. In some of her messages, she offered explanations about why she had gone back to Schwab. It was obviously not because she loved him, but because of the controls he had over her through their financial arrangements. We sometimes discussed our relationship and struggled to understand how, after such a fabulous beginning, everything had become so messed up. I found it interesting that she never found the objectivity and courage to hold Schwab accountable for destroying our relationship. I was learning a lot about men of wealth and power and the mesmerizing effect they have on unsuspecting admirers and common people. Kim's admiration for Schwab, which was not founded in her heart, led to the worst mistakes of her life. Though she and I might have otherwise been able to get back together and become married, she assured me that she would never escape the influence and control he had over her life.

Brief Engagement to Tom, August 2003

In early August, six months after our rendezvous in Cannon Beach, Kim called full of enthusiasm. "Wayne, I wanted you to know that I have a new friend. His name is Tom and he is a fine man." Before I could grasp what she was saying, she went on, "We're engaged and living together at my place and we are planning to be married during the Christmas holidays." I was surprised but unenthused for three reasons. First, Kim seemed to be desperate to get married so Schwab would stop harassing and stalking her. Second, I truly pitied any man who might become involved with Kim and have to deal with Schwab's madness. Third, I still cared for Kim and I was jealous. I had my

doubts about Tom's chances of hanging on to Kim and anxiously waited to hear how things might turn out.

About a month later I received a call from Tom. He confirmed what Kim had told me about their wedding plans and asked if I would mind discussing my former relationship with her. I knew what was coming and agreed to talk with him. Tom began, "Since Kim and I started living together, Charles Schwab has been calling and harassing her and keeping her upset. I was wondering if you had problems with him while you and Kim were living together." I could hardly keep from laughing. He told me that Kim had told him about her engagement to Schwab and about living with me. However, she had not warned him about Schwab's harassment and stalking.

I told Tom, "Yes, Kim and I put up with Schwab's constant harassment and stalking for the eight months we were going together. Kim warned me that Schwab was obsessed about having her back and that she would never be free of him. I'm sorry, but it appears to be your turn."

After we talked for a while about our experiences with Schwab, Tom said, "You don't sound anything like the terrible person Kim makes you out to be."

I said, "You must try to understand Kim. She and I had a great relationship before Schwab spent so many months denigrating my character and falsely accusing me of infidelity. He brainwashed Kim into believing I was a real rogue. You should be careful because Schwab will do the same thing to you."

A few days later, I received an email from Tom. He thanked me for talking with him and wrote, "Kim's and my relationship is solid and everything will work out okay." I reflected on the days when I had been so naïve and felt the same way about Kim.

A couple of weeks later I received an email from Kim. "Wayne, I wanted you to know that I have broken up with Tom. We are not compatible and he just isn't the right man for me." I sent Tom an email, offering my condolences. I told him I was available if he wanted to talk about what had happened. I never heard from him again.

Note: August 2003 is an important month that I will discuss in the next chapter.

Where's Charles?

Over the next six months, Kim wrote and told me about some of the men she was dating. She bragged about some of them with the obvious intention of making me jealous. It worked because I still had strong feelings for her. What I found most interesting after her breakup with Tom was that Kim no longer talked about Schwab. Indeed, Schwab had a lot to be concerned about. His plan to regain Kim's affection and retire with her in his Pebble Beach mansion had failed twice. While wearing his engagement ring, she had run off with me to Cannon Beach and might have been having thoughts of reconnecting with me. More recently, she had become engaged to Tom. Schwab was also aware that I had been filing complaints against him with the US government, which I will discuss in depth in the next chapter.

Engagement to Ed Doheny, January 21, 2004

On January 21, 2004, Kim wrote and told me she was engaged to Ed Doheny and planning to get married on February 15, 2004, which happened to be my birthday. I was surprised because Kim had not mentioned Ed before. She told me Ed was a widower and a nice man that she had met and known briefly a couple months before. This was quick and again caused me to believe that Kim was in a big hurry to escape Schwab, but my thinking changed after their wedding when Kim started telling me about their married life. Kim wrote one day to tell me that she and Ed were living in his large beautiful home while waiting for their new place to be built. She talked about how much she enjoyed lounging around beside their large swimming pool. When she told me how pleased she was that Maggie and the other little dogs were adjusting to their new home, I knew she was experiencing a sense of peace she hadn't felt since Sam was alive. Something was different about Kim's relationship with Ed, the most interesting being that she was no longer talking about Schwab

interfering in her life. I wondered why Schwab would suddenly back off and allow her to marry Ed. I had no way of knowing, but I thought perhaps the Bush administration realized I could not be ignored and were conspiring with Schwab about how they were going to deal with me. What made the most sense to me was that Schwab or his friend Keith Johnson had arranged Kim's marriage to their wealthy friend to make it appear that she and Schwab were no longer involved with each other. Kim never mentioned Ed Doheny again. She did post pictures on Facebook of them on a cruise. Later on I will discuss how their plans for building a new home were canceled.

Portland Rendezvous Invitation

A couple of months after Kim and Ed were married I was surprised to receive an email from her. She said, "I am going to be visiting friends in Portland and I'm wondering if you would like to get together while I'm there. I would like to see you as a friend." Though it's easy to assume things were not going well with her marriage, I sensed Kim was serious about wanting to see me as a friend. We had both been through a lot and still cared for each other immensely, and she still turned to me for help. Without hesitation I wrote back and told her I would love to see her and to just let me know about her travel plans. I am sure that Schwab and the Bush administration were spying on us and were aware of our conversation. Time passed and I did not hear anything more from Kim about her planned visit.

Kim's Deteriorating Health

As older people are prone to do, Kim and I discussed our health issues early in our relationship. It is much like a confession whereby we share our weaknesses and vulnerabilities in hopes that we are acceptable and to prevent surprises later on. Before meeting me in person, Kim told me she had lost one of her kidneys due to cancer. I told her about my spinal injuries and surgeries from which I was still recovering. But it wasn't until our first visit in Temecula that she told me about her congenital heart valve problem. Kim was vivacious and

loved to be busy and active and I sometimes wondered if I could keep up with her. Though she always tried to maintain a positive and happy persona, she seemed to suffer emotional turmoil that I did not fully understand until learning about her involvement with Schwab. He was torturing her and interfering in her life from the day I met her. Unfortunately, I never had an opportunity to know Kim when she was free of him, and I believe the high stress levels he caused her played a role in her deteriorating health.

Kim's First Stroke, June 22, 2004

On June 22, 2004, I received an ominous email from Kim in which she told me she was seriously ill. In May she had suffered a mild stroke called a TIA while attending a wedding in San Francisco. Doctors had discovered that her external carotid artery was 100 percent blocked and the blood flow was entirely through the internal carotid artery. I was stunned and angry because this clogged artery was no doubt the cause of her problem two years before when I took her to Eugene's Peace Health emergency hospital. If I was right, physicians in Eugene had failed to perform a simple test that would have detected the problem and Kim would not have suffered this stroke. Kim went on to tell me she was extremely tired and dizzy and suffering double vision. She said, "Doctors are watching me rather closely and waiting to see if I have another stroke. If that happens they will put a stent in the blocked artery to open the flow." This sounded really stupid and I became very upset. If the artery *was* 100 percent blocked, why would doctors wait to see if she had another stroke and risk brain damage or death? Perhaps I did not understand the reasoning for this, but I suspected foul play on the part of Schwab and his rich buddies, Keith Johnson and Ed Doheny. She said she was doing various things to reduce her stress, especially at work. This included plenty of rest and swimming in her pool every day. She said, "It isn't working and I am extremely fatigued." I found it unbelievable that her wealthy husband and especially her two wealthy friends, Charles Schwab and Keith Johnson, were allowing her to keep working in a very stressful job. Why weren't they insisting she

take a break from work and receive proper care? If they were empathetic and trying to assist her, why was she once more turning to me for help? We will never know the truth, but I think Schwab and his rich buddies would love to have seen Kim totally incapacitated so she could never reveal the truth about Schwab's criminal activities.

A few days later Kim tried to reconnect with me. She told me she wanted to continue our friendship and correspondence, but only under certain conditions. First, I had to promise never to discuss politics with her. Second, I had to promise never to discuss my involvement with Schwab. She said, "If you break your promise I will just start deleting your emails." Kim was obviously very ill and suffering severe stress. I did not know her medical history, but I did know that Schwab had caused her severe anxiety and depression for several years. She needed help, and I thought this might have been the reason she wanted to meet me in Portland and wondered if she might have wanted to stay with me to escape the situation she was in.

I didn't think it wise to call her, so I sent her an email and said, "Kim, please do not wait for another stroke before seeking help for your blocked artery. Seek an opinion from another vascular surgeon." Like most Americans who fail to take responsibility for their health, Kim placed great faith in her doctor and would not discuss it further.

Kim's Second Stroke, July 7, 2004

On July 7, 2004, I received another email from Kim in which she told me doctors had performed emergency surgery on her blocked carotid artery. She said, "The last thing I remember was passing out in the hall at work while on my way to my office." She told me again that she was extremely tired and not feeling well. This might have been an omen for what lay ahead. After this email, Kim's communications became less frequent, and in the few emails I did receive she did not discuss her health issues. This was not normal, and I would soon learn that she was dealing with other serious problems.

Kim's First Ovarian Cancer, November 19, 2004

On November 19, 2004, Kim wrote and told me that she had undergone surgery to remove a malignant tumor from an ovary. "My belly now looks like a battlefield," she wrote, "but I am doing just fine." Easy to say, but I knew she was enduring severe pain and the effects of the drugs and radiation. This hit me hard because I knew this was one of the more dangerous types of cancer and her life was in danger. Her note was brief and I sensed that she was not feeling well. She did not discuss her symptoms or what type of treatments she was undergoing. I received a few more brief messages from her, but she did not discuss her illnesses or how this was affecting her personal life or work. When she stopped responding to my emails and I had not heard from her for a couple of months, I called her best friend, Margie, and enquired about her. Margie was guarded and would not discuss the details of Kim's illness. She just said that Kim was okay.

Kim's Second Ovarian Cancer, January 2005

Three months later, I received another email from Kim. She said, "Doctors discovered more cancer and I have undergone more surgery." When I heard this, I became emotionally overwhelmed and full of anger. Since Schwab forced her to leave me, she had suffered two strokes and was now fighting cancer. I hated Schwab's guts for the years of torture and stress he had caused her. I hated him even more for taking her from me so I could not be with her during this difficult time when she needed me. I was terribly upset and decided to write to him and spill my guts.

Letter to Charles Schwab, February 28, 2005

Wayne Pierce

*Mr. Charles Schwab
101 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94104*

February 28, 2005

Dear Charles,

Since learning about Kim's renewed bout with cancer, I have not been able to go a day without breaking down and crying. Had you not destroyed our relationship, I would now be with Kim and supporting her. Besides destroying what started as the most wonderful love affair of our lives, the stress you caused this woman for so long has contributed to her health problems. Because of the type of human you have become, you have lost any concept of true friendship and love. People with your wealth and power start to feel as though they are gods with the ultimate power to control the lives of other people. I've read studies that say people like you actually start to believe what they think is true.

Now and then I try to imagine Kim sitting alone in the woods on Orcas in her fifth wheel. She's at her computer chatting with this guy from Eugene who she had first contacted through a dating site. They still haven't met in person, but are having a great time getting to know each other. As she sits there at her computer thinking she's having a private conversation with her new friend, she is unaware that her "good friend Charles" is sitting in his ivory tower eavesdropping on their conversations, just as he has been doing with others for many years. It is just beyond my comprehension that you could do this to this beautiful woman.

While living with Kim, I stood by her and suffered with her through her anguish while you tortured her with your ongoing harassment, blackmail, and financial coercion. More importantly, I witnessed how you denigrated my character before Kim and I had ever met and then continued this month after month until you brainwashed Kim into thinking I was an evil person. Charles, I doubt you have ever met a more ethical, caring, and loving person than me. I was madly in love with Kim and would never do anything to hurt her. Though you thought of yourself as Kim's friend and confidant and convinced her that you were protecting her, you are the most evil man Kim has ever known and you have helped to make her ill.

After Kim left me, she wrote me hateful letters accusing me of being a womanizer, cheating on her, only after her for her money, and telling me she had made a terrible mistake by associating with a low-class person like me. Though everything you had brainwashed her into believing about me was pure bullshit, all I could do was absorb the blows. Though I tried, there was nothing I could say to convince her that it wasn't me, but her friend Charles who was the real evil person. To this day she will not tell me she made a mistake and that she now believes me. You put Kim in a terrible bind, for though you caused her to hate me she was still in love with me. After her bitter attacks telling me how much she hated me, she would call me and we would cry together while talking about how we still loved each other. Charles, you will never know how much anguish you put us through, or how many tears Kim and I have shed because of what you did to us.

The most difficult part for me was that you convinced Kim to lie to the FBI to protect you. After she had invited me to move to San Diego with her, I told Kim that I would only move if I knew she was telling the truth to the FBI. Though Kim said she would be honest, the FBI agents told me that both she and you swore that you did not know each other—meaning that I was just making all this stuff up.

Kim was very surprised when I called and told her what the FBI had said, for she thought their interviews had been confidential. But you see, the FBI agents always sympathized with me and conveyed they thought you and Kim were lying. After all, they had piles of Kim's emails in which she repeatedly talks about how you had been feeding her my emails. I especially liked giving them Kim's emails that were written while on your corporate jet in which she tells me you were providing her "activity reports" about me. What you could never understand was that despite my low financial worth and status in life, Kim was madly in love with me; I was the most important man in her life and she shared almost everything with me.

I know this is hard for a billionaire to understand, but even the poorest people fall in love and stick with and support each other. Some people just can't

be bought for any amount of money. But because we were madly in love, Kim chose to become engaged and live with me in my 1,600-square-foot home in Eugene. Instead of sitting around being waited upon by maids and butlers, she was happy being able to go to work repainting the inside of my house. Kim loved to work on projects. She also loved the parks and hiking trails and our Saturday Market where local artists and farmers sold their goods. Kim was trying desperately to find happiness, but unfortunately it only lasted a few months.

Today Kim is very ill and might not live much longer. I do not want Kim to go to her grave still believing that I am the evil person you made me out to be. Once more I am requesting that you apologize to Kim for interfering in her life and in our relationship. I especially want you to apologize for denigrating my character. Without mentioning your name, I want her to tell me that she once more believes in me and is sorry for what we went through together.

Charles, it is in your best interest to clean up the mess you made of Kim's and my relationship. Though our relationship will never be restored, I want Kim and I to be friends without residual bitterness. I want her to believe that I am the man of character she first met and fell madly in love with.

In the past couple of years I have spent many hours writing and talking to Kim and her family trying to defend myself against your ongoing attacks on my character. I have also spent many hours writing to our government and others about what you did to Kim and me. I have spent untold hours online with MS tech support trying to repair and restore my computers that were damaged by your hackers. Once more I am requesting compensation for the energy and time I have expended while dealing with the problems you caused me.

Through your lawyers, you have suggested that I seek professional help for my emotional problems. I truthfully feel that I suffer PTSD because of what you did to Kim and me. Once more, I am requesting that you provide financial support so that I can follow your suggestion and seek help from a psychiatrist.

You should be aware that I spent my life at IBM and made many close friends. They all know about Kim's and my relationship, our plans to become married that you trashed, and what you did to railroad our relationship. They

know that my life is in danger because I have reported you to our government, starting with George Bush. They all have copies of my documents and have sworn that if anything should happen to me, they will seek revenge and make sure you regret what you've done.

Kim is very ill and might not survive this current battle with cancer. So please do not cause her more stress by discussing this letter with her, as you've done in the past. At this point, there is nothing you can do to turn Kim against me. I copy Ms. Schwab on this letter because I feel it important that she know the truth about your almost three-year involvement in Kim's and my life. Through your ongoing efforts to denigrate my character, you caused Kim, her family, her boss, and all her friends to hate my guts, and for what purpose? With my letters, I have only tried to defend myself by offering the truth.

Again, my purpose here is to encourage you to set things right with Kim before it is too late. It is in the best interests of everyone and would be best handled by Ms. Schwab. This would lift a great burden from my shoulders and relieve some of the heartache you have caused. Brainwashing Kim into leaving me and coming back to you momentarily has not changed Kim's and my feelings for each other. Despite all your efforts, Kim and I are still close friends and feel great affection for each other. You have caused more damage and heartache for us than any other humans we've met in our lives. I will never forgive you for what you did to us.

Please save your lawyers' time and energy and don't bother trying to bully me. There is nothing more I would like than to see you in court so I could tell the world what you did to Kim and me and how George Bush protected you from our system of justice. I have many close friends dedicated to helping me take you on.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy: Ms. Helen Schwab

My letter backfired on me. I did not receive a response from Charles or Helen Schwab, but that is expected of people of status who hide behind their walls of secretaries and attorneys. More importantly, since I wrote to them, all communication with Kim and her family has been cut off. I knew Kim well and doubt this was her choice. Schwab and the Bush administration were controlling life and guiding her through the quagmire they had created. It was of utmost importance for them to issue a gag order and stop her from communicating with me. They were also issuing gag orders with every level of law enforcement and the media, which I will discuss in great detail in the next chapter.

Kim Retires and Moves to Texas, January 2008

By January 2008, I had not heard from Kim for almost three years. Periodically, I worried that she might be gravely ill or even dead, but no one would call and let me know. Though her friend Margie had let me know my calls were not welcome, she was my only source of information about Kim, so I decided to call her. Margie was congenial this time and told me that Kim had recovered from cancer and was doing well. She said Kim had retired from Fieldstone Homes in 2007 and she and Ed had moved to Texas with her sister and two daughters. She said that Kim and Ed were living in a small town so remote they weren't sure they would even get Internet access. This was curious indeed. I found it hard to believe that Kim would agree to leave San Diego, especially to live in a remote town in Texas where Internet hookup was uncertain. This was strange. Why hadn't Kim told me about her retirement and her move to Texas? What happened to Ed's fine home with the large swimming pool? What happened to the new home they were building? Why would Kim's sister and daughters all pick up and relocate to Texas? I do not believe Kim's drastic move was voluntary.

I had written numerous letters to the US government, but Schwab and the Bush administration had failed to silence me. I had made dozens of important people in Congress aware of Schwab's crimes. After talking with

Margie, I searched the Internet and discovered Kim and Ed were living in Hutto, Texas. Karla and Donya were listed in the Austin area. Over the years I have sent Kim letters at her Hutto address, but she has never replied. At one time I discovered that she and sister Karla were living near one another in a community near San Diego.

I believe Schwab had much to do with Kim's sudden marriage to Ed Doheny and their move to Texas. Being married to Doheny would remove any suspicions about his involvement with Kim. It would remove her proximity to Johnson and himself. It would also reduce the chance that she might attempt to see me and try to get back together. Of course, this was all speculation on my part. Ironically, my efforts to free Kim from Schwab resulted in both of us coming under US government surveillance and control. The greatest worry for Schwab and the Bush administration was that Kim was the primary witness to Schwab's crimes and could one day decide to blow the whistle on them. Kim and I both needed to be silenced.

CHAPTER 5

Bush Rescues Charles Schwab

Senator Robert Byrd's Lament

In 2005 Senator Robert Byrd published a small book entitled, *Losing America: Confronting a Reckless and Arrogant Presidency*. In his book, Senator Byrd discussed how the US government had sold out to American corporations that now owned and controlled our government. In this chapter I will discuss how President George W. Bush and leaders in Congress rescued Charles Schwab Corporation from collapse by blocking investigation into my complaints against its founder, Charles R. Schwab. In doing so, members of the US government ignored their pledge to uphold the Constitution when they conspired with Schwab to obstruct justice and deny my civil rights. Since I reported his crimes, Schwab and the US government have repeatedly broken the law by spying on me, stalking me, and attempting to entrap me and do me harm. Following is a description of my frustrated efforts to bring Schwab to justice.

Quest for Justice

Let's step back in time to August 2002 when Kim left to start her new job in San Diego. At the time of her departure, I was emotionally and physically exhausted. I regretted what had happened to our relationship and that she had to leave, but I welcomed the quiet and the opportunity to reflect upon the ordeal we had been through. My life had been in constant turmoil for the four months Kim was living with me. Schwab committed a number of serious

crimes in his efforts to destroy my relationship with his former lover. Most troubling was the manner in which he brainwashed Kim into believing I was an evil person. I was faced with a question: How should a reasonable man react when another man has treated him and his partner so badly? I'm sure that in the days of the Wild West there would be a showdown at sunrise with pistols. Was I going to tolerate Schwab's ruthlessness and allow him to get away with what he had done to us? Or was I going to go after him and try to bring him to justice? I was aware that wealthy men owned and controlled the US government and lived by their own rules, so the prospects of seeing him in prison were not good. However, I might be able to expose his criminal activities to the world and help convince him and those like him that human values are more important than wealth and political power.

My greatest concern was how Schwab might respond if I complained about his criminal activities to the government. It is interesting how much Americans fear wealthy men and their government. Every friend and attorney I talked with about Schwab's criminal activities reacted negatively to the idea of my complaining to the government. The prevailing opinion was that the government would not go after Schwab and that I would only be endangering my life. Friends told me to just walk away and forget about it. This was a sad commentary on our country, and I wondered how democracy could exist when average citizens lived in such fear of retaliation for reporting crimes by the wealthy class and government officials. I thought the advice I was receiving might be wise and things might backfire on me, but it was not in my nature to just forget about it. If I did, I would be plagued the rest of my life with questions about whether I had done the right thing.

After mulling it over for a few days, I wrote to Kim and told her I was going to file complaints against Schwab with the US government. Having witnessed how he had abused her for so many months, I was surprised by her response. She became testy and said, "Wayne, just forget about it and don't waste your time. Charles is too wealthy and powerful and no one can touch him."

“I know,” I said. “You’re probably right, but after what he’s done to us, I feel I must try.”

When she realized I was not going to back down, she came to his defense and fired back, “Charles is a very busy man, Wayne. He doesn’t even know you exist, and he couldn’t care less what you do.” At the time I thought her defensive reaction was due, not only to her admiration for him, but also to her financial indebtedness to him. However, I would eventually learn that she knew much more than me about the US government’s subservience to the ultra rich. Despite the ongoing difficulties Schwab had caused Kim, her admiration and respect for him never faltered. Their relationship was complicated, and as you will learn farther on, another year would pass before I fully understood why she was so defensive.

For the first time in my life I experienced fear of another human being as I reflected on what lay ahead. This was partly due to witnessing Kim’s many months of helplessness as she tried to extricate herself from Schwab’s control. He desperately wanted me out of the way, and I knew he could easily have me killed. These thoughts left me feeling vulnerable, and I knew I had to be cautious. Whenever I left the house, I glanced around for strangers. Before stepping out into the garage at night, I always looked around. I could not go to the windows at night to close the curtains without thinking I was exposing myself and could easily be shot by someone lurking out in the dark.

Allegations against Schwab

I am not a legal expert, but based upon experience and many months of discussing Schwab’s activities with Kim, I feel it safe to assume my allegations are accurate. It is quite clear that Schwab repeatedly hacked my computers, stole my emails, damaged my files, and caused Windows to crash numerous times. What is more important, Schwab involved Kim in what appeared to be an insider-trading scheme related to his role in Micron’s attempted take-over of Hynix. While managing Kim’s financial portfolio, he also assisted her in avoiding taxes. Schwab engaged in high levels of harassment and stalking for

the duration of Kim's and my relationship. He undertook a campaign of denigrating my character and falsely accusing me of infidelity in order to turn her against me. Through financial coercion and threats, he finally forced Kim to leave me, which in my opinion was blackmail.

In the process of trying to bring Schwab to justice, I exchanged many letters with the US government, Schwab, and others. It would be impractical to include all of these letters here so I have selected only some of the more important ones. In some cases, irrelevant personal information has been deleted. In my discussions, I refer to dozens of emails that Kim and I exchanged that add credence to my story. Because of their personal nature, I quote from them, but do not always include the emails themselves. Many emails and letters that support my allegations against Schwab were turned over to the FBI in August 2002, as you will learn.

Eugene Police Chief Robert Lehner

If we live in the city and observe what we believe is a crime, the first place we turn for help is the city's police department. I knew I had the goods on Schwab and could hardly wait to report him. My heart was pounding as I called Eugene's police department. After confirming I was not reporting an emergency, the dispatcher asked if I wanted to report a crime. I told her yes and then gave her a quick overview of my allegations against Schwab. I could hardly believe I was discussing the criminal behavior of one of the world's most wealthy and powerful men. Unfortunately, the dispatcher did not share my enthusiasm, and I got the impression the crimes I was describing were new to her and she did not know how to react. It was not like someone reporting a couple of neighbor kids smoking pot where she could dispatch three or four squad cars and surround the neighborhood. I asked her if anyone in the department ever investigated Internet crimes such as computer hacking. She told me they had one guy who had done some of this type of work, but did not suggest getting him involved. Neither did she offer to talk with her superiors or Police Chief Robert Lehner. It soon became apparent that the Eugene

Police Department was not prepared to handle computer and Internet crimes. When I mentioned Schwab's harassment and stalking activities, she suggested I talk with the Lane County district attorney's office because they handled problems with stalkers. I knew she was thinking about a different type of stalker, but decided to give it a try.

Lane County District Attorney Doug Harclerod

I took the police dispatcher's advice and called the Lane County district attorney's office and repeated my story. The reaction was the same, and the person who took my call seemed confused about how to handle such complaints. She seemed interested in Schwab's stalking, but said the DA usually became involved only when a man was stalking a woman. I was right. With complaints this serious, I wondered why she also had not consulted with District Attorney Doug Harclerod or one of his assistants. My complaints were highly unusual, and if I hadn't been so wound up and eager I might have asked to speak with the police chief or district attorney directly. Realizing I was not getting anywhere at the local level, I decided to take my problems to the US government.

FBI Online Crime Reporting, August 2002

The FBI's website included a link to an online form for reporting suspected criminal activities. This encouraged me, for I assumed my complaint would go directly to FBI headquarters in Washington, DC, where hopefully it would receive proper attention. I filled out the form, listed my complaints against Schwab, and submitted it. I received a computer-generated message acknowledging my submission and was advised that my complaint would be reviewed and I would be notified of any resulting action. In one of my initial disappointments, I never heard from them again. Was this one of those cases where the organization chart and procedures are in place, but the system is nonfunctional, like much of the US government? Or were Schwab and the Bush administration already blocking my efforts to have my complaints investigated?

Eugene FBI Agent John Ferreira, August 2002

After my efforts with local law enforcement officials failed, and I doubted I would ever receive a response from the FBI's online reporting system, it occurred to me that I should be talking directly with the FBI that I assumed would be prepared to deal with crimes of this magnitude. I called the Eugene FBI office and spoke with Agent John Ferreira. I had barely begun discussing my allegations against Schwab when he interrupted me and asked, "How much money did you lose?" When I told him I didn't lose any money, he said, "My guidelines require that someone must lose at least \$100,000 before I can get involved." How was it possible the FBI only investigated crimes based upon how much money the victim loses? I explained that these were serious crimes involving stalking, computer hacking, and insider trading, but he was resolute and would not discuss it further. I was totally frustrated, but would come to realize how naïve I was. Ferreira was obviously already in the trenches with Schwab and the Bush administration.

Portland FBI Agent Paul Mueller, August 2002

There is a tacit belief among Americans that wealthy people can break our laws and commit crimes with impunity. Though I was inclined to believe this, I was not ready to give up trying. Eugene was a small city and I thought I might have better luck seeking help from the Portland FBI office. I was highly motivated and becoming desperate to tell my story to someone who might listen and take action. I called the Portland FBI office and talked with Agent Paul Mueller. He was quiet and guarded as I explained my complaints against Schwab. He did not exhibit the interest one might expect from an FBI agent learning about high-level crimes. However, unlike Ferreira he did not cut me off by asking how much money I had lost. If the rules were different at the Portland office, I wondered why Ferreira didn't tell me and refer me to them. I did most of the talking

and was disappointed when Mueller failed to ask questions or solicit additional information. I offered to send him emails and other documentation that supported my allegations. Without enthusiasm he told me to go ahead and send it and he would take a look at it. This was good news because at least he was showing interest and was willing to look at the evidence I would provide.

Toward the end of Kim's stay with me, her computer one day crashed and was rendered useless due to what I believed were Schwab's hacking. Kim was planning to buy a new computer, so she left her defective one behind with plans to pick it up later. It occurred to me that it might be possible to analyze its hard drive for hacking activities, so I asked Mueller if he had such capabilities. I told him I could provide him both Kim's and my hard drives. He told me they were able to do such work, but he wasn't interested in looking at them at this time. After we ended our call, I sent Mueller some of Kim's emails that clearly implicated Schwab in the crimes I had discussed with him. I felt good about the progress I was making and was eager to learn about any action Mueller might take. Then I waited.

After not hearing from him for a couple of weeks, I called and asked about the status of my complaints against Schwab. Without discussing the documents I sent him, he told me he wanted to talk with Kim. He gave me his phone number and told me to have her call him. Was this just another ploy? If indeed he felt crimes might have been committed, why wasn't he calling her? I called Kim and told her about my discussion with Mueller and told her he had requested that she call him. She was not pleased and said, "If he wants to speak to me he can call me. I'll answer his questions, but I'm not volunteering any information." Her lack of enthusiasm dampened my spirits and I became concerned that she was not going to cooperate.

In an attempt to reason with her I said, "Kim, it's important for us to stick together on this. I want you to promise to tell the truth when Mueller calls."

Kim had never been supportive of my efforts to go after Schwab so I was not surprised when she reluctantly promised. I called Mueller and told him Kim had agreed to talk with him, but insisted he call her. I gave him her phone number and again waited. I would later learn from Kim that neither Mueller nor anyone else from the FBI ever called her. The government was working far ahead of me.

Because Mueller had turned down the opportunity to analyze Kim's and my hard drives for hacking activities, I took them to a local PC repair shop and asked if they had someone who could do this work. After hearing my story, one of the technicians told me he was a hacker and offered to analyze the disks on his own time. Unfortunately, he called a couple of weeks later and told me the shop was closing and he was leaving the area. When I returned to the shop to pick up the drives, he told me the hard drives had evidence of hacking, but he didn't have enough time to trace it to the source.

I called Mueller one day and asked if he had talked with Kim. Without discussion, he said, "In order for the FBI to investigate your complaints, you will have to provide the emails you claim Schwab stole from you." What? This was so ridiculous I was taken aback. Something was terribly wrong and I surmised that the Bush was blocking investigation into my complaints in order to protect one of his heaviest campaign contributors. At the time, Schwab was head of Bush's economic advisory council and Bush's choice to replace outgoing Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neil. Schwab had been instrumental in getting Bush's tax cuts passed. Had he been able to pull it off, Schwab's more important initiative was to get Congress to approve privatizing Social Security accounts that I assumed Charles Schwab Corporation would manage. As it turned out, because of the looming stock market collapse, elderly Americans would have lost much of their Social Security funds while Charles Schwab raked in billions. Fortunately for retired people and the US government, the privatized Social Security initiative failed.

Letter to President George W. Bush, August 15, 2002

Because of Schwab's current role and potential future in the US government, I began to realize that my complaints against him must have been causing him and the Bush administration serious problems. Addressing my complaints to anyone except Bush himself would leave him an opportunity to claim that he was never informed about Schwab's suspected criminal activities. I decided to write to him directly, but did not receive a response until November 4, 2002.

Wayne Pierce

*President George W. Bush
The White House
Washington, DC*

August 15, 2002

Ref: Mr. Charles Schwab, harassment, and stalking activities

Dear Mr. President,

For the past six months, I have dated and become engaged to Ms. Varian Haines, a widow and fairly successful businesswoman with ties to Micron and other corporations. Our time together this past few months has included a great deal of anxiety and stress due to the ongoing harassment and stalking activities by Mr. Charles Schwab, the renowned CEO of Charles Schwab Corporation.

Since we started dating and living together some four and a half months ago, Ms. Haines has provided me ongoing information about Mr. Schwab's harassment and stalking activities. These have included being shadowed by his detectives, checking into my finances and personal life, and hacking into my computer. By getting into my computer, Mr. Schwab has had access to my email and other information, which he has passed on to Ms. Haines in his efforts to discredit and embarrass me. This

included forwarding to her some of my emails that he thought would incriminate me. Ms. Haines has advised me of his ongoing hacking activities both orally and in writing.

These illegal activities are due in part to Ms. Haines choosing to break her engagement with Mr. Schwab. According to her, his ego was crushed and he could not stand the idea she could go with someone of such low means as myself. She told me many times that due to his wealth and power, Mr. Schwab is used to getting what he wants and will not give up until satisfied—and that meant causing her to leave me. The Haines and Schwab families are close, with many mutual friends in high positions, and I'm sure it has been difficult for him to accept the fact she had chosen to live with and planned to marry a common man such as myself.

On several occasions, when I have suggested to Ms. Haines that we take some action to stop these activities, she has advised me that Mr. Schwab is a very powerful man and that if I did anything to try to interfere with his activities, he would have his people come after me. She said he was brilliant and surrounded by powerful lawyers, and that any attempts to control his behavior would be worthless and only result in his ruining us financially.

After recently learning from Ms. Haines that Mr. Schwab was hacking into my computer and forwarding my email to her in an effort to discredit me, I finally had enough. So I called the FBI to file a complaint. They only scoffed and advised me that I would have to prove what I was saying by providing the forwarded emails. They also said if I had not lost any money over \$100,000, that they wouldn't pursue it anyway. I called the SEC and was advised that I could file a complaint, but it would be difficult unless I could prove Mr. Schwab's activities. I talked with our Lane County district attorney's office, who also said they would not investigate unless I proved these allegations. I have talked with three lawyers who handle stalking cases and was told they would not take this as a contingency case because Mr. Schwab had the resources to keep the case bogged down in court in order to cause them great financial loss.

Through my experiences with Mr. Schwab, I have learned that the general public and investors have little or no recourse against the powerful people in our

country who are supposed to be our leaders. These people can break the law with impunity.

After writing to some of Ms. Haines' family and high-level business friends, they are aware of what has been going on and have tried to intervene by discussing the problem with Mr. Schwab. After these discussions, the harassment seemed to suddenly subside and he agreed to resolve their financial agreements. However, his hacking into my computer continued until I threatened to report it to the FBI.

Though I do not know the details, much of Mr. Schwab's controls over Ms. Haines have been due to some dubious financial arrangements involving his company, which are probably worthy of investigation by the SEC. She often lamented about this and said he had complete control of her financial future and could apply great pressure and ruin her at any time. She said there was nothing she could do, for it was all "legal." For example, though we had planned to be married in August, Mr. Schwab let her know that if she did not agree to cancel her plans to marry me, it was going to be very costly for her. He later made the same threat if she chose not to leave me and move to southern California—far away from me—and take a job with one of his friends there. Last Sunday, she left Eugene under terrible duress and full of agony caused by all these actions taken by Mr. Schwab.

This all might sound like a case of paranoia on my part, but I have plenty of documented evidence to back up my statements. Many very high-level mutual friends of Mr. Schwab and Ms. Haines have also been involved. Unfortunately, I have not yet persuaded Ms. Haines to provide copies of my emails that Mr. Schwab has been forwarding to her. She is very afraid of this man and fears that one or both of us are in danger if we try to interfere with his efforts or go up against him.

I know that Mr. Schwab has contributed much money to your campaign. I know that you value his participation in your efforts to improve our economy. But I also know that for the past six months he has engaged in unethical and illegal behavior toward Ms. Haines and me. Like so many powerful people in the world, Mr. Schwab feels he is sometimes above the law and can even ignore common ethical and decent behavior. My civil rights have been violated, and as it appears

now, I have no recourse within our legal system, which is the reason I am bringing this to your attention.

Because of this situation, I am seeking your help in having Mr. Schwab's activities investigated by the FBI and the SEC. I would also like our government to have him stop his stalking activities. I am also requesting some security protection for Ms. Haines and myself until I am convinced that we are no longer in danger.

Should you choose not to take action regarding these issues, I will seek recourse through certain congressional figures, one of the national newspapers or magazines, or one of the TV shows such as 20/20 or 60 Minutes.

Please note that I have no physical proof of Mr. Schwab's activities and that my awareness is based purely upon what Ms. Haines has told me orally and through her emails. However, I believe that any efforts to investigate the case will soon prove that what I have discussed is indeed fact.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

* * *

When I reviewed this letter years later, I was embarrassed. I was desperate for help and quite naïve about the wealth and power that rules the US government.

Legal Alternatives

While awaiting a response from the Bush administration I talked with a couple of attorney friends about bringing a lawsuit against Schwab. One was skeptical and told me I didn't have a chance because men like Bush and Schwab were in bed together and made their own rules. Another told me that even though I had grounds for bringing action against Schwab, he doubted there was a law firm in the United States that would be willing to go up against him and his unlimited resources. He said Schwab's attorneys would drag the case out until my attorneys went broke. Within the first year of reporting Schwab's crimes to President Bush, I contacted

several larger law firms. Each attorney I talked with agreed with this assessment and told me they were not interested in taking on Schwab. So what does this say about the US legal system? Wealthy men and corporations can break the law and harm and endanger the lives of US citizens without fear of legal repercussions. Americans depend on the government to protect them, but as we all know deregulation and political corruption have all but eliminated such protection. America's Founding Fathers included provisions in the Constitution that guaranteed our rights to free speech and a free press. However, as I will discuss later, major media sources are owned and controlled by a handful of wealthy men and none have been interested in my story. I felt that my best chance was by exposing Schwab's misdeeds to the US government and world leaders, but I would learn that speaking out against powerful men like Schwab can be dangerous.

Letter to the SEC, August 16, 2002

I suspected that Schwab's most serious crimes were related to insider trading when he got Kim involved with Micron's attempt to take over Hynix. Such crimes would be under the jurisdiction of the Securities and Exchange Commission, so I wrote to them and attached my letter to President Bush, dated August 15, 2002.

*Securities and Exchange Commission
Complaint Center
450 Fifth Street, NW
Washington, DC 20549-0213*

August 16, 2002

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find a letter written to President George Bush regarding stalking and questionable financial activities by Mr. Charles Schwab. This claim is based

entirely upon information, both verbal and written, plus a tape recording, received over the past five months. Because Ms. Haines jilted him, and because he had, based upon my limited information, questionable financial dealings with Ms. Haines, he has harassed her and stalked both of us for the past five months.

Though I have been warned many times by Ms. Haines not to try to seek justice because of Mr. Schwab's power in the world and what he might do to us, I feel I should do my part in joining the effort to bring such people to justice. I know how difficult this is due to all the financial and political relationships that exist and the effort to protect each other.

For the first time in my life I fear the repercussions from Mr. Schwab, his family, and his many powerful friends. Still I continue and would encourage a full investigation of my allegations.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

* * *

Letter from SEC, September 11, 2002

I was surprised and encouraged by the quick response from the SEC. Unlike the FBI, who refused to become involved, the SEC at least agreed to investigate my complaints. Notice in their letter that they do not refer to Schwab by name.



OFFICE OF
INVESTOR EDUCATION
AND ASSISTANCE

UNITED STATES
SECURITIES AND EXCHANGE COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20549

September 11, 2002

HO-374709

Mr. Wayne Pierce
3679 Kevington Ave.,
Eugene, OR 97405

Dear Mr. Pierce:

Thank you for your letter and for taking the time to alert us to your concerns.

We will carefully consider your request for an investigation. However, we cannot tell you whether or not we will—or have already begun to—look into the issues raised in your letter. This is because the Securities and Exchange Commission generally conducts its investigations on a confidential basis. We also cannot provide you with updates on the status of your complaint. We know this policy can be frustrating, but it protects the integrity of our investigative process and preserves the privacy of the individuals and entities involved. I've attached a flyer that describes our policy more fully.

Once again, thank you for writing to us.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "April B. Keyes".

April B. Keyes
Lead Investor Assistance Specialist

Enclosure

Letter to US Attorney General John Ashcroft, September 10, 2002

The US attorney general is appointed by the president and is the chief law enforcement officer. One of his duties is to provide legal counsel to the president for whom he works. If I was correct that Bush, with the help of his advisor, Karl Rove, was blocking an investigation into my complaints against Schwab, it seemed this would create a dilemma for Ashcroft that would prevent him from performing his duty to uphold the Constitution. Though I doubted Ashcroft would be allowed to respond, I decided to write and make sure he was aware of what his boss was up to.

Wayne Pierce

*Attorney General John Ashcroft
US Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530-0001*

September 10, 2002

Sub: Charles Schwab Harassment and Stalking Complaints

*Attachments: Ref: Attached letter to the San Francisco FBI office and the SEC
Emails to Paul Mueller of the FBI Portland office
Selected emails between Ms. Varian Haines (Kim) and myself*

Ref: Reverend Burton Pierce of Springfield

*Dear Attorney General Ashcroft,
It was only after a recent discussion with my uncle, Reverend Burton Pierce of
Springfield, that I decided to bring this matter to your attention. I would like to*

take this opportunity to let you know that my uncle recently became very ill due to a heart attack and stroke and at this time his future appears quite uncertain. However, the last time we spoke he was quite proud as he let me know that he knew you.

The concern I would like to bring to your attention is outlined in the enclosed letter to President George Bush, so I will not elaborate on the matter here. My information about what I feel is Mr. Schwab's illegal activities is based primarily upon verbal and documented information from Ms. Varian Haines, and my witnessing the turmoil she has endured due to Mr. Charles Schwab's ongoing harassment and stalking activities. Besides the effects this has had on our personal relationship, which he was bent on destroying, I know that she has objected to the controls over her life through his controls over her finances. I don't know the details. I recall telling her many times that I would consider some of his activities nothing but blackmail.

Though I have provided considerable information to support my complaints against Schwab to Paul Mueller of your FBI office in Portland, I have not received any response or follow-up. Neither have I heard anything from the SEC.

I would appreciate your assistance in stopping Mr. Schwab's harassment and stalking activities. Though Ms. Haines has much greater reason to complain about Mr. Schwab's activities, I am very concerned about his ongoing hacking into my computers, intercepting my email, and forwarding some of these to Ms. Haines. I believe this practice took place over a period starting the end of last year through part of August. For all I know it could still be taking place.

Please note that in her emails, Ms. Haines refers to Charles Schwab as follows: Charles, Sir C, Sir Cee, C, the broker in San Francisco, the powers that be, etc. Ms. Haines more commonly goes by the name Kim.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Letter from President Bush, November 4, 2002

It took Bush almost three months to respond to my letter. One would expect formal letters from the president of the United States to include the subject matter and references, but these were missing. Perhaps this makes it easier for them to someday claim they do not recall hearing about the matter. Or when people dig through the files later they won't find any reference to Schwab. I was encouraged, however, to hear that Bush was referring my complaints to the Department of Justice. As with my response from the SEC, Bush broke from the original FBI position and did not put me off for lack of evidence.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 4, 2002

Mr. Wayne M. Pierce
3679 Kevington Avenue
Eugene, Oregon 97405-1172

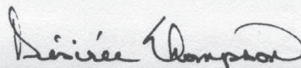
Dear Mr. Pierce:

Thank you for contacting President George W. Bush for assistance with an agency of the Federal government. I am responding on behalf of the President.

The White House is sending your inquiry to the Department of Justice, which will review your correspondence. This agency has the expertise to address your concerns. They will respond directly to you, as promptly as possible.

The President sends his best wishes.

Sincerely,



Desiree Thompson
Special Assistant to the President
and Director of Presidential Correspondence

Wayne Pierce

Ms. Desiree Thompson
Special Assistant to President George Bush
The White House
Washington, DC 20549

January 27, 2003

Subject: Mr. Charles Schwab, Computer Hacking, and Insider Trading
Ref: SEC Case # HO-374709

Dear Ms. Thompson,

Something I would like President Bush and the DOJ to be aware of is that during the time I was dating and living with Schwab's former fiancée, Ms. Varian Haines, I had reason to believe he was heavily involved with insider-trading activities.

For one thing, while orchestrating the Micron Corporation's buyout of Hynix Corporation, he lent a large amount of money to Ms. Haines so she could purchase stock in Micron, thus giving them the leverage to pull off the deal. He was planning to marry Ms. Haines so would soon have control of the largest producer of chips in the world.

During the time we lived together, Ms. Haines told me several times that her broker (Charles Schwab) advised buying Micron because it would soar when the Micron-Hynix deal was complete. Because of the controlling shares she had purchased with the loan from Schwab, while living with me Ms. Haines flew with Schwab on his corporate jet to attend meetings with the two companies. I have emails that she sent from his plane in which she agonizes over how he is treating her because she was living with me. He is a very sore loser. Though it did not involve much money for me, based on her advising me of his recommendation, I did in fact

buy some Micron, only to watch the value disappear when the deal between Micron and Hynix fell through. The shares dropped to something like one-third of their previous value.

Without knowing all the facts, and based upon sketchy information, it is my opinion that Schwab's insider-trading activities cost Ms. Haines millions and myself several thousand dollars. A couple of months ago, Ms. Haines told me she was taking legal action against Schwab because of how he had ruined her financially. More recently, she has told me that he was trying to offer her financial restitution. I now assume they had made some type of deal that involved her leaving me and going back with him. I heard many discussions about what it was worth for her to leave me, and saw her going through anguish, so have a good idea what I'm talking about. Again, Ms. Haines does not share all the details and I must draw my own conclusions. I did live with Ms. Haines long enough to hear her many complaints about Schwab's ongoing manipulation of her finances. So I feel certain that something very questionable was going on relative to her portfolio and the Micron–Hynix deal.

Prior to writing to President Bush, I did file a complaint with the SEC, so I am copying Ms. April Keyes who was handling the case. The SEC does not provide feedback, so I have no idea what actions if any they have begun.

I would like the president to know that I am aware that my life could be at risk for reporting Charles Schwab's illegal activities. Not only did Ms. Haines warn me that if I tried to stop Schwab he could have his people come after me, but I have heard of cases where people have been found shot dead just days before planned meetings with FBI agents. So again I am asking for protection. Ms. Haines was engaged to Schwab for about two years, and if she says that he can have people take care of me (kill me), I think she probably knows what she is talking about.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy: Ms. April B. Keyes, SEC

Letter from US Department of Justice, February 3, 2003

Six months after my initial letter to President Bush, I received the following letter from the US Department of Justice.



U.S. Department of Justice

Criminal Division

Washington, D.C. 20530

FEB 3 2003

Wayne Pierce
3679 Kevington Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

Dear Mr. Pierce:

Your letter of August 15, 2002, to President Bush was forwarded to the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice for response. In your letter, you allege that Charles Schwab has been stalking and harassing Ms. Varian Haines, and you request the President's help in stopping these activities. We apologize for our delay in responding.

As you were advised by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and the Lane County District Attorney, some proof of your allegations is required before an investigation can be initiated. Once you have evidence that indicates a violation of law, you should again contact the appropriate authorities.

We apologize that we cannot be of further assistance.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Bruce Delaplaine".

Bruce Delaplaine, Acting Deputy Chief
Domestic Security Section

♦ ♦ ♦

This brief and reckless letter clearly shows that the Bush administration was continuing to block investigation into my complaints against Schwab. It also demonstrates the Bush administration's disregard for the US Constitution and responsibilities to US citizens. As was common during his tenure in the White House, Bush and his staff willingly lied to support their positions. It had taken the president of the United States and his Department of Justice six months to give me this ridiculous excuse for not being able to help me.

In this letter, Bruce Delaplaine states that the FBI, SEC, and Lane County district attorney had all advised me that proof was required before an investigation could be initiated. Except for my discussion with FBI Agent Paul Mueller, this was a blatant lie. First, you might recall that when I called to report Schwab's crimes to Lane County DA Doug Harclerod, I never got past the receptionist, so did not have an opportunity to talk with Harclerod or anyone representing him. Second, in their letters to me, the SEC did not say they needed more evidence, but told me **they were going to investigate my complaints against Schwab**. Had they been allowed to do their job, the SEC could have easily verified my allegations by reviewing bank and stock trading records. With total disregard for their responsibilities to uphold the US Constitution, US President George W. Bush, US Attorney General John Ashcroft, and FBI Director Robert Mueller III all ignored my complaints and invented lies to protect Mr. Charles R. Schwab, CEO of Charles Schwab Corporation. Contrary to their fabricated claims, I had provided the FBI numerous documents and emails from Kim in which she discusses Schwab's crimes. At the time, I felt my troubles originated in the White House and were the work of Bush and his chief advisor, Karl Rove, who Bush referred to as "Turd Blossom." My response follows.

Letter to President Bush, February 8, 2003

Wayne Pierce

President George W. Bush
The White House
Washington, DC 20530

February 8, 2003

Subject: Mr. Charles Schwab harassment, stalking, and insider-trading activities

Reference: My letter to you of August 15, 2002

White House response of November 4, 2002

US Department of Justice response of February 3, 2003

Various complaints filed with the SEC and FBI

Attachments: My letter to Attorney General John Ashcroft, dated September 10, 2002

My letter to Senator Patrick Leahy, dated October 28, 2003

My letter to Mr. Charles Schwab, dated October 29, 2002

Letter from Mr. Bruce Delaplaine, DOJ, of February 3, 2003

Dear Mr. President,

I believe that I have discovered what we commonly know as a dual system of justice in our country. While we fill our jails with those who commit petty crimes, many rich and powerful men commit crimes with impunity. While a man recently got twenty years in prison for growing some pot in his barn, our DOJ refuses to even talk with me or investigate the many months of stalking, hacking, and insider trading by Charles R. Schwab.

Though you referred my complaints against Charles Schwab to the DOJ many months ago indicating that I would get a prompt response, it was not until months later when I wrote to Desiree Thompson inquiring about the status that Bruce Delaplaine of the DOJ whipped out a quick letter dismissing the case. In his brief response, Delaplaine reduced my serious allegations against Schwab to a single issue, that of Schwab's stalking of Varian Haines. He concluded that no further action would be taken unless I could prove my allegations. The proof I have provided is in way of dozens of emails from Varian Haines in which she implicates Schwab in ongoing hacking and mail theft activities. Of course, Delaplaine knows that if the burden of proving Schwab's illegal activities is left up to me, the case is dead and Schwab will not be investigated.

I certainly am naïve to think the results of the DOJ's involvement would be any different. Varian Haines, whose family started Varian and Micron Corporation and who spent time working in Washington and who was once engaged to be married to Charles Schwab, advised that because of his power no one at any level of our government would investigate his months of stalking and computer hacking that we endured. She advised that we would just have to put up with it and that if I tried to stop him he could have his people come after me—meaning kill me. Despite all my efforts to bring this man to justice, it appears I must accept her wisdom. Even talking with our local law enforcement people about Haines' comments about the potential threat to my life resulted only in their telling me to prove it. Indeed, does it take a dead body to gain their interest?

Anyone who has read my letters knows that my allegations refer not only to his stalking of Haines, but include his months of hacking into my computer, stealing my email, making financial threats against Haines in order to break us up, etc. While we lived together, Haines shared many of Schwab's financial dealings and questionable activities relative to her portfolio, including what appear blatant insider-trading activities. When he discovered that Haines and

I were to be married, through threats of financial loss he forced her to sign a contract that she would not marry me. Schwab later bribed Haines, letting her know that if she would leave me and move to San Diego and work for his good friend and neighbor, Keith Johnson of Fieldstone Homes, he would release \$7 million to her—a powerful bribe. Indeed, she said goodbye and moved to San Diego.

After I filed complaints with the SEC and FBI and wrote letters to you and Attorney General John Ashcroft, Schwab met with Haines twice in San Diego, at which time he offered financial restitution for what he had put her through. His interests were selfish, for now that he had forced her to break up our relationship, he again asked her to marry him and retire with him to his property in Pebble Beach, CA.

In his recent letter, Delaplaine curtly advises that I must provide evidence. This is interesting, for despite the amount of evidence I have provided, I have received little or no response. No one has even bothered to call me to discuss these allegations. For example: I provided FBI Agent Paul Mueller and Attorney General John Ashcroft dozens of Haines' emails in which she discusses Schwab hacking my computer and stealing my email. I received no response. When Portland FBI agent Paul Mueller expressed interest in talking with Haines, I provided her phone numbers, but she says he has never called her. After a computer company technician advised me that it appeared my computer had been hacked, I offered Mueller the technician's phone number and my hard drive for the FBI to analyze. However, he showed no interest and never called the technician or asked for the hard drive.

When I initially discussed my concerns with our district attorney's office, no attempt was made to understand my allegations, but instead I was referred to our local police or the FBI. When I talked with the Eugene police they did not appear to have the resources to handle such a case and referred me to the DA. When I talked with the Eugene FBI office, they bluntly told me that the FBI has rules it must follow and will not investigate

cases in which the victim has not lost at least \$100,000. Stalking, hacking, bribes, insider trading were of no interest, for I had not lost any money. I then talked with Portland's FBI agent, Paul Mueller, whose responses I covered previously. My conclusion is that with little effort to investigate or understand the facts of the case or discuss the case with me so I could present my side of the story, Delaplaine chose to quickly dismiss my allegations and close the case.

Mr. President, something is terribly wrong with our system of justice. If someone of Charles Schwab's wealth and power can engage in these illegal activities month after month with impunity, while our DOJ simply turns its back, then we can assume that our other corporate leaders also function without concern for the laws of the American people. Perhaps this is why our business world and economy are on the verge of collapse. I am urging you to have my allegations against Charles Schwab fully investigated.

I have previously written to US Senator Patrick Leahy, chairperson of the Justice Committee. I am also copying US Senators Bill Frist and Tom Daschle. By doing so, I am urging our US government to address the corruption among our corporate leaders. I am also urging them to address this dual system of justice that prevails. It sickens me to know that people growing a little pot or stealing a pair of jeans go to prison while people like Charles Schwab commit crimes with impunity.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

PS: I understand that should she be questioned by someone from the DOJ Haines might change her mind about supporting my allegations. If so, I would like the opportunity to discuss the reasons she might provide for doing this.

*Copy: US Senate Majority Leader, Senator Bill Frist
US Senator Minority Leader, Senator Tom Daschle*

Letter from US Department of Justice, March 26, 2003



U.S. Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation

WH ID #329586

Washington, D.C. 20535

March 26, 2003

Mr. Wayne M. Pierce
3679 Kevington Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

Dear Mr. Pierce:

Your January 1st communication to the White House has been forwarded to the Department of Justice and subsequently referred to the FBI, where it was received on March 18th. You allege that you and Ms. Varian Haines are victims of stalking and harassment and that you received no response after filing a complaint with the FBI.

In order for the FBI to initiate an investigation of any complaint we receive, specific facts must be present to indicate that a violation of federal law within our investigative jurisdiction has occurred. Based on the information you provided, we are unable to identify any violation of federal law within the investigative jurisdiction of the FBI. We are, therefore, unable to provide any assistance to you.

Since the Securities and Exchange Commission would be the appropriate agency to address your concerns and you have already contacted them regarding your complaint, I have taken the liberty of forwarding a copy of your communication to the Inspector General of that Commission at the address below.

I hope this information is helpful to you and Ms. Haines.

Sincerely yours,

Nancy Bronstein
Unit Chief
Office of Congressional Affairs

1 - Office of Inspector General - Enclosure
Securities and Exchange Commission
450 Fifth Street, NW
Washington, DC 20549

FBI/DO

* * *

I do not have a record of a January 1, 2003, letter to Bush. However, my computer was being hacked on a regular basis and there is a chance it might have been destroyed along with other files that were going missing. In any case, the response regarding lack of evidence was the same old line they had used when I first talked with Agent Mueller at the Portland FBI office. It was interesting how the evidence I had provided was always ignored and they refused to discuss the case with me on the phone or in person. Though the Bush administration again states that the FBI requires proof of my allegations before they will investigate, they've changed their minds about the SEC and state that the case is being referred to them. I assumed that my letters to the SEC that involved them in my case were complicating matters for the Bush administration.

Letter to US DOJ Nancy Bronstein, April 2, 2003

Wayne Pierce

*WH ID #329586
Ms. Nancy Bronstein
US Department of Justice
Office of Congressional Affairs
Washington, DC 20535*

April 2, 2003

*Sub: Charles Schwab Stalking and Computer-Hacking Activities
Ref: Your letter of March 26, 2003*

Dear Ms. Bronstein,

In the second paragraph of your letter, you say that the FBI won't initiate an investigation unless you receive specific facts that would indicate violation of federal law. I fail to understand where I have failed, and no one has told me what type

of facts you are interested in. The government's stonewalling of my complaints against Mr. Schwab is indeed interesting.

In my discussions with Mr. Paul Mueller of the Portland FBI office, I discussed the fact that Ms. Haines had informed me of Mr. Schwab's many months of stalking and computer hacking activities. I provided him with dozens of her emails in which she mentioned these illegal computer-hacking activities. I also mentioned how she had been blackmailed into signing contracts with Mr. Schwab with many millions of dollars hanging in the balance. I told Mr. Mueller that Ms. Haines warned me that if I tried to stop Mr. Schwab's illegal activities that he might have me taken care of.

During several phone conversations with Mr. Mueller, I told him that Ms. Haines was willing to talk with him about Mr. Schwab's activities, if he would call her. I have reiterated this in many emails to him, including one today. I talked with her today and she says she is still willing to talk with him openly and honestly.

I also offered Mr. Mueller the hard drives from Ms. Haines' and my computer as evidence for FBI analysis. He responded that they could do that type thing, but has never asked for the hard drives. So even if I do offer evidence, no one seems interested.

Am I to assume that Mr. Schwab's computer-hacking activities are not against the law? If so, why do I keep reading about people being caught by law enforcement people for computer hacking?

Rather than repeatedly telling me that I have not provided evidence that would warrant an investigation, why not tell me what type evidence it is that you want. Telling me that I must provide the emails Schwab was stealing from me is the same as telling me you are not about to investigate this man because he is just too wealthy and powerful. If someone tells the police that someone stole their car, do the police tell them to prove it by providing the car that was stolen from them? If people like Schwab can get away with stealing my email from my computer, then he and all his friends can do this to anyone they choose and the FBI will show no interest. Even our local police showed interest in pursuing the problem, but they didn't have the resources or technology that the FBI has.

What I am led to believe in this matter is that the Bush administration is not about to pursue the investigation of one of President Bush's top political contributors. If it is to be pursued, it will be sometime after the next election.

I have written President Bush again, expressing my disappointment in how this case is being handled.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Letter to President Bush, April 2, 2003

Wayne Pierce

President George W. Bush
The White House
Washington, DC 20530

April 2, 2003

Subject: Mr. Charles Schwab harassment, stalking, and insider-trading activities

Reference: My letters to you of August 15, 2002 and March 10, 2002

The White House response of November 4, 2002

US DOJ responses of February 3, 2003 and March 26, 2003

Various complaints filed with the SEC and FBI

My letter to Attorney General John Ashcroft, dated September 10, 2002

My letter to Senator Patrick Leahy, dated October 28, 2003

My letter to Mr. Charles Schwab, dated October 29, 2002

Letter received from Mr. Bruce Delaplaine, DOJ, of February 3, 2003

Letter received from Ms. Nancy Bronstein, DOJ, of March 26, 2003

Dear President Bush,

I am saddened to learn that once again my government chooses to ignore my request for protection against illegal activities performed by a rich and powerful man like Mr. Charles Schwab. Indeed, it is obvious that he and people of his level can break the law with impunity, while our Department of Justice spends millions of dollars tracking down and jailing poor people trying to grow and sell a few ounces of marijuana.

Once more, without anyone contacting me, I have received a letter from the DOJ suggesting that I have not provided any evidence that Schwab was stalking Ms. Haines and me or hacking into my computer and stealing my mail. This remains to be curious, for I provided both Attorney General Ashcroft and Portland FBI Agent Paul Mueller dozens of emails from Ms. Haines in which she implicates Schwab in these stalking activities.

On her mother's side, Ms. Varian Haines is the granddaughter and heir of the Varian family, founders of the Varian Corporation. On her father's side, she is the daughter and heir of the founders of the Micron Corporation. It was Ms. Haines who over a period of many months discussed with me all of Mr. Charles Schwab's ongoing hacking activities and his stealing of my email, piles of which he was forwarding to her. Because no one from the DOJ will talk with me, must I assume that Ms. Haines has not provided ample evidence to generate even a little curiosity? Does her word and numerous emails regarding this issue have no value?

From what I read, people go to jail all the time based upon evidence, which is nothing more than what some witness saw or heard. I am sure that if I called the police and told them I thought my neighbor was growing marijuana, they would not tell me that I would have to provide "evidence." Or would they want me to go over and dig up one of my neighbor's plants and take it to the police department?

In her recent letter, Ms. Nancy Bronstein of the US DOJ tells me that she is now referring my concerns to the SEC. This is of little consolation, for I already filed complaints with the SEC many months ago and have received no response other than to tell me that their decision to investigate or not is confidential—and so are the results of such an investigation. This tells me that they can pick and choose who they might investigate and do not have to respond to those filing complaints or anyone else. This obviously provides the opportunity for them to protect the rich and powerful people from public scrutiny and the law—except in very serious crimes, which defy containment. Because the SEC has never contacted me since my original complaints, I will assume that they saw who the complaint was against and merely tossed it out.

My dealings with Ms. Haines, Mr. Schwab, and the US government have been a very important part of my life. I am a beginning writer and have discussed with Ms. Haines the writing of a book about this whole ordeal. My plan is to make book proposals to several publishing companies. I also plan to propose an investigative story about this ordeal to producers of Larry King Live, 20/20, 60 Minutes, etc. Of course, inasmuch as our media are owned and controlled by the wealthy, this might also be just a wasted effort. However, when I die, which might be sooner than I think, I will be able to say that I did my best to improve our society's sense of justice.

For almost a year, Mr. Schwab invaded my privacy, he stole my mail, he used his wealth and power to stalk and disrupt my life with Ms. Haines. I do not plan to join with the US government and merely turn my back and forget the whole thing—just because he is Mr. Charles Schwab.

Since he was able to destroy our relationship, Mr. Schwab has met with Ms. Haines many times. More recently, she tells me that Mr. Schwab has been restoring much of the money she lost under his controls. I detect here the possibility that he has done this in an effort to have her change her mind and not testify against him—as she originally promised me. If this is the case, then the only evidence I have to support my allegations are dozens of her emails in which she discusses Mr. Schwab's illegal activities. But I think under oath that she would probably break down and tell the truth.

I appreciate your attention to this matter in this very difficult time for you and your family.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

Senator Bill Frist

Senator Tom Daschle

Representative Tom DeLay

Representative Nancy Pelosi

Letter to US DOJ Nancy Bronstein, April 3, 2003

Wayne Pierce

WH ID #329586

Ms. Nancy Bronstein

US Department of Justice

Office of Congressional Affairs

Washington, DC 20535

April 3, 2003

Subject: Charles Schwab Stalking and Computer-Hacking Activities

Reference: Your letter of March 26, 2003

Attached: Excerpt from Ms. Varian Haines' letter dated 4/2/03

Excerpt from NYT article, dated 4/3/02

Dear Ms. Bronstein,

Thank you for looking into this case and referring it to the SEC. However, I am still confused as to the lack of interest in my case by the FBI, which has not even bothered to talk with me since my two discussions with Mr. Mueller of the Portland office many months ago. My assumption is that people like Mr. Charles Schwab are above the law—primarily because of their huge contributions to political leaders such as President George Bush.

I am attaching an excerpt from an article in today's New York Times, which contains an article about a FL congresswoman's email being hacked and the quick response she received from the FBI. Apparently we have two sets of laws in our country. My plan is to send the full context of this article to President Bush and our congressional leaders and ask them why I do not deserve the same protection from hackers who steal my email and forward them to others.

On April 2, 2003, I received another letter from Ms. Haines in which she discusses my emails that she received after they were stolen from me by Charles Schwab. She also mentions that she is willing to discuss Schwab's illegal (my word) activities with the FBI, should they choose to call her. I can show this letter to anyone who might be interested. I have made Paul Mueller of the Portland FBI office aware of Haines' willingness to talk with him many times before, to no avail. She still says he has never called her.

In an attempt to provide further evidence, many months ago I offered Mr. Mueller the hard drives from Ms. Haines' and my computers as evidence for the FBI to analyze for hacker bugs. Though he said they had this capability, he has never requested these hard drives. So, even when I do offer evidence, there seems a lack of interest.

I believe that Mr. Charles Schwab broke the law when he hacked into my computer over a period of perhaps four months, and then forwarded my emails to Ms. Varian Haines. I believe I have provided ample evidence that would normally warrant an investigation by the FBI. I believe the FBI is afraid to go after Schwab because of his wealth and power.

I would appreciate knowing the status of the evidence I have provided, or offered to provide. If it is of no value, please tell me what type evidence would be of value? Drug dealers and murderers go to prison and even receive death penalties all the time, based purely upon what some witness said. I have many emails and someone willing to give verbal support of my allegations, so why is there no interest?

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Attachment:

Fla. Congresswoman's email Hacked

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Filed at 2:17 a.m. ET

BROOKSVILLE, Fla. (AP)—A hacker broke into a congresswoman's email account Wednesday and used it to send a message condemning President Bush and the war in Iraq, her office said.

Rep. Ginny Brown-Waite drew attention last month when she proposed legislation to let families of Americans buried in France during the world wars bring home the remains if they are offended by France's stance against the war in Iraq.

It wasn't known if the hacker's motives involved that bill.

The freshman Republican's press secretary, Caryn McLeod, said in Washington that the FBI was trying to track the hacker.

Attachment: Letter to President Bush of April 2, 2003

♦ ♦ ♦

June 25, 2003, Letter from Nancy Bronstein



U.S. Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation

WHB #296410

Washington, D.C. 20535

June 25, 2003

Mr. Wayne Pierce
3679 Kevington Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

Dear Mr. Pierce:

Your most recent communication to the White House dated April 10th has been forwarded to the Department of Justice and subsequently referred to the FBI, where it was received on June 18th. You again allege you are the victim of a company hacking into your computer and stealing your e-mails, and you are requesting an FBI investigation into this matter.

As you were advised in our letter to you dated March 26th, specific facts must be present to indicate that a violation of federal law within our investigative jurisdiction has occurred in order for the FBI to initiate an investigation of any complaint we receive. Based on the information you provided, we are unable to identify any violation of federal law within the investigative jurisdiction of the FBI. The FBI has no authority to initiate an investigation in the absence of an indication of such a violation. Investigative guidelines from the Attorney General preclude us from taking action when that is the case. We are, therefore, unable to take any investigative action in this matter.

Since the Securities and Exchange Commission would be the appropriate agency to address your concerns and you have already contacted them regarding your complaint, I am again forwarding a copy of your communication to the Inspector General of that Commission at the address below.

Sincerely yours,

Nancy Bronstein
Executive Secretariat Office

1 - Office of Inspector General - Enclosures
Securities and Exchange Commission
450 Fifth Street, NW
Washington, DC 20549

Letter to US DOJ Nancy Bronstein, July 1, 2003

Wayne Pierce

WH ID #296410

Ms. Nancy Bronstein

US Department of Justice

Office of Congressional Affairs

Washington, DC 20535

July 1, 2003

Subject: Charles Schwab Stalking and Computer-Hacking Activities

Reference: Your letter of June 25, 2003

Attached: Letter from Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines, dated June 12, 2003

Dear Ms. Bronstein,

Thank you for your letter of June 25, 2003, in response to the complaints I have filed against Mr. Charles Schwab. What I find most interesting about your response is how conveniently my allegations have been altered in an attempt to divert attention away from Mr. Charles Schwab. This is the second time this has been done.

This time, you say, "You again allege you are the victim of a company hacking into your computer and stealing your emails..." Is it possible that in response to a referral from President Bush that they could make such a gross error in the interpreting the allegations? Might this be just another distortion, the purpose of which is to delay investigating Mr. Schwab?

I have never claimed I was being stalked by a "company." What I have repeatedly alleged is that a human being, named Mr. Charles Schwab, was hacking into the computer of another human named Wayne Pierce over a period of perhaps five months. During that time he stole many of my emails and forwarded them to Ms. Varian Haines. She has repeatedly discussed this with

me verbally and she has documented this to me numerous times—one being in the attached letter from her. Despite the seriousness of these allegations, because of Schwab's closeness to the president, you choose not to pursue justice for his wrongdoing.

Because she is so afraid of Mr. Schwab it is possible that Ms. Haines has chosen to deny her allegations. However, her emails well document the facts and her beliefs. You have again avoided the issue by saying I haven't presented any specific facts. Well, I have presented probably a dozen emails to the Portland FBI office and directly to Attorney General Ashcroft, in which Ms. Haines, of Micron Corp. and Varian Corp. family background, discusses Schwab's ongoing hacking into my computer and forwarding my stolen emails to her. I am just amazed that the DOJ finds this of no consequence. Are you really suggesting that if a citizen of the United States discovers his email is being stolen that he must hire his own detectives and prove it before our law enforcement people will become involved?

You say you are once more referring my case to the SEC. Well, this is of little comfort due to the SEC's standard methodology. In response to my filing a complaint against Mr. Schwab for computer-hacking and insider-trading activities back in August of last year, their response was that their work is secret and that they will not disclose to me: 1) if they are going to pursue my allegations, 2) what their findings might be, or 3) what corrective action might be taken. Since filing my allegations, I have not heard one word from the SEC.

By copy of this letter, I am asking members of the US Congress to investigate the issue of Mr. Schwab's insider-trading and computer-hacking activities. I feel that Congress should determine if the US Department of Justice is indeed performing their responsibilities properly. If it is determined that the FBI is following proper procedures that allow corporate managers like Mr. Charles Schwab to break the law with impunity, then I recommend we revise our laws so US citizens will be protected from these people and this type behavior.

The problem is bigger than just between Mr. Schwab and me. Given the lack of response from President George W. Bush to these serious

allegations and the lackluster response from the US Department of Justice, I can only assume that many powerful people in our country are hacking into our computers and violating our privacy on a daily basis. This hacking probably includes our members of Congress so wealthy people will have an inside view of what you might think is your private communication. Please be aware that normal computer antivirus software is not effective against skilled hackers.

I am very concerned about the general lack of response to serious allegations by US citizens. Though I wrote about Mr. Schwab's insider-trading and computer-hacking activities to Attorney General John Ashcroft last August, he has never bothered to even acknowledge my letter, which was sent by Certified Mail. So much for "homeland security."

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President George Bush

Senator Bill Frist

Senator Tom Daschle

Representative Tom DeLay

Representative Nancy Pelosi

Letter to SEC Chairman William Donaldson, June 16, 2003

In February 2003, Bush selected William H. Donaldson to replace Harvey Pitt as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. I decided to write to Donaldson to see if he concurred with Bush's position on my case.

Wayne Pierce

*Mr. William H. Donaldson
Securities and Exchange Commission
450 Fifth Street, NW
Washington, DC 20549*

June 16, 2003

Sub: Mr. Charles Schwab Insider-Trading and Stalking Activities

Ref: Attached letters to President George Bush, et al.

Attached letter from Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines, dated June 12, 2003

Dear Mr. Donaldson,

Congratulations on becoming head of the Securities Exchange Commission, a daunting task during these troubled times. Based on what I have read, you are up to the task and I hope your efforts will result in renewed faith and trust in the corporate world. After reading about your qualifications and sincerity, I decided to bring to your attention a problem I have been dealing with the past year and a half.

You might be aware that since August 2002 I have filed complaints about Mr. Charles Schwab with the FBI and SEC. I have also written several letters to President Bush, Attorney General John Ashcroft, and others. Although I feel Mr. Schwab's illegal activities were quite serious, I do not get the sense that my

government supports me in my efforts to bring him to justice. As Ms. Haines has told me many times, I am wasting my time, for given Mr. Schwab's wealth and power, no one is going to try to bring him to justice.

Without rehashing the issues here, I am instead attaching my previous letters and responses, in hopes you might pursue an investigation into Mr. Schwab's activities—as they affected me and my fiancée, Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines. I believe his activities and use of Ms. Haines in the attempted purchase of Hynix by Micron Corporation is worthy of investigation.

Though I have already provided the Portland FBI office and Attorney General John Ashcroft with numerous letters from Ms. Haines in which she discusses Mr. Schwab's hacking activities, I am attaching a recent letter in which she once more discusses these activities and how Mr. Schwab destroyed our relationship through his computer hacking and financial pressure. In her letter she refers to Mr. Schwab as Charles.

I am willing to discuss these allegations with anyone who is interested. I have hard disk backups of our computers that were subjected to malware by Mr. Schwab's hackers.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

♦ ♦ ♦

Letter from US Securities and Exchange Commission, June 30, 2003

Donaldson's response through Jack Hardy was somewhat encouraging. I sensed he was receptive to additional information from me and I was given a contact name and a phone number. Most importantly, he did not conclude the case without investigation. I was confident that if Bush allowed Donaldson to investigate my complaints against Schwab I would be treated fairly and justly. However, this would require Bush to make a major shift and abandon his strategy to protect Schwab. According to news sources, the rock-bottom morale at the SEC improved greatly under Donaldson's leadership. It was claimed that his efforts to introduce stock market trading regulations pleased investors, but resulted in heavy resistance from the business community and the Republican Party. In June 2005, Bush came to the rescue of his wealthy friends and asked Donaldson to step down. After his departure, I never heard from the SEC again. Bush would keep his backers happy and pass the financial disaster on to President Obama.



Office Of Investor
Education
And Assistance

UNITED STATES
SECURITIES AND EXCHANGE COMMISSION
450 FIFTH STREET, NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20549-0213

JUN 30 2003

(202) 942-7040
Fax (202) 942-9634
E-Mail: help@sec.gov
www.sec.gov

HO-927889

Mr. Wayne Pierce
3679 Kevington Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

Dear Mr. Pierce:

Your June 16th letter, with attachments, to Chairman William H. Donaldson, has been referred for response to the SEC's Office of Investor Education and Assistance. You are writing in further regard to your complaint against Charles Schwab.

Thank you for the additional information, we will add it to your file in our office. We have, however, nothing further to add since our last response to you.

Once again, thank you for sending us your letter. Please do not hesitate to contact Mr. Carmine Zeccardi, a member of my staff, at (202) 942-7060 if we can be of any further assistance.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jack Hardy".

Jack Hardy
Branch Chief

Bomb Hoax Sting, August 2003

While the SEC's Donaldson was apparently looking into my complaints against Schwab, his boss, President Bush, was conspiring with Schwab to entrap me and frame me for attempted murder. During a planned trip to California, Schwab accused me of placing bombs at his Pebble Beach and Carmel, California properties and trying to kill him. The FBI subsequently interrogated me about these bombs. I will discuss this FBI sting operation in chapter 8.

Letter from Department of Justice, October 10, 2003

When Bush and Schwab's FBI sting operation failed, they altered their strategy and gave the appearance of seriously addressing my complaints. This work by the US Department of Justice was sloppy and unprofessional. In the letter that follows, Mike Anderson does not refer to Schwab or indicate which of my communications he is addressing. He also misspells my name. Contrary to earlier communications, the DOJ does not say that further evidence or proof is necessary before they will investigate. On paper at least, it appears we are making progress. Note that Anderson was the acting unit chief of the Public Corruption/Governmental Fraud Unit. This would be the first of two times I was told my case was being referred to the Portland FBI office.



U.S. Department of Justice

Federal Bureau of Investigation

Washington, D. C. 20535-0001

October 10, 2003

Mr. Wayne Pierce
3679 Kevington Ave.
Eugene, OR 97405

Dear Mr. Pierce:

Your communication to the FBI has been referred to me for reply.

I am forwarding copies of your communication to our Portland Office. If it should become necessary for the FBI to obtain additional information from you, you will be contacted by a representative from that office. Should you wish to provide any additional information which you believe may be of investigative interest to the FBI, please furnish the specific details directly to that office located at Suite 400, Crown Plaza Bldg. 1500 SW 1st Ave. Portland, OR 97201-5828.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Mike Anderson" followed by a flourish.

Mike Anderson
Acting Unit Chief
Public Corruption/Governmental
Fraud Unit

Letter to FBI Director Robert Mueller III, January 28, 2004

In December 2003 I started receiving numerous warnings from my antivirus software that my computer was being attacked by malware. I thought I was protected until one day I learned that all of my Microsoft Word files in my “Charles Schwab” folder had been damaged and were no longer accessible. I was left with a folder full of garbage. No other Word files were damaged, so it was easy to guess who was responsible for the attack. As we are learning from news about the NSA’s spying, antivirus software is ineffective against skilled hackers, with PCs running Windows the most vulnerable. I felt this blatant attack by Schwab’s hackers was sufficient evidence to warrant an investigation by the FBI. I was not going to waste time with field offices, but go directly to the top and address my concerns to the FBI director. This would provide an opportunity to review my complaints against Schwab. Unfortunately, Mueller was following the script and did not respond.

Wayne Pierce

*Mr. Robert Mueller III, FBI Director
J. Edgar Hoover Building
935 Pennsylvania Blvd.
Washington, DC 20535-0001*

January 28, 2004

Subject: Mr. Charles Schwab: Harassment, stalking, computer hacking, lying to the FBI Attachments: emails between Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines and myself dated Jan 27, 2004

Dear Mr. Mueller,

In the past few weeks, my Norton Internet Security software has let me know that there have been numerous attempts to invade my computer. At least one virus

made it into my computer's system. This has happened numerous times in the past couple of years.

A few days ago, I discovered evidence that indicates my computer had once more been hacked into, and files damaged. Interestingly, the only folder and files that were damaged were those related to my case against Mr. Charles Schwab. Of the dozens of letters I have written to him, President Bush, and others in government, none could be opened with MS Word, in which they were created. However, none of the hundreds of other documents on my computer were affected—that I know of. They still opened normally with MS Word. Thus, I must conclude that Mr. Schwab continues to have people hacking into my computer on a regular basis. This has now gone on for over two years.

After becoming involved with Mr. Schwab's former fiancée, Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines, she advised me numerous times about Schwab's ongoing harassment and stalking of her and any man she might date. After we became engaged to be married and while living together, she confided in me that Schwab had been hacking into my computer and stealing my emails for many months. She later documented her concerns with his illegal activities in numerous emails to me. Schwab also seems to know an awful lot about my personal life, which causes me to assume that he had Trojan horses inside my computer and access to everything on my computer. The evidence is clear.

Schwab's hacking into my computers has caused them to crash many times. Each time I work with the techs at Microsoft, local technicians, or computer security experts, the feedback is the same: It appears that someone has hacked into your computer. This results in my having to reformat the hard drive, reinstall Windows, and reinstall all my other software—something that takes many hours. Never in my many years of experience with computers, starting with my work with IBM, have I experienced such disastrous results from computers.

Not long ago, I received a phone call from Kim's fiancé, Mr. Tom X, whom she was to marry this past December. X complained to me about Schwab's ongoing harassment of him and Kim. He said that Schwab was constantly denigrating

his character to Kim and often called while he was at her place. This caused her to become angry and sometimes slam the phone down on Schwab. X expressed lots of empathy for what I had been through with Kim and Schwab and requested information about the complaints I had filed against Schwab. He asked for copies, which I provided. After that we exchanged a few emails.

Just as with Kim and me, once more Schwab was successful in destroying an attempt by Kim to have a relationship and become married. The stress levels became so high that, rather than becoming married, she broke up with X on Christmas Day and had him move out. As in my case, which she lamented about for many months, I suspect that Schwab blackmailed her into breaking up with X. As I have explained many times to deaf ears, he does this through his controls over her finances.

When I first met Kim, she told me that Schwab was obsessed about having her back and that he would stop at nothing. Indeed, I have learned the hard way that she was right. He will hound this poor woman until she is old and helpless and finally agrees to move into the retirement mansion he built for them at Pebble Beach, California.

All this is interesting, for, as you know, Schwab and Kim have told the FBI that they don't even know each other. I have a letter from Schwab's top corporate attorney in which he claims he doesn't know Kim or me. And they both make me out to be some nutcase who is harassing them. Indeed, could anything be more stupid than Schwab's trying to frame me by placing a couple of phony bombs near his properties in Carmel and then telling the FBI he thought I did it? Though the FBI has sufficient evidence to prove they are both lying, they refuse to investigate and prosecute—because of Schwab's special relationships with President George Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney, and others in government. As we all learned in our studies of history, money is what counts.

During our time together, Kim let me know that if I ever did anything to interfere with Schwab's harassment or illegal activities, he would have his people come after me. You will see in the attached email from her that she believes in this type of response to problems, and has now made threats of her own. Her threat

came after she learned that X and I were talking about our similar problems with Schwab. I have no idea what X told her.

I fully believe that most of Kim's behavior relative to Schwab is due to fear of this man. If you've read my last two letters to President Bush, you will know that she has feared for her life, should she cross him. She even fears him due to the fact that she betrayed his trust and told me about his computer-hacking activities. She is the witness who would count most and he knows it. During our time together, I learned of his blackmailing her several times.

Who knows who? While talking with X, I told him that Kim and Schwab both claimed to the FBI that they didn't know each other. This was their way of protecting Schwab from prosecution. X told me that they certainly did know each other because she told him all about Charles Schwab and the problems he caused her. As I mentioned before, he also talked about Schwab's frequent phone calls while he was in the room with her. I have mentioned many times before that while Kim was living with me, Schwab was constantly calling and upsetting her.

As you know, I have written to Schwab and requested that he stop harassing and stalking Kim and me. I also requested that he stop hacking into my computer. As you know, I have filed complaints against Schwab with the FBI and the SEC, and have written to Attorney General John Ashcroft, President George Bush, and numerous others in the US government. However, there is this huge silence and lack of response—in hopes the problem will just go away.

I'm sure you also know that because of Schwab's wealth and heavy contributions to the campaigns of President Bush and others, that he can break the law with impunity and there is nothing I can do about it. He's only one of our powerful rich men who make their own rules and influence our government.

I am once more requesting that you investigate and prosecute Charles Schwab for his illegal activities. I feel this is important because someone is likely to become hurt or killed. I am old and don't worry much about dying, but I am worried about Kim, who Schwab has tortured for the past three or four years.

I have stood by while she has suffered what appeared to be total emotional breakdowns because of Schwab's harassment and blackmail. I have heard her crying on the phone about being afraid she was going to be killed. I have heard her ask that I be sure to tell her oldest son what happened to her. Just how much damage, injury, or death must Charles Schwab cause before you and President Bush decide to stop him?

Because I feel that Schwab is perfectly capable of having Kim or me killed, I have spent the past year preparing for such an event. I have written the story about Kim's and my life together, and the constant harassment and stalking by Charles Schwab. I have included all my letters to our government and others relative to the case. I have provided these to several entities. Should anything happen to either Kim or me, our story will quickly hit the Internet for the world to see. They will soon learn how our government stood by and did nothing, while Charles Schwab caused great harm to others and broke the law with impunity.

I urge you to proceed with a full investigation of Schwab, in which I will provide any documents or information you would like. However, as is more likely the case, if you and President Bush are still afraid to go after Charles Schwab because of his wealth and power, please at least go to him and request that he stop harassing and stalking Kim and hacking into my computer. We are both sick of his depraved activities and would like some peace.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President George Bush

Attorney John Ashcroft

Senator Bill Frist

Senator Tom Daschle

Letter to US Attorney General John Ashcroft, July 4, 2004

In April 2004, I received a letter from Charles Schwab's senior corporate attorney, Richard Karoly (see chapter 7 for Schwab letters), in which he makes a grand attempt to bully me into silence. Despite all the evidence I had provided to prove otherwise, Karoly again insists that Schwab and Kim do not know each other and he threatens to sue me for extortion and defamation of character. He also implies that I am mentally ill. Besides responding to Karoly directly, I wrote and complained to US Attorney General John Ashcroft. I did not receive a response from his office.

Wayne Pierce

*Attorney General John Ashcroft
US Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530-0001*

July 4, 2004

*Subject: Charles Schwab Illegal Activities
Charles Schwab Corporation Attorney Bullying*

Reference: My letters to President George Bush, et al.

*Attachments: Recent letters to President George Bush
Letter from Charles Schwab Corporate attorney, Linda Drucker
Letter from Charles Schwab Corporate attorney, Richard Karoly*

Dear Attorney General Ashcroft,

Because of my previous letters to President Bush, you, and others in the US government, I am going to assume that you are aware of the charges I have filed

against Mr. Charles Schwab. I have provided the FBI numerous documents to support my allegations that Mr. Schwab illegally stalked me and hacked into my computer, stole my emails for many months, conspired to make it appear I tried to kill him, and most recently has attempted to bully me into discontinuing my efforts to bring him to justice. With the US government, he has engaged in ongoing lying relative to these matters.

As I have indicated in recent letters to President Bush (attached), I feel that the Bush administration is protecting Mr. Schwab from our legal system of justice and refusing to investigate his illegal activities or bring him to justice. I feel this is simply due to the fact that he is wealthy and a heavy contributor to the Republican Party and the Bush election campaign.

Though I am very concerned that people like Mr. Schwab are protected and spend their lives breaking the law with impunity, I am even more concerned about the methods they use to quiet people like me, taking away their freedoms through bullying. This is done with threats of defamation lawsuits. Even more ridiculous, Mr. Schwab has his attorney accuse me of using “extortion” to obtain money from him—a ridiculous accusation that is more likely the type behavior he engages in.

I have received two letters from Mr. Schwab’s corporate attorneys in which they deny all my allegations. They proceed to threaten me with a defamation lawsuit if I write any more letters to those inside and outside our government, implying that this is illegal. Their bullying goes further when they accuse me of being mentally ill and suggest professional (psychiatric) help. Of course, my experience in dealing with Mr. Schwab over the past couple years has me convinced that he might be the one who needs psychiatric care.

After experiencing Mr. Schwab’s bullying tactics the past couple years, I realize that this is probably not new for him. Many of his other “enemies” must have also been subjected to the same tactics of computer hacking and bullying over the years. He obviously has access to some skilled computer hackers and can invade anyone’s privacy he so wishes. If the victim then complains, Mr. Schwab tries to bully them into keeping quiet with threats of a lawsuit. The FBI told me that

normal firewall software does not stop these people. Indeed, Mr. Schwab might get this letter before you do—perhaps reading it as I type.

More troubling is the fact that if Mr. Schwab is engaging in this type behavior, it is likely that others are doing likewise. And based upon my experience, if the person is a heavy political donor, our government just ignores the problem.

Despite the bullying and games Mr. Schwab might continue to engage in, he and Ms. Haines and I know the truth—that he spent many months hacking into my computer and stealing my email. We also know that he has falsely accused me of trying to kill him and repeatedly lying to the FBI about not knowing Ms. Haines or me. And he has most likely lied to the SEC about his shady financial dealings with Ms. Haines.

As the top law enforcement person in our government, I am asking your position as to the legality of my reporting Mr. Schwab's illegal activities and his bullying tactics and trying to interfere with my basic freedoms of speech and privacy.

Once more I am requesting that you investigate Mr. Schwab's illegal activities and bring him to justice. I also request information as to what action you plan to take, if any. It does not seem proper that a citizen of the United States can report allegations of this magnitude and not receive a simple response from their government, let alone any interest in bringing Mr. Schwab to justice. Let us not allow our system of justice to be so biased in favor of the wealthy.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy without attachments:

President George Bush

President Bill Clinton

Senator John Kerry

Senator Hillary Clinton

Senator Edward Kennedy

NY Attorney General Eliot Spitzer

Oregon Senators

Letter to US Attorney General John Ashcroft, July 23, 2004

When Attorney General Ashcroft and those on my distribution list failed to respond, I decided to write to him again. This time I would use a more extensive distribution list. I would also appeal to his espoused religious beliefs and friendship with my uncle who was a Pentecostal minister. I did not receive a response from Ashcroft or anyone on the distribution list. However, Ashcroft resigned five months later.

Attorney General John Ashcroft
US Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530-0001

July 23, 2004

Sub: *Charles Schwab*

Ref: My letter to you, September 10, 2002
My letters to President George Bush, et al.

Dear Attorney General Ashcroft,

I am sorry that after a lifetime of working for IBM, paying my taxes, being a good citizen, and obeying the law, you chose, not only to ignore my last letter, but also to cooperate with Bush in not bringing Mr. Charles Schwab to justice for his illegal activities. Because of the documents I have provided and a few brief discussions, the FBI is well aware of Mr. Schwab's hacking into my computer and stealing my email for a period of around five months. They also know that Mr. Schwab pulled off a bomb hoax on his properties for which he accused me, causing the FBI to interrogate me—knowing full well it was a hoax. The FBI also knows that Mr. Schwab has repeatedly lied to them about his knowledge of Ms. Varian Haines and me.

We all know that Mr. Schwab is not alone among the wealthy elite who regularly break the law with impunity. We also know that the reason he gets away with it is that he makes generous contributions to the Bush campaign and other influential Republicans. What was it—don't bite the hand that feeds you?

While real criminals like Mr. Schwab lead privileged lives, our law enforcement people focus on the poorer classes and justify their existence by filling our prisons with minor criminals, whose crimes pale next to those of people like Mr. Schwab. If Mr. Schwab could so easily hire computer nerds to hack into the computers of Ms. Haines and myself for so many months, it is quite obvious that he has spent his life doing this to other people in all walks of life. No wonder he needs a contingency of security guards around him and travels with his personal cook so he won't be poisoned.

I'm sure his ability to steal people's email and other documents from their computers has come in handy over the years while seeking information about various corporations' research and development, upcoming product announcements, business meetings, investments...and you put Martha Stewart in jail for fibbing about an insignificant tip from her broker. Since her case was brought to light, I have never met one person who did not feel Martha Stewart was getting a royal screwing by the Bush administration. Why don't we put the heat on some of the real criminals and quit protecting them?

Quite frightening is the fact that, if Mr. Schwab is engaging in this type activity, it is likely that other wealthy people are doing the same thing. And if our government, starting with our president, refuses to become involved and prosecute these people for such crimes, it is out of hand, and the idea of computer privacy is a joke.

The FBI with whom I originally talked back in August 2002 agreed with me that today's computer firewalls do not stop the expert hackers. And of course, when one is as wealthy and well connected as Mr. Schwab, having a direct line to someone's Internet mail might be only a matter of a phone call to a buddy.

I know that Mr. Schwab did more than steal my email. His people got into my computer and destroyed files with information pertaining to him as late as

October of last year. This was previously reported, but the US government from President Bush on down do not care to pursue the matter. Since first becoming involved in Mr. Schwab's world, my computers have crashed and become inoperative many times. I know I should blame this on Bill Gates, the master of shipping products before they are fully functional, but my problems were much greater than normal.

Assuming you are a man of God who supports our constitution and our country's laws, I am quite amazed that you have ignored Mr. Schwab's blatant illegal activities over such a long period of time. Since first reporting Mr. Schwab's illegal activities to the DOJ, your people have ignored me except when Mr. Schwab accused me of trying to kill him in an obvious hoax the FBI agents could hardly discuss without laughing. Indeed, the world we live in has little to do with reality, but is a creation of highly motivated individuals driven by greed. People like Karl Rove spend their lives in this mode where honesty and truth play second fiddle to winning—exclusively for the benefit of the wealthy class. Our money-driven media then thrives on perpetuating the myths.

Philosophers warn us that when the primary interest is that of the individual, and not society as a whole, the stage is set for our collapse. One only need ask the question: If Mr. Charles Schwab is a multibillionaire with huge mansions all over the world, why is he bent on selling the Bush administration on reducing his taxes? At age sixty-seven, does he need a few more mansions? Another corporate jet? Maybe a few Hummers? Does the fact that our education and healthcare systems are among the worst in the world mean anything to Mr. Schwab and his buddies? Hell no. More importantly, do these things matter to the people we have chosen to represent us? Sadly, another hell no.

Our country was founded by men who sacrificed their personal lives for the good of their country, including ALL its inhabitants. The idea was to develop a society that would benefit all the people. Unfortunately, the system they created has turned into a shark feeding frenzy where money and power of the top 1 percent is all that matters, while the common people are left behind. Morality, ethics, honesty...who cares about these when winning is what brings us more money and

power. In a letter to a friend, Sigmund Freud predicted the downfall of American democracy and capitalism. This was not because he was some far out pot-smoking liberal commie sympathizer, but because he was wise and knew that human nature was too corruptible by the prospect of riches. And he knew that the human appetite was insatiable. This is not necessarily due to personal weakness, but because raw capitalism has built-in, self-destructive characteristics that are destined to bring the system down. You either play or you lose. This is why most other countries use tight controls over their versions of "capitalism." Asian countries are good at this, for the good of society is more important than that of the individual.

In 2002, I was told by a member of President Bush's staff that my allegations were being referred to so-and-so in the DOJ and would be investigated. I was told more recently that the Portland FBI office was handling the case against Mr. Schwab. The Eugene FBI agent told me that if they could prove Mr. Schwab was lying to them, he would go to jail. Mr. Schwab has threatened me that if I write letters to people in government that he will sue me for defamation. In 2003 Mr. Schwab falsely accused me of trying to kill him. However, while Mr. Schwab is a menace to our society, he is treated as a man of great power and influence. Our Founding Fathers did not plan it this way. They assured common Americans that we would all be protected from injustices by powerful people like Schwab. I am still waiting.

The only thing I know for certain is that by my trying to bring Mr. Schwab to justice I have endangered my life. Each lawyer I have talked with has warned me about this. The FBI discussed this with me a couple of times. In my view, Mr. Schwab compounded his problems along the way by having his Charles Schwab corporate lawyers write me threatening letters full of lies. I was told that Mr. Schwab does not know Ms. Haines or me (blatant lies) and that if I wrote any more letters to President Bush, others in our government, or to the Charles Schwab Corporation, he would file a defamation lawsuit against me. I told Mr. Schwab I would be happy to meet him in court so I could tell the world what he did to Ms. Haines and me. I provided him all my letters to President Bush and others.

In my old age, I think I am starting to understand how human society works. My perception of the game goes like this: A very rich man steals something from a poor man. (Perhaps the reason he's rich?) When the poor man reports this to authorities, they chuckle and simply forget about it. They aren't about to take on the rich man, for they are aware of his political influence in their community—there goes the new library. If they do talk to the rich man, he simply denies the allegations; he calls the police chief and says the poor man is a liar and nutcase out to get him. Anyone got guts enough to tell the rich man they're going to search his mansion? The poor man bellyaches again, the rich man has his attorneys try to intimidate him with threats of a suit for defaming their boss' character. Everyone hopes the poor man will become tired or die so they can forget about it.

Is this really the type of government our Founding Fathers were trying to create? During the year and a half period I was exposed to Mr. Schwab, I witnessed his use of financial bullying techniques to control Ms. Haines' behavior several times. I was subjected to his character assassination techniques, which eventually destroyed my relationship with Ms. Haines.

One problem with people of wealth and power is because the financial rewards are so great, they begin to believe in themselves. They lose their sense of humility and forget that they are human with weaknesses and vulnerabilities. Then they spend their lives wreaking havoc on their fellow man and upon society—without even being aware of it.

As I have previously reported, besides his computer hacking, I am aware of what I felt were some questionable financial arrangements and stock trading between Mr. Schwab and Ms. Haines. When I see Mr. Schwab in his TV ads where he says, "Integrity starts in this office," can I help but laugh? I can't help but wonder how many times he sat in that same office reading the emails he had stolen from me.

I will close by telling you that I know Mr. Schwab has coerced Ms. Haines into lying to protect him. When I questioned her about her lying for Mr. Schwab, she told me that her lawyer told her to not become involved in the fight between Mr. Schwab and me. I'm sure that Mr. Schwab's lawyers orchestrated his whole defense, which he has presented to your people and President Bush. And I'm sure you all bought it all.

Since writing to the board of directors of the Charles Schwab Corporation about Mr. Schwab's illegal behavior, Mr. Pottruck, who only replaced Mr. Schwab as CEO in January, has resigned. Our media, which is always so accurate, stated that this was due to the stock price dropping. Interestingly, if you review the stock symbol SCH insider-trading activities, you will see that the Schwabs and Mr. Pottruck have been dumping huge amounts of their stock. And the common man is without a clue about what makes the world go round.

Next to our president, you are the most powerful law enforcement person in our country. I've read stories about your devotion to your religion. My uncle, Reverend Burton Pierce of Springfield, Missouri, has been a Pentecostal minister all his life and told me that he knows you and that you are a man of God and will do what's right. President Bush has announced to the world that he seeks guidance from God. I beseech you and President Bush to allow God to come into your hearts and do what's right by Mr. Charles Schwab. I encourage you and President Bush to pursue Mr. Schwab's illegal activities with the same vigor the neoconservatives used in their pursuit of President and First Lady Clinton.

I am once more requesting that you not just ignore Mr. Schwab's illegal activities, or otherwise protect him, but investigate and prosecute the man for his misdeeds just like you do everyone else. I have provided the FBI and SEC with more than enough evidence to support my allegations.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President George W. Bush

President Bill Clinton

Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton

Senator Tom Daschle

Representative Tom DeLay

Senator Bill Frist

Senator Edward Kennedy

Senator John Kerry

*Representative Nancy Pelosi
FBI Director Robert Mueller III
SEC Chairman William Donaldson
NY Attorney General Elliott Spitzer*

Letter to New York Stock Exchange, November 29, 2004

It was clear that Schwab and Bush had the US government and the media under control, but I wondered how private organizations like the New York Stock Exchange might feel about members like Schwab becoming exposed to possible criminal investigation. I wrote to their board of directors to find out. I did not receive a response from the New York Stock Exchange, but several months after my letter it was announced that Schwab had sold his seats on the exchange and moved his business to the NASDAQ exchange. Charles Schwab Corporation was eventually moved back to the New York Stock Exchange.

Wayne Pierce

NYSE Board of Directors

Reference: Mr. Charles Schwab

Attached: CD containing my letters to the FBI, SEC, President Bush, et al.

November 29, 2004

Dear NYSE Board of Directors,

Starting in late 2001, my fiancée and I were subjected to ongoing harassment and stalking by Mr. Charles Schwab. This included hacking into our computers and stealing my emails for at least eight months.

During my time with Ms. Varian Haines, I learned what appeared to be questionable financial transactions relative to the Micron Corporation's attempted purchase of the Hynix Corporation, which I believe was being managed by Mr. Schwab.

Though I have reported Mr. Schwab's illegal activities to the FBI, SEC, Attorney General John Ashcroft, President George Bush, and members of Congress, my allegations have been ignored—I don't even receive acknowledgments that my letters were received. Though I have provided ample supporting evidence, not one person from our government has contacted me and offered to discuss the matter; Mr. Schwab's wealth and prestige allow him to break our laws with impunity.

Because of the lack of interest from our US government, it is my perception that the Bush administration is protecting Mr. Schwab, who is a very generous contributor to the Bush election campaigns. Indeed, during the time I was writing to President Bush about Mr. Schwab's illegal activities, our president was accepting large political contributions from Mr. Schwab. This appears to be a major flaw in our political system.

As I have written in the attached letters, I am very concerned about a general lack of Internet and computer security; if Mr. Schwab could so easily have his hackers getting into my computer, he could do the same with his and other companies' employees—and what a great way to spy on his competitors. More importantly, if Mr. Schwab is engaging in these activities, so are many other wealthy people who can afford the hackers. In the worst scenario, if our government fails to investigate and prosecute these hackers, as evidenced in my case, then it is a virtual computer-hacking free-for-all and the idea of security and privacy is nothing but a great joke. It seems this should be a major concern for the NYSE, where the computers are no doubt vulnerable to this high-level hacking activity, which is apparently condoned by our government.

I am reporting these issues to you because of your responsibility for the ethical and legal conduct of your members. Unfortunately, one of your most prestigious members has exposed himself to some very serious allegations.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy without attachments:

President George Bush

Mr. William H. Donaldson, Chairman of SEC

Mr. Robert Mueller III, FBI Director

Letter to US Attorney General Alberto Gonzales, May 13, 2005

Based on news reports, it was my impression that Attorney General Alberto Gonzales took his job seriously and I wondered if he might be the one person in the US government who would refuse to join the conspiracy to protect not only Schwab, but also his boss, President George W. Bush. I wrote to Gonzales and included a CD containing all correspondence with Bush and others in the US government. My distribution list was expanded considerably in hopes Gonzales would receive support for any action he might want to take against Schwab and Bush.

Wayne Pierce

*Attorney General Alberto Gonzales
US Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530-0001*

May 13, 2005

Sub: Mr. Charles R. Schwab

*Ref: Complaints filed against Mr. Charles R. Schwab with the US government
Attachments: CD containing letters to US and state governments and others*

*Dear Attorney General Gonzales,
As you might know, in August 2002 I filed charges against Mr. Charles Schwab with the FBI and SEC for stalking, computer hacking, and questionable business activities. I have also written many letters to members of the US government, including President George Bush, Attorney General Ashcroft, and congressional leaders.*

Though I've received a few short responses advising me the charges were being referred, I was never contacted regarding the case and as far as I can tell my allegations were ignored. Being one of President Bush's heaviest campaign contributors, plus being the father of the Social Security private account scheme—for which he would reap the heavy rewards from managing these accounts, it appears that Mr. Schwab is one of President Bush's protected assets and is above the law.

I will not rehash the details here except to say that I am 100 percent certain that Mr. Schwab broke the law when hacking into my computers and when he lied to the FBI about not knowing Kim or me. He committed a more serious crime when he orchestrated a bomb hoax at his properties and falsely accused me with the FBI of trying to kill him—a feeble attempt to take the focus away from his own misdeeds.

I have provided the Eugene and Portland FBI with ample evidence to support my allegations. I am enclosing a CD that contains some letters I have written to our government relative to Mr. Schwab's illegal activities. I am again requesting that our US government investigate my allegations and bring Mr. Schwab to justice. If Martha Stewart can receive six months in jail for fibbing about a stock tip and we can spend \$84 million on Ken Starr's investigation and waste months of our Congress' time and energy trying to impeach President Clinton for something as stupid as fibbing about his sex life, then we should not allow Mr. Schwab to commit much more serious crimes with impunity.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy without attachments:

President George Bush

FBI Director Robert Mueller III

SEC Chairman William Donaldson

Members of Congress:

Senator Robert Byrd

Senator Hillary Clinton

Senator Bill Frist

Representative Tom DeLay

Senator Edward Kennedy

Senator John Kerry

Representative Nancy Pelosi

Senator Harry Reid

Senator Gordon Smith of Oregon

Senator Ron Wyden of Oregon

Governors:

Governor Ted Kulongoski of Oregon

Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger of California

Eugene, Oregon, Police Chief Robert M. Lehner

Blind Copies:

Helen Schwab

Carrie Pomerantz

Bill Gates

* * *

Letter from US Attorney General Gonzales, September 19, 2005

The following letter from the US Department of Justice appears to be purposefully vague, but I think it was a response to my letter to Attorney General Gonzales. If so, Gonzales would be the only US attorney general to respond to my letter. Mr. Handley does not refer to my letter to Gonzales, but does mention Charles Schwab. What was most encouraging was that he seemed to be suggesting that if there were to be a criminal investigation, it would be initiated by the Portland FBI and Gonzales' offices. Unlike previous responses from the DOJ, which tried to dismiss my complaints due to insufficient

evidence, they were now taking me seriously and my hopes were raised that an investigation might be forthcoming. Note that this was the second time I was told my case was being referred to the Portland FBI office.



U.S. Department of Justice

Federal Bureau of Investigation

Washington, D. C. 20535-0001

September 19, 2005

Mr. Wayne M. Pierce
3679 Kevington Ave.
Eugene, OR 97405

Dear Mr. Pierce:

This letter acknowledges that the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) has received your letter regarding allegations against Charles Schwab.

I am forwarding a copy of your documents to the Portland Field Office of the FBI. Please keep in mind that merely referring a complaint to one of our field offices does not guarantee that a criminal investigation will be initiated. That decision is left to the discretion of the field office and the United States Attorney's Office.

I hope that the above information will be of some assistance to you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, which appears to read "George R. Handley", is written over a printed name.

George R. Handley, Chief
Financial Institution Fraud Unit
Financial Crimes Section
Criminal Investigative Division

Letter to US Attorney General Alberto Gonzales, November 4, 2005

I wrote a second letter to Gonzales and provided additional evidence to support my allegations against Schwab. This included copies of all letters I had received from Charles Schwab corporate attorneys and a selection of Kim's emails in which she implicated Schwab in illegal activities. I expanded my distribution list even further and assumed many people in the US government were waiting to see if Attorney General Gonzales would fulfill his duty or join Schwab and Bush's conspiracy. I did not receive a response from Gonzales' office or anyone on the distribution list.

Wayne Pierce

*Attorney General Alberto Gonzales
US Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530-0001*

November 4, 2005

Subject: Charles Schwab illegal activities, conspiracy, and obstruction of justice

*Attachments: Letter from President George Bush, dated Nov. 4, 2002
Letter from Charles Schwab attorney L. Drucker, dated Aug. 2, 2003
Letter from Charles Schwab attorney R. Karoly, dated April 29, 2004
Letter from George Handley of the DOJ, dated Sept. 19, 2005
Selected emails from Kim Haines re: Charles Schwab*

Dear Attorney General Gonzales,

I am in receipt of your US Department of Justice letter dated September 19, 2005, attached. I appreciate your interest in reviewing my allegations against Charles Schwab, as outlined in my previous letters to various levels of government.

To further support my claims against Charles Schwab, I am attaching a few personal emails from Kim Haines in which she discusses her personal and financial relationships with Schwab, his theft of my emails, his actions to avoid/evade taxes, and his ongoing coercion and blackmail. Full versions of emails are available upon request.

Under pressure from him, Kim became heavily involved with Schwab during a vulnerable time in her life—right after her husband had died.

From the time we met in late 2001, Kim provided ongoing accounts of Schwab's obsession with controlling her life, taking control of her finances, and manipulating her through financial blackmail and coercion. In her emails you will notice several comments about how she was finally finished with Schwab and he agreed to back off. However, he continued to harass and stalk her until February 2003, when she suddenly became married to Ed Doheny, I believe as a means of escaping Schwab's control of her life.

After Schwab coerced Kim into breaking our engagement and leaving me under severe duress in August 2002 (refer to previous letters), Kim became ill. Besides being an emotional basket case, she has suffered two strokes and has been diagnosed and treated for cancer twice. Though Kim and my lawyers advised me that Schwab might have me killed for messing with him, I will continue my efforts to bring him to justice for how he tortured this once beautiful and successful woman.

If Schwab could treat this woman, who he professed to love and wanted to marry, in this manner, I can hardly imagine how many people he has destroyed in his lifetime obsession with wealth and power.

Though Schwab is wealthy and powerful and has made great contributions to our country and the world, he represents the worst of humanity and needs to be made an example of what our society will not tolerate. I urge you to investigate my allegations against Schwab, which are easy to prove, and see that he is brought to justice.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President George W. Bush

FBI Director Robert Mueller III

SEC Chairman Christopher Cox

Presidential Advisor Karl Rove

Senator Robert Byrd

Senator Hillary Clinton

Representative Peter DeFazio

Representative Tom DeLay

Senator Dr. Bill Frist

Senator Edward Kennedy

Senator John Kerry

Representative Nancy Pelosi

Senator Harry Reid

Senator Gordon Smith of Oregon

Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Patrick Leahy

Senator Ron Wyden of Oregon

Eugene Mayor Kitty Piercy

Lane County District Attorney Doug Harclerod

Oregon Governor Theodor Kulongoski

California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger

Copies to other undisclosed recipients:

Biden

Boxer

Cheney

Conyers

Feinstein

Bill Gates

Hastert

Leahy

Libby

Lieberman

Meirs

Obama

John Rockefeller

Charles Schumer

♦ ♦ ♦

Government Officials Who Don't Follow the Script

I think it important to note that SEC Chairman William Donaldson, Attorney General John Ashcroft, and Attorney General Alberto Gonzales were the only US government officials to respond positively and advise me that my complaints would be investigated. I was no longer being put off and told I would have to provide further evidence or proof of Schwab's crimes. Considering previous responses from the DOJ, either the Schwab-Bush strategy was changing or Ashcroft, Donaldson, and Gonzales were breaking ranks and refusing to be part of the conspiracy to protect Schwab. Of course, because no one in the government would talk to me, I had to draw my own conclusions.

As it turned out, Ashcroft would resign and Donaldson and Gonzales would be fired. The reason for their departures became clear to me one day when I called the Portland FBI office to enquire about my case. I told an FBI agent that Attorney General Gonzales' office notified me that my case was being referred to the Portland office and I was enquiring about the status. He told me they did not have any record of the case. When asked if he had heard about it, he said no. This was interesting inasmuch I had talked with Agent Mueller a few times and had provided him many documents. I then called the Eugene FBI office and received the same response. It was obvious that all reference to and documentation had been illegally destroyed. Almost three years had passed and I was back where I started.

In an interview with Larry King, presidential candidate Barack Obama said he supported Gonzales' removal because he had represented Bush and not the American people. He was referring to the hiring and firing of federal judges, which Karl Rove was heavily involved with. Before Senator Obama was elected president, I copied him on several of my letters to Bush and leaders in Congress. Therefore, his office was fully aware of Schwab and Bush's conspiracy to obstruct justice. Obama's comments about the reason for Gonzales' dismissal were hypocritical. As I will discuss later, not only would Obama prevent his own attorney general from representing the American people and investigating my complaints against Schwab, he would initiate his own efforts to protect Schwab and do me harm. As this saga continued to unfold, I was discovering that the world we live in is but a hazy distortion of reality.

Letter to House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, January 1, 2007

Over a year had passed since my last letter to Gonzales. Since August 2002, I had written and distributed many letters to leaders in the US Congress. I had written to the Senate and House Judiciary Committees and received a few form letter acknowledgments. But no one had offered their assistance or offered to even discuss the case with me. In the beginning I assumed Bush was responsible for preventing the FBI from investigating my complaints about Schwab. However, after the bomb hoax and attempt to entrap me, plus learning that Kim and Schwab had lied to the FBI and gotten away with it, I had to accept the fact that Congress was part of the conspiracy. After reading books about the Bilderbergers,⁴ I was not sure who was in control. However, I felt if enough of our representatives in the government were made aware of Schwab's illegal activities, they might collectively acknowledge their responsibility to the US Constitution and take action. I decided to address my concerns to Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi.

4 A number of books about this wealthy group of men are available.

Wayne Pierce

*The Honorable Nancy Pelosi
Speaker of the House
Washington, DC 20515-6601*

January 1, 2007

*Subject: Mr. Charles Schwab
Reference: Previous letters to leaders of the US government
Attachment: email from Ms. Kim Doheny*

Dear Speaker Pelosi,

Congratulations on your new role as speaker of the house and on the Democratic Party's takeover of the US Congress. The fog is clearing for most Americans who are hopeful that the Democratic Party might change the direction of our country. What they crave most is a government that will represent their interests and work to assure their welfare. However, most people I talk with are pessimistic. Americans are becoming aware that both parties have abandoned them and now work fulltime to enhance the riches of the wealthy class and corporations. The purpose of this letter is to address my concerns about the US government's reluctance to investigate my allegations against Mr. Charles Schwab. My case has been before the Bush administration and leaders of US Congress since August 2002, when I first reported Mr. Schwab's illegal activities. Though I received a cordial letter from the White House indicating that President Bush was referring my concerns to the US Department of Justice, it has remained in limbo ever since. In September 2005, I did receive a letter from Attorney General Alberto Gonzales' office indicating the case was being reviewed. However, time passed and nothing happened. No one has ever initiated a discussion with me regarding this case—except when Mr. Schwab accused me of trying to kill him.

Given the seriousness of my allegations and the supporting evidence I have provided, it is my perception that the Bush administration and/or others in the US government have deliberately protected Mr. Schwab from our system of justice. Martha Stewart, a Democrat, fibbed about a tip from her broker, which is standard practice on Wall Street and quickly got six months in jail. President Clinton fibbed about his sex life, which is no else's business and the Republicans spent millions trying to bring him down. Charles Schwab, a Republican and Bush favorite, committed some very serious crimes, but after four and a half years of "review," he is still a free man.

My allegations against Charles R. Schwab include:

Computer hacking and email theft: Mr. Schwab hacked my computers, stole my emails, destroyed files, and spied on me. He shared my emails with Ms. Kim Haines (more recently, Mrs. Kim Doheny). Ms. Haines discussed Schwab's illegal activities with me in person and through emails, all of which I provided to the US government.

Conspiracy and lying to the FBI: Since the FBI first started investigating my allegations against Mr. Schwab, he and Ms. Haines have conspired to deceive the US government by claiming they did not know each other. Indeed, Mr. Schwab's corporate attorneys wrote me twice and claimed the same thing. Because I provided the FBI with ample proof that these people do know each other, prior to their ever talking with them, I question why they so easily accepted these false claims and discontinued their investigation. I believe this might be a deliberate cover-up by the US government. I am attaching a recent email from Mrs. Doheny, formerly Ms. Haines, in which she discusses Mr. Schwab and her relationship with him.

Conspiracy to frame me for attempted murder: In August 2003, Mr. Schwab and his good friend, Mr. Keith Johnson of Fieldstone Homes, conspired to frame me for trying to kill him. They both told Ms. Haines that I was trying to kill him by placing bombs on his properties. Mr. Schwab then told the FBI the

same thing. As part of their conspiracy, they also terrorized Ms. Haines with death threats over the phone. Something is obviously wrong here: If Mr. Schwab did not know Ms. Haines, as he claimed to the FBI, how could he be telling her that I was trying to kill him? For not knowing each other, they were sure talking a lot.

Very important: The discovery of Mr. Schwab's so-called bombs was made the very week that I told friends, through email, that I would be visiting California, specifically the Pebble Beach/Carmel area where the bombs were found. Mr. Schwab was still into my computer and reading my emails—one year after I reported his illegal activities to the Bush administration and US congressional leaders. Indeed, he felt he was above the law, perhaps for good reason.

On August 21, 2003, the FBI interrogated me about Mr. Schwab's accusations. It was quite fortunate that I had canceled my travel plans and was not in California. Had Mr. Schwab also been tapping my telephone, he would have known this. Just as I predicted with the FBI agents, these bombs turned out to be fakes. During our discussion about Mr. Schwab's bombs, FBI Agent John Ferreira told me that Mr. Schwab and Ms. Haines had claimed they did not know each other. Mr. Schwab also claimed he did not know who I was. When I told Mr. Ferreira that I could easily prove they did know each other, he told me that the FBI was going to talk with Mr. Schwab and Ms. Haines again and if they were lying they were going to jail. I doubt the FBI was allowed to follow through with this, for Mr. Schwab and Ms. Haines are still not in jail.

Questionable financial dealings: Mr. Schwab's financial dealings with Ms. Haines were questionable and I suspect included insider trading, tax evasion, and certainly financial coercion/blackmail. I believe the handling of his loan to her and his controls over her stock account with his company were improper.

As you are speaker of the house, I am requesting that you initiate a congressional investigation into my allegations against Mr. Schwab. This will have a positive effect on the American people who have lost faith in their government, and will provide a needed lesson to those of wealth and power that feel they can break the law with impunity.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President George W. Bush

House Minority Leader John Boehner

Senator Robert Byrd

Senator Hillary Clinton

Senator Chuck Grassley

Oregon Representative Peter DeFazio

Senate Minority Leader Bill Frist

House Majority Leader Steny Hoyer

Senator Edward Kennedy

Senator John Kerry

Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Patrick Leahy

Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid

Oregon Senator Ron Wyden

Attorney General Alberto Gonzales

FBI Director Paul Mueller III

SEC Chairman William Donaldson

♦ ♦ ♦

I did not receive a response from Pelosi or those on the distribution list, so I followed up by contacting Pelosi through the email link on her website. Her office did not respond, but after my second email, my emails were blocked and bounced back to me. This seemed rather childish because anyone can

change his or her email address at any time. However, the message was clear. Neither House Speaker Pelosi nor anyone on distribution was going to discuss this important issue with me, for the White House was in charge. Such are the ways of the men and women we elect to represent us. My efforts to be heard and have my complaints addressed now extended to all US government leaders plus the top law enforcement officials in the country. However, when I looked at the stack of letters on my desk and thought about the meager responses I had received, I had to sometimes ask myself what was motivating me to continue.

Website Published, January 1, 2008

On January 1, 2008, we published my story on a website, <http://www.aeolusblue.net>.⁵ I then wrote to Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Senator Patrick Leahy, to whom I had written before. I advised him of my website and copied only Bush and Cheney. The website was an instant success. Within three weeks, it was viewed around seven thousand times by governments, corporations, banks, investment companies, and law firms from around the world. Many US government offices visited the site, the most interesting being the Senate's sergeant at arms. I wondered if some member of congress thought the sergeant at arms might have authority over what people could publish about the US government. After Obama was elected, the government became more sophisticated, and about 30 percent of government and corporate offices began hiding their identity. The US government wants access to every American's private information, but doesn't want them to have a clue about what their government is doing. We are lucky to have brave people like Chelsea Manning and Edward Snowden who are willing to risk their lives to expose the wrongdoings of our government. Ironically, circumstances are such that while US government leaders see people like Manning and Snowden as traitors, American citizens see them as national heroes. While our leaders

5 No longer active.

were anxious to get their hands on Snowden and lock him up for life, his popularity rating was higher than President Obama's.

While publishing the website, I had two expectations: 1) I expected the House or Senate Judiciary Committee to initiate discussions with me about my complaints, and 2) I expected the website to become exceedingly popular. I was wrong about both. Bush and leaders in Congress continued to ignore me, and my website received only moderate attention. My website has been hacked and damaged a number of times and evidence suggests that Bush advisor Karl Rove was responsible for at least one of these attacks. I reported what I suspected were Rove's computer-hacking activities to the FBI, and when they ignored me, I assumed that I was correct about Rove's involvement.

Letter to Senator Patrick Leahy, March 18, 2008

Another year had passed and Senator Patrick Leahy continued as the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. One of the committee's responsibilities was overseeing the appointment of federal judges. This includes judges on the Supreme Court. Another of its responsibilities is oversight of the Constitution and civil rights. At this point, what better place to address my complaints? Leahy was investigating what appeared to be improper firing of US attorneys, and Bush was refusing to hand over the White House records that Leahy was requesting. During this scuffle, Karl Rove announced that he somehow lost four years worth of White House emails. Although Leahy had not responded to my previous letters, considering his current investigation I thought he might be interested. I decided to write to him to find out. I copied Senators Joe Biden and Barack Obama and Supreme Court Chief Justice John Roberts, among others. Obama and Biden had already been copied on previous letters regarding my complaints against Schwab and Bush, so they were aware of my complaints long before

they took office. As usual, I did not receive a response from Senator Leahy or anyone on the distribution list. This would be my last attempt to get help during the Bush presidency.

Wayne Pierce

*Senator Patrick Leahy
Senate Judiciary Committee
433 Russell Senate Office Building
Washington, DC 20510*

March 18, 2008

Sub: Senate Judiciary Committee investigation into the firing of US attorneys

Ref: My allegations against Schwab beginning August 2002

Previous letters to you and others in the US government

Dear Senator Leahy,

Your investigation into the US attorney general's hiring and firing of attorneys, based primarily upon the political agenda of the Bush administration, is a historical event. Your frustrated efforts to gain access to White House records are revealing the worst of what can happen in a "democracy" when the checks and balances fail. The elected members of US government no longer work for the American people, but join the Executive Branch in working for the billionaires and corporations who control the destiny of every would-be politician. This is all made possible by an election system based upon private political funding and lobbying rather than on qualifications, character, and dedication to the welfare of the American people. What neither US political party seems to comprehend is that uncontrolled capitalism and globalization have built-in characteristics that assure their own failure.

So far, your investigation into the firing of attorneys has revealed that the White House has spent two terms using the Department of Justice to promote the Republican Party's political agenda, rather than enforce the laws of our country. Given these revelations and the seriousness of my allegations against Schwab, I am even more convinced that the Bush administration has been protecting Schwab from investigation by the Department of Justice since I first filed charges against him in August 2002. I believe that this protection scheme includes a conspiracy to denigrate my character and discredit my allegations, which I would like to discuss here.

In August 2002 I reported Schwab's illegal activities to Agent Paul Mueller of the Portland FBI office. I also filed complaints against Schwab on the FBI and SEC websites. During my initial contact with Agent Paul Mueller of the Portland FBI office, I provided numerous documents that supported my allegations against Schwab. This evidence clearly shows that Schwab and Kim Haines had known each other for years and had a personal and business relationship. However, it was later revealed that Schwab and Haines defended themselves against my allegations by claiming they did not know each other.

Given the wealth of evidence that the FBI had that disproved such a claim, it is highly doubtful that Schwab would risk being charged with a felony for lying to the FBI. And it is even more doubtful that the FBI would accept such a claim without confronting Schwab with the evidence I provided. This was obviously the beginning of the White House conspiracy to protect Schwab from our system of justice.

In August 2003, I was interrogated by two Eugene FBI agents and told by Agent John Ferreira that Schwab had accused me of trying to kill him. His claim was supposedly based upon an innocuous letter I had written him some six months before in which I had pleaded that he stop harassing Kim Haines. Given the lack of any basis for such an accusation, plus the evidence and potential charges against him, I find it very difficult to believe that Schwab would expose himself to yet another felony charge by falsely accusing me of attempted murder. Given what the FBI already knew about Schwab's illegal activities, I find it improbable that they would take his accusations seriously. Indeed, based upon

the demeanor of the FBI agents who interrogated me, they did not take Schwab's accusations seriously.

During my interrogation I was asked if I feared being killed. I've yet to decide whether this was a warning of imminent danger or a threat. This bomb hoax and Schwab's accusations were based upon knowledge of my plans to visit California, which could only have been learned from my emails. So the question is: Was it Schwab or the US government that was hacking my computer? Again, given Schwab's already existing exposure to felony charges, I find it doubtful he would take such a risk, but given the White House propensity to eavesdrop on American citizens, I will assume they were hacking my computer. I can only imagine the difficulties I might have faced had I not canceled my plans to visit California. Each time I turn on my computer, I assume that the US government is still intercepting my email and is aware of all my activities.

About one year after I filed charges against Schwab for computer hacking, I one day discovered that all of the documents in my computer's "Schwab" folder had been destroyed. However, my remaining folders were not damaged. At the time, I found it quite unbelievable that Schwab had the audacity to continue hacking into my computer and risk being caught by the FBI. Today I realize that it probably wasn't Schwab doing the hacking, but the US government.

Given the abundant evidence that supports my allegations against Schwab, plus the scrutiny by the White House and leaders in Congress, I highly doubt that he would repeatedly expose himself by engaging in the felonious behavior I have described. However, I do feel he would be a willing participant in a Bush administration conspiracy to protect himself from our system of justice.

On May 5, 2005, I wrote to Attorney General Alberto Gonzales with yet another request that he investigate my allegations against Schwab and bring him to justice. I received a response from George Handley of the DOJ on September 19, 2005, in which he informed me that my previous letters were being forwarded to the Portland FBI office. This would not guarantee a criminal investigation would be initiated; this would be left to the discretion of the field office and the US attorney general. This was three years after I first filed complaints

about Schwab's illegal activities with the Portland FBI office and we were back to where we started. Neither the Portland FBI office nor the attorney general's office has contacted me since. And as you know, Attorney General Gonzales has since resigned.

In January 2008, I wrote to Bush's new attorney general, Michael Mukasey, and requested that he investigate my allegations against Schwab. In March 2008, I followed up with a letter to President Bush requesting the status of my complaints against Schwab. I copied leaders of the US Congress on both these letters. However, I have not received any response.

Given the seriousness of my allegations against Schwab, the unlikely activities I have discussed above and the lack of any response from the US government, I believe the Bush administration has engaged in an ongoing conspiracy to protect Schwab from our system of justice. This belief is bolstered when I hear that Bush refuses to provide White House records, as required by law, and that Karl Rove suddenly discovers that he lost four years' worth of emails, which happens to cover the period of my efforts to bring Schwab to justice.

Once more I am requesting that the US government investigate my allegations against Schwab and bring him to justice. By engaging in this battle with the US government, I realize that I am risking my life. However, the type of suffering Schwab caused my fiancée and me, followed by the ongoing efforts of the US government to protect him, does not leave a man of character any alternative. The person in the most danger is Kim Haines, for she would be the star witness in any proceedings against Schwab. I hope you will do everything in your power to protect her.

Further information can be found at: <http://www.aeolusblue.net>.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

Senator Joe Biden

House Minority Leader John Boehner

President George W. Bush

Senator Robert Byrd

Vice President Dick Cheney

Senator Hillary Clinton

House Judiciary Committee Chairman John Conyers Jr.

Oregon Representative Peter DeFazio

Senate Minority Leader Bill Frist

Senator Chuck Grassley

House Majority Leader Steny Hoyer

Senator Edward Kennedy

Senator John Kerry

US Attorney General Michael Mukasey

Senator John McCain

Senator Barack Obama

House Speaker Nancy Pelosi

Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid

Oregon Senator Ron Wyden

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court John G. Roberts

Eugene FBI Office

Portland FBI Office

US Attorney Karin Immergut

Salem News Photojournalist Tim King

Blind copies to others

CHAPTER 6

Bush's Harem of Spies

MY EFFORTS TO get the US government to investigate my complaints against Schwab were a failure. Likewise, the US government's attempts to derail my efforts and get me to drop my complaints against Schwab were also a failure. When I would not be deterred, Schwab and the US government began playing more seriously. This was all new to me, and it would take time and experience before I would become aware of the extent of their surveillance, stalking, and attempts to entrap me. Their primary method of interacting was through female undercover agents who would meet me in person or through social networking services. The purpose of some is to gather personal information and obtain phone and email information. Others are interested in harassment. The most serious are participating in FBI sting operations that would lead to arrest and imprisonment. Had I not been alert, I would have gone missing long ago and would not be here telling my story. Based on my years of experience, I think it safe to say that social networking services are infested with government, corporate, and private spies preying on one another and unsuspecting citizens. My assumption that the women I discuss in the following pages were working for Schwab and the US government is based in part on the fact that reporting their activities to law enforcement officials at all levels has not resulted in a response or a curtailment of these activities. I am fully aware that in most cases it would be impossible to prove my suspicions. In other cases, it would be quite easy. Following are examples

of what I believe have been Schwab and Bush's covert operations against me. You can judge for yourself.

An from Eugene, Oregon, November 2002

I met An through Match after she sent an email telling me she was interested in getting to know me. I was encouraged because her writing was exceptional for a social networking site. An was living in Eugene, which would be a great advantage should we hit it off. I reviewed her profile and found her interesting, starting with the fact she was born in Germany. She was petite, attractive, and appeared to be in good shape. She told me she had tried several careers including airline flight attendant, but she had become a medical doctor. We started exchanging emails and she wasted no time with small talk. She began divulging things about her personal life that might best have been saved for later. Before moving to Eugene she had been working for the US government in Africa. While there, she had been imprisoned by the US government and tortured for two months. Their torture was brutal, she said. They had even broken her pelvis and other bones. I was aware that the US government engaged in illegal torture, but breaking this little woman's pelvis seemed extreme. "The only reason I survived," she said, "was because I'm a medical doctor and had survival training that enabled me to cope." Because of my own problems, I was curious about how the US government treated its prisoners, and this was an eye-opener. Though her stories were intriguing, I was skeptical about how her claims about how the government had treated her. I was curious and wanted to know more about her.

We had exchanged only a couple of emails when An let me know she was serious. She said, "I'm not on Match to meet and date a bunch of guys. I'm only interested in meeting someone for a long-term relationship." I found this rather unusual. Why was she telling me this when we knew very little about one another and hadn't yet met in person? The few discussions we did have were about her imprisonment by the US government and what a dangerous world we lived in. I wondered if she was working for the government and if

her purpose was to frighten me by letting me know what might happen to me. Possibly she was revealing her fears in hopes I would identify with her and provide a basis for trusting her. If my suspicions were correct, this would be my first encounter with someone I thought was an undercover FBI agent. I sensed danger and wondered if I was being led into a trap. I was also fascinated and eager to learn more about her and what she might be up to.

I received an email from An in which she suggested we get together for lunch. She said she was attending the University of Oregon and suggested we meet near campus at a Middle Eastern café on Thirteenth Street. When we met, she was wearing loose-fitting sports pants and jacket. I noticed a Red Cross tag hanging from her jacket that caused me to wonder if she was still involved with healthcare. She said she did not have her own computer and had walked over from the campus library where she had been using theirs. I found this strange—an MD doing postgraduate work, but not owning her own computer? An's demeanor was cool and serious, lacking in the social grace typical for most people meeting like this. I sensed something about her that caused me to be uneasy as I listened to her bizarre stories.

After we ordered, I asked her, "What did you do in Africa that was so terrible the US government imprisoned you and treated you so harshly?"

She looked off to the side and said, "I moved some money from one bank to another." I waited for more, but that was it and she did not offer any more detail.

Okay, what I knew so far about An was that she was a doctor who had been working for the US government in Africa. She had withdrawn some money from one bank and deposited it at another. For this she had been imprisoned, tortured, and almost killed. She survived only because of her survival training at medical school. Now she lived in Eugene and attended the University of Oregon where she used their computers because she did not have one of her own. I had a lot to think about.

The mood during lunch remained somber while An continued to share her views about why the world was such a dangerous place. I agreed with her,

hoping this would encourage her to continue talking about it. She caught me by surprise when she looked at me seriously and said, "Everyone should carry a gun." This was interesting because I had recently completed a gun safety course and had been issued a concealed weapon permit. I struggled to remain calm while asking, "What type of gun do you prefer?"

Without hesitating, she said, "My favorite is the pocket-size Sig Sauer 232 in .380 caliber." Was it just a coincidence that I had recently purchased such a gun? I now had sufficient reason to believe An was an undercover agent whose purpose it was to convince me I was playing with fire and had better back off. At first I thought she was working directly for the FBI. However, after experiencing various types of suspicious behavior from women I was meeting, I thought it more likely she worked for some secret service contractor. Of course, there might have been other powerful men such as large investors who did not want me pursuing Schwab. Through the rest of our meal we remained cordial while secretly assessing each other and analyzing the effect we were having on each other.

The mood throughout our meal was not what one might expect of two people meeting with the intent of finding friendship and romance. Beginning with our earliest emails we had never discussed our personal lives, our families, or our philosophies about life, and it was the same here. When we finished with lunch An gave me her phone number and told me to call her sometime. She then walked back to the campus while I stopped at the University of Oregon bookstore. It was our first and last "date." I called An a few days later, and the female answering told me An was not home. I heard a dog barking. This was interesting because An had told me she was living alone. I left a message and asked An to call me. I also sent her an email and told her I had called. She did not respond to the phone call or email. When I checked for her profile on Match it was gone. In the next few months I saw An several times walking down Eighteenth Street in the direction of the university campus. I thought about stopping the car and trying to talk with her, but knew that she had fulfilled her purpose

and was done with me. An was the first person I met who I suspected was an undercover agent.

Klamath Falls Nurse, January 2003

Five months after I reported Schwab's criminal activities to Bush, another member of Match contacted me and said she wanted to get acquainted. She was a nurse living in Klamath Falls. We shared some common interests and she was a liberal like me, so we started exchanging emails and chatting on the phone. She told me she had been going with a vascular surgeon she worked with at the hospital, but he was killed when a truck lost control and his Jaguar convertible they were in went under the truck's trailer. Her boyfriend had been decapitated and she had received multiple skull fractures. A couple of years had passed since the accident and she was still recovering from her injuries, but she was ready to start dating again. Once we felt comfortable with one another we decided to meet. Because we lived far apart, we decided to meet in Grants Pass. I would be driving about twice as long as she would, but it's a beautiful drive and I didn't mind. She surprised me when she said, "We can meet for lunch and visit for a while, and if there's any chemistry between us we can drive to the coast and stay over." This didn't sound like someone just starting to date again. I had never met anyone so forward, but I thought it might be interesting and fun. The fact she was a nurse and her deceased boyfriend had been a vascular surgeon made it easier for me to think she was for real and interested in me.

When we met she was cordial and friendly, but she seemed a little distant and preoccupied. During lunch she told me more about her auto accident and the head injuries she had suffered. It had taken doctors many hours to piece her skull back together. It was obvious she had not fully recovered and was suffering lots of pain. Right off we had a lot in common and I told her about my spinal injuries and surgeries. After lunch we walked for a while, but I did not sense things were going well between us. The chemistry wasn't working and I thought it would soon be time for me to hit the road and head for home.

Anticipating the answer, I said, "How do you feel about driving to the coast? If nothing else, we might have fun walking on the beach and finding a place to eat?"

Without enthusiasm, she said, "It's a long drive. Why don't we just get a motel here? We can sleep together, but we can't have sex." I wasn't sure how two people could make such agreements, but I was willing to try. We checked into a small motel and then went out for a pleasant dinner. She continued to be subdued and didn't seem to be feeling well, so I adjusted my expectations regarding sleeping together.

When we got back to the motel, we took in the bags we had brought in case we decided to drive to the coast. We had only begun to relax when in a casual voice she said, "Let's take a shower together and then we can give each other full body massages. But you have to remember that we can't have sex." This was a first for me. She wasn't showing much interest in me and did not seem to be enjoying herself. We had not even touched each other, but she was inviting me to get in the shower with her. I had to wonder what caused this sudden change of heart, but at the moment it wasn't important. I accepted her conditions and agreed to shower with her. I found it difficult to imagine engaging in such highly sensual activities without it leading to sexual activity, but she was in control. Had I been thinking clearly I might have caught on and realized that I was being drawn into a dangerous situation. But we all know that in situations like this, men don't think with their brains. We had known each other only a few hours and here we were undressing and stepping into the shower together.

After our sensuous shower she showed me a small case that she said contained her massage oils. We were both naked when she put a towel on the bed and told me to lie belly down so she could start with my backside. Taking a bottle of oil from her case, she began giving me a wonderful full-body massage. When finished with my back, she had me roll over so she could do my front. When she was finished she stretched out on the bed so I could give her a massage. For someone who wasn't feeling so well and had stated we could not

become intimate, she seemed to be pushing the limits of self-control. When we were finished we wiped off the oil, turned off the light, and crawled into bed. She willingly embraced and touched, but occasionally reminded me in a soft voice that seemed unsure that we could not have sex. This of course made it all the more exciting and unbelievably frustrating. I wondered if she was just drawing the whole process out as long as possible to make it more exciting.

The sensual activities we were engaging in were not conducive to sleep, especially with my arms around her and me expecting her to suddenly tell me she wanted to make love. When I finally realized it was not going to happen, I rolled over and did my best to fall asleep. In the early morning hours I awoke and without thinking about it tried to initiate sex with her. When she remained relaxed and did not resist I thought she was going to be receptive, but as I continued she said in a sleepy voice, "If you don't stop I am going to holler rape." That took the wind out of my sails and I lay awake next to her most of the night thinking about the weird situation I had got myself into.

The next morning everything seemed okay, and she did not mention my early morning advances. We were on good terms during breakfast, and I was surprised that we did not discuss the previous evening's activities. After breakfast I walked her to her car, where we hugged and said. During my long drive home I had time to reflect on my experience, but was unable to make sense of it. When I got home, I sent her an email and said, "I enjoyed our time together and think we should get together again sometime."

I was surprised by her cool response. "I am concerned about your neurological problems. My first husband had neurological problems, and he was impotent the whole eight years we were married. I don't want to become involved with another man with neurological problems." That was rude and hit me pretty hard. I wrote back and explained that I had never experienced problems of impotence, but she would not be swayed. I never heard from her again. Her response was puzzling and left me with a lot to think about. We had already discussed our health issues before we agreed to meet. So if she did

not want to be involved with me because of my “neurological problems,” why did she drive so far to meet me and suggest we get a room and sleep together? If she was worried about whether I could, why did she tell me she would holler rape if I had sex with her? I was in over my head.

It was not until years later while witnessing how two women in Sweden were suspected of entrapping Wikileaks founder, Julian Assange, with accusations of sexual abuse that I suspected the nurse was an undercover agent whose assignment was to entrap me. Though she lacked enthusiasm and didn't express much interest in me, she suggested we get a room and sleep together, she invited me to participate in highly sensual activities, and while in bed she did not resist my efforts physically. If I had proceeded I am sure I would have been arrested for sexual abuse.

Kathleen from Orcas Island, June 2008

I met Kathleen through Match. Her profile included many pictures of her, her beautiful home, and her property. She was attractive and appeared to be classy and sophisticated. I found it interesting that she was living in San Juan Islands near where Kim once lived. She was well educated and had an interesting background. The similarities with Kim were obvious and the alarms were sounding. That would be a long drive only to discover she was an undercover agent leading me on a wild goose chase. Once more I was caught up in that conflict; using women to spy on men and entrap them was very effective. Should I react to my suspicions and bail out now, or continue cautiously and find out where it might lead? Besides Kathleen's natural appeal, I was drawn in by my curiosity about her motives and who she really was—even though I knew it was probably a waste of time and could be dangerous.

Kathleen and I began exchanging emails. We seemed to be hitting it off okay and I was starting to think she might be for real. I avoided mentioning Kim or my troubles with Schwab and the government. All seemed to be going well when one day I received an email from Kathleen to which she had attached twelve pictures. I had begun to trust her and thought it safe, so

opened the email. After clicking on the first attachment I knew Schwab and Bush's hackers had got me again. My virus protection program popped up and warned me that my computer had been attacked by malware. Twelve files had been infected and nine Trojan horses had been installed. Isn't it curious that software, which supposedly protects our computers, simply tells us after the fact that have been attacked and infected? My computer crashed, and it would take a couple days before it was back in working order. Reformat the disk, reload Windows, reload all the software...a routine to which most PC users have become accustomed.

From Wikipedia:

A Trojan horse, or Trojan, is a malicious application that masquerades as a legitimate file or helpful program but whose real purpose is, for example, to grant a hacker unauthorized access to a computer. Trojans do not attempt to inject themselves into other files like a computer virus. Trojan horses may steal information, or harm their host computer systems. Trojans may use drive by downloads or install via online games or internet-driven applications in order to reach target computers. The term is derived from the Trojan Horse story in Greek Mythology because Trojan horses employ a form of "social engineering," presenting themselves as harmless, useful gifts, in order to persuade victims to install them on their computers.

* * *

After placing my trust in Kathleen, this would normally be like a slap in the face. However, the real Kathleen was probably hired by the FBI or secret service company and used as a patsy. She did not know who her client was and had no personal interest in me. I remained cool while attempting to verify my suspicions. I replied to her email, and without accusing her, I explained what happened. She did not reply and I never heard from her again.

Attacks such as this usually caused my computer to crash and become nonfunctional, requiring that I reformat the hard drive, reinstall Windows, and reinstall all the software. Backing up files regularly is essential, especially when dealing with the likes of Schwab and the US government. Through lots of experience I learned that Microsoft Windows and popular virus protection software were ineffective in stopping hackers of the caliber Schwab and the US government hire.

On June 30, 2008, I reported the above hacking activities to Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff, but he did not respond. Since first reporting Schwab's computer-hacking activities in August 2002, no one at any level of government has shown interest in investigating my complaints about these hackers. Paradoxically, the government would be required to investigate itself.

AOL Virus Attacks, September 16, 2008

After sharing my personal email address with another Match member I had come to trust, she started emailing me from her AOL account. Just as with Kathleen, this woman's emails soon began to include attachments. Initial attachments were okay, but as soon as I relaxed, my computer was attacked and crashed again, and I was again reformatting and reinstalling Windows. I used AOL's online abuse-reporting feature to file a complaint against this member, but AOL did not respond. Though I confronted her and asked her to stop, she was not deterred and continued to send me files with attachments. I finally had to block her. This was a blatant case of computer hacking, so on September 16, 2008, I wrote and reported these illegal activities to Time Warner⁶ CEO Jeffrey Bewkes. He did not respond.

Match, October 20, 2008

Two members of Match started bombarding me with emails that contained malware and caused multiple computer crashes. I again used Match's abuse-reporting system to file a complaint. I did not receive a response and these

⁶ AOL's parent company.

members remained online. When I requested they stop sending emails with attachments, they continued and I had block them. On October 20, 2008, I reported these ongoing cybercrimes to Oregon Representative Peter DeFazio and Senate Judiciary Chairman Senator Patrick Leahy. Neither responded, and the hacking activities continued.

Letter to President Bush, October 21, 2008

I wrote to Bush again and requested that he and Schwab discontinue their surveillance and stalking activities and allow me to live in peace. I did not receive a response from Bush or anyone on the distribution list and nothing changed. Please note that Senators Barack Obama and Joe Biden were on distribution.

Wayne Pierce

*President George W. Bush
The White House
Washington, DC 20530*

October 21, 2008

*Sub: US government surveillance and civil rights abuse
Ref: US government conspiracy to protect Charles R. Schwab*

Dear President Bush,

The amount of computer-hacking activities and planting of spyware on my computers has been phenomenal since I published my website earlier this year (<http://www.aeolusblue.net>). I have had a difficult time keeping ahead of your hackers, who are trying to spy on me 24/7. However, with enough help, I have kept the computers running.

What I am wondering is if dating services like Match (<http://www.Match.com>) are aware that your spies are using their services to set up profiles as

nice-looking women in order to entice men into exchanging emails so that they can gain access to their computers. This really has to be the lowest of blows.

How about your spies who set up accounts with ISPs like AOL and use these accounts to send emails containing viruses to unsuspecting innocent people like me? Are the managers of AOL and other ISPs aware of how the US government is abusing their services? Must be they are aware, for even though I have reported the ongoing attacks from an AOL email address, AOL has obviously allowed it to continue. Except perhaps if the hackers have only made it appear to be an AOL address. Is all this effort really worth it?

As you know, I have been complaining about Charles Schwab's and the US government's computer hacking since August 2002. However, here we are, six years later, and these activities are heavier than ever. The cost of thousands of contractors hired to hack computers and monitor our phone lines across the US must be substantial. Is it not ironic that the leaders of this once great country spend so much time, energy, and money on surveillance of innocent American citizens?

As our financial system collapses into a rubble heap, I hope that you and the leaders in Congress are learning that protecting corrupt billionaires from our laws and system of justice is not wise. Piles of books and magazine articles have warned for years that we would someday pay for the lack of regulation and oversight that might prevent the corrupt ways of the wealthiest people in our country. However, you have protected these people by turning your back on the problem, just as you have done with Schwab's illegal activities.

Since I first reported Charles Schwab's illegal activities in 2002, your administration has engaged in an ongoing conspiracy to protect him. You have also engaged in ongoing surveillance activities against me that include heavy computer hacking. No doubt you have included telephone wiretapping. For six years, I have lived with the knowledge that your administration is always spying on me. Not paranoia; I have proof.

Since publishing my website early this year, your people's hacking activities have been very intense, and my computers have been repeatedly hacked into

and bugged. I have reported these illegal activities and abuse of my civil rights to House Speaker Pelosi, Attorney General Mukasey, Senator Leahy, Congressman Peter DeFazio, and the FBI, among others. However, following the plan you apparently initiated many years ago, not one person has responded. Though the FBI has been involved with this case from the beginning, they responded to my recent calls as if they were not even aware of the case. When I told them about the computer hacking that was taking place, they showed no interest. Shall I assume then that one must be from Alaska and running for Republican vice president before the FBI will respond in force and go after the computer hackers?

Many thousands of people from government, bank, and corporate offices all over the world have already visited my website. The story is well known, so I see no reason for you to continue wasting money and everyone's efforts spying on me.

I am again requesting that you and others in the US government call off your spies and allow me to live in peace. Instead of treating me like the criminal, why not stop protecting Charles R. Schwab? Bringing him to justice might send an important message to other billionaires who have become so used to breaking our laws with impunity. The US government needs to start working for the American people.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

Senator Joe Biden

House Minority Leader John Boehner

Senator Robert Byrd

Vice President Dick Cheney

Senator Hillary Clinton

House Judiciary Committee Chairman John Conyers Jr.

Oregon Congressman Peter DeFazio

Senator Chuck Grassley

House Majority Leader Steny Hoyer

Senator Edward Kennedy

Senator John Kerry

Senator Mitch McConnell

US Attorney General Michael Mukasey

Senator John McCain

Senator Barack Obama

US Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Patrick Leahy

House Speaker Nancy Pelosi

Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid

Oregon Senator Ron Wyden

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court John G. Roberts

Blind copies to others

US Spying on Americans; What's New?

Based on my experience, the US government has been spying on American citizens for a very long time. As I will clearly demonstrate in coming pages, corporations and wealthy men are also spying on Americans. Secret service companies offer surveillance and tracking services for anyone who can afford it. This world of spying in the United States exists with full approval of the US Congress that supposedly represents American citizens. When whistleblower Edward Snowden leaked the NSA files, we learned that government spying was not only to protect us from imaginary terrorists, but also to collect email and phone call information on every US citizen. The big surprise for most was that the US government had been spying for many years on people all over the world, including heads of state. For a government that attacks its own people on 9/11, makes war against innocent nations like Iraq, and tortures innocent prisoners of war at the behest of its leaders, there is no shame and there is no control. The US Constitution is dead.

CHAPTER 7

Charles Schwab Corporate Bullies

ON OCTOBER 28, 2002, I received a lengthy email from Kim in which she discussed our troubled relationship and the role Schwab was playing in our lives. Although I attempted many times to defend myself against Schwab's lies and accusations that I was cheating on Kim, she brought the subject up again and put the onus on me. While discussing her untimely departure on that fateful night, she said, "If you had told me you loved me and had taken the lead, I would have come back to you." She apparently did not know how difficult this would be after enduring months of her and Schwab's false accusations. The perspectives were interesting. Schwab and I knew he was a liar and his accusations were false, while Kim's perceptions were based purely on his lies. Kim's mind was adrift as she struggled with her conflicting feelings about me while at the same time trying to comply with Schwab's demands. Thinking about it later, I felt Kim might have been right. If I had taken her in my arms and told her I loved her and wanted her to stay, she might have changed her mind. However, wouldn't this be the same as admitting I was guilty of all her accusations? Schwab had me beat down, and I felt helpless against his attacks. I was especially upset when I learned Kim had been conspiring with him and reading my email. I assumed it was all over for us. Like a child who has been falsely accused, I felt the need to convince Schwab he was wrong about me and I was really an okay guy. I also wanted

to admonish him for his underhanded activities and for having brainwashed Kim into hating me. Kim had been gone a couple of months when I decided to write and let him know how I felt. Of course, I did not receive a response. Commoners like me do not realize that people like Schwab spend their whole lives performing evil deeds against their fellow man. They have no moral character and couldn't care less who they harm. Just don't get in their way.

Letter to Charles R. Schwab, October 29, 2002

Wayne Pierce

Mr. Charles Schwab
101 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94104

October 29, 2002

Dear Charles,

I use the informal "Charles" simply because for the past eleven months I have heard your name so frequently. During these many months I have also learned a lot about you and your relationship with Kim prior to her meeting me. Despite my observations about your activities and the terrible effects you have had on Kim's emotional life, she has never put you down, but has often paid you great compliments. I know that she admires you and respects you very much and I am very sorry that things did not work out for you and Kim.

I write this letter only after consulting with an attorney friend whom I have kept apprised of my relationship with Kim and to whom I have turned for advice. Based upon comments from Kim, I know that her leaving you and becoming interested in someone like me has caused you great pain and suffering. Some of this concern was no doubt related to worries about Kim's welfare and the possibility someone might take advantage of her. However, these concerns were transformed

into what seem ongoing stalking activities that caused both Kim and me lots of stress and worry.

Since we first met, Kim has expressed her fears about your stalking activities and what you might do to hurt her or me. Many months ago she complained to me about your delving into my personal affairs; telling her I was nothing but an idiot without a pot to piss in; that I was only after her money; that she must have lost her mind to want to be with someone like me. Having worked with many well-educated, successful professional people much of my life, and being more savvy about life than most, I was not really surprised or disappointed by your comments; they were about what I might have expected. Because of your status and the fact you were friends with her husband, family, and friends, these comments have been very difficult for Kim during an already very difficult time in her life. For many months I watched Kim struggle and suffer due to your ongoing negative remarks and lack of respect for our decisions about our personal lives together.

With all due respect, I can tell you without equivocation that your views about me and your knowledge of my activities relative to women are greatly distorted, taken out of context, do not address the conditions that might have prompted such behavior, and could hardly be more fallacious. In my view, you have also totally misunderstood what it is Kim wants out of life at this time or why she happened to become romantically involved or fall in love with someone like me. For some, it is very difficult to accept the fact that others might prefer a more simple, down-to-earth life.

After our initial dates and time together and listening to some of Kim's remarks about your always being aware of everything we were doing, because of your detectives that were supposedly always following us, I started suspecting that your information probably wasn't coming from detectives (I couldn't see anyone following us) but from intercepted email or phone tapping. Then during our last month of living together, Kim's behavior revealed lots of suspicion on her part, and I could tell from her comments and names of people she brought up that she was reading my email or otherwise hearing about my activities. Sometimes she would show anger about the time I was spending on my computer and ask if I

was searching the Internet for more women. A couple of times she told me she had powerful friends who might know what I was up to and who were watching out for her. It was becoming more obvious that my computer was being hacked into.

As I reflect back upon this period, I know how very difficult it was for Kim to be trying to make our relationship work while someone was constantly upsetting her with reports about my activities and the sharing of my emails—in a grand effort to discredit me. All this while dealing with her financial problems and receiving great pressure to move away from me. And how terrible to be in a position where one knows about all this supposed cheating on her—without being able to come out and discuss it. Of course, based upon so many other comments Kim had shared about your stalking activities, I had to assume that you were the one doing the hacking and sharing of my personal communications.

It is very unfortunate for you, Kim, and me that the emails you were reading relative to women in my life had to be taken so totally out of context. I have many women friends, who are nothing but good friends, and these few emails were totally harmless. Despite all the accusations Kim says you have made about me, I can assure you, just as I have assured Kim, that I never once considered dating any other woman until Kim started telling me that due to pressures from you, she had to leave Eugene and move to San Diego, and was doing this whether I came along or not. After all our great romance and plans to become married and live here for a year or two, I was very irritated about what you were doing to her and her choice to leave.

Indeed, once I knew Kim was leaving and that the chance for us to continue our relationship was about gone, I did talk with a couple of women friends about possible visits, etc. During the time Kim was living with me, I did receive some strange Internet contacts from women and told Kim I thought these might be plants. I confided with a close friend that I knew my computer was being hacked into and that I was going to go along with these Internet contacts to see if I could prove my suspicions. Kim was soon coming unglued and accusing me of chasing women on the Internet, even mentioning the one in Rogue River, and the game was rather obvious. This is interesting for I had even told her about

the strange emails I was getting from someone in Rogue River. She apparently had forgotten.

Because of your heavy involvement with Kim's and my relationship, I would like to share with you what transpired between us during our early days together. I do this simply because of what I have seen Kim go through because of your low opinion of me. During the whole time I've known Kim, she has been very upset about your attacks upon me, your lack of respect for her by constantly telling her she was out of her mind for going with someone like me, etc. This, plus the accusations about my womanizing, all had a terrible effect upon her emotional life. Indeed, while we were together I saw her through many very difficult days and nights, including a trip to emergency while she suffered what appeared a total nervous breakdown.

Because I have heard so much about what I feel are ill-grounded opinions on your part about Kim and me, I would like to take some time to discuss things from my point of view. Kim's and my initial meetings came about quite by chance and we were both amazed at the circumstances that had to be just right in order for us to have ever met. During our earliest discussions in which I learned her name and where she was living, it did not take me long to figure out that she was from a higher place in society than me. Though she tried to avoid talking about money and her social status, I told her it was important that we discuss these things and that she know all about me, for I was well aware of the types of problems that can result in situations like this.

So that money would not be an issue, I told her that if we did become serious, I wanted her to have her lawyer draw up the proper prenuptial agreements so that money would never become an issue for us. I told her that though I could certainly enjoy all the benefits of money, I did not want anyone worrying about my motives or our plans together. She assured me that her money was in trusts and well taken care of and this would not be a problem.

During our first couple of dates, Kim and I had wonderful times together and were surprised at how quickly we developed lots of feelings for each other. These renewed feelings were so scary for Kim that she later told me she almost decided to

never see me again because we had become so emotionally involved. She was very busy preparing to move from Orcas, so we didn't see each other again for a couple of months until we met again in Temecula, where she was staying with her sister. Though she seemed very nervous and was constantly worried that you were spying on us, we had a wonderful time together, and a full-fledged romance was developing rather quickly.

We were soon living together and decided that if things continued to develop between us, we would become married. The plan was for her to move in with me here in Eugene and spend a couple of years here until my young son was on his own. Of course, you already know what happened with all our plans and the reason she had to up and move to San Diego.

Though I had suspected for some time that Kim had access to my email, I had no idea how badly her mind had been poisoned. Though we seemed on rather good terms during our final days together, with both of us still talking about my possible move to San Diego to live with her, Kim was secretly planning this dramatic grand finale, which would take place during our last evening and dinner together. We were both looking and feeling great and had a wonderful dinner. Then about halfway through dessert she abruptly told me that this was our last time together and that she would never see me again.

She told me that her "powerful friend" had been giving her reports about me, that she knew all about my being on the Internet all the time looking for women, that I was talking with lots of women behind her back, etc. Of course, I knew who this very powerful friend was. It was a very nasty scene and very difficult for both of us. My explaining the facts about "all these women" didn't help any. Neither did my explaining that I had no intention of even making myself available on the dating scene until she told me she was leaving, with or without me. What a terrible injustice had been done to this poor woman who had already been through so much.

Kim left my place that night and without any sleep was on the road the next day, heading south. We talked on the phone one time and she was crying her eyes out and telling me how much she loved me and how she wanted nothing more

than to turn around and come back. Then we were both crying because our relationship had become so messed up and destroyed based upon so much malicious outside influence and pressure.

In the weeks since Kim left, she has confirmed many times that for several months you had been hacking into my computer, that you had given her reports about my activities, that you were sending her copies of my emails to friends. She never said any of this was directly from you. She has tried to justify your behavior by explaining that you were only watching out for her welfare—that you were also protecting your own financial interests. This has done little to calm my sense of wrongdoing and the injustice on your part—or the terrible damage that this has done to Kim and me.

I want to be clear about my dating status today. Kim and I agree that since she left under the circumstances she did, and since she is now reestablished in San Diego, we are no longer committed to each other and are free to meet and date whomever we please.

What does one do when one has been made aware that someone of your status has been stalking them for months, that their computer has been hacked and their private communications shared with others? Never in my life have I been so violated, while at the same time feeling so helpless. However I have lots of time to consider what actions I might take. A couple of attorneys I have talked with say I am perfectly within my rights to file complaints against you with our government. I have now done that.

Besides the great emotional stress and ruination of our relationship, the hacking activities caused both Kim's and my computers to become nearly nonfunctional. Both systems have been backed up and the hard drives reformatted. I have no way of knowing if you are still stalking Kim and me or hacking into our computers or otherwise intercepting our emails, but per my lawyer I am requesting that you discontinue any such activities and quit interfering with our lives.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Letter to Helen Schwab, June 24, 2003

My many complaints and letters to Schwab and the US government did not produce any favorable results and by June 2003, it was clear that Schwab and Bush were conspiring to block the DOJ and SEC from investigating my complaints. Neither had my letters been effective in stopping Schwab's interference with Kim's and my lives. We were both vulnerable because Schwab could do with us as he pleased. I was becoming cynical about America's so-called freedoms and equal justice. It sounded great while I was in school, but this was the real world. The odds in my favor were not good and I had nowhere to turn within our legal system. Inasmuch as Schwab had no empathy for Kim or me and had been denigrating my character and feeding her lies about me for over a year, I wondered how he might feel if I told his ex-wife Helen what he had been up to behind her back. I thought this might wake him up and convince him to leave Kim alone. I decided to write to Ms. Schwab and find out.

Wayne Pierce

Ms. Helen Schwab

June 24, 2003

Ref: Mr. Charles Schwab and Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines

Attachment: Letter to Mr. Charles Schwab

Dear Ms. Schwab,

Though we have never met and I know little about you, I want to share with you the tragic experiences Kim Haines and I have endured since meeting in November 2001. After a few meetings, our relationship and romance proceeded at an unusually fast pace. During the nine months we knew each other, we dated for a while, became engaged, and lived together here in Eugene. However, suddenly last August our relationship suffered a very traumatic ending.

According to Kim, and based upon my own experience, during the whole time Kim and I were together, we were constantly being stalked and harassed by Mr. Charles Schwab. The very first time I visited Kim in Temecula, she was very nervous and constantly glancing around. She finally broke down and told me about her previous relationship with Charles, their engagement, etc. She said, however, that he would now not leave her alone and always had his detectives following her and he knew everything she did. She also said that Charles already knew everything about me: my son's name, my ex-wife, my financial status, and where I was at all times. When I reacted to these charges and told Kim I should get in touch with him and tell him to knock it off, she warned me not to try to do anything to stop his activities, "...because he can have his people take care of you." Gulp.

For around five months, Charles made a very serious effort to destroy Kim's and my relationship. Kim told me everything, and it was very upsetting for both of us to have him constantly belittling me, referring to me as a "jerk" and an "idiot," telling Kim, "He doesn't have a pot to piss in," and trying to convince her that I was only after her money. What hurt her most was when he told her "... you must be completely out of your mind to go with someone like him." After my life at IBM, I thought I was pretty thick-skinned, but never in my life had I had to endure such underhanded personal attacks—especially from someone who only knew me in his own fantasies.

Charles' ongoing efforts to denigrate me in Kim's eyes were very difficult for her, because of her respect and admiration for him. Though she was often very upset by his comments and threats, every now and then she would become reflective and say, "Wayne, you really don't know Charles. He is really a very nice man of fine character." Considering what we were going through month after month, she would have great difficulty convincing me we were dealing with a nice man.

By August of last year, Charles had Kim totally convinced that I was a real scoundrel. I was running around with other women behind her back, I was on the Internet trying to find new women, I had talked her into getting married only because I was after her money, I was saying things to friends behind her

back (based upon reading my emails), etc. After the intense friendship, romance, and love we had shared, this was very difficult and tragic for both of us. However, because of her sense of awe for Charles, there was nothing I could do or say to convince her that I really wasn't the despicable monster that he made me out to be.

The night Kim left Eugene and started her drive to her sister's place in Temecula was extremely traumatic. The accusations were flying and she told me how her "powerful friend" had been watching after her by copying her on all my emails (forwarded emails can easily be altered). Tempers were hot and furious and it was the most traumatic emotional experience of either of our lives. After all these months, we still have not recovered, and now and then as we try to patch things up, the accusations start all over again.

Weeks passed and tempers cooled, and though Kim and I thought our relationship was over, we soon learned that the deep love we had shared would not so easily die. Since last August, Kim and I have talked many times about getting back together. This is a vacuous proposition because she is working in San Diego and I must stay here with my son. My having a son here was the original reason Kim moved here.

Since Kim left, each time we have been together, she has been nervous and lets me know that Charles was aware that I was with her.⁷ Indeed, my experiences for the past year and a half have made me quite paranoid. I have inspected my car for tracking devices and suspect my computer is still bugged. This is truly a first in my life—looking over my shoulder or wondering about all the strange emails I'm receiving—one method hackers use to get into one's computer.

After Kim left last August, I decided I had had enough and decided to try to put a stop to it. I filed charges against Charles with the FBI and the SEC. When they didn't show much enthusiasm for pursuing justice or protecting me, I wrote to Attorney General John Ashcroft and President George Bush, asking for their help. When the response was rather weak and mostly an effort to sidetrack the issue, I wrote to several others in our government.

7 These meetings are discussed in chapter 8.

In order to give Charles my perspectives on what he, Kim, and I were going through, I wrote to Charles (attached). I just am not this terrible guy he thinks I am, but actually a pretty nice person. In my letter I asked that he discontinue harassing Kim and me and hacking into my computer.

The purpose of this letter is to appeal to you to try to have Charles discontinue his interference in Kim's and my lives. The ongoing emotional turmoil has caused both of us far too much anxiety, and Kim is still frequently very upset about what has happened to us. Indeed, because of some of Kim's earliest remarks, I often wonder about my safety. My lawyer cautioned me that if I try to go up against someone like Charles Schwab, with all his money and power, that my life could be in danger. I really don't find the world such a great place, so I do not worry about myself. I do worry about who will care for my son. I have asked Kim that if something should happen to me because of Charles, that she take care of him. Because of my worries, all of my letters and emails relative to my experiences with Kim and Charles, plus the story about the terrible ordeal we have been put through because of his stalking and harassment, are in sealed envelopes with my lawyer and a close friend, with instructions about what to do with the information. Should anything happen to me, the world will suddenly know the whole story.

I wish you well and I am sorry that I had to make you part of this ordeal. I know that Kim thinks very highly of you and your family.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

News about my letter to Helen Schwab got around fast. I soon received an email from Kim and she was furious. "How dare you write to Helen Schwab! She says you belong in prison and Charles says you are a big joke and a rather stupid one at that." I could not imagine why Keith Johnson would become involved, but Kim continued her scathing rebuke. "Keith said if I continue any correspondence with you, I should have my head examined. Wayne,

the more you continue this line of craziness the more I'm beginning to think they are right." I had become accustomed to Kim's occasional outbursts, but couldn't understand why Helen, Charles, and Keith were complaining to her. If Charles was a real man, why not pick up the phone and call me? The vehement reactions by everyone involved caused me to wonder if the Schwabs were not divorced, as Kim had told me early on, and if Helen and Keith were unaware of Schwab's relationship with Kim. Charles' reaction was quite interesting if he didn't have something to hide.

If Charles and Kim were confronted they would deny everything; so labeling me a nutcase was the easiest way out. It is interesting how rich and powerful people can shape reality to fit their needs. These billionaires do not live in the natural world, but in a fictitious world they have created for themselves and anyone interfering with their world is dealt with harshly.

Despite the ruthless manner in which Schwab had treated Kim for over a year, the question continued to arise: Why was she always so ready to defend him? Besides her admiration for his wealth and power, the only explanation I could come up with was her desire to protect her financial assets that he still controlled. Isn't that the way people like Schwab control other people and their puppets in the US government? Money? My attempts to protect Kim by writing to Charles and Helen Schwab not only failed to get Schwab to back off, but also backfired on me. Kim's harsh response revealed whose side she was on and it wouldn't become clear until later just how far she would go to defend Schwab.

For the purposes of this version of my book, I wanted to try to clear up the question of whether or not the Schwabs were divorced while Charles was supposedly engaged to Kim. Searching the Internet, I could not find any evidence to support Kim's claim that Schwab was divorced. However, if they were divorced, Schwab would have kept it quiet for PR purposes. So prior to publication of this version of my book, I wrote to Schwab and told him I wanted to clear up the matter and asked if he was divorced while engaged to Kim. I copied Helen Schwab on this letter. I told them that if I did not receive

a response, I would assume they were married during his romantic/financial relationship with Kim. I did not receive a response from the Schwabs, so assume that he was married while courting Kim.

Email to Keith Johnson of Fieldstone Homes, June 27, 2003

During our first meeting in Temecula, Kim told me she and her family met the Schwab family through their mutual friend, Keith Johnson. I was certain that Johnson was included when Kim told her friends and family what a rogue I was. However, I doubted he was aware of how his friend Schwab had been torturing Kim for so many months, or my complaints about him to the US government. My appeal to the Schwabs had failed, so I wondered if Johnson might intervene on Kim's behalf. I decided to write to him and find out. My letter was included in an email to Johnson's Hotmail account.

Wayne Pierce

Mr. Keith Johnson

June 27, 2003

Dear Keith,

I write to you because of my concerns for Kim Haines' physical and emotional health. Perhaps you are already aware of some of the tragic events in Kim's life relative to her relationships with Charles Schwab and me. However, I thought I would seek your help simply because of Kim's closeness to you and your wife. Both of you are very important in Kim's life. Of course, if Kim knew I was writing to you, I would have to worry about my own health, for Kim tries very hard to keep her private life to herself.

Kim's and my relationship has been a tragic one, with tremendous highs and terrible lows. When we first met here in Eugene, Oregon, romance was in the air and we immediately fell for each other—not bad for people our age. We

had a wonderful time together on several occasions here in Eugene. I later flew to Temecula, where I stayed with Kim at her sister's place. Our romance was developing very quickly and by the time I left we were crazy about each other and even talking about marriage.

Though Kim and I had been having a wonderful time during my visit, something was bothering her and she seemed very nervous. She finally broke down and started telling me about her previous relationship with Charles Schwab. She said that Charles was still having her followed by his detectives and always knew where she was and what she was doing. She told me that Charles also knew that I was visiting her, the restaurants where we ate, and even what streets we walked on and what shops we visited.

Of course, I was quite bothered by this threat to our privacy and told her I would get in touch with Charles and ask that he knock it off and leave us alone. She warned me not to do this, for he was very domineering and used to having his way. She said if I irritated him he could be dangerous and have his people take care of me. Of course, this certainly put a great damper on what I thought was such a great beginning. Throughout our relationship, Kim continued to warn me not to mess with Charles and just to let her handle it.

Kim and I continued to talk about becoming married, and a few months later she moved in with me here in Eugene. Little did we know that this was to be the beginning of one of the most destructive and emotionally upsetting periods of our lives—especially for Kim. During the time Kim lived with me, Charles called her on her cell phone almost every day, sometimes before we were out of bed in the morning. Besides their financial discussions, she provided me an ongoing dialogue about what Charles was telling her about me.

Kim told me that Charles had me investigated and had asked why she would go with someone like me who “didn't have a pot to piss in.” She told me that Charles always referred to me as an “idiot” and said the only reason I was with her was that I was after her money. I was often in the room or lying next to her in bed during these discussions. One day Charles called while we were in the kitchen

and Kim became very upset. She said, "Charles, please stop calling him an idiot. His name is Wayne and he's very smart. He's standing right here—do you want speak to him?" Of course he declined.

Besides the emotional turmoil caused by Charles' ongoing stalking and harassment, Kim also let me know that she had lost many millions of dollars while being involved with Charles. This hurt her deeply and several times she told me that she had let her father down by losing the family fortunes. While Kim and I were living together, Charles summoned her to his office in San Francisco. When she got home, she was very upset and crying while telling me that we could not get married in August (2002) as planned because Charles had made her sign a contract agreeing not to marry me. If she did it would cost her lots of money. I think he was controlling her portfolio at that time.

All the pressure from Charles was causing Kim to become quite ill emotionally. One day she was feeling bad and weak and just wanted to lie in bed all day. Toward evening she started to become incoherent and talking nonsense—though one thing was clear. Several times as she lay in bed she mentioned Charles' name and told me she didn't want to talk to him anymore. Though her cell phone was lying right beside her, she told me that she did not have a cell phone and didn't want one because she did not want to talk to Charles. I assume this was because she knew he would not call on our house phone because I might answer.

I became very worried because I thought Kim might have had a minor stroke or other physical problem, so I called her daughter Donya and told her what was going on and asked what she wanted me to do. We discussed how Kim was acting and talking, and I told her I felt she was suffering from all the pressure from Charles due to his constant calling and harassing her. I advised her to have someone in the family call Charles and tell him to knock it off and give the poor woman some peace. Donya called back and told me she wanted me to take her mother to emergency right away to rule out possible stroke. I did this and spent most the night at the hospital, where they did all kinds of tests on Kim. They did

not discover any physical problems, so I assume it was an emotional breakdown. Kim still hates me for getting her family involved, but I did what I felt necessary in an emergency. After this incident, Charles did not call our house for several weeks, but the peace was not to last.

Kim later started talking to me about a job offer working for you and asked if I wanted to move to San Diego with her. I had to decline, for I have a twenty-year-old son living here and didn't want to leave him. She later told me she was going to have to move to San Diego because Charles was offering to release some of her money if she would leave Eugene. When she told me about this she was very upset and did lots of crying and calling him names. She finally told me she had to make this move with or without me because there was too much money at stake. This was the second time Charles had blackmailed her into doing something she didn't want to do and it was very hard on her.

Before the opportunity to work with you, or Charles' financial offering, I began to suspect that Charles had my computer bugged and was sharing my email with Kim. After an email to Vicky, an old friend in Los Angeles, Kim asked one night, "Who is Vicky?" A chill ran through my body as I wondered how she knew about Vicky. Then one night she said, "Wayne, tell me about Lisa." Again, how would she know about Lisa? Lisa happened to be a woman I had worked with at Staples while living in Wenatchee six years before. She had recently gone to work for American Express as an investment counselor and had looked me up on the Internet because she wanted to talk to me about investing with her. I thought Kim had heard this from a friend I had introduced her to. When asked about this, my friend said she had never mentioned this to Kim. So the lights suddenly came on. Charles was bugging my computer.

When I let Kim know that I was aware Charles was bugging my computer, she admitted that he had been forwarding my email to her for some time. She was aware of my discussions with friends and accused me of cheating on her the whole time we were together. I was finding women on the Internet and chasing many women behind her back. Because of Charles' influence on Kim's life, there was nothing I could say to convince her that Charles' accusations were false and that

it is all too easy to draw false conclusions while reading other people's mail out of context. I had no interest in other women except as friends and I never spent time on the Internet looking for women. I told her that I would not doubt that Charles had altered some of my emails before forwarding them to her in order to scare the hell out of her.

My whole point here is that Charles Schwab strived very hard, both legally and illegally, to destroy Kim's and my relationship. Though I am a tough fighter and scoffed at his ongoing efforts, I must now admit that he succeeded. Kim and I have seen each other several times since she left, and though she has asked me several times to move to southern California and live with her, the damage Charles has caused us is almost impossible to overcome. Kim cannot give up the idea that I was cheating on her—which is absolute nonsense. Until Charles ruined everything for us, Kim and I were planning to get married. Why the hell would I be chasing other women?

Never in my life have I suffered such violations of my private life or such insults and damage as I have due to Charles' behavior. What has made it so difficult is that I was left helpless to ever defend myself, because Kim holds Charles in such awe, due to his wealth and power, that she finds it impossible to think he might be wrong. Even though she has told me numerous times that he was hacking into my computer and stealing my email for many months, she has continued to excuse him by explaining that he was only watching out for her interests. This is very sad indeed.

After Kim left last August, I decided to try to bring Charles Schwab to justice for the terrible things he did to us. Though a lawyer and a couple of close professional friends told me I should not do this, for he could easily have me killed, I proceeded in my normal fashion. If nothing else, what Charles has already or will learn about me is that, though I might not have much money, I am a very honest and just person, as well as a tough fighter. I have never lived in fear.

Last August, I filed complaints against Charles with the SEC and FBI. When they showed little interest, I wrote Attorney General Ashcroft. When his

office didn't respond, I wrote to President Bush. Based upon their responses, I have subsequently written to Bush two more times, plus I have written to other key people in the US government I thought might be of help. When I discuss these activities with Kim, she laughs and tells me I am wasting my time, for Charles is so wealthy and powerful that no one will touch him. I've told her that even if he gets off free, at least as I grow old I will never feel guilty for allowing a man to treat someone I love and me so terribly without at least trying to bring him to justice.

The purpose of this letter is to give you some insight into Kim's life, why she continues to be so emotionally upset, and why she needs your ongoing support. From my perspective, Kim's greatest problems were/are caused by Charles' ongoing harassment, his having caused us to cancel our plans to get married, his forcing her to move away from Eugene, and his almost total destruction of our relationship. If she could only concern herself with building the lovely homes she cares for so much, I think she would be feeling much better and life would be a lot more fun for her.

I prefer that you do not make Kim aware that I have written to you but will leave that to your discretion. If you otherwise want to broach the subject of what went on between her and Charles and me, I feel this might be to her advantage. I do know that most of her negative opinions about me are due to Charles' ongoing nasty accusations about me—something I can do nothing about.

Though I have reported Charles' stalking activities even to our president, indeed, he might still be at it. After my visit with Kim about a month ago, she was nervous as she let me know that Charles was aware that we were together.

Kim has let me know about your wife's illness, and for this I am very sorry. You both obviously have more than your share of difficulties to deal with. Kim has nothing but great things to say about both of you and considers you among her very closest friends.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Email from Keith Johnson, July 19, 2003

Unlike Charles and Helen Schwab who vented their anger at Kim, Johnson responded directly to me in what I felt was an honest and sincere expression of how he felt, based upon what he knew about me. If I was correct he was previously unaware of developments between Schwab and the US government. Johnson responded via his Hotmail account.

MSN Hotmail -

Page 1 of 1



bluebird215@hotmail.com

Printed: Tuesday, July 19, 2005 10:28 PM

From : Keith Johnson <KeithJ@fieldstone-homes.com>
Sent : Friday, June 27, 2003 9:08 AM
To : <bluebird215@hotmail.com>
CC : "Kim Haines" <KHaines@fieldstone-homes.com>
Subject : Re: Charles Schwab

Mr. Pierce,

It appears you think I should do something regarding the relationship between Kim and Chuck Schwab. Out of a high regard for Kim and the utmost respect for her and my friendship with Mr. Schwab, I ask that you do not contact me again in the future but most of all, I deplore you to leave Kim alone. I don't know what has transpired between the two of you nor do I care except to protect her in every way possible. Should you insist on continuing communication with her or with me I will find it necessary to seek legal action against you.

She is too much a lady and a very special person who has no interest in a continued relationship with you and requests that you cease your communication and involvement with her in every aspect.

As far as any injustice you feel has been committed on your behalf, this is your business and no concern of mine. Might I suggest you seek psychological counsel in order to deal with your feelings towards this matter?

Keith Johnson



In responding to me as he did, Johnson revealed his naïveté in dealing with these serious matters and provided evidence that would be harmful to his friends, which I will discuss later.

Kim's Address Book

When Kim moved away in August 2002, she left some of her things behind. One was her computer, which Schwab's hackers had rendered useless. Another was her address book. The US government was refusing to discuss my allegations against Schwab except to tell me I didn't have any evidence, so I was enthused when I discovered that Kim's address book contained all of Schwab's private contact information. Despite all of our lengthy discussions and my belief that Kim was being totally honest with me, I must admit it was encouraging to find him listed in her address book. I provided a copy of Kim's address book to the FBI, but they did not respond and it did nothing to alter their position. With his contact information in front of me, I decided to check it out by sending Schwab an email. In my message I once more requested that he stop harassing Kim. Perhaps I had other motives, for I knew how angry he would be if he received my message. For me it was worth it to get his attention in any way I could. The next day I received another blistering response from Kim. She said, "How dare you send Charles an email at his private email address, and how dare you look at my address book?" Once again, instead of dealing with me man to man, Schwab tattled on me to Kim, but for what purpose? One of the richest men in the world was running to Mom and tattling on me. It didn't take Kim long to figure out I had her address book.

While trying not to laugh, I replied, "Kim, what's the big deal? For the past year Charles has been spying on us, hacking our computers, and reading our email. What's he got to be so pissed off about?" Kim did not know how to respond. Wealthy men like Schwab are so much like the government when it comes to these things. It is perfectly fine if they spy and know everything

about us, but become upset if they think we might find out something about them. I never ceased to be amazed; Schwab was one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in the world, but like most men in his position he had a terrible fear of dealing directly with commoners like me. Despite my accusations against him he could only deal with me through his attorneys and ex-lover.

Letter from Charles Schwab Attorney Linda Drucker, August 1, 2003

My letters to Helen Schwab and Keith Johnson must have stirred up a hornet's nest at Charles Schwab headquarters. I assumed this was because they had become aware of Kim's and my difficulties with Schwab and my complaints to the US government. Federal Express delivered the following letter from Charles Schwab's corporate attorney, Linda Drucker.

Office of Corporate Counsel
101 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, CA 94104
tel (415) 627 7000

*charles*SCHWAB

August 1, 2003

VIA UPS

RE: Letters to Charles and Helen Schwab

Dear Mr. Pierce:

I write this letter on behalf of Mr. Charles Schwab and The Charles Schwab Corporation in response to letters you have written to Mr. Schwab or Helen Schwab dated July 1, 2003, June 24, 2003, and November 9, 2002.

These letters contain numerous statements and charges about Mr. Schwab that are completely false and without any basis in reality whatsoever. Mr. Schwab does not know you or Varian ("Kim") Haines, nor has he ever had a relationship with Ms. Haines. He has not engaged in any kind of effort to harass or stalk either you or Ms. Haines. He has not made any disparaging comments about you to Ms. Haines, and he has certainly not hacked into your computer or monitored or intercepted any of your e-mail communications in an effort to interfere with or disrupt your relationship with Ms. Haines.

The statements in your letters are both entirely false and highly damaging to the reputation of Mr. Schwab and the Schwab Corporation. They constitute legally-actionable defamation and/or slander, which would entitle Mr. Schwab to substantial monetary damages from you.

We are extremely troubled by the fact that you made these false and baseless statements about Mr. Schwab in letters you sent to his wife Helen Schwab at the Schwab Foundation offices, where several employees also saw them. Even more outrageous is the admission in your June 24, 2003 letter that you have disseminated this wholly false and misleading information about Mr. Schwab to such third parties as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Securities and Exchange Commission, Attorney General John Ashcroft, President George Bush and "several others in our government."

*charles*SCHWAB

August 1, 2003

Page 2

On behalf of Mr. Schwab, we demand that you *immediately cease and desist* from making or repeating any of the statements about Mr. Schwab contained in your letters to *any* person or entity in *any* form and in *any* medium. In addition, we demand that you immediately cease any efforts to contact or communicate with Mr. Schwab or his wife Helen through letters or any other medium or forum.

You should be advised that if you fail to immediately cease making these false statements about Mr. Schwab, or if they stop but resume at any time in the future in whatever forum, Mr. Schwab and The Charles Schwab Corporation reserve the right to exercise the full range of remedies available to them under the law, including obtaining an injunction and instituting a lawsuit against you seeking substantial monetary damages for defamation.

We expect your immediate attention to this matter.

Sincerely,



Linda P. Drucker

Vice President and Associate General Counsel

Charles Schwab & Co., Inc. Member: SIPC / New York Stock Exchange and Other Principal Stock and Options Exchanges.

♦ ♦ ♦

Something was wrong with Schwab's professional-sounding letter. First, according to Kim, Charles and Helen Schwab were divorced. Second, it had been a year since I had reported Schwab's crimes and provided the FBI with dozens of documents proving my complaints about Schwab and

Kim's personal and financial relationship. The FBI and SEC could have easily verified the relationship between Kim and Schwab by checking their financial agreements and records as well as stock trading records. Now here was Schwab claiming he did not know Kim. Most importantly, if everything Kim told me about her relationship with Schwab were untrue, Schwab should be suing her for defamation of character, not threatening me. Because the government was not taking action against Schwab, they were obviously working *with* him. I wrote to Drucker and let her know how I felt, but did not receive a response.

Letter to Linda Drucker, August 9, 2003

Wayne Pierce

*Ms. Linda P. Drucker
Charles Schwab Corporation
101 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94101*

August 9, 2003

Re: Your letter of August 1, 2003

Dear Ms. Drucker,

After spending nine months dating and living with Ms. Varian Haines and listening to her ongoing saga about her tragic personal and financial relationship with Mr. Charles Schwab, I found your letter rather shocking. If indeed Mr. Schwab does not even know Ms. Haines, I must assume that I have been severely deceived by Ms. Haines and that she is mentally

unbalanced. After our close relationship and love for each other, this is indeed heartbreaking.

You say that my remarks to our government could lead to legal troubles. If indeed Ms. Haines has been lying to me all this time about what I was made to believe were Mr. Schwab's illegal activities, is it not she who is liable for any defamation of character charges he might want to pursue?

In reference to the complaints I filed with the FBI and SEC, I find your conclusions puzzling and not based in the law. According to the procedures and the people I talked with at the FBI and SEC in August 2002, any citizen is free to file complaints about suspected illegal activities and can do so without fear of recourse by those named in such allegations. The FBI and SEC then determine what action they might pursue.

Your comment about the legality of writing to President Bush and others in our government is equally puzzling. Lawyers from whom I have solicited opinions relative to writing such letters advise that this was perfectly legal, providing I was telling the truth and not fabricating stories meant to damage Mr. Schwab's reputation. In all my complaints and letters, I have listed Ms. Haines as the source of my information.

Though it might no longer be relevant, if Mr. Schwab indeed does not even know Ms. Haines, as he claims, I hope you can understand my perspective relative to what I was led to believe about his ongoing illegal activities. Evidently Ms. Haines has had me convinced for the past year and a half that Mr. Schwab was obsessed about having her back and that he would not let up with his ongoing stalking, disparaging remarks about me, hacking into my computer, forwarding my emails to her, applying financial pressure that caused her to sign documents agreeing not to marry me (originally planned for last August), and finally, offering to release a healthy sum of her money if she would leave me and take a job with his good friend, Mr. Keith Johnson in San Diego. Since she made this move, we have talked many times about Mr. Schwab's efforts to destroy our relationship and a possible reconciliation.

Prior to your letter, I was contemplating a personal injury suit against Mr. Schwab and seeking counsel for his ongoing stalking activities. I have since advised the law office of your letter and await their response.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

* * *

Letter to Charles Schwab, February 15, 2004

It did not occur to me until later that the following letter to Schwab was written on what you will learn was Kim and Ed Doheny's wedding day. It was also written on my birthday. I do not recall what motivated me to write to Schwab, but it appears that I again wanted to confront him about his transgressions against Kim and let him know what action I was taking against him. In hindsight, I am sure he couldn't have cared less about what I had to say.

Wayne Pierce

*Mr. Charles Schwab
101 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94104*

February 15, 2004

*Ref: Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines
FBI Interviews starting August 21, 2003
Previous communication with you, President Bush, et al.*

*Dear Mr. Schwab,
As you probably know, as of August 2002, I filed charges against you with the FBI and SEC for what I believed was your ongoing harassment and stalking of Ms. Haines and me. I also reported what appeared to be questionable stockbroker-client behavior and activities, blackmailing of Ms. Haines through financial*

pressure—stuff that in my view would make Martha Stewart appear to be an innocent angel.

When I did not perceive any interest by the FBI or SEC in pursuing the matter, I wrote several letters to Attorney General John Ashcroft, President George Bush, and others in government, asking them to investigate my allegations and bring you to justice. Though I received a couple of letters advising me that my case was being referred to individuals in the DOJ, I again did not perceive any action. Since that date, not one person in government has called to talk to me about my allegations. Thus, I concluded that you were immune to our justice system and could apparently stalk and hack into computers at will—with impunity. All my information about your illegal activities has come from Kim. However, I have very good proof, without her having said a word. In emails to me, Kim has commented many times about your hacking activities and sharing of my emails with her. It might sound like a betrayal to you, but you must remember that this woman was engaged to be married to me, was living with me, and you put her in a very tough position. This information was all passed along to the FBI long ago.

Kim advised me many times that all my efforts to bring you to justice were worthless. You were too wealthy and powerful and I meant nothing to you; you couldn't care less about me or what I tried to do. She said you were obsessed about getting her back and that you could not be stopped. She also reminded me that because of your connections, the US government would not listen to me or do anything to try to bring you to justice. How naïve I was. After a year and a half of trying, I've come to realize that Kim was right.

When we first started going together near the end of 2001, Kim was a nervous wreck and could hardly contain herself. She appeared to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Still, when we first met, the chemistry between Kim and me was unbelievable. We became close very quickly. It was obvious that something was really bothering her. Despite all her wishes to remain faithful to her friendship and connections with you and others, she soon started breaking down and telling me about her previous engagement to you in great detail.

After your breakup, she told me about how you continued to harass her and always had detectives following her and knew her every move. When I arrived

in San Diego for our first weeklong visit, she told me that you already knew I was there. Next day she told me that you knew every street we walked on, which lounges we stopped at, and where we had dinner.

When I reacted to this information as any man would and offered to confront you with the problem and ask that you back off, Kim warned me that I should not try to contact you or confront you, for if I made you angry you could have your people take care of me. What a great way to start a new relationship.

After filing charges and writing several letters to President Bush and others in our government, by August 2003, I figured I had wasted enough time and emotional energy trying to bring you to justice. I had to accept the fact that President Bush was not going to allow you to be investigated (as far as I knew) or brought to justice. I also had to accept the fact that Kim was gone and would no longer be part of my life. My perception is that through your ongoing efforts, you had successfully destroyed Kim's and my once promising relationship, our plans to become married, and our friendship. You did this by repeated attempts to denigrate my character and by forwarding to her my otherwise innocuous emails to women friends, which you hoped would convince her I was nothing but a playboy after her money. I could not convince her that you were nothing but a sick man using every means to convince her I was no good. Because of your wealth and stature and your constant bullshit about how you were trying to protect her, she would not listen to me, but bought into your allegations against me about womanizing. Not only did you succeed in turning her against me, you maliciously broke this woman's already injured heart.

I have talked with a number of lawyers who would have loved to file charges against you for defaming my character, hacking into my computer, stealing my emails, and blackmailing Kim. However, none of them feel they could withstand the financial burden of being up against your unlimited wealth and team of lawyers. So you are like some god who can go around destroying all the lives you want, and neither our government nor our private lawyers will attempt to touch you. Indeed, civilization has come a long way.

Because of your financial entanglements, which Kim often discussed with me, for the past few years she has lived in a world of great financial loss, anxiety, and

fear. And she cannot escape the controls you have over her. However, because she left me, I had to walk away from this tragedy and try to accept life as it was. Little people like me live at the whim of wealthy people like you and your capricious ways, without protection by our government. People like you can harass and stalk and hack into people's computers with impunity, while some poor wretch steals a pair of jeans for her kid and gets arrested and thrown in jail. Some poor wretch who can't afford good Scotch to ease his pain gets caught with a pinch of pot in his pocket and is soon in handcuffs. The history of humanity has made little progress.

Then, on August 19, 2003, Kim got in touch with me and was very upset. She told me that bombs had been found on your property at Pebble Beach and at the Charles Schwab office in Carmel and asked if I had anything to do with this. I told her that I did not have anything to do with it and that I wasn't even in California at the time. Luckily, I had canceled my plans to be in California that very week. Interesting, isn't it? I asked why she would think I would do something like this. She told me that both you and your good friend, Keith Johnson of Fieldstone Homes, for whom she works, told her that you thought I was the one who planted the bombs. She told me that she had also had several death threats and asked if I knew about that.

The whole situation sounded so stupid and like such an ill-conceived attempt to turn the tables on me and make me look like the criminal that I started to laugh. I told Kim that this was nothing but a stupid hoax and that the bombs were probably fakes and placed in the wrong place if someone was indeed trying to kill you. And if they were real, why didn't at least one go off? I told Kim that this was an attempt to frame me or take the focus off of Charles, and that the FBI would likely soon be knocking at my door.

Indeed, on August 21, 2003, two FBI agents did knock on my door. I was not home, so, unfortunately, they left their FBI calling cards with my twenty-one-year-old son. I called the FBI and eagerly accepted their offer to come to their office and talk with them.

The FBI agents began interrogating me about my whereabouts on August 19 when the "bombs" were found, and asked for witnesses who would support my story. When I asked why they were interrogating me, they said it was because you,

Mr. Schwab, told them that you thought I was the one who planted the bombs. They said you based this on the fact that I had written you a letter some seven months before—the one in which I asked that you stop harassing and stalking Kim and me. I suggested that if you didn't know me and thought me a threat, you might have reported this seven months earlier when you received my letter.

During my meeting with the FBI, they told me that you claimed that you did not know a Kim Haines or me. So I requested a second meeting where I presented piles of evidence that proved you indeed do know both of us. This included names of mutual friends, her employer, etc. A few days later they talked with me again and told me that they had talked with Kim and that she was now claiming that she did not know you. Their demeanor revealed their sense of disbelief, and they seemed to have trouble maintaining their composure. At one point, one shook his head and said, "Why is she doing this to herself? If she's lying to the FBI, she is going to go to jail." Because of the fear I know Kim lives under, I spoke on her behalf and told them that Kim was lying only because she was so afraid of you—what you could do to her financially, business-wise, and how you could harm her physically.

After I learned that Kim had lied to the FBI, I called her and we talked for a while. I asked her why she had lied to the FBI. She was crying and despondent and couldn't answer. She finally said, "Wayne, I am afraid. If anything happens to me, please contact my son Chad and let him know." She then asked, "Have you told your son what's been going on?" Meaning, was my son aware that I might be killed? I told her no, that I was not going to involve my son.

Very interestingly, shortly after this bomb hoax, I received a call from Kim's then current boyfriend, Mr. Tom X. He wanted to talk about his relationship with Kim and her previous relationships with you and me. He was particularly interested in any harassment Kim and I had been subjected to from you while going together. He told me that since he'd been going with Kim, you were putting him down and denigrating his character. He said that you were harassing Kim—sometimes while he was with her. He seemed surprised to learn that I had gone through the same thing, and we shared our thoughts about the wisdom of going with the ex-girlfriend of someone like yourself. I told him that in my view, Kim would never again be able

to have a peaceful relationship with any man, because you would not give up your efforts to win her back. Indeed, though they were to be married in December, Kim broke their engagement and had X move out of her house.

Mr. X was aware of the “bombs,” and we talked about my feeling that it was a hoax to make me look like a nutcase because of my allegations against you. When I told him that you and Kim were now claiming to the FBI that you did not know each other, he was very surprised and said it was obvious you knew each other, for she talked with him about you all the time. He told me about your phone calls to her while he was there and how angry she became—similar to those calls she often received while living with me. This information seemed to have no effect on the FBI’s interest in whether you or Kim were telling the truth about knowing each other.

Even with all this background of your interfering with Kim’s and my life, the terrible emotional turmoil this cost us, the ruination of our relationship, the hacking into my computer—I was once more at the point where I knew that the president of our country was going to continue to protect you (my perception), the FBI was taking direction from above and would not touch you, and I was just wasting my time and emotional energy. So I tried to say the hell with it and continue with my life.

However, about a month ago, about the time that Kim let me know that she had broken her engagement to Mr. X, there again started to be many attempts to plant viruses and otherwise hack into my computer. Lots of people were talking about the viruses going around, so I figured I was just another victim of this “normal” activity. Then one day I tried to open a letter that I had written to President Bush so I could follow up on any action he might have taken. I discovered that the file would not open and I received an error message. I then checked various other files in my “Charles Schwab” folder, and they also had the same type of errors. MS Word could not open any of them. I then tried numerous files in other folders and they all opened just fine. Knowing your background of hacking into my computer, based upon ongoing comments from Kim, what could I conclude but that you were at it again? I have once more reported this to the FBI and wrote again to President Bush. So far, the response has been the same: no response.

Mr. Schwab, I have no reason to believe that President Bush or anyone else in our government will pursue bringing you to justice for what you've done to Kim and me. Your heavy contributions to President Bush and other Republicans is much too important to allow something as silly as the pursuit of justice to get in the way. Nevertheless, I once more beseech you to get out of Kim's and my lives and leave us alone. Actually, I am more concerned about Kim than myself. Through your harassment, stalking, and controls over Kim's life, you have turned this once beautiful, successful, and happy woman into a distraught, broken human being—one who is desperate to know which way to turn. Your good friend, Mr. Keith Johnson, is fully aware of this, yet he continues to support you in forcing Kim to lie. Do you know Kim? I have an email from Mr. Johnson in which he discusses your relationship with Kim. This was forwarded to the FBI in August 2003.

While living with me, Kim was often very upset about your activities that affected her. She once became so upset she lay in bed all day, having an apparent nervous breakdown and babbling about you. I finally called her family for advice as to what to do and they had me take her to emergency—where they could not find any physical cause for her problems. For God's sake, please leave Kim alone.

Some time ago, your corporate attorney contacted me and claimed that you didn't know Kim or me, that my allegations against you were all false (not sure how you knew about my allegations), and that if I persisted to write to President Bush and others that you would sue me for defamation of character. You really must be kidding. You spend almost a year harassing Kim and me, hacking into our computers for months, stealing my mail and sharing it with Kim, probing into my personal life and denigrating my character through comments to Kim like, "He's nothing but an idiot without a pot to piss in" and "He's only after your money." But then if I seek protection from people like you and try to bring you to justice, you threaten me with a lawsuit. Well, you can forget this approach, for I am not afraid of you and couldn't care less about your threats. Never in my life have I lived in fear.

Kim has so much as warned me that if I ever went against you, you would have me killed. I also know that governments have people killed. Mr. Schwab, given my experience the last ten years, including the terrible experience of dealing with you regarding Kim, I am not afraid to die. Have me killed—who cares?

When the FBI talked with me in August 2003 relative to your attempt to frame me for attempting to kill you, they asked me if I thought I might be killed. I told them I thought both Kim's and my lives were in danger.

However, though I don't fear death, I won't leave without knowing that you will regret what you've done to Kim and me. I want you to know that if any harm ever comes to Kim or me, the world will soon know about what you did to us, and how our government knowingly stood by and did nothing to prevent it. My story will become public knowledge in short order.

Take me to court and sue me with your stupid claims about defamation of character, which make me laugh while typing this, and I will be happy to meet you in court and tell my story to the judge, the jury, and the world. If you win, you will acquire my '92 Olds Cutlass, my ten-year-old mountain bike, and my few shares of stock that became worthless during the last crash. I have no money for a lawyer and don't need one. I have truth on my side and I have tons of documents that support every allegation I have made against you. You have Kim, who might finally have suffered too much and start telling the truth. Had she done this when I first filed complaints against you, we might have made a lot more progress.

All of my documents and computer files are backed up regularly and in storage away from my home. Two lawyers have copies of everything. The FBI has copies of everything. Hack into my computer, destroy my files, burn my house down—the evidence will not disappear.

By the way, I have reviewed all my actions with two lawyer friends, who have advised me and assure me that everything I have done is perfectly legal. I don't think there are any laws saying that citizens can't seek help from their government in bringing suspected criminals to justice.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

*Copy: President George Bush
Mr. Robert Mueller III, FBI Director*

Letter to Charles Schwab CEO David Pottruck, February 15, 2004

Bush's conspiracy to protect Schwab allowed them to keep a tight lid on the case, which left me helpless. As Kim told me when I first told her I was filing complaints against Schwab, "He is too rich and powerful and you will never touch him." I had tried for two years and so far I had proved that she was right. Well, perhaps this is why we have so many crooks in corporate and government offices. So far I had talked primarily to Schwab and various government agencies, but on February 15, 2004, I wrote to Charles Schwab CEO David Pottruck and informed him of Schwab's criminal activities and interference in Kim's and my life. I also discussed my failed attempts to bring him to justice. I copied each member of Charles Schwab Corporation's board of directors. I also sent blind copies to Kim and Schwab. Several months after I wrote this letter, Pottruck stepped down and Schwab came out of retirement and resumed control of his company.

Wayne Pierce

*Charles Schwab Corporation
Mr. David S. Pottruck, CEO
101 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94104*

February 15, 2004

*Ref: Mr. Charles R. Schwab and Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines
Ms. Linda P. Drucker's letter dated August 1, 2003
My letter to Ms. Linda P. Drucker dated August 1, 2003*

*Attachments: My letters to Mr. Charles R. Schwab of October 30, 2002, and
February 15, 2004*

Dear Mr. Pottruck,

After meeting Ms. Varian (Kim) Haines in late 2001, we began dating and eventually became engaged to be married. For six months we lived together in Eugene, Oregon. When I first met Kim, she told me that she had recently broken her engagement with Mr. Charles Schwab. She once showed me her huge engagement ring and a \$25K diamond bracelet he had bought her. Unfortunately, from the first week we were together, she started breaking down and telling me about Mr. Schwab's ongoing harassment and stalking activities that caused her to be extremely emotionally upset most the time.

In July and August 2002, Kim started confessing that Mr. Schwab had been hacking into my computers and had been feeding her my emails and reports about my personal discussions with my friends. Since then, I've received dozens of letters in which she discusses his hacking activities. Of special interest were his ongoing accusations that I was seeing other women and cheating on her. Based upon the personal discussions we have had and the accusations she has made about Mr. Schwab, I have no doubt that her allegations about his hacking are true. I've had my computer evaluated for many hours by a local tech shop, whose staff says my computer had been hacked into. MS techs have told me the same thing a couple of times.

By August 2002, I had had enough of what I was led to believe was Mr. Schwab's constant harassment and stalking and computer hacking, which, according to Kim included repeated defamatory remarks about my character. She was particularly irritated that he always referred to me as "the idiot." He also liked to tell Kim that I didn't have a pot to piss in and was only after her money. Being the fifty-first wealthiest man in the United States, I imagine that to Mr. Schwab and other wealthy people like him, 99 percent of the citizens in the United States don't have a pot to piss in. And some of us attribute this condition to the efforts of the men who make this claim. In any case, calling names and denigrating my character to someone I was in love with was a cheap shot and unworthy of a man of his stature.

Because the harassment and stalking had been going on for about eight months, and Kim's and my relationship had been destroyed by Mr. Schwab (my opinion), I filed charges against Mr. Schwab with the FBI and SEC. I later wrote to President Bush and others in government seeking help in stopping Mr. Schwab's activities and bringing him to justice. I will not elaborate here, as I have covered this in my letters to Mr. Schwab (attached).

Seven months after my first letter to Mr. Schwab, in which I asked that he stop harassing and stalking Kim and me, I received a letter from your corporate attorney, Ms. Linda Drucker, in which she said that Mr. Schwab did not know Ms. Haines or me, that all my allegations against him were false, and if I again wrote to President Bush or others in government that I would be sued for defamation of character, in the name of Mr. Schwab and the Charles Schwab Corporation. I spent my life at IBM, mostly in management, and I was not impressed with such caustic, threatening comments from a corporate attorney—especially knowing what I did about Mr. Schwab. I continued to write numerous letters to President Bush, FBI Director Mueller, and others in the US government.

I responded to Ms. Drucker's letter by suggesting that it was not me, but Kim who was making all the allegations against Mr. Schwab. And if Mr. Schwab didn't know her and the allegations were false, that the Charles Schwab Corporation should be pursuing legal action against her, not me. However, Ms. Drucker did not respond and try to clarify the matter. And though we were talking all the time, Kim never mentioned anyone taking legal action toward her for these supposedly "false allegations." Interestingly, when I told her about the letter from Ms. Drucker in which Mr. Schwab claimed he didn't know Kim, she asked that I send a copy of the letter to her, which I did. It wasn't until a few weeks later that I learned why she needed it, for she was to turn against me and claim to the FBI that she didn't know Mr. Schwab—I suppose in an attempt to make the whole problem disappear. And I'm sure she denied all the allegations I had made. When I first filed charges, the Portland FBI told me that they needed support from Kim. I now know that she

was very afraid of Mr. Schwab and that she lied to protect him. Their lying is easily proved by anyone interested.

I will not rehash all the details here, but will refer the Charles Schwab Corporation board of directors to the attached letters to Mr. Schwab. I believe Mr. Schwab and the Charles Schwab Corporation erred when threatening me with a defamation lawsuit and telling me that I am forbidden to write to my government about suspected illegal activities—especially that I can't write to President George W. Bush and Attorney General John Ashcroft. On their websites, the FBI and SEC both tell citizens that anyone can report any suspicious activity—without fear of recourse by the suspected party. And if I can't seek help from my president, then something drastic has happened to our country.

My attorneys tell me I can write to whomever I please—as long as I am telling the truth, as I know it. If your board members disagree with my understanding of the law, they need to ask the DOJ and the White House staff why, after numerous letters to them, they have not warned me that I was breaking the law and could be sued for defamation of character. The only responses from the White House have been that my allegations were being referred to the DOJ. If this is the case, can Ms. Drucker explain to me what laws I have broken?

Around last July, President Bush was not taking any obvious action to resolve the matter, so I was growing weary and about to drop the whole matter. However, some interesting events took place last August, which started things boiling again. You can read about this in my latest letter to Mr. Schwab. You are also welcome to contact the San Francisco FBI office that was handling the matter.

Based upon what I have been made to believe over the past year and a half, primarily by Ms. Haines, Mr. Schwab has repeatedly broken the law. He has spent many months harassing and stalking Kim and me, denigrating my character, hacking into my computer, sharing my emails with others, and most importantly, forcing Ms. Haines to lie in order to protect him from prosecution. It is my belief that if she had not been afraid and had been open and honest from the beginning, Mr. Schwab would be in jail. This is just my belief.

According to the FBI, with whom I talked several times last August, if they can prove that Mr. Schwab and Ms. Haines have lied to them, which is easy to prove, they would both end up in jail. However, it is my view that our government is protecting Mr. Schwab. Such is life among the rich and powerful.

If your corporate attorneys would like to discuss this matter rather than making threats in hopes the problem will go away, I will be happy to meet with them. If they feel that Ms. Drucker's claims that all my allegations against Mr. Schwab are false, I will be happy to share the dozens of emails and other documents I have that implicate Ms. Haines.

Do they know each other? Since I met her, Kim has told me that Mr. Schwab manages her investments for her, he has taken her on trips with him while negotiating the Micron purchase of Hynix, they have traveled together a number of times to meet with Steve Appleton, CEO of Micron. Could she really be just making all this stuff up? Most troublesome for her was that he had control over her investment portfolio, where he bought and sold at will. All of this according to her.

If indeed Kim was lying to me all this time about Mr. Schwab and his involvement in her life, she is insane and belongs in a mental hospital. However, I know Kim very well and believe everything she has told me about Mr. Schwab. What I would like more than anything would be to get Mr. Schwab out of her life and stop the stupid games they are playing before someone gets hurt. Kim is scared to death over the situation she is in and continues to lie about her relationships with Mr. Schwab and me. However, this is costing her by making her an emotional wreck most the time. She is afraid.

Because of my actions in seeking justice for what Mr. Schwab has done to Kim and me, she and I both feel that we live in danger of being killed. The FBI has discussed this danger with me. So have my lawyers. I am seeking your help in stopping further interference in Kim's and my life by Mr. Schwab. I am asking for your protection from him.

My story and allegations against Mr. Schwab are based upon ongoing comments from Ms. Haines over a period of almost two years. This includes

hundreds of emails back and forth—even when Mr. Schwab and her boss, Mr. Keith Johnson, thought we were not communicating. Though money is a very powerful motivator, Schwab and Jonson underestimated the power of friendship and love.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President George W. Bush

Mr. Robert Mueller III, FBI Director

Ms. Linda P. Drucker

Charles Schwab Board of Directors

Letter to Charles Schwab, March 30, 2004

There exists a wall of protection between the common people and those who control their lives and their destinies. Access to the powerful people behind this wall is at their pleasure. If they do not want to listen to those who complain, they just ignore them. By March 2004, I had written numerous letters to all levels of government officials, including my representatives in Congress. They all ignored me. I had written to Schwab, his family, and one of his best friends, only to be severely chastised. Then there was the media—that last bastion of protection against government and corporate corruption that we learned about in school. Unfortunately, under Bush and Obama, for the most part the media has become an impotent part of the wall. As I reflected upon all that had transpired over the past year and a half, it became blatantly clear that it was all of them against me. They had the power to do with me as they pleased, and I was at Schwab's mercy. Unable to overcome my naïveté in the ways of humans, I decided once more to appeal directly to Schwab the man and try to convince him he was wrong about me and I was not the evil person he had brainwashed Kim into believing. I also

felt that Kim and I were due compensation for the pain and suffering he had caused us. In what I knew would most likely be another waste of time, I decided to write to Schwab again and copy Kim. Neither Schwab nor Kim responded to my letter.

Wayne Pierce

*Mr. Charles Schwab
101 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94104*

March 30, 2004

Subject: A woman named Kim

Dear Mr. Schwab,

My experience since becoming involved with Kim and you has resulted in one of the most traumatic periods of my life. Never have I had a more romantic and loving relationship with a woman; never have I been so ruthlessly insulted and injured by another man. Because of the memories of my relationship with Kim and the manner in which you spent many months destroying our relationship, I am sure that any psychiatrist would conclude that I suffer post-traumatic stress disorder. Not a day goes by that I do not reflect upon what you did to Kim and me. Though I know that Kim ostensibly has put all this behind her, I know that she continues to grieve about what happened to us. We both know that the love and romance we shared was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. We know that financial and legal issues prevent us from ever being together again.

Had I not decided to try to bring you to justice for your many months of harassment, stalking, invading my privacy, and the ongoing denigration of my character, Kim and I might be together today. However, a key factor in my decision was the fact that Kim had become so brainwashed with your negative

opinions about me and your stories about my cheating on her that recovering the relationship we had known was next to impossible.

Never has Kim accepted my side of your stories about my “womanizing,” nor has she apologized for making these accusations against me. She has apologized for having read my email that she received from your operatives. Again, I assure you that never while going with Kim did I ever even think about seeing another woman. As I’ve told Kim a hundred times, only after learning that she was leaving me and moving to San Diego did I exchange a few innocent emails with women I had once known. I’ve not talked with either of them since. The contact from someone on the Internet was of little interest—someone who had responded to some old ad I had forgotten to remove. But again, this occurred after weeks of knowing Kim was leaving me. Few things in life have hurt me more than knowing that Kim and you both thought I would cheat on her—someone I was just mad about and planning to marry. Reading other people’s mail out of sync with events, and out of context, is a very dangerous thing.

Not only did I have to accept that Kim hated me because of my womanizing, the way I treated her, and how I was only after her money, I had to accept the fact that, because of her embarrassment about our failed relationship and plans to marry, she shared her hostile feelings against me with her family and friends—just like you did. Though she tried very hard and often advised me that we should put all this behind us and move on, she could not get over her negative feelings about me—causing her a terrible conflict because we were still very much in love.

One of the men Kim became engaged to after moving to San Diego once called me to talk about his experiences while dealing with you and Kim. He told me that Kim was very outspoken about her hatred for me and what a terrible person I was for cheating on her. He also lamented the fact that he was now the one who was having his character denigrated by you and that you were trying to ruin his relationship with Kim. As we all know, you were successful in also destroying this relationship.

Trying to know someone and judging them based upon reading their personal mail can cause us to draw the wrong conclusions. I am afraid that other than your claims that I am an idiot without a pot to piss in, your conclusions about me could not be further from the truth. You, Kim, and your families and friends are the only people on earth who don't know me as a very open and honest person, someone with great love and compassion for others, someone who has never cheated on the woman he is going with or married to—someone who can see beyond facades and simple biases and hand money to desperate people on the streets, and someone who can shed tears for those humans who are less fortunate. Also someone who votes YES on tax initiatives to improve schools and social services, while living on limited retirement income and driving a twelve-year-old car.

You don't know me as someone who spent their life at IBM, mostly in management positions, where, because of my interest and caring for my fellow man, I was always rated tops by my employees in Tom Watson's famous Opinion Surveys. And in my thirty-six years with IBM, I was always rated a top performer by my managers.

Mr. Schwab, your whole perceptions of me were born of your fantasies and obsessions about Kim. My greatest sorrow in life has been that, because of your wealth and power and her admiration for you, Kim allowed herself to be drawn into your clandestine activities and become brainwashed into thinking of me as an evil person—rather than the man who had been absolutely crazy about her from the first day we met.

For the past couple of years, you have invaded my privacy on an ongoing basis, you have denigrated my character with my fiancée and many others, you have caused me great emotional stress—possibly bordering on PTSD—and most of all, you have destroyed my relationship with someone I loved very much.

Because of what Kim and I have been through the past couple of years, I am requesting that you compensate both of us in some amount that we can agree upon. I believe that this is completely fair and in order.

After my retirement from IBM, for a couple years I published a weekly human-interest column for our local newspaper. In the past couple years I have

been published twice in newspapers. I have written Kim's and my tragic story and have discussed possible publication, using fictitious names if required. I am concerned about the legalities. If you like, you can consider buying the rights to any future publications that might be forthcoming. Kim and I discussed the possibility of my publishing our story during our last meeting at her place in Cannon Beach. She suggested using fictitious characters. Should this remote possibility come to fruition, I would happily share any profits from sales with her.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy: Kim Haines

♦ ♦ ♦

Letter from Charles Schwab Attorney Richard Karoly, April 29, 2004

My letters to Schwab, Pottruck, and the Charles Schwab board of directors stirred up another hornet's nest and resulted in a second letter from the Charles Schwab legal team. This time it was from vice president and senior counsel Richard Karoly.

charles SCHWAB

Office of Corporate Counsel
101 Montgomery Street San Francisco CA 94104
tel (415) 627 7000

April 29, 2004

VIA UPS

Wayne Pierce
3679 Kevington Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

Re: Letters to Charles Schwab Corporation Board of Directors and to Mr. Charles Schwab

Dear Mr. Pierce:

I am in receipt of your recent letters to Mr. Charles Schwab and to the Charles Schwab Corporation Board of Directors (hereafter "the Corporation").

On August 1, 2003, you were instructed to cease and desist from sending harassing, defamatory and baseless letters to Mr. Schwab and to the Corporation. You were also instructed to immediately cease all efforts to contact Mr. Schwab or his family, but you have apparently chosen to ignore the August 1, 2003 letter.

As previously advised, Mr. Schwab does not know you. Mr. Schwab does not know Varian "Kim" Haines – he never had a relationship with Ms. Haines – and he has never made any disparaging comments about you to Ms. Haines. Neither Mr. Schwab, nor anyone acting on his behalf has ever "hacked into your computer system," or monitored your emails. In short, while Mr. Schwab has never invaded your privacy, you continue to invade his.

Your latest correspondence demands "compensation" from either Mr. Schwab or the Corporation. Please be advised that neither Mr. Schwab nor the Corporation is, or will be compensating you for your perceived tribulations.

\\ \

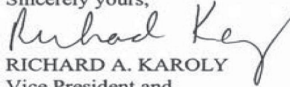
charles SCHWAB

Wayne Pierce
April 29, 2004
Page 2

Your continued actions are in violation of several Oregon laws. Oregon Revised Statute (ORS) Section 164.075, for example, refers to Theft by Extortion. Your attempt to obtain cash settlements from Mr. Schwab and the Corporation is both tortious and may be a Class B felony. Similarly, ORS Title 3, Chapter 30 outlines when parties can recover for Defamation and defamatory publications, and your actions are clearly defamatory.

Mr. Pierce, instead of focusing your misguided letter-writing campaign on Mr. Schwab, you should consider obtaining counseling. In the event that you continue to send letters to Mr. Schwab and/or his family; the Corporation; or any Schwab executive, director or employee, we will have no choice but to exercise all applicable remedies available under the law.

Sincerely yours,



RICHARD A. KAROLY
Vice President and
Senior Corporate Counsel

Letter to Richard Karoly, May 4, 2004

Following is my response to Karoly's bullying.

Wayne Pierce

Mr. Richard A. Karoly
Charles Schwab Corporation
101 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94104

May 4, 2004

Re: Your letter of April 29, 2004

Dear Mr. Karoly,

I am in receipt of your recent letter and it is no more or less than I might expect. I have thought about this for a long time and I understand the dilemma Mr. Schwab and Kim find themselves in. I am very sorry about what has happened regarding the relationships between Mr. Schwab, Kim, and me.

For Kim and me, the past couple of years have been the most tragic of our lives, and I know Kim is the one who has suffered most during this ordeal, both financially and emotionally.

Kim and I shared a great magic and became great friends and lovers. Despite what has happened, we will always have a place in our hearts for each other. I was with her during perhaps the worst period of her life, and I have great empathy for what she has been put through. Had I been able to deal with the injustices perpetrated against us and taken her advice to just walk away and forget it, we might today be married and living together in San Diego. We talked about this many times since she was forced to leave me in August 2002. Such is fate.

I see no need to debate the facts about what happened, or questions of who knows who. Mr. Schwab, Kim, and I all know the truth. And because of their

discussions with me and their requests for documents over the past year and a half, the US Department of Justice also knows the truth—as contained in the evidence provided.

I appreciate your suggestion that I consider counseling. I have a degree in psychology and went through psychoanalysis as a young man. I also gained lots of insight into myself through many years of management at IBM. Considering what Kim and I have gone through the past couple of years, I feel we could both benefit from counseling. Unfortunately, even if I could find a decent psychiatrist, I wouldn't be able to afford it.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy: Kim Haines

♦ ♦ ♦

When I look back at all the letters I have written to officials in the US government and the Charles Schwab Corporation, my first thought is that it has all been a big waste of time and energy. Perhaps my friends were right when they told me to forget about it and move on. But my persistence resulted in some interesting responses from the Charles Schwab Corporate attorneys. Ironically, it might have been in Schwab and the Bush administration's best interest, had they stuck together with their initial position of ignoring me in hopes I would just go away. But this is not how the US government and there wealthy masters work. Their main goal is to dominate innocent and helpless people all over the world. When a heartless US president and his allies can create a fictitious "terrorist threat" and illegally attack and destroy an innocent country like Iraq on behalf of their wealthy masters, people like me are of little consequence. My only hope was that their arrogance was causing Schwab and Bush to engage in crimes for which they might one day be held accountable.

CHAPTER 8

Bomb Hoax Sting

BY AUGUST 2003, Schwab and the US government had spent a year trying to convince me with their official-looking letters that I did not have a case against Schwab. Of course, they purposefully did not talk with me in person. During his June 2003 meeting with Kim at his corporate office, Schwab had tried to appease me by attempting to apologize through Kim "...for what he might have done to me."⁸ When they realized I would not be so easily deterred, someone at the White House made the decision to get me off the streets and silence me for good.

On August 19, 2003, I received a phone call from Kim. She was crying as she told me that bombs had been discovered at Schwab's Pebble Beach mansion and at the nearby Charles Schwab office in Carmel. She said, "Wayne, just tell me, did you or did you not plant these bombs? Charles and Keith both told me they think you planted the bombs and are trying to kill Charles." From the tone of her voice, I knew the purpose of her question was for me to assure her that she could trust me and that her friends were wrong. Kim became terribly upset as she told me she was also receiving death threats over the phone. "Wayne, I am really frightened. If anything happens to me promise you will call Chad and let him know." She was referring to her son, Charles Haines, who was a professor of anthropology at the University of North Carolina. I

8 Refer to chapter 3.

assured her I would let him know. She then asked, "Have you told Eric [my son] about what's been going on? Does he know that your life is in danger?"

Sensing what Schwab and Bush's people were up to and wanting to reassure her, I lied. "Kim, I have never thought it necessary to discuss these matters with Eric and I don't think we are in any danger." Realizing what her supposed good friends Charles and Keith were putting her through I could hardly contain my rage. Besides trying to convince Kim that I was trying to kill Schwab, these men were hoping to convince her that I was also trying to kill her. With their overblown egos and godlike perceptions of themselves, the character of these money-hungry men had deteriorated to such a low level they no longer had empathy or compassion for even their best friends. Kim and I had been very close until Schwab all but destroyed our relationship and forced us apart. So when he and Keith tried to involve her in their sting operation, it backfired on them and in desperation she once more turned to me. Kim was suffering terrible conflicts because she had always considered these wealthy men her close friends and could not have imagined that they were participating in an FBI sting operation that most likely originated in the perverted mind of Bush's chief advisor Karl Rove.

I encouraged her to settle down and said, "Kim, this is a big hoax and Schwab's bombs are probably fakes. Think about it. If someone wanted to kill Charles they would plant their bombs at his mansion in Atherton, where he is living,⁹ and at Charles Schwab headquarters in San Francisco where he has his office." Despite what I hoped were reassuring words, I knew that no one could even get close to Schwab's mansion because of the security system and guards. I knew immediately why Pebble Beach and Carmel had been chosen to try to entrap me. However, I did not discuss this with Kim because it would only confuse and upset her more. I said, "Kim, take it easy. Everything will be okay. The FBI will be knocking at my door and I'll let you know what happens."

For a long time I had suspected that Schwab and Bush were working together to block investigation into my allegations against Schwab. Their goal

9 Kim told me Schwab lived in Atherton, but I've read that he lives in nearby Woodside.

was not only to keep Schwab out of prison, but also to prevent publicity that would set off an investor reaction and sell-off of Charles Schwab stock. My guess is that if Charles Schwab stock were to collapse it would set off the collapse of markets all over the world. It was very important that they get me off the streets and silence me. Kim knew too much and was the only firsthand witness to Schwab's crimes, and I worried that Schwab and the government might also be trying to silence her. Contrary to what I told Kim, I knew that we were both in danger.

The FBI Comes Calling, August 21, 2003

A couple of days after Kim spoke with me, two FBI agents showed up at my door. I was not home so they left their cards with my son and told him to have me contact them. One of the cards was from FBI Agent John Ferreira, the first FBI agent I had talked with a year earlier that would not hear my complaints because I had not lost \$100,000. It appeared that Schwab did not have to lose \$100,000 for them to listen to him and investigate what I would soon learn were his accusations against me. I did not recognize the second agent and don't recall his name. I called Ferreira and scheduled a meeting at the Eugene FBI office. Being naïve about these things and still believing that facts and truth were the basis for the US justice system, I felt confident and did not think I would have problems dealing with the FBI. This would be my first meeting with any law enforcement people and I looked forward to the opportunity to present my case. When I arrived, Ferreira and the other agent invited me into a small room with only a table and a few chairs. Ferreira seemed relaxed and friendly as he sat facing me across the table. He did most of the talking while his partner sat to my left, remaining quiet while staring at me and weighing my every word. Reflecting upon this meeting later, I wondered if this might be the standard FBI method of interrogating suspects.

Still believing in our system of justice and not yet catching on to the fact they were part of the conspiracy to protect Schwab, I said, "I am pleased that I am finally able to talk with someone from the FBI in person." I pulled out a

small cassette recorder and laid it on the table and asked, "Would you mind if I record our meeting?"

They didn't go for it and Ferreira said, "We prefer that you don't use a recorder." I later kicked myself for complying and putting it back in my pocket. Ferreira started the meeting by saying, "Bombs were found at Charles Schwab's home in Pebble Beach and at the Charles Schwab office in Carmel." Holding up a letter he went on, "Charles Schwab says because of this letter from you, he thinks you are responsible for the bombs and that you were trying to kill him." Although I expected to be questioned about the bombs, hearing Schwab's accusation caused me to go cold. Ferreira's demeanor and tone of voice were not convincing and I sensed that he joined me in thinking how utterly ridiculous Schwab's accusations were. Maybe he was reminiscing about a year earlier when I sought his help with Schwab and Bush's people interfered. He handed me the letter so I could examine it.

I chuckled nervously. "This letter was written on October 30, 2002, almost ten months ago, and it doesn't contain anything remotely resembling a threat. It was simply an attempt to introduce myself, discuss my relationship with Kim, and request that he stop harassing and stalking her." As I handed the letter back to Ferreira, I was sure the two agents could see that I was shaken and in a jam. My mind was racing. First, I wondered if Ferreira and his partner were for real or if they were part of Schwab and Bush's attempt to entrap me. At this point it wasn't important because the outcome for me would be the same; if their plan worked I would be arrested and locked up and never heard from again. Thus silenced, I would no longer be a threat to Schwab and the US government. This was like a bad dream, and I was rapidly learning the truth about how the US government entraps and locks up innocent people who they see as a threat.

FBI Confirms Charles Schwab–US Government Conspiracy

Forgetting for a moment that they already knew the truth based upon all the documents I had provided them over the past year, I started defending

myself against Schwab's accusations. I explained Kim's former relationship with Schwab and his obsession over having her back. I told them about his constant harassment and stalking, my letters to Bush, and how the US government refused to investigate my complaints against him. It was easy to forget that local FBI agents are part of the US government and represent the current administration. While listening to me explain my involvement with Kim and Schwab, Ferreira became restless and appeared bored. I suspected he wanted to tell me that he already knew all this stuff, so why waste our time. The other agent remained quiet and was hard to read as he continued to watch me, listening intently and interrupting me if he caught a discrepancy in something I said.

I had just begun discussing Kim and Schwab's two-year engagement when Ferreira interrupted. He said, "The FBI has talked with Charles Schwab and Kim Haines and they have sworn that they don't know each other. Charles Schwab also says he doesn't know who you are." I was shocked to learn that Kim had broken her promise and had betrayed me. Schwab must have been monitoring our email and colluding with her for the past year. All this time she had been taking direction from him or the US government. In her defense, Kim might not have been aware that she was being sucked into Schwab's conspiracy with the US government. The FBI's claim that Schwab and Kim did not know each other might explain why members of Congress had been ignoring my requests for help the past year. I found myself between the proverbial rock and a hard place.

I had always been under the impression that information obtained from witnesses by the FBI was confidential. If this was true, why was Ferreira telling me about Schwab and Kim's denials about knowing each other? Initially, I felt Ferreira was sympathetic about my situation, but considering the evidence I had provided the FBI over the past year that clearly contradicted Schwab and Kim's claims, the FBI would have known they were lying. Something was wrong with this whole picture. Ferreira had to be aware of Schwab and Bush's conspiracy. If this was the case, he was either making me aware of why

I had not made any progress. Or, if I learned from him that Schwab and Kim claimed they didn't know each other, I would realize the futility of my efforts, back off, and forget about it. I wondered if Ferreira was bothered by having to interrogate me, knowing I was innocent and that if the conspiracy were successful I would end up in prison. The two FBI agents sat quietly watching me struggle with my dilemma.

After giving me time to think about what he had just told me, Ferreira said, "Where were you when these bombs were discovered?" Things were becoming serious, and I knew that I could easily be in trouble.

I laughed nervously. "Well, gentlemen, I hate to disappoint you, but I was right here in Eugene." It was a close call and I knew that a wrong answer would have resulted in my being handcuffed and arrested.

I thought for a moment before looking into Ferreira's eyes. I said, "I know this is an attempt by Schwab and Bush's people to frame me for attempted murder. Schwab has been hacking my computer and reading my email for over a year and he obviously intercepted my emails to friends in California when I was letting them know I was coming to visit. I told them I especially wanted to visit Seventeen Mile Drive and Carmel where I had done photography work many years ago." Ferreira was already aware, but I went on to explain that Seventeen Mile Drive was located near Pebble Beach where Schwab was building his and Kim's retirement mansion. It was also near Carmel where Charles Schwab had a small office. I smiled and said, "Isn't it interesting that these bombs were discovered during the very week I was planning to be in that area?" Feeling tremendous relief I said, "Sorry, but I had to cancel my trip due to illness. I wasn't in California." The two FBI agents sat quietly, pondering this turn of events that screwed up their plan. I said, "The only way Schwab and the government could have known I would be in the proximity of Schwab's Pebble Beach mansion and the Charles Schwab office was if they were reading my email. They blundered badly because I used the phone to cancel my travel plans."

Ferreira appeared frustrated. "Can you provide names of people who can verify your whereabouts when these bombs were found?" I told him I could

and wrote down the names and phone numbers of several friends. I would later learn from my friends that the FBI did not bother to call them. Why should they when it was all a sham?

Still gullible and unable to abandon my inherent belief in America's judicial system, I requested the opportunity to provide the FBI evidence that would disprove Kim and Schwab's claims that they did not know each other. Ferreira appeared exasperated while reluctantly agreeing to accept my documents. We set a date for a follow-up meeting.

Kim Caught off Guard

When I got home, I called Kim and told her about my meeting with the FBI agents. It caught her by surprise when I said, "One of the agents told me that you and Charles swore to the FBI that you don't know each other. What's up with this?"

Obviously under the impression that her discussion with the FBI had been confidential, she said, "Wait a minute. What's going on here?"

Trying not to reveal my disappointment in her, I said, "Kim, it has taken me a whole year to learn that you betrayed me and joined with Charles and the government to protect him. Now I understand why various people in the government have not responded to my complaints against Charles." She was quiet and did not try to explain. Neither did I press her, for I knew Schwab and the Bush administration were using her as a patsy. At this point it didn't matter because the damage had been done. I said, "I am going to meet with the FBI agents again and provide proof that you and Charles do know each other."

She said, "You can do as you please. It is none of my concern."

Second FBI Meeting

I arrived for my second meeting with a briefcase full of documents. When Ferreira saw my stack of letters and emails he appeared overwhelmed and said, "Look, the San Francisco FBI office is handling this case. We are just talking

with you as a courtesy to them.” Because of all the undercover activities in this area that I thought he might be coordinating, I thought he was probably lying, but went along with it.

“That’s fine,” I said, “but I would like the opportunity to prove that Schwab and Kim are lying when they claim they don’t know one another.”

Ferreira said, “Okay, we will forward your documents to the San Francisco office. The FBI is going to talk with Schwab and Haines again and if they lied to the FBI, they are both going to prison.” His serious tone let me know that he had heard enough. It was abundantly clear whose side Bush was on, but I wanted to believe Ferreira and hoped the FBI would fulfill their responsibilities and do what was right. That was in August 2003 and as of this writing, neither Kim nor Schwab are in prison. Things had not gone well for Schwab and the government’s plan to entrap me and lock me up.

Ferreira appeared worried by my eagerness to pursue the case. Toward the end of our meeting he looked at me intently and said, “Aren’t you worried about getting killed?” His demeanor was such that I could not determine whether he was warning me that my life was in danger or just attempting to frighten me and convince me that I should back off.

Thinking back on my meeting with Kim in Temecula, I said, “When Kim first told me about her relationship with Charles, she warned me not to mess with him.” She said, ‘If you do, he will have his people come take care of you.’ I have discussed this possibility with two attorneys who agreed that I might be risking my life. I am not deterred because I feel a man must do what he feels is right.” I left our meeting with the impression that neither side had accomplished anything.

Polygraph Test

In an scary turn of events, a couple of days after the bombs were discovered, the sheriff’s department determined they were fakes,¹⁰ just as I had predicted

10 For more information on this, refer to the *San Francisco Chronicle* archives.

to Kim. On a much smaller scale, of course, it sounded like the US government's "weapons of mass destruction." What about the witnesses I provided to verify my whereabouts? Could it be just a careless oversight that the FBI never talked with them? If Karl Rove's team was planning all this, they weren't doing too well, but Schwab and the Bush administration were not going to give up. A few days after our second visit, Ferreira called and asked if I would be willing to come in and take a polygraph test. A strange feeling came over me as I realized what they were trying to do. If they had not talked with the witnesses I provided and if the bombs were determined to be fakes, what was the purpose of a lie detector test? To prove that I tried to kill Schwab with fake bombs? To make it work they would have to claim that I thought the bombs were real. This was scary and I needed advice.

I told Ferreira, "Sure, I'll take your polygraph test. I've been open and honest and have nothing to hide, but first I want to talk with my attorney." The offer of the polygraph test left no doubt that Schwab and Bush's people were attempting to frame me for attempted murder. I met my attorney friend with whom I had been discussing the case from the beginning. She was aware of my current discussions with the FBI. I told her that even though the FBI did not talk with witnesses to verify my whereabouts, and despite the fact the bombs were fakes, the FBI still wanted me to submit to a polygraph test.

She became alarmed. "Don't you dare take their polygraph test! Those people are up to no good." I knew she was right and realized my pride had got in the way of clear thinking when I agreed to take the test. I told her about my college psychology classes where we studied polygraph testing and learned how easily the person administering the test can manipulate the results. I found it shocking and unbelievable that the US government would hire someone to purposefully alter test results in order to entrap and imprison an innocent American citizen. In July 2014 I read that an FBI forensic lab faked evidence that resulted in many innocent men being placed in prison, some on death row. More troubling was learning that people could willingly commit such evil deeds against their fellow man.

When I got home I called Ferreira. "Okay, here's the deal. I will take your polygraph test, but only if Charles Schwab takes it first. Give me a call and let me know how he does on the test." Of course, I never heard from the FBI again. I concluded that the only purpose of the polygraph test was to manipulate the results and cause me to fail. When I failed, they would arrest me and haul me off to prison, never to be heard from again. I am sure the US government has many innocent "enemies" like me locked up because they were reporting government and corporate corruption. Proving that I was not in California did not matter; proving Schwab's illegal activities and that he and Kim had lied to the FBI didn't matter; and discovering that the bombs were fakes did not matter. I became extremely troubled while trying to comprehend how it was possible that my government representatives and law enforcement officials at every level of government would condone Schwab and Bush's conspiracy against me. They remained silent and refused to even try to assist me. My narrow escape from the FBI's sting operation caused me to feel vulnerability I had never experienced. I was learning about the dark side of the US government of which few people ever become aware. Only by sheer luck and my training in psychology did I manage to escape this attempt to entrap me and lock me up.

This incident clearly demonstrates to what extent the US government will go to shield its wealthy patrons from the US judicial system. However, in this case it also demonstrates to what extent they will go to save a corporation and Wall Street from collapse. Forget what you learned in church and school about our Founding Fathers. Forget about morals and common human decency. Forget about the US Constitution and Bill of Rights. Forget about democracy, freedom of speech, and justice for all. When the stakes are high and the chips are down, winning is all that matters. Karl Rove's plans to entrap me were approved by Bush, Cheney, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, and many members of Congress (see letters in coming chapters). Though Schwab had spent almost a year committing felonious crimes against Kim and me, he was

a member of the elite club that rules the US government and must be protected. Perhaps it was insight into the corrupt human character that caused Sigmund Freud to tell a friend that *capitalism and democracy in America would never work*. My greatest disappointment in this whole affair was learning that the Obama administration would not only refuse to discuss my complaints against Schwab and Bush, but would ramp up US government spying, stalking, and efforts to entrap me. I will discuss Obama's illegal activities against me in chapter 10.

CHAPTER 9

Sports Card Shop

FBI Agent Ferreira Goes Underground

You might recall that my first contact with the FBI was in August 2002 when I talked with Eugene FBI Agent John Ferreira on the phone. Ferreira and I met again in August 2003 when Schwab and Bush administration attempted to entrap me in their bomb hoax sting operation. In March 2006, Eugene's *Register Guard* published an article about Ferreira's retirement from the FBI and said he had bought a sports card and memorabilia shop in Eugene. The article discussed Ferreira's lifelong interest in sports cards and said he had once run such a shop in Southern California while trying to break up a counterfeit sports card ring. It was difficult to comprehend how the man who had once interrogated me about attempting to murder Charles R. Schwab was now running a little sports card shop in a small town like Eugene. He seemed too young to be retired. The shop was on one of the main streets through town, so I frequently drove by the shop. I didn't notice much activity there and began to suspect this might be the latest effort to keep me under surveillance and communicate with me. Maybe they thought I would read the story, recognize Ferreira's name, and one day drop in and talk with him. The FBI's purpose from the beginning had been to persuade me to drop the case "due to lack of evidence," so perhaps this would provide another opportunity to try to convince me I was wasting my time and should give it up. I had always hoped to run into Ferreira someday so I could get some insight into my case and talk

with him about his role in the bomb hoax. Though I knew I could never become close to Ferreira, overcoming the reality of what I was dealing with was very difficult. Knowing what the government was probably up to, I resisted the temptation to stop for two and a half years before curiosity overcame me.

Sports Card Shop Visit, October 2008

I was driving through town one day and saw the sports card shop up ahead. Curiosity overcame me and I stopped, hoping to be able to meet Ferreira and chat with him. I decided ahead of time not to bring up my dealings with Schwab and the US government and wait and see if he might bring it up. When I entered the shop, Ferreira was standing behind the counter watching me. He recognized me and with a big smile said, "You and I have met before." I confirmed that we had and as I approached him he pointed at me and said, "Wayne...Charles Schwab..." I was surprised because as far as I knew he had not been involved with the case for over five years. I was more surprised when he said, "I always keep my word. I followed up and had someone talk to that woman...what was her name? Kim, right?" Of course, he was referring to our meeting in August 2003 when he told me the FBI was going to talk with Kim and Schwab again. Although I was pleased just to be talking with him, I remained calm, as though I had just stopped by to say hi. Though I did not initiate any discussions about Schwab, he was animated and more eager to talk than I expected. When I told him I read about his retirement from the FBI, his reaction was emphatic.

"I'm finished with the FBI. I don't even want to talk about it. The work was too stressful and it ruined my health." I thought this an unusual response from a former FBI agent, especially since he had been involved with my case and had just brought it up. Before meeting with Ferreira in August 2003, I had suspected for a year that Bush was preventing the FBI from investigating my allegations against Schwab. However, I had not been aware of the extent of the conspiracy to protect Schwab and wondered what Ferreira might know about it. Since he was bringing it up, I said, "In January

I published the story about my ordeal with Schwab and the government on my website. You can check it out if you like." I wrote down the link to the site and handed it to him.

Because he had been so vehement about not wanting anything more to do with the FBI, I wondered why he didn't pass on this opportunity. He surprised me when he said, "I am definitely interested, and I will check out every page." Others had acted with enthusiasm without ever visiting the site, so I figured he was just being polite.

I casually told him, "This is only for your interest, and I'm not expecting a response."

I caught him off guard when I said, "Do you think someone might have me killed because I published my website?"

He appeared startled and said, "Did someone in the FBI tell you that? If they think you are in danger, law requires that they tell you."

I told him no one had told me this, but I sometimes worried about it. He studied my face as if to determine whether I was serious, but he did not respond. I did not remind him that while interrogating me about Schwab's bomb hoax back in 2003 he had asked if I was worried about being killed. If this was how the FBI warned people, indeed, I had been warned.

While we were talking, I was casually observing a man standing at the other end of the counter who was slowly moving closer to us while checking out items in the display case. When he was finally standing next to me, Ferreira continued to ignore him while we continued our discussion openly about Kim and Schwab. I assumed they must be friends and might have worked together for the FBI, so turned to the man and said, "Are you also an FBI agent?"

Ferreira quickly interrupted and said, "No, he's a customer."

In an easygoing manner the man said, "No, I work nights and I'm just hanging around."

Something wasn't right. If indeed this guy was a customer, why had Ferreira been ignoring him spending all his time chatting with me since I

arrived? And why was he discussing my case with Kim and Schwab so openly while the other man could hear us? Wouldn't this information be confidential? Other than my initial contact with Ferreira in 2002 and during the bomb hoax interrogation in 2003, I had not talked with him. The little contact I had with the FBI since then was with the Portland office. I wondered if Ferreira was still involved at that time or knew I was talking with them.

I told him I had written to Attorney General Roberto Gonzales in 2005 and that his assistant wrote back to tell me that my case had been transferred to the Portland FBI office. I was told to contact the Portland office if I had any questions. I said, "Well, I called one day and spoke with an agent. I asked the status of my case involving Charles Schwab. He apparently took a moment to check before telling me they had no record of the case. When I asked, he said he had never heard of the case." Ferreira was listening carefully while studying my face. I said, "I was puzzled, so called the Eugene FBI office and talked with another agent. When I asked if the Eugene office had any record of my case with Charles Schwab, he checked before telling me they didn't. He did say he would have another agent call me to discuss it, but I never heard from them again." I watched Ferreira to see how he would react.

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Turnover," he said casually as though this was a valid reason for both offices to lose my records—especially after Attorney General Gonzales' office told me they would be handling the case.

I asked, "Doesn't the FBI keep records for high-profile cases like this one?"

He paused for a moment before responding, "They have your records. They're just young and too lazy to go find them." After pausing again he said, "I know the Eugene office has a file on you because I'm the one who created it." He became serious and looked at me with a smile. "Believe me, Wayne, they know who you are." I knew he was telling me the truth.

Was this conversation really happening? I had been exchanging letters with the White House and Department of Justice for over six years and I was supposed to believe the FBI couldn't find my records because they were young

and lazy? I thought the Eugene and Portland FBI agents were lying to me and Ferreira was pulling my leg until he told me honestly that they had my file.

For years I have thought about my August 2003 bomb hoax meeting with Ferreira and how he had told me Kim and Schwab claimed they did not know each other. At the time, I thought he might be breaking the rules and could get in trouble for such an infraction. I had been hoping that someday I would meet him and thank him for how he had helped me. Now, I was standing here talking with him and getting the impression he had been part of the conspiracy all along. By breaking the rules and telling me that Kim and Schwab claimed they didn't know each other, he was either letting me know I was dealing with foul play—and the reason I wasn't getting anywhere—or he had been maintaining the FBI's initial response and trying to convince me my case against Schwab was hopeless. With all the deception and lies over the years, it was becoming ever more difficult to discern reality from fantasy. Because of his enthusiastic interest in the case and what I perceived to be his game playing, I left his shop convinced he was not retired but working undercover for the FBI.

Sports Card Shop Visit, November 7, 2008

I was curious to know if Ferreira had looked at my website and especially interested in what he thought about my assertion that Schwab and Bush used the August 2003 bomb hoax to try to frame me for attempted murder. I dropped by Ferreira's shop again and found him standing in the same place behind the counter. I found it interesting that the man who was there during my first visit was in the same place as before perusing items inside the glass case. Ferreira was congenial and we engaged in small talk for a while. Curious about his change of career, I said, "Going from a career with the FBI to running a shop like this must have been quite a transition." I expected him to mention a boyhood interest in sports cards, as discussed in the *Register Guard* article. Instead, he only mentioned that he had once run a shop like this in

California while working undercover to break up a counterfeit sports card ring, which coincided with the *Register Guard* article.

During my first visit, Ferreira told me he bought the shop after retiring, but was going to sell it as soon as his daughter graduated from high school. This time his story changed. "I didn't have to put up any money," he said. "The owner just gave me the shop and told me all he wanted was part of the profits." This was an interesting change. Either way, ownership could be checked and it might still be registered in the former owner's name. Ferreira grimaced and said, "The work here is demanding and takes too much of my time." This was interesting, for I rarely observed more than a couple of customers there. I asked why he didn't hire someone to relieve him. He said, "Can't because of theft." I thought about all the shops in town where owners could make the same claim, yet they still hired clerks to run their shops. I was having trouble understanding how or why an FBI agent with a daughter in high school would retire so he could stand around all day in a boring shop like this.

During my first visit, Ferreira had told me he retired due to all the stress and how it ruined his health. I mentioned this during this visit and asked if he had suffered heart problems. He confirmed that he had a heart attack and had undergone bypass surgery, but was now feeling great. After we chatted for a while I asked him if he had a chance to check out my website. His eyes opened wide and he became animated. With the other man still at the end of the counter able to hear our conversation, Ferreira said, "Not only did I check it out, I read every word." I wondered why he was so enthused about something he had known about for so long. Without expressing empathy for Kim and me, or expressing feelings about the case, he took up the government's ploy. Looking at me as though he had carefully evaluated the information on my website, he smiled and said, "You haven't provided any evidence, Wayne. If I were an FBI agent I would have to have some evidence." Though I was shocked, I remained calm and did not argue with him. Ferreira was trying to sell the government's same old line. Though he claimed to have studied my

website in detail, Ferreira was ignoring the fact that he and I had previously discussed Schwab's crimes, such as his false accusation that I was trying to kill him.

After thinking about all that had transpired during my visits with Ferreira, I concluded that this was an FBI undercover operation and the US government had hoped I would do just what I did and stop by to talk with Ferreira. His role would be to once more try to convince me that I did not have a case and convince me that I should drop it. Although he remained interested and seemed to want to keep talking about it, I became cool and wasn't going to play their game. In a relaxed tone I said, "Hey, the whole story is on my website for anyone who's interested." This implied that he had ignored the facts I presented and I was not going to debate with him.

He was not ready to let it go, and referring to my claims about Schwab and the government hacking my computer, he nonchalantly said, "About all this computer hacking you talk about. Viruses are everywhere." Considering the high level of hacking and all the Trojan horses I had discussed on my website, his comments were unbelievable. His defensive attitude and comments left me stunned and I had difficulty accepting what I had been suspecting, that Ferreira was still an FBI agent. He was working undercover and playing games with me. Ferreira thought for a moment before continuing. "On your website, you say Kim lied when she said she didn't know Schwab, but you also have letters from Schwab's attorneys telling you the same thing." He smiled as though this somehow proved they did not know each other. Despite all the evidence I provided that proved otherwise, here we were six and a half years later with the US government still distorting the facts and using the same line of defense.

Ferreira's next comment left no doubt he was still employed by the FBI. In an attempt to bully me he said, "I really don't understand why Schwab hasn't sued you for publishing his attorneys' letters on your website." Schwab's letters had been on my website for eleven months. They were his letters, so how could he sue me? This certainly didn't sound much like a retired FBI agent

that didn't want to talk about his work. His assignment was to meet and talk with me and try to convince me that I did not have a case against Schwab, and if that didn't work, try to bully me into silence. Despite the tremendous letdown and disappointment I felt, I was able to remain calm and didn't let on that I saw through the games he was playing with me. Nothing had changed since I first discussed my complaints with the FBI in August 2002. I changed the subject and spent a few minutes asking Ferreira about the sporting card business. Then I told him I enjoyed chatting with him, but that I had to get going and would drop by again sometime. He smiled and appeared pleased, perhaps thinking he had gotten through to me.

Sports Card Shop Visit, April 20, 2011

After becoming convinced that Ferreira was working undercover, I lost interest in thinking I might one day befriend him. I also lost interest in visiting his shop. However, he was the only person in the US government with whom I had been able to communicate and gain information. Two and a half years passed before I once more felt like stopping to talk with him again. Lots of time had passed and perhaps Ferreira was in a position to share more of what he knew about my case. I stopped by his shop one day and when I walked in there was a young man with a short beard standing behind the counter where Ferreira had previously been standing. He resembled the man who had been in the shop during my previous visits, but now had a beard.

Looking around the shop, I said, "Is John Ferreira available?"

"He no longer works here," he replied.

I said, "What's he doing these days?"

The man with the beard said, "I don't think he knows what he's doing," He hesitated for a moment. "Right now he's digging a ditch to get the water away from his house."

I asked, "Do you now own the shop?"

He said, "Not yet but I'm working on it."

Motioning to the display case with the racks of sports cards, I asked, “Are you into collecting sports cards?”

In a lackluster manner, he shrugged and said, “Nah, I just buy ‘em and sell ‘em.”

I sensed that he was putting me on and asked, “Are you also an FBI agent?”

He looked at me rather sheepishly and said, “Nah, I ain’t smart enough for that.”

His casual comments about Ferreira not knowing what he was doing and about him being home digging a ditch implied that he was close to Ferreira. Telling me in this silly manner that he wasn’t smart enough to be an FBI agent convinced me he probably was one. Maybe because I had not returned right away as expected after my second visit, the FBI put someone in the shop to fill in for Ferreira.

I felt certain I knew what the FBI was up to and had no further interest in stopping at the shop.

Coordination of Undercover Operations

Once I had visited Ferreira’s shop and was convinced he was working undercover against me, I suspected he was coordinating the undercover women who were stalking me from this shop. Two women I had met in person and one I talked with online were living in Eugene, and Laura’s Facebook profile indicated that she was living in nearby Springfield. This was something I would never be able to prove, but why else have Ferreira hanging around doing next to nothing in a sports card shop? At this point it was my opinion that Bush’s assistant, Karl Rove, was initially responsible for operations against me and that Ferreira later took over. Of course, this could all be fantasy, but when dealing with the US government, what else do we have to go on?

Sports Card Shop Visit, July 25, 2014

During my initial visits to the sports card shop, Ferreira’s small silver pickup was parked out front. For as long as I could remember, I thought the new

large pickup parked in front of the store belonged to the man who said he was taking over the shop. During my three visits to the shop, there was an office machine repair shop next door. One of my typewriters quit working, so on July 25, 2014, I took it to the office machine shop. When I got there I was surprised to learn that the office equipment repair shop was gone and the new tenant was a medical marijuana dispensing business.

Having discovered the office equipment shop was gone, I walked next door to see how the new owner of the sports card shop was doing. To my surprise, FBI agent John Ferreira was behind the counter where he was during my first two visits. He looked the same except that he appeared heavier. I said, "What are you doing here? The last time I stopped a man told me he was buying the place from you."

Ferreira said, "Yeah, I no longer have it. I'm just working here part-time." This was interesting because I had seen his large pickup here many times. He said, "I'm also working part-time for the Eugene Police Department." He told me he was working on something we might learn about in the news pretty soon. With a big grin he said, "My wife and I are moving to Hawaii. Our house is for sale, but we haven't been able to sell it. We also have a house on the coast." This was interesting, for houses are selling quite well in Eugene.

I asked him, "Are you from Hawaii?"

He said, "Yes, I'm Hawaiian, but my wife is from here. She doesn't want to move.

"What part of Hawaii are you moving to?" I asked.

He said, "We want to move to Oahu and get a place in Waikiki, but it's really expensive." I couldn't imagine a native-born Hawaiian wanting to live in Waikiki among tourists from around the world.

"How about your place on the coast? Are you going to keep it?" I asked.

He responded, "Yeah, we'll keep it and spend part of our time there."

When I asked Ferreira what happened to the office equipment shop next door, he said he didn't know, but it was now a place to buy medical marijuana. He said, "The smell is really potent." He looked at the ceiling as if to indicate

the smell was coming through the attic space. When I told him I couldn't smell anything, he said it was stronger when they received a new shipment.

I found it quite interesting that a marijuana dispensing shop would be located next door to what I believed was an undercover FBI operation. Were there undercover FBI agents working in both shops?

CHAPTER 10

Obama Administration

BY 2008 PRESIDENT Bush and Vice President Cheney were the focus of mistrust and hatred from around the world. Scholars and demolition experts were convincing many Americans that 9/11 was an inside job, with Cheney controlling operations on the day of the attacks.¹¹ In our new world of politics, government officials have emerged from their offices and conduct their debates on national news and talk shows. Arguments raged about the need to make war against the innocent and defenseless people of Iraq. Media from around the world were providing common citizens with a daily dose of anxiety and depression as terrorists lurked behind every bush. For many, Bush and Blair's attempts to convince the world that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction were unconvincing, and it was obvious that their billionaire masters were trying to get a foothold in the Middle East close to the planet's greatest oil resources.

Elections were coming up, and Americans were eager and ready for the changes Barack Obama was promising. I joined those who believed he would hold Bush and Cheney accountable for their illegal attack on Iraq and war crimes such as waterboarding and other torture. Efforts were already underway in Spain, Germany, and elsewhere to have Bush, Cheney, and Rumsfeld tried for war crimes in the International Criminal Court. Obama disappointed many when he chose to kill these efforts and "...put the past behind us."

11 Refer to *Crossing the Rubicon* by Michael Ruppert.

His supporters were also surprised to learn that Obama was joining Bush and forgiving the crooked bank officials whose illegal activities had brought down world economies and instead providing billions in loans to save them from collapse. In this chapter I will discuss how President Obama not only failed to investigate my complaints about Schwab and the Bush administration, but how he also joined their conspiracy to obstruct justice, deny my civil rights, and turn me into an enemy of the US government.

Letter to US Attorney General Eric Holder, January 20, 2008

I was feeling optimistic when I wrote to Obama's newly appointed attorney general, Eric Holder, and requested he investigate my complaints against Schwab and the Bush administration. As mentioned above, Obama and others on my distribution list were already aware of the case and were prepared.

Wayne Pierce

*Attorney General Eric Holder Jr.
US Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530-0001*

January 20, 2008

Sub: George W. Bush—Charles R. Schwab Conspiracy to defraud the US government

Ref: <http://www.aeolusblue.net>

Dear Mr. Holder:

Congratulations on joining President Barack Obama's administration and becoming our new attorney general. Your role in salvaging the plundered US

Department of Justice will be a daunting task as well as a historical event. People all over the world eagerly await the return of America to its core values set forth by our Founding Fathers in our Constitution and Bill of Rights. They also await the restoration of moral character within the White House and US government. Many people like me await the return of equal protection under our laws.

Since August 2002, I have sought assistance from the US government in bringing Charles R. Schwab to justice for a number of crimes he committed against Kim Haines and myself. I have also reported what I suspected were improper financial dealings. Please refer to my website where I discuss my allegations in detail.

Though Schwab's illegal activities were worthy of investigation and prosecution, President Bush and Vice President Cheney created legal difficulties for themselves by refusing to investigate my allegations, and instead conspiring to protect Schwab from our system of justice. Because they apparently felt I was still a threat and wanted me silenced, Bush, Cheney, and Schwab compounded their problems when, in August 2003, they conspired to frame me for attempting to murder Schwab. Had I not consulted with my attorney and followed her advice, I have little doubt they would have locked me up and I would still be trying to prove my innocence—just like so many other Bush prisoners. Please refer to my website's Conspiracy page for details regarding these matters.

Corporate executives have joined in the Bush–Cheney conspiracy to spy on innocent citizens. Two of these that have affected me are the CEOs of AOL and Match, which Bush utilized to hack my computers. Though I filed complaints with these corporations and wrote to Bush regarding their illegal activities, they continue unabated. Bush and Cheney have repeatedly demonstrated their total disregard for our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

Because I executed my rights and filed charges against one of Bush's billionaire supporters back in August 2002, he has subjected me to ongoing electronic

surveillance. My Internet service provider and web-hosting companies have provided ample evidence of their illegal activities. This all began long before Bush's Homeland Security and Patriot Acts became law.

I wish you well with the challenges that lie ahead and look forward to hearing from you regarding these matters.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

US President Barack Obama

US Vice President Joe Biden

US Secretary of State Hillary Clinton

US Representative John Boehner

US Senator Robert Byrd

US House Judiciary Committee Chairman John Conyers Jr.

US Representative Peter DeFazio

US Senator Bill Frist

US Representative Steny Hoyer

US Senator Edward Kennedy

US Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Patrick Leahy

US House Speaker Nancy Pelosi

US Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid

Salem News Journalists Tim and Bonnie King

I had my first disappointment from the Obama administration when I did not receive a response from Holder or anyone on the distribution list. Over the years, I had become accustomed to being ignored, but this time it was different because I had placed so much faith in Obama. More disappointing was the continued surveillance and stalking activities that indicated nothing had changed. I decided to appeal directly to President Obama.

Letter to President Obama, February 19, 2009

Wayne Pierce

US President Barack Obama
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20500

February 19, 2009

Subject: George W. Bush and Charles R. Schwab Conspiracy

Dear President Obama,

After five months of enduring Charles Schwab's ongoing illegal activities, in August 2002 I filed formal charges against him with the FBI and SEC. I also reported Schwab's crimes to the Eugene and Portland FBI offices. Because of the lack of response, I wrote to the heads of the FBI, SEC, and DOJ. I then wrote to President Bush and leaders of both chambers of the US Congress. Though President Bush wrote and told me he was referring the case to the DOJ for investigation, nothing came of it. In hindsight, I know this was a ruse and all my efforts had been for naught. Much more shocking than Schwab's crimes were revelations about the dark side of American government where money and its power rule.

For a full year, I suspected that President Bush and Vice President Cheney were obstructing justice by not allowing the FBI to investigate my allegations against Schwab. In August 2003 Bush conspired with Schwab and falsely accused me of attempting to murder Schwab. During this investigation of my "attempted murder," I learned about the conspiracy to obstruct justice by protecting Schwab, while trying to get me off the streets. It is obvious today that numerous people have been involved in this conspiracy, making it one of the most serious crimes in

US history. Knowing how the Bush White House operated, I will assume that all records about these activities no longer exist. However, there might be some FBI agents willing to stand up for what is right.

Sadly, just as they ignored the voices of wisdom and supported Bush's illegal war against the Iraqi people, our leaders and members of the US Congress not only supported Bush's conspiracy, but supported his ongoing surveillance and spying activities against me. As you know, these have continued since you took office. Though I repeatedly requested assistance and protection from the Bush administration, I have been ignored.

I am now requesting that you initiate a full investigation into my allegations against Charles Schwab, President Bush, and others involved in these crimes. I am requesting that you fulfill your promise and allow those who are guilty to be brought to justice. I join people from around the world whose hearts you have won and who are ready to stand behind you during the stormy days that lie ahead.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Obama White House Insider Connection, June 1, 2009

Six months after Obama was elected, I received a totally ridiculous email from a Match member named Kathy Smith. She stated that she just returned from Washington, DC, where she was visiting her daughter who worked as a senior advisor to Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi. During her visit her daughter had given her a tour of a portion of Obama's White House. What luck! Here was my direct connection to Obama and Pelosi. Any fool would know that people working at this level of government would not be broadcasting their sensitive activities through their mothers on online dating services, especially if their last name was Smith.

Letter to President Obama, June 1, 2010

If Smith's story were true, I figured it would receive quite a reaction from Obama and Pelosi if they found out about it. If it were not true, which I believed, it would provide another reason for them to consider me as a nut-case. I decided to write to Obama and copy Pelosi and let them know about Smith's claims. Not surprisingly, I did not receive a response. Assuming Smith was just another undercover agent trying to set me up, I broke off communications with her. Let me point out that I have copied my representative in Congress, Peter DeFazio, on most letters, but he has never responded.

Wayne Pierce

*US President Barack Obama
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20500*

June 10, 2009

Subject: US government conspiracy to protect Charles R. Schwab

Reference: US government surveillance via online dating sites

Dear President Obama,

For almost seven years, I have complained to the US government about Schwab and US government computer hacking and spying on me. For the past year and a half, I have complained about US government and perhaps Schwab's agents posing as women on online dating sites. I have discussed how several of these have successfully loaded my computers with Trojan horses. On June 1, 2009, I

received an email via Match from a total stranger, supposedly living in Southern California. I do not know this person and have never talked with her before. Now I realize that, because of how Schwab and the US government have treated me, it is perfectly normal for me to be suspicious and paranoid. However, this email strikes me as very peculiar and I think a real come-on. In the past, responding to such emails has gotten me into lots of trouble.

“Wayne, I am drawn to your profile for a number of reasons. You are an attractive man with a kind demeanor and we are alike in many ways. And, when I was in college (many years ago) I did an urban planning study on Eugene, Oregon. I was quite fascinated. Now, you’ve lived in San Jose so I suspect you know a little about San Luis Obispo. It’s nice here; we’re blessed to have current city and county governments that are 3–2 in favor of liberal, environmental leaders. I’ve been one of those and just returned from Washington, DC where my daughter and I toured a portion of Obama’s White House. My daughter works in the nation’s Capitol as a senior policy to Speaker Nancy Pelosi. Talk about liberal! We’re all liberal in my family

[Note: Some irrelevant material has been removed here.]

“Also spent a day at the Newseum, right near the Capitol, with both my “kids.” What a great place. I’ve worked in newspapers and my son follows with The Baltimore Sun. It’s an amazing place. . want to go back sometime? Eugene is a ways away. I’m currently working part-time but considering cutting back or even retiring . . again. Would enjoy hearing from you... . Can’t remember . . do you have a dog? If I switch to your profile, it will erase this, so I’ll check later. Hope you’re having a great day, Wayne. Peace Kathy Smith & Mr. Darcy (my canine)”

Here is a connection with Eugene, Oregon, the inside track to the president of the United States and the speaker of the house. In addition, she worked in newspapers and her son is a journalist for the Baltimore Sun. My God! To top it all off, her name is Kathy Smith, which is not listed in San Louis Obispo. Do you suppose I should give this person my personal email

address and phone number? Should I fly down and meet this person and risk being knocked off?

Concerning my website statistics, I believe it is the US government that continues to alter visitor traffic and otherwise screw things up relative to my website's visitor logs. My website has been screwed up for several weeks and after three attempts to fix what should be a simple problem, the techs can't keep it fixed. I have advised my hosting company several times that I thought the US government was hacking my server. Web pages sometimes disappear, security levels change mysteriously, and web analytic logs get messed up. This is all abnormal for such a simple website. Of course, many powerful people would like to have my website and me removed from this world, so who knows for sure? One reason I assume it is the US government is because, since August 2002, they have ignored my complaints about these hackers and spies.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

PS: It is time to end this farce by bringing Charles R. Schwab and George W. Bush to justice.

Copy:

US Congress House Speaker Nancy Pelosi

US Congressman Peter DeFazio

Letter from the White House, July 8, 2009

Seven months after writing to Attorney General Holder and five months after writing to President Obama, I received what appeared to be a form letter from the White House. It does not mention Schwab or Bush by name, and it does not refer to my letters to Holder and Obama or my complaints against Schwab and Bush.

It had taken many months, but I was encouraged that I might be making progress. I immediately complied with Kelleher's first suggestion and filled out the White House's online form that required I include my email address and phone number.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 8, 2009

Thank you for contacting President Obama. The President appreciates your taking the time to voice your concerns and opinions.

We apologize for the delay in responding to you, and we hope that the issue you brought to the President's attention has been resolved. However, if you still need help with a Federal agency, we are pleased to assist you. Please provide our office with a brief, updated description of your issue.

You may mail a new letter to the President, but we will receive your correspondence much more quickly through the White House website at www.whitehouse.gov/contact. *If you send your message through this contact webform, choose the "Other" option from the subject menu and begin your message with "Flag Case Update."*

Please be aware that you can visit www.usa.gov or call 1-800-FEDINFO for information about government assistance.

Again, thank you for your correspondence.

Sincerely,



F. Michael Kelleher
Special Assistant to the President and
Director of Presidential Correspondence

Unfortunately, I soon learned that I had been duped again. Was it just a coincidence that within a few days of filling out Obama's Internet contact form that I was bombarded with "wrong number" calls and text messages from people I did not know? The text messages were highly unusual because I had rarely used text messaging. This harassment by Obama's people became so annoying I had to change my phone number and email address. I could not believe Obama would allow his people to engage in this type behavior. Bush and leaders in Congress had been protecting Schwab; now Obama and leaders in Congress were protecting Schwab and Bush. Obama was not interested in helping me; he was picking up where Bush had left off. Bewildered, I could not comprehend how leaders from both political parties plus leaders in Congress could abandon their duties in this manner. The US government was refusing to protect me and my fate was in Schwab's hands.

Letter to President Obama, July 20, 2009

In his White House letter, Kelleher's second recommendation was for me to write directly to the White House and request Obama's assistance. Although I had not received a favorable response to my online request, I decided to try it.

Wayne Pierce

*US President Barack Obama
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20500*

July 20, 2009

*Subject: US government conspiracy to protect Charles R. Schwab and George W. Bush
Reference: July 8, 2009, letter from F. Michael Kelleher, Attached*

Dear President Obama,

Thank you for your response to my many letters to you and other leaders of the US government. It was almost seven years ago that President George W. Bush wrote to advise me that he was going to investigate my allegations, and I still await the results of this investigation. Inasmuch as no one from the US government has bothered to talk with me seriously, or in person, I have no basis for considering the issues resolved.

Despite my ongoing complaints, the US government has engaged in constant attempts to hack into my computers and spy on me—often with great success. Inasmuch as neither you nor Attorney General Holder have responded to my letters of January 2008, why should I now worry about how “quickly” my issues are handled?

For seven years, the US government has conspired, initially to protect Charles R. Schwab, and then to protect George W. Bush. I have no reason not to believe that you have joined this conspiracy.

Because of my concern for US government and Charles R. Schwab hackers, if possible, I prefer to discuss these matters with someone in person.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Contrary to the Bush administration's style where I was fed numerous attempts to evade the issue, the Obama administration's approach would be to just ignore me. Though I have written to President Obama and copied him on several letters to others, as of August 2014 I have never received any response from the Obama administration except through their Facebook patsies I discuss in chapter 12.

Obama on the Ropes, Republican Style

In a fateful blow to the Obama administration and the United States, in January 2011 the Republican Party took control of the House of Representatives and John Boehner became its speaker. Thus began an unrelenting effort by the Republican and Tea Parties to block every Obama initiative, such as getting rid of Bush's tax cuts for the wealthiest men. They combined this with a non-stop campaign to denigrate Obama's character with ridiculous claims: Obama is not an American citizen, but born in Africa. Obama isn't a Christian, but a Muslim. Obama doesn't believe in democracy, but is a Marxist, and Obama wants to turn the United States into a communist country. It was all working, and with the help of the Koch brothers and their billionaire friends who were resisting taxes, national healthcare, and other Obama initiatives, the Republicans were able to turn Americans against the only leader who was trying to help them. Under these circumstances, I empathized with Obama and wondered how he could go on. Why didn't he try get even? Why was he not charging Bush and Cheney for war crimes and destroying the Republican Party? Why wasn't he throwing some of the crooked billionaire bankers in prison? And, most important to me, why wasn't he bringing charges against Schwab and Bush for what they did to Kim and me, which seemed the easiest?

Letter to Charles Schwab CEO Walter Bettinger, August 4, 2011

In 2008 Charles Schwab retired as CEO again and was replaced by Walter Bettinger II. In December 2010 Schwab underwent heart surgery to have a valve replaced. With the dilemma Obama was in plus Bettinger taking over for Schwab, I thought this might be an opportunity to influence the Charles Schwab Corporation and the Obama administration. I decided to writing to Bettinger.

Wayne Pierce

*Walter W. Bettinger II
Charles Schwab Corporation
211 Main Street
San Francisco, CA 94105*

August 4, 2011

Subject: Surveillance, Harassment, and Stalking

Reference: US government—Charles R. Schwab obstruction of justice

<http://www.aeolusblue.net>

Dear Mr. Bettinger,

In 2001 I had the misfortune of becoming involved with Varian Kim Haines who I learned several months later had previously been engaged to Mr. Charles R. Schwab, the founder of your company. After Kim and I started going together, Schwab embarked upon an ongoing campaign to destroy our relationship. This included surveillance, harassment, stalking, computer hacking, financial coercion, and denigration of my character. Your Charles Schwab corporate attorneys have been involved with this case, and the story has been published on the Internet for the past few years.

After Schwab had succeeded in destroying our relationship and coercing Kim into leaving me, in August 2002 I reported his crimes to every level of government. However, the Bush administration quickly took control and conspired with Schwab to protect him from our system of justice, thus obstructing justice and denying my civil rights. Instead of investigating my allegations against Schwab, the government turned against me and joined in these activities.

In August 2003, Schwab conspired with the US government to frame me for attempting to murder him. Had their bomb hoax been successful, I would no doubt still be in prison trying to prove my innocence. It was only unusual circumstances and the advice of an attorney that saved me from this attempt to entrap me. According to the FBI agents who interrogated me, Mr. Schwab was the accuser in this case, telling them he thought I was the one who planted the bombs and tried to kill him. During their interrogation, they asked if I thought I might be killed and I told them, yes. Because of recent attempts to entrap me, I feel this possibility still exists. I also feel that false accusations of sexual abuse a strong possibility.

Though nine years have passed since I first reported Schwab's crimes, the surveillance, stalking, and harassment continue. I am sorry to say that these activities have increased greatly since Obama became president. My letters to Secretary Janet Napolitano of the Department of Homeland Security and Attorney General Eric Holder of the Department of Justice are ignored. No one from the US government has ever demonstrated interest in addressing my concerns.

Because my problems began in your corporate office, I would like to request that you and your board of directors intervene on my behalf with Mr. Schwab and President Obama and request that they discontinue their hostilities against me. I am an American citizen who has already lost his constitutional rights and protection, and whose life is endangered. Mr. Schwab destroyed what Kim and I believed was the greatest relationship of our lives. He and the US government then used Kim and members of her family as patsies to work against me. Please seek the release of Kim and her family from the controls that have been placed on them.

After Schwab forced Kim to leave me and move to San Diego, we continued to communicate and get together occasionally. During one of our rendezvous, she suggested that I write a book about our relationship and what we had been going through. I agreed that it would make a great story and have been working on it over the years. Though the story continues, the book is nearly complete. Though major publishers won't touch it due to the main character's ability to bring action against them in court, there are various other ways to publish it. To save more embarrassment to everyone involved, I have considered publishing it as a novel. If you were interested I would consider selling the rights to the material.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President Barack Obama

Attorney General Eric Holder

Homeland Security Chief Janet Napolitano

Charles Schwab Corporation board members

By the time I wrote this letter, two Charles Schwab corporate attorneys had already written and advised me that Schwab and Kim did not know each other. The US government had advised me several times that I had not provided sufficient evidence to warrant an investigation into my complaints against Schwab. Given the situation their company's founder found himself in, I did not expect another written response from Bettinger or Charles Schwab's board of directors. I did hope, however, that they would have enough influence to persuade Schwab and Obama to discontinue their campaign against me. Sorry to say, I would learn that my letter did not have any effect whatsoever, and the campaign against me continued.

CHAPTER II

Obama's Harem of Spies

Obama Administration Turns Up the Heat

After the Obama administration took over, I began to experience a sharp increase in surveillance and stalking. A new style was used whereby female agents would befriend, lead me on, and then subject me to various types of harassment. At the same time, they were becoming more reckless and easily identified. I thought perhaps they were working with a totally different group. In following pages, I will include examples of my experiences with Obama administration spies. I am aware that, even if it might be easy for me to sense that someone is an undercover spy, in most cases it would be difficult to prove. One of the problems is that their emails have a tendency to mysteriously disappear. I feel it important to present these examples so readers can draw their own conclusions. Obama's FBI director, Paul Mueller III, had previously served under Bush and had been made aware of my difficulties with Schwab numerous times. My complaints against Schwab and Bush were not new to the Obama administration, for I had made President Obama, Vice President Biden, and Secretary of State Clinton aware of Schwab and Bush's crimes when they were US senators. At that time, Hillary Clinton was the only member of the US government to respond to my letters and offer advice about how to pursue my grievances against Schwab.

Laura from San Louis Obispo

I met Laura through Match. She was gorgeous and had a beautiful, radiant smile. She was appealing enough that I ignored the fact she was living so many miles away in San Louis Obispo. In her profile she said she owned and trained cutting horses, which are the ultimate in western saddle horses. This aroused my interest because of my work with horses when I left home at sixteen. It wasn't long before Laura and I were discussing mundane things like our health. She told me she suffered from scoliosis, which so far had caused only a curvature of her spine that was only slightly noticeable in her pictures. She told me she grew up in Seaside, Oregon, just up the coast from Cannon Beach where Kim's family vacation home was located. After some rather lengthy emails, Laura became sporadically enthused about the possibility of our meeting and exploring a relationship. At one point she wrote, "I really enjoyed your last email and I am about to hit the road. I can stop and visit on my way to visit friends in Seaside." She would build up my expectations and then write and tell me that her two boutiques were extra busy and her trip would have to be delayed for a while. She did this flip-flop several times before I started to become suspicious that she was playing games.

Other things also caused me to be suspicious. Several times I received emails in which she said, "I'm going to have some soup for dinner and go to bed early and watch a movie." This was inconsistent with the lifestyle of someone who owns two boutiques and a stable of cutting horses that needed daily feeding, stall mucking, and exercise every day. By the time I met Laura online I had lots of experience with Schwab and US government undercover agents, and after a few months of communicating with her I was certain I smelled a rat. One day I decided to perform an Internet search for her and discovered her on Facebook with that same gorgeous photo. Only problem was that her profile indicated she was living in nearby Springfield, Oregon, not San Louis Obispo, California. The government's so-called intelligence team had screwed up again. This was a terrible disappointment for me. I wrote to Laura and confronted her with

my discovery and asked what was going on. She responded and said she did not know anything about her profile on Facebook. The next day her Facebook profile had been changed and no longer listed a hometown.

I wrote to Laura one more time and told her I suspected she was an undercover agent. When she replied, she did not deny it, but we no longer had anything to say to each other. A week later her Facebook profile was removed. Between February and June 2010, Laura and I had exchanged dozens of lengthy emails and talked on the phone a few times, and I had found no reason to be suspicious until I discovered her on Facebook. I was learning that I could not trust anyone on social networking sites. Why would Laura be doing this all this time? I think the purpose was to get information about me and to provide emails for planting malware on my computer.

Sexy Sue from Vancouver, Washington

Sue and I met through Match, and I studied her profile carefully for clues that she might be one of the ubiquitous government spies. This part of meeting someone new was always frustrating. Sue had a round happy face and was slightly plump. Her hair was medium-length and blond. She included a couple of pictures of her in a swimming pool that gave her a natural, wholesome appearance. We exchanged emails through Match for a while and started spending time on the phone. Sue told me she worked for some government health organization in Vancouver, Washington, but I did not learn what type work she did. After a few weeks of getting to know one another, I became comfortable and thought she was probably for real and I could trust her, so I gave her my personal email address. She now had my phone number and email address.

I called her one-day and suggested we get together for coffee or lunch sometime. She was agreeable and surprised me by inviting me to her place, where she said she would fix lunch for us. This was unusual, for most women wisely preferred meeting the first time in a public place. Inviting me to her house for our first visit raised a flag. The drive to Sue's home would take almost two hours, and normally I would have suggested we meet halfway.

However, I thought our chances of hitting it off were better than average, and if things didn't work out I could always drive into Portland and visit Powell's and other favorite places. I accepted her invitation and we scheduled a time for my visit.

When I arrived, Sue gave me a tour of her spacious modern home and yard. She then invited me into her kitchen and had me sit at an island counter opposite her while she worked preparing sandwiches for us. Sue worked quickly and seemed nervous and a bit on edge. I was not comfortable in these situations because of the number of times I had been duped. She talked rather fast while occasionally glancing up at me. Her face appeared serious and colder than I recalled from her photos on Match. Where was the pleasant smile one would expect when meeting someone for the first time? While preparing our lunch she surprised me when she suddenly began telling me about her last boyfriend. As lightheartedly as if talking about the weather, she said, "My last boyfriend was married. I didn't really mind because we had such great sex." Wow! This was a great way to impress a guy on your first date. This was the first time she had mentioned this old boyfriend, and normally this rudeness during our first meeting would be reason to leave. Because of her demeanor and constant talk about sex, I sensed it was a planned come-on and I was curious about what Schwab and the government might be up to. She invites me into her home on the first date; she helps me relax by showing me her home and the large master bedroom; and then she talks constantly about sex with her former lover, which characterizes her as a hot-blooded, loose woman.

Curious about what was going on and attempting to appear interested, I asked what I thought a logical question: "If you two were having such great sex, why did you break up?"

Without emotion she said, "I found out he had another mistress." She looked at me and smiled. "It's okay. It's his loss." My pretending to go along with the game she was playing was absurd. If this was an ordinary date and I thought she was for real, I would consider her quite inappropriate and rude. However, in these situations with a woman I suspected was an undercover

agent, I became dangerously curious and wondered where it might lead. While we ate our sandwiches and fruit, she continued to discuss her ex-lover, his wife, and his other mistress. One need not be too bright to realize that Sue was not interested in a new relationship, but had her own agenda. Something I found unusual was that she could talk about her previous relationship at great length without displaying any emotion. Though she talked about him constantly, she didn't express any regrets about losing him. I found this interesting and kept thinking I should probably leave while I still could, but I always found these games intriguing.

After lunch she suggested we drive to nearby Portland and visit the Pearl District. I agreed and told her how much I enjoyed downtown Portland. After walking around for a while, we stopped at a lounge and had a drink and some snacks. I felt more comfortable being away from her home and started to relax. I was still struggling to understand Sue and hoping I was wrong about her, but she would go on to disappoint me. We left the lounge and strolled through some of the art galleries. She wanted to show me one that was full of pictures and sculptures of nude people. While observing some photos of nude women she said, "My boyfriend wanted to take some nude photos of me, and I'm sure glad I didn't let him because he would still have them. Think about what he might do with them now that we're split up." What bullshit. Nothing had changed since we were at her place and I hardly knew how to respond. Being with Sue while knowing she was a spy leading me around by the nose had become boring and a great waste of time, energy, and money. All her talk about sex had caused me to be suspicious from the start, which wrecked any chance that I would fall for her enticements and expose myself to sexual abuse charges.

By the time we got back to her place I was totally disappointed with Sue and I knew I would never see her again. Because I was suspicious about her and figured I had nothing to lose, I wanted to see how she would react to my troubles with Kim and Schwab. I gave her a brief overview of my story and wrote down the link to my website. Her reaction was interesting, for she did not express surprise or curiosity. Her response was cool and lacked any

human warmth or empathy. I felt disappointed and empty as we walked out to my car. I gave her a hug and left for my long drive home.

The next day I received an email from her. "Thanks for coming up to meet me, but I don't feel we are compatible." What a laugh.

I wrote back and said, "How would you know if we are compatible when you spent our whole time together talking about your ex-boyfriend and your great sex life?"

I told her I noticed that she had visited my website from her government office. She sounded troubled when she wrote back and said, "I would never be on the Internet while I am at work." This was a lie because her government office was listed as a visitor to my website.

I replied, "I think you are either very neurotic or, more likely, you are working undercover for the FBI." As I had done with a few others, I said, "Send me an email stating that you are not working for the FBI or one of their secret service contractors."

It was several days before she replied. "I am not going to do that. Goodbye." I never heard from Sue again.

I had now been dealing with women who I suspected were Schwab and government undercover agents for eight and a half years. Agents like Sue probably worked for local contractors and were unaware of who their client were. I could only assume that Sue's purpose was to harass me or to set me up and try to entrap me so she could bring sexual abuse charges. First she would invite me into her home, give me a tour, and show me her bedroom. She would then talk nonstop about having been the mistress of a married man and their wonderful sex life. She would tell me about her lover's other mistress, making all of them sound like players. All this would lead me to think she was hot and easy. If I played along and became aroused, I would make advances. With a little encouragement I would cross the line and be accused of sexual abuse and the trap would slam shut. If this didn't work, at least I would have been harassed again by having to drive a long distance, spend money, waste my time, and become emotionally frustrated.

Letter to Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano, April 14, 2011

I was tired of these games. Experiences with women like Laura and Sue were not only annoying and a waste of my time, they revealed the extent to which Schwab and the Obama administration would go in their efforts to harass me and attempt to entrap me. After my encounter with Sue, I thought I might get help from Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano. Victims like me tend to forget that seeking help from various officials with seemingly powerful positions is a waste of time because they all stick together. It is like complaining about a doctor to the state health department or AMA where they all stick together. I did not receive a response and my letter was totally ineffective. The White House was in charge.

Wayne Pierce

Secretary Janet Napolitano
US Department of Homeland Security
Washington, DC 20528

April 14, 2011

Sub: Charles R. Schwab / George W. Bush obstruction of justice
Ref: Ongoing stalking, harassment, and computer hacking
<http://www.aeolusblue.net>

Dear Secretary Napolitano,
When I first filed charges against Charles R. Schwab in August 2002 for his illegal activities against my fiancée and me, instead of President Bush investigating my allegations and bringing Schwab to justice, he conspired with Schwab to protect him. By doing so, Bush obstructed justice by not allowing the FBI to investigate my allegations; he attempted to deceive me with lies and in an unbelievable display of arrogance, falsely accused me in August 2003 of trying to murder Schwab.

The Bush administration's response to my reporting serious crimes by one of America's favorite billionaires gave me tremendous new insight into the corruptibility of US leaders and the wealthy men who own and control them. We are talking about the Bilderbergers and other billionaires who rule the world. Contrary to our worn-out message to the world, the United States is not a democratic country and does not protect the rights of its citizens. To the contrary, many of its innocent citizens are treated as enemies.

Years of frustrated efforts to bring Bush and Schwab to justice for crimes against me, that should have resulted in their receiving twenty years in prison, have left me empty and I now realize that this is standard behavior for anyone who objects to the illegal activities of US government leaders and their corporate sponsors. Try to bring criminals like Charles R. Schwab to justice—at your own risk.

My purpose here is to discuss Homeland Security's ongoing surveillance, stalking, harassment, and computer hacking against me. This has been going on since August 2002. I cannot join any Internet social networking program without becoming the object of abuse by your undercover agents. I find it unbelievable that so many women are being used as patsies by Homeland Security. This is not paranoia, for I have proved a number of times that these people are not for real.

It used to be that these HS patsies were used primarily for gaining information about me, my phone number, my email address, my travel plans, etc. More recently, a new level of harassment has been introduced whereby I am harassed and caused to waste lots of time and money and act like a fool. In the past few months, I have been duped by at least eight "women" from Match alone.

My most recent encounter with someone I long suspected of being one of your patsies occurred when I opened an email from her that I had received through Match. This email loaded my computer with malware that trashed my computer. Though my security software notified me of all the Trojan horses and worms that had been installed, the computer was nonfunctional and required total restoration. While your agents used to only plant Trojan horses to spy on me, this was malice intended to harass me.

I have advised President Obama and Attorney General Holder of these illegal activities, but they have done nothing to bring it to a halt. So I am asking again that you discontinue these illegal activities that are interfering with my life. And I have said it many times, if HS is not responsible for these activities, then Mr. Charles R. Schwab is, for he was engaging in hacking my computers long before I reported his illegal activities to the US government.

If you cannot discontinue your stalking and harassment activities, I will start posting the pictures and names of those women I suspect of being undercover agents for Homeland Security.

If the government really wants to cut the US government budget, I suggest you start by eliminating the worthless activities I have discussed above. Though I have not committed any crime and am not charged with any crime, the US government has spent millions spying on me. For what purpose, I haven't a clue. You obstruct justice, you deny my civil rights, you try to frame me for attempted murder, then you proceed to stalk and harass me the rest of my life as though I am a criminal.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President Barack Obama

Attorney General Eric Holder

House Speaker John Boehner

♦ ♦ ♦

FBI Wetlands Sting Operation, June 2011

I underwent my fourth major cervical spine surgery. The injury was serious and activities during recovery were restricted to walking short distances. This sounds easy, but walking was causing muscle spasms and severe back pain so I had to start out slow. After a few weeks of slow walks around the neighborhood I was feeling adventurous, so on June 19 I drove several miles out of town to west Eugene's Wetlands Park where I often walked or rode my bike.

This would be my first attempt to walk more than a couple of blocks, and I was not sure I could handle it. Eugene has many fine parks, but during cooler months I enjoy Wetlands because there are few trees, which allows greater exposure to the open skies and sunshine. Because of its location far from downtown traffic, it was quieter, the air was fresher, and there were fewer visitors. The wide cement trail built on top of the levy provides a great view of the open fields and wildlife. On the day of my walk I started out at a leisurely pace from the Greenhill Road trailhead. I had gone only a quarter mile when I began to suffer considerable back pain and stopped at a small observation area to rest.

I resumed my walk, but after another quarter mile I was again not doing well. I was about to give up and turn around when I came upon a white Honda with its hood up parked in a small circular parking area beside the levy. Something wasn't right. The circular drive was clearly marked for one-way traffic, but the Honda was parked in the opposite direction. I later realized that parking in this manner provided a much better view of the front of the car from my vantage point on the levy. A petite, slender woman with long blond hair was standing in front of the car peering under the hood. I stopped and watched, trying to assess what she was doing and whether she might need help. Contrary to what one might expect of a woman stranded alone in the country, she appeared rather casual and was not looking around as though worried and seeking help. During the time I stood observing her, she did not look toward the path where I was walking. Instead, she turned and stepped to the far side of the car and touched and examined the tall weeds growing beside the pavement. I thought she must have been waiting for someone. I was about to resume my walk when she again walked over and looked under the hood of her car. Curious, I turned around and walked down the path to where she was standing. She had still not turned toward me and as I approached I asked if she was having a problem. She turned around and with a big smile said casually, "I'm doing some diagnostic work on my car." This sounded rather strange for someone dressed in a sweater and skirt and there weren't any tools or test equipment.

"What's wrong with your car?" I asked.

"It doesn't seem to want to go in reverse and it makes clicking sounds while driving forward."

It sounded serious and I wondered why she was trying to figure it out in a remote location like this. Why not in her garage or driveway? I told her it sounded like a transmission problem and recommended she take her car to a shop. While I stood watching, she casually reached over and unscrewed the power-steering fluid reservoir cap and held it in a way that I could see the dipstick and notice the fluid was low.

"I just had the car serviced at Oilcan Henry's," she said.

"Look," I said. "The fluid is low. They should have filled it, and you should take it back and show this to them."

Without responding, she replaced the cap and put the car's hood down. I thought she was going to leave, but instead she went around and closed the car's windows and locked the doors. She turned to me and smiled. "I'll walk with you. I need to walk because I have a tight tendon in my heel." Though I had never heard of a tight heel tendon, I was delighted. I wondered about her car, but figured the problem must not be serious. As we began our walk we introduced ourselves by our first names. Hers was Rebecca. When I first saw her from a distance she appeared much younger. She now appeared older and more mature, but still much younger than me. I sensed she might have some interest in me, but for the moment it didn't matter. I had no choice but to keep my enthusiasm in check because I was preoccupied with the debilitating pain in the middle of my back. When I told her about my neck injury and recent surgery, she was sympathetic and did not seem to mind strolling along slowly.

We hadn't walked far before she began telling me about her experiences with healthcare and doctors. "I don't take any medication," she said. "All doctors are good for is giving advice and cutting on people." We were off to a good start.

I said, "I'm totally disillusioned by our healthcare system and all the pills drug companies and doctors are pushing on people. Most older people are taking dozens of toxic pills that only constipate them and make them sick."

She turned to me and said, "Have you tried stretching your neck? Fifteen years ago when I was having neck problems, I bought a foam mattress and pillow. While lying on my back with my head sunk into the pillow, the motorized bed would stretch my spine." I was not aware that foam mattresses were available that long ago, especially ones that would stretch one's spine. I could not help but wonder if she was pulling my leg. Her story was bizarre, but I was not in the mood to question her about it. I thought it interesting that we shared views about doctors and both suffered neck problems.

As we continued our walk, Rebecca explained that she had gone to college and had majored in psychology. This was also interesting because I had been a psych major. When she asked where I had gone to school, I told her I last attended San Jose State in California. She changed the subject and told me she liked to dance and was a member of the dance club that met at the University of Oregon's Agate Hall. I told her I had attended a couple of their meetings many years ago. We discussed our mutual interest in dancing for a while. We had started our walk heading in the opposite direction from where my car was parked and because of the pain I was suffering I told her I needed to turn around and head back. Without comment, she turned and stayed with me. Now and then she sounded concerned and would ask, "Are you doing okay?" When we got back to where her car was parked, I told her she could stop there if she wanted and I would go on alone. I was feeling miserable and really wanted to be alone anyway. She ignored my suggestion and offered to walk with me to my car. I figured she was worried about me and being kind.

As we continued our stroll, she asked where I had worked. When I told her I spent thirty-six years with IBM she made an offhand remark about how Bill Gates had become rich by ripping off IBM. As we headed down the last stretch toward my car, she asked if I was married or single and if I had children. She seemed genuinely interested, so I explained my situation. She told

me she had been married to an attorney in Coos Bay for thirty years. They were divorced and he was now remarried. They also had one son who was living in Eugene. We seemed to have a lot in common.

By the time we got to the trailhead the pain in my back was severe. I sat down on a bench and tried to relax my back muscles while she remained standing. With her standing before me in this situation, I was embarrassed, but pleased that she seemed content to hang around and chat. While I fumbled with my bottle of pain pills she told me she had been a pilot for many years.

"Have you flown prop-jets?" I asked.

"Yes, I have," she said. "Have you ever been to Hawaii?"

"I was there once," I said. "But I would like to return someday and explore some of the more primitive areas."

She smiled and said, "Maybe I could fly you there sometime." I figured I must be dreaming. Maybe it was the oxycodone I was taking. We had met only a short while ago and here she was offering to fly me to Hawaii. Though I doubted it would ever happen, I told her I would love to fly to Hawaii with her.

When I reminded her that she should see a mechanic about her car. She said, "I have friends who are aircraft mechanics that I can talk to. Aircraft engines are a lot cleaner because they're air-cooled like Volkswagens." This didn't make sense. Rebecca's car was not air-cooled and being air-cooled didn't matter because all engines use motor oil, which is what makes them dirty. I let it go, preferring to focus on the more pleasant aspects of our meeting.

Because my back was killing me, I fibbed and told Rebecca I had to get going because I had company coming over. After a little more small talk she asked me my last name and told me hers. I asked if she would like to get together sometime when I was feeling better. She said she would like that and wrote her phone number on a card for me. Then she stuck out her hand and told me she was glad we had met. I took her hand and told her I was pleased to have met her. We said goodbye and she turned and started the long walk back to where her car was parked.

I sat for a short while watching her image becoming smaller as she walked away and never looked back. I was feeling miserable as I climbed into my car and headed home. My mind was churning through the details of my meeting with Rebecca. Though I really wanted to believe Rebecca was for real, the more I thought about the scene at her car and the details of our discussions, the more I suspected she was just another FBI spy.

Setting the Trap

Trying to figure out who were stalkers and who were legitimate was always difficult. I had recently written to Janet Napolitano, secretary of Homeland Security, and complained about the government's constant stalking. If my letter achieved the desired effect and it turned out I was wrong about Rebecca, I might be blowing a great opportunity. Even had I not been attracted to her, I was plagued by curiosity about whether or not she was an undercover agent and what she was trying to accomplish. The only way to find out was to meet her again, so I called her and asked if she would like to meet for coffee sometime. She said she would and asked if I was an early riser. When I told her I was, she asked if I would like on the upcoming Friday at 8:00 a.m. This was an unusual time for meeting someone, but I thought it would be okay provided we meet at a cozy coffee shop or bakery. I agreed to meet her and offered a few suggestions of places in town where we might meet.

She did not like my ideas and said, "I think we should meet somewhere outside so we can take a walk."

I wondered what had happened to my suggestion that we meet for coffee. "Okay," I agreed. "How about meeting at Skinner's Butte Park downtown where we can walk along the river?"

She chuckled as if this were a silly idea. "Oh, it's way too crowded there. Let's meet where we met the first time."

I couldn't imagine Skinner's Butte Park being crowded that early in the morning and wondered why anyone would want to meet that early out in the country in a small parking area, far from coffee shops, with no facilities and no

covered shelter. Alarm bells were going off and I was beginning to feel she was up to no good. Though I knew better, my curiosity was leading me on. "What are we going to do about coffee?" I asked.

"We can pick it up on the way," she said. "There's a gas station minimart about a half-mile from where we will meet." This was all very curious. What was wrong with some coffee shop or bakery in town? When I told her I might bring my own coffee in a thermos, she chuckled. Weird as all this seemed, I was allowing myself to be led along and agreed to meet her. After talking with her about meeting under such unusual circumstances I became nervous. I thought I had reason to be suspicious when I first met her beside the trail at the wetlands, but things were becoming worse. For nine years I had been living in a constant state of anxiety, never knowing what to expect next from Schwab and government stalkers.

That night I had a disturbing dream in which I was with her in that small out-of-town parking lot. A black SUV pulled up and I stood helpless while men in dark suits got out of the van, rushed toward me, grabbed my arms, and twisted them behind me. I knew they had me and did not put up a struggle. After all these years, the game was over. A euphoric feeling came over me as I realized I no longer had to worry about who might be stalking me. I accepted my helplessness and willingly yielded to them while knowing they were going to hurt me and possibly kill me. At last I was out from under the heavy anxiety caused by not knowing what Schwab and the government might have in store for me.

My dream caused me to realize that my curiosity and efforts to alleviate my anxiety about women like Rebecca were causing me to be willingly drawn into traps. I had to push aside my attraction for Rebecca and my curiosity about her role as an undercover agent and think about the consequences of making a small mistake. Because I was already suspicious about her, becoming involved and making plans to meet her under the weird conditions she suggested was not wise. The most likely scenario was that we would end up out in the country in one of our cars. We would engage in some level of physical

contact, she would use her cell phone to report me. Law enforcement would arrive, she would falsely accuse me of sexual abuse, and I would be arrested. Another scenario might be that we would get along well, she would fly me to Hawaii, and my friends would never hear from me again. I knew I could be wrong and maybe blowing a wonderful opportunity, but I was scared. I called Rebecca to cancel our meeting and her voice mail picked up. I left her a message telling her something had come up and I would not be able to meet her. I was not home when she returned my call and left a message for me to call her. I did not trust her and I did not return her call. I never heard from her again.

The greatest reason for not trusting Rebecca was the circumstances under which we met. The only way she and her handlers could know I would be walking at the wetlands on that particular morning was if they were tracking me via my iPhone or GPS system. If true, it reveals that I had been subjected to illegal surveillance and tracking for nine years. Since first reporting Schwab to the US government in August 2002, I had discovered that a high percentage of people on dating and other social networking sites were undercover agents. If Schwab and the US government were hiring them, other governments and corporations were doing the same. We seem to have evolved into a world of governments and corporations all spying on one another and common citizens.

Since I wrote the first version of this book, whistleblower Edward Snowden has leaked documents that reveal the US government's massive worldwide spying programs that utilize telephone and email records.

Email to Congressman Peter DeFazio, July 17, 2011

Writing to Napolitano and copying Obama and Holder was ineffective and government stalking and entrapment activities continued. I had no legal protection and there was nothing I could do about it. This left me in a steady state of anxiety. All I could do was continue documenting these activities in case it was needed for future reference. Though Congressman DeFazio had not responded to previous requests for help, I thought perhaps this blatant attempt

to entrap me might motivate him. In my letter, I compare the attempts to entrap me with those used by the US government to entrapment Julian Assange. Unfortunately, I did not receive a response from this man who supposedly represented me in the US government.

Wayne Pierce

July 17, 2011

Dear Congressman DeFazio,

The US government, Charles R. Schwab, or both, continue to stalk me. I believe it is their intent to entrap me with some type of sexual abuse hoax. Or they are trying to lure me into someplace where they can capture me or perhaps shoot me. I know that it sounds like I have gone nuts, but I believe that it is Obama and leaders in Congress who have gone nuts, as they try to cover up all the damage done by the Bush administration.

The Schwab–Bush conspiracy against me is of monumental consequence. If Obama was to investigate and prosecute Schwab and Bush and others involved, it would bring down our government. On a much larger scale, the truth about 9/11 and Bush's illegal wars would bring down our government.

Again, the US government and/or Schwab are pursuing me with the intent to get me off the streets or entrap me in the style that I believe they did with Julian Assange. I'm just lucky that I don't run with loose women. After all, why was Karl Rove traveling back and forth to Sweden while the Assange case was becoming public? Sorry to say, but Obama is now pleasing the billionaires that once had Bush as their puppet.

I wrote to Napolitano and told her about these ongoing HS activities and asked that she stop. She has not stopped and she did not respond to my request. The US government is sick. I have no civil rights and no protection under our laws. Every level of government ignores me due to the fine job Karl Rove did of convincing them I am a nutcase.

Because Homeland Security will not let up, I am planning to republish my website.

I would like to discuss these issues with you in person.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

* * *

Letter to Local Law Enforcement Officials, August 1, 2011

My experience with Rebecca and what I felt was a close call left me feeling vulnerable. Rebecca was not my only concern, for other women were also stalking me. I had felt for a long time that the FBI was preventing Eugene's police department from communicating with me. However, territorial jealousies sometimes exist among law enforcement people and I thought if I discussed a specific case and appealed to all of them for protection, they might pull together and respond. I wrote the following letter to local law enforcement officials requesting their help. They did not respond.

Wayne Pierce

Eugene Police Chief Pete Kerns

Lane County Sheriff Tom Turner

Lane County District Attorney Alex Gardner

August 1, 2011

Subject: US government conspiracy to obstruct justice

Reference: Mr. Charles R. Schwab

Gentlemen,

Because it has been discussed with all levels of government for the past ten years, I will assume that you are aware of the case. Years ago, I discussed this case with

Mayor Kitty Piercy and provided her a CD containing all related documents at the time. Though they did not bother talking with me in person or on the phone, Eugene Police Chief John Lehner and Lane County DA Doug Harclerod both became involved with the case. I have documentation to support my claims.

In 2001, I had the unfortunate experience of meeting and eventually becoming engaged to a woman I eventually discovered was the ex-lover and fiancée of Charles R. Schwab of brokerage fame. Schwab was not happy that she left him and took up with a commoner like me, and he engaged in many months of stalking and harassment. He hacked our computers, stole my emails, destroyed files, etc.

In August 2002, I reported Schwab's crimes to every level of government. However, the Bush administration and leaders in Congress immediately took steps to protect Schwab from our system of justice. They clearly obstructed justice and denied my civil rights. Instead of investigating my allegations and trying to bring Schwab to justice, the US government conspired with him and joined his stalking and harassment activities.

Because I was an ongoing threat to their way of life, in August 2003 the US government and Schwab attempted to frame me for attempting to murder Schwab. If not for the advice of an attorney friend here in Eugene, who had been following my case closely, I would still be in prison trying to prove my innocence.

Over the years, I have been approached by women who I feel were undercover government agents or patsies. I realize that I cannot prove this, so won't bother trying. However, their behavior makes it quite obvious what they are up to.

In April of this year, the US government made a very obvious and serious attempt to entrap me. There were several possible outcomes, the least of which would be for me to spend the rest of my life in prison. Sounds a bit paranoid, but I have been dealing with our government's undercover agents for many years.

My purpose here is not to request your assistance with investigating this case or trying to bring anyone to justice, for I know that the US government has made the case off limits for all law enforcement agencies and the media. Speaking of the

media, Salem News journalists Tim and Bonnie King were the only people willing to publish my story.

My purpose is to make you aware of the US government's ongoing surveillance, stalking, harassment, and attempts to entrap me. Not long ago, I wrote to Obama, Homeland Security Chief Napolitano, House Speaker Boehner, and Representative Peter DeFazio, requesting they discontinue these activities against me. As usual, no one responded. However, shortly after these requests were made, they attempted to entrap me as discussed above.

I am requesting that you intervene with the US government for me and that you protect me from their undercover agents. In their most recent attempt, had I fallen for it, I think I would have been led into a situation that would have led to false sexual abuse charges.

This case is well documented and has been reviewed by several attorneys. The only thing that the US government has against me is that I reported the many months of criminal activities committed by one of America's billionaires. Beginning with local law enforcement, I was obviously quite naïve about our system of justice.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

Eugene Mayor Kitty Piercy

Eugene City Manager Jon Ruiz

Patricia from Portland

I met Patricia through Match, but do not recall who made the initial contact. Recent events had left me gun-shy and suspicious of any women I met, and I always had to be on guard. I decided to go slow with Patricia until I was certain that I could trust her. However, I knew there is no way of being 100 percent certain. Patricia and I began exchanging emails, but I kept it only

through Match so I wouldn't have to share my personal email address. I was delighted to learn that she was living in northeast Portland, one of my favorite parts of the city. I looked at her photos; she was petite, had short dark hair, and was naturally attractive. Her profile and emails were well written and interesting. We were starting off well until the alarms went off one day when she told me that her first husband once worked for the US Secret Service and that they had been stationed in Africa. I thought, here we are back in Africa, and I recalled how nine years earlier An told me she had worked for the government and was stationed in Africa. Was this just a coincidence? This bothered me, for I dreaded being led on another wild goose chase. My more serious concern was the possibility of another attempt to entrap me, which I knew might one day be successful. It was confusing because I knew how easy it was to draw false conclusions and blow an opportunity to meet a new friend. I needed to remain patient and take my time. Patricia and I were soon chatting on the phone and I found her interesting and fun, which made it easy for me to ignore my sense of caution.

In these situations, I reflected a lot on how easily I became intrigued and drawn in by a desire to know the truth about women I suspected were undercover FBI agents. I was part of a drama and wanted to know how they operated and where it might lead. This was really crazy because online dating was chaotic enough without having to try to determine if some woman was a government spy trying to do me harm. There was only one way to know what Patricia's intentions might be, so one day I invited her to meet me for coffee at Grand Central Bakery, located in her part of town. She accepted my invitation and we scheduled a time to meet.

The drive to Portland on I-5 was uneventful. Despite Oregon's beautiful scenery, the long, straight stretches of highway with lines of trucks and motor homes can become boring. I arrived at Grand Central and was looking for a parking place when I saw Patricia walking on the other side of the street. She was wearing the same loosely knit blue sweater that she wore in one of her photos on Match. Her white, loose-fitting calf-length pants tied

at the bottom were stylish. She was classy and cute, and I was glad I had decided to come meet her. After parking, I walked back to the bakery where I found her already at the counter placing her order. When I approached her and introduced myself she turned to me with a big smile and introduced herself. She was pleasant and charming and I sensed she had spunk. She looked around the place and said, "I can't stand noisy places. Why don't we sit outside?" When I agreed, she took her coffee and butter croissant outside to find a table. I soon joined her with my coffee and Danish. I found it interesting that she was first to complain about noisy places, for that was something I usually did. Patricia and I were unusually relaxed and comfortable with each other and didn't experience the usual awkwardness when meeting someone for the first time. I would later realize that she played her role very well.

We didn't waste much time before getting into heavy discussions about the unrest all over the world. She seemed unusually aware of politics and world events, and her curiosity and willingness to engage in such discussions was refreshing. I gradually became aware that she was mostly asking questions and nodding, while I did most of the talking. I began to feel as though I were being interrogated. After chatting for a while I thought we were fairly compatible in our views of the world, except for 9/11. I told her about the books I had read and was convinced it was an inside job and pretense for invading Iraq, while she said she was still undecided. Because of our heavy discussions, I was tempted to tell her about my difficulties with Schwab and the US government, but I had learned that this was too shocking for most people and had caused some women to quickly lose interest. I would put that off for another time.

Patricia changed the subject and asked if I had children and I told her about my son without going into much detail.

She said, "I have a son living in the UK who owns his own company and is very successful. I also have an adopted daughter." She paused and reflected for a moment. "She's having problems. She's single and was living in Virginia where she and her boyfriend had two children. She is always broke and

borrowing money. When she couldn't take it with him anymore she packed up and moved to Portland." This sketchy description was puzzling, but I did not ask questions. I just guessed that her destitute daughter was now living with her. She discontinued her discussion about her daughter and said, "I have a young man living with me temporarily. He keeps strange hours and stays up all night and sleeps all day." She did not explain why he was staying with her or his unusual schedule. Though I had never told her, I wondered if she knew that my son stayed up all night and slept all day. I had heard many bizarre stories from women who I later determined were undercover agents, and I was becoming more suspicious.

Patricia had told me previously about her first husband's work with the US government. After we visited for a while, she brought it up again in greater detail. She said, "I attended UCLA where both my parents were teaching. That's where I met my first husband. After we graduated he got a job with the US Secret Service, and we were stationed in Africa where we lived for a while." She paused and reflected for a moment. "I never knew exactly what he did because he wasn't allowed to discuss his work with anyone. Not even his wife." I felt she was putting me on, but resisted the urge to ask probing questions. I was becoming more curious and wondering what she was up to. If her husband's work was so secret, why was she discussing it with me for the second time? I thought she might be leading me on in hopes I would start talking about my troubles with Schwab and the US government, but I didn't go for it.

I became discouraged and knew the wise thing would be to politely excuse myself and head for home, but I was in a familiar dilemma. On the one hand I was attracted to her and there was the chance I was wrong about her. Then there was that nagging curiosity that caused me to want to learn the truth about her, which I knew was a dangerous game. After visiting for over an hour, we decided to go for a walk. We strolled up and down the street checking out some of the shops and quaint places to eat. When we got back to the bakery, I was tired and my back was hurting, so I welcomed the idea of getting off my

feet and sitting in my car for the drive home. However, Patricia surprised me when she asked if I would like a tour of her part of the city. I was flattered, and pushing my suspicions about her and my aching back aside, I accepted her invitation and told her this was my favorite part of Portland.

We walked a couple of blocks to where she had parked her Prius and she proceeded to drive through some of the older neighborhoods while telling me their names and providing brief histories. It was quite nice with the quality older homes sitting on large lots and the streets lined with mature trees. After we explored for a while Patricia pulled up in front of a large two-story home and parked. With a smile she said, "This is my place. Would you like a tour?" As I've mentioned before, it was quite unusual for a woman to invite a man into her home the first time they met. I wondered if she had come to feel comfortable and safe with me, or if she might be leading me into a trap. Sensing this could be trouble, my first reaction was to turn her down. However, my attraction to her and the prospects of seeing her again made clear thinking and wise choices difficult. I looked at her, smiled, and said, "You have a beautiful place and I would love to have a tour."

Instead of taking me in the front door, she took me around to the backyard where we were greeted by two yapping shelties. If she were working undercover, she would have known how much I hated barking dogs. She took the dogs inside with us and stopped to feed them. I was surprised by their ravenous appetites and assumed she hadn't fed them in a while. Thinking about it later, I wondered if this was meant to be a distraction to get me off guard. If so, it was working. When I commented about how hungry these dogs were, she said, "They always gulp their food that way."

While showing me around the downstairs of her spacious home, she took me into what appeared to have once been a large family room. The walls were covered with beautiful dark wood paneling and molding. It appeared that it was now being used as an office. At one end was a wall-to-wall built-in cabinet with wooden doors and a desk. I glanced around looking for a computer, but didn't see a monitor or keyboard. One of the cabinet's shelves contained

several industrial-looking plain black boxes with lights and cords. There were no speakers and it did not appear to be part of a sound system. While I stood studying the equipment and trying to figure out what it was, Patricia walked over and without looking at me or saying anything, casually closed the cabinet doors. It was a gesture that suggested she wanted to hide the equipment from my view. I did not ask her about the equipment, nor did she offer to tell me about it. She either wanted me to see the equipment before she closed the doors, or she had forgotten to close the doors.

I was becoming uncomfortable in her home while sensing I might be in store for a surprise. Patricia led me into the large foyer where we stopped at the bottom of a beautiful wooden staircase. With an inviting smile she said, "My bedroom is up there. Would you like to go up and take a look?" I was taken aback and thought maybe she brought me in from the back of the house so she could offer me a tour upstairs last.

I wondered about her male guest and asked, "Is your guest room also up there?" When she told me it was, my imagination took over. While she showed me her bedroom, her "guest" would supposedly be sleeping in a nearby bedroom. Patricia would encourage some level of physical contact and when I went along with it, at some point she would holler out that I was abusing her. Her guest, who was really an FBI agent, would come to rescue her and I would be arrested. I thought about the Klamath Falls nurse and beautiful Rebecca out in the country standing beside her car with its hood up. I smiled and shook my head slightly. "No, maybe you can show me another time." My previous experiences might have saved me from real trouble. Or I might have blown a great opportunity.

It was one o'clock by the time we finished our tour of her place, and she suggested we have lunch at a nearby place she liked. We had barely settled in our dark secluded booth when she leaned toward me and said, "Tell me what you think about Israel." Her demeanor was such that I realized during our whole time together, she had encouraged me to provide my views on a long list of political issues. Now she was asking about one of the most sensitive

issues of our day, the relationship between the US and Israel. Thinking that she was Jewish, I proceeded cautiously to provide a quick overview of my opinion about the close ties between the US and Israel. As with most other issues we had discussed, she simply smiled and nodded as though she understood.

By the time we finished lunch, I found it curious that we had discussed a long list of world issues, but still had not talked about our personal lives or philosophies. It was around 3:30 when we arrived back where my car was parked. I suspected that I had again wasted my time, but I was trying to remain positive. Patricia and I seemed to hit it off well, and I really hoped my suspicions about her were wrong. If so, a real bonus for me was that I enjoyed Portland and the area where she was living. While we sat in her car she turned to me and said, "I'd like to come to Eugene sometime and have you show me around." I was pleased and told her I looked forward to such a visit. I was feeling good as I got out of her car and leaned over to say goodbye. She looked up at me and said, "Your last name is Pierce, isn't it?" I confirmed that it was, but this puzzled me because I could not recall giving her my last name. Already suspicious, I figured she must have been secretly recording our conversation during our entire visit and wanted to confirm my identity.

As I climbed into my car for the drive home, I was convinced that I had been deceived again. It was all adding up. Her husband had worked for US Intelligence in Africa; the strange equipment in her office; offering to show me her upstairs bedroom near where her male guest was sleeping. I wasn't sure about her inquiry about my feelings about Israel. I had never met a woman who asked my opinion about world politics, especially about Israel. This was weird. When I got home, I decided I would try to stay cool about my reservations about Patricia until I could find out more about her. Using Match's email system, I sent her an email and thanked her for meeting me and taking me on a tour of her part of town. I received the following response:

Again, I've had trouble getting match to let me send you an email (a little sign comes on saying "even (something) has trouble sometimes' or some such thing... so I have to be devious and come in through the back door! My email address is: (omitted)@yahoo.com. You know the phone, but I'll give it again: (omitted). Hope your drive back to Eugene went smoothly! Nice conversations with you! Patricia

Note: It is interesting that "backdoor" is the name of a virus that infects computers with Trojan horses that allow the attacker to gain access and control of someone's computer.

♦ ♦ ♦

I had heard these lines many times when women were fishing for my personal email address. They would tell me Match's email system wasn't working or their membership was about to expire. In Patricia's case, this was bizarre. She was sending me an email through Match, saying she was not able to respond to my Match email to her. How could this be? At this point I was sure I could not trust her.

I wrote back and asked what she meant by "coming through the back door." I also enquired about the electronic equipment in her office—facetiously asking if it had belonged to her first husband while he was working for the Secret Service and if she was now using it. She replied that "coming in the back door" meant she had to reply to one of my old emails in order to send emails to me. Not likely. She did not respond to my question about the electronic equipment. In my last email to Patricia I told her I was getting off of Match, but would send her my regular email address. After agonizing over it for a while, I decided not to give her my regular email address and stopped communicating with her. I hated not knowing the truth about her and what might have developed between us, but I felt the risks were too great.

During Obama's first term, I had several other incidents similar to those with Rebecca, Sue, and now Patricia where I suspected attempts were being made to entrap me. When local and federal law enforcement officials failed to respond to my complaints about these activities, I concluded that my suspicions were correct. I was continuing to learn that Match was overrun with spies. I even conjectured with some friends that the US government might own Match. It was too dangerous and no longer fun, so after my experience with Patricia I canceled my membership.

Senior People Meet

Six months after quitting Match, I heard about Senior People Meet and wondered if it was also infested with government and corporate spies. I decided to try it and signed up. The first thing I noticed was that most of the suspect women I had come across on Match were also members of Senior People Meet. It wouldn't be long before my curiosity was satisfied.

Stranded Nancy Seeks Driver

Nancy contacted me through Senior People Meet. As usual I studied her profile and pictures carefully, searching for clues that she might be up to no good. Once I decided to take a chance and respond to her emails, her identity quickly became obvious.

Email from Nancy

Subject: Wayne, would you like to be a pen pal?

I have a beautiful 3700 sq. ft. house in Gresham but unfortunately I'm not there, I recently injured my back and am finding it very difficult to go back. I need someone to drive my van and me and my Yorkshire terrier but haven't been able to find anyone so, in the meantime, I'm stuck in a

horrible (in my opinion) condo in El Cajon, Ca. Here I need everything. I need to go to the dentist, go shopping for all kinds of clothes, shoes, handbags, the hairdresser after I had my hair cut short, a vet to have my little dog checked out—neither of us can breath very well in the smog in this valley. Anyway, life isn't always easy but I keep looking for ways to get out of this mess I've gotten myself into. Nancy

Well, wasn't this a great way to start a friendship. Nancy had a long list of problems. She was desperate for someone to fly down to El Cajon and drive her and her little dog home. Her beautiful 3,700-square-foot house near the Columbia River would be waiting. Unless we wanted a very long drive, we would have to stay over in a motel at least once on our way home. Such an adventure could cost me much more than the price of an airline ticket and a motel room. I wrote and expressed my regrets about her situation, but said I would not be able to help her at this time. She was not deterred.

Email from Nancy

Subject: Re: Location

That is really sweet of you. I wish you could come down and drive me back, too but I understand expenses. I am paying an outrageous amount of rent plus a house payment in Gresham. I have been trying to find someone here to drive me but so far no luck.

What I'm doing here involves a horrible nightmare that, unfortunately, came true.

I also have Kaiser insurance and as far as I can see they're not really willing to do anything, plus it's hard to get to appointments when I'm not driving. Speaking of not driving, I bought a new Honda Odyssey that I stupidly paid cash for. It has about 9000 miles on it and is just sitting here in a carport.

The last year has been the worst year of my life, but I know, somehow, someway, I'll figure it all out and turn it around. I hope.

Thanks so much for your note. Nancy

Email from Nancy

Subject: yprkshire1535 likes your photo

I am still here but in view of everything I just quit looking at this website. However, it appears since your last message that you have viewed me again, whatever that means. My back is getting better but will no longer be the way it was because I guess from what the doctors said it just didn't heal right so my back is a little bowed, but the doctor thinks that's just fine. I guess he thinks, by a certain age, we should just give up vanity. Doesn't he know I still feel somewhere around 16 at heart? Since he's about 35 I guess he hasn't lived long enough.

You were the only person I responded to. I thought being on this website at all was kind of funny because my neighbor and friend in Oregon City, a house I sold earlier this year, used to tell me I should go on Match or somewhere like that to meet someone but I never did. I wish I had now and maybe I wouldn't find myself trapped down here. Hindsight is always right though. Too bad we can't see forward with hindsight.

I also didn't complete all the subjects about personality, etc., because I didn't really think it was worthwhile. However, if you would like to know anything else about me, let me know, and I'll let you know.

To me you look like the perfect person but I'm sure that must be true of many of the people you've heard from. Have you heard from or contacted many? If so, how did your contacts work out?

I would love to hear back from you, if you would like to contact me again. Nancy

* * *

I shouldn't be revealing this to the Schwab and US government stalkers, but the people they have writing this stuff sound like idiots. They come across as harebrained and desperate, such as Nancy telling me her back did not heal right after surgery and was bowed, but the doctor said it was fine. This was no doubt an attempt to provide something I could identify with because of my own spinal problems, but it was a crock.

Email from Nancy

I sent you a message yesterday after looking at SeniorPeopleMeet.com out of boredom and noticed that you had "viewed" me again. I realized later that something I said may have been a little confusing. I mentioned the house I sold in Oregon City, which I unfortunately did, but then I turned around a few months later and bought another house that I am now trying to rent out. I thought the agent I'd known for years was a friend but I discovered that really he is a realtor not a friend regardless of the funny email he sends. I contacted him thinking of renting a much smaller house than I had in Oregon City. Instead I ended up buying another house. What a year it was!

However, I could really use a pen pal, if you'd like one, too (or maybe one more, too). I have done a really abysmal job of figuring things out for myself. I've always been very good at figuring out how other people should handle their problems but not so good when it comes to my own. Hoping to hear from you.
Nancy

Email from Wayne

Subject: Re: Wayne, would you like to be a pen pal?

Good morning, Nancy,

Sure, we can be pen pals. With these gloomy days of nothing but rain, we need all the pen pals we can find. I'm wondering who you found to drive you and your dog back from El Cajon, where you said you were stuck. Are you well now?

That was a real mess with your realtor "friend." When it comes to making a buck, there seems to be few friends we can depend upon.

I see the rain is to continue for many days ahead. So try to stay dry.

Wayne

* * *

After her first few emails, I was certain Nancy was attempting to get me involved in ways I would regret. I found it intriguing and played along for a while, but I eventually made up an excuse and quit talking with her. I had also been corresponding with a few others with questionable motives. One of the more interesting was Susan.

Easy Susan, Vancouver

Susan contacted me through Senior People Meet and told me she was interested in getting to know me. She included her phone number and suggested I call her, which is unusual until people get to know one another. I reviewed her profile and discovered that she had immigrated to the United States from England and was living near Vancouver, Washington. She sounded normal, and based on her appearance and the manner in which she wrote about herself, I thought she might be okay. I called her and she was friendly and quite talkative. We had been on the phone only short while when she started talking about sex. She said, "I really like sex, and I've gone without it for a long time. My friends think I am a nymphomaniac." I thought, good grief, here we go again. She was even sexier than the last Susan I met in Vancouver. Though such talk might stir some men's interest, it was highly unusual, and I immediately suspected she was up to no good. She went on, "A friend of mine met a guy who only wanted oral sex. I think that's okay, but I prefer it the normal way."

I played along with her and said, "I like to look into my woman's eyes while making love."

She started talking about her deceased husband and said, "We had a fantastic sex life before he became ill due to mini-strokes. That changed his personality and he became cynical. He could no longer perform in bed because he had a blocked artery that prevented blood from getting down there." I had heard some crazy stories, but this one took the prize. I figured that if his blood circulation were so restricted it was affecting his penis, his brain would probably have stopped functioning. She said, "My husband died of a heart attack while I was driving him to the hospital." Well, given today's lack of attention to heart problems until there is a heart attack and the fact that three hundred thousand heart attack victims die on the way to the hospital, something she said finally made sense.

My discussion with Susan was so bizarre I immediately knew she was working for some secret service company. Even though she sounded whacko, I again had that lingering desire to know the truth about what she was up to.

I called her one day and suggested we meet for coffee or lunch sometime. I suggested we meet in Salem, which would be halfway. She said, "I don't like meeting guys in coffee shops or restaurants. I prefer they come to my place so I can prepare tea or lunch for them." English style, of course. Wow! This was indeed sounding like the other Suzan in Vancouver who invited me to her place for our first meeting. In a flippant tone, she said, "Don't worry. I had one guy here, and after lunch he asked me if we were going to screw. I told him that we were not going to screw and asked him to leave." Could she be any nuttier? Toward the end of our conversation she told me she always performed background checks on men she was planning to meet and mentioned her membership in a service that provided all the information she needed about men. I interpreted this to mean she was fishing for details about my ordeal with Schwab and the US government that was already available on the Internet. Letting me know she was going to find out anyway, maybe she expected me to provide details about my story and try to defend myself. I didn't go for it.

Email from Susan

Good morning Wayne:

Yes, I want to meet you. Still not sure I am comfortable with a coffee place or restaurant. It's not the drive to Salem I mind, just the atmosphere when meeting someone new. But . . . I'll suck it up and do it for you! Maybe Saturday? Susan

* * *

I did not trust Susan and wrote to tell her I would not be able to meet her.

Email from Susan

Wayne:

The prospective Saturday suggestion was just a spur of the moment thought, coupled with the fact that I thought traffic might be relatively light on the weekend. For

what it's worth, I want to mention that your comment about wanting to look into your woman's eyes while making love really made me melt. It sounds so intimate. I want that.

Susan

* * *

Susan sent another email that included many headshot photos that were similar. In her note, she said, "I sent you these pictures to tempt and lure you." Really? My immediate reaction was to ask why. If she was such a hot number, why not include some full-body shots? At this point, I was certain that Susan was messing with my mind. Maybe if I played along and received some nude photos, Obama's Secret Service agents could accuse me of some trumped-up online sexual abuse charges. Maybe Susan would lead me along until I agreed to visit with her at her home. I could imagine the plot unfolding. Once inside, she would tell me more about her nymphomania and how she wasn't getting enough. She would lead me along and we would be on the sofa engaging in some level of intimacy. She would then claim that I had physically abused her. Perhaps there would be someone else in her home. I again thought about Wikileaks founder Julian Assange, who found himself in a trouble after having consensual sex with two Swedish women. Even though I was 99 percent certain that Susan was up to no good, I was again tempted to play along. However, I had experienced too many close calls and thought it best I give it up. After thinking about it a couple days, I sent her an email and told her I had met someone closer to home and would have to abandon our plans for getting together.

As I've mentioned before, after Obama was elected for his first term, the number of women I suspected of attempting to spy on me and entrap me increased significantly. Besides social networking companies like Match, Senior People Meet, and Facebook providing opportunities to meet new friends, they were also providing a means for world governments and corporations to spy

on common citizens and one another. I came to accept the fact that besides wasting my time and energy playing games, I was endangering my life, so I canceled my membership with Senior People Meet.

Budding Writer Cynthia

On January 3, 2013, I attended the Willamette Writers Club meeting in Eugene. Near the back row of chairs where I usually sat was a woman sitting alone with her notebook and pen. I had never seen her at our meetings before. Prior to our meetings we had time for socializing, but she was keeping to herself and not paying attention to others. She was pleasant looking and dressed casually in jeans, loose-fitting sweater, and jacket. She fit my image of a writer who might live in the country. It was time for the meeting to begin, so I sat in my usual place a few chairs from our new guest. While waiting for our speaker to begin, I turned to her and asked if she was a writer. She smiled and told me she just wrote bits and pieces for pleasure. She asked me if I was a writer and I told her I was writing my first book, which was almost finished and ready for publishing. When she asked what it was about I paused for a moment. Not wanting to disclose too much, I told her it was nonfiction story about corporate and government corruption—the type of stuff few people are interested in reading. I told her I could discuss it with her some other time if she was interested.

She leaned toward me as if speaking in confidence and said, “I work for the federal government in appeals.” This caught my attention because I assumed she was referring to Social Security disability where applicants rarely receive assistance without filing multiple appeals and finally hiring an attorney. I told her I was familiar with the appeals process because I spent nine years trying to get assistance for my disabled son. She smiled apologetically and said, “My work is confidential and I can’t discuss it with anyone.”

I said, “After what I’ve been through, I have no desire to discuss it.”

After the speaker finished, the group broke up and she and I continued our discussion off to one side. Her name was Cynthia and she had moved to

Eugene with her only son after her divorce three years prior. Her son was now twenty-six and in the US Air Force. Without encouragement, she started talking more about her work and how disappointed she was with our broken Social Security system and “appeals” process. It was refreshing to hear her talk about how badly she felt about people who really needed help but were routinely denied benefits. In explaining her work, she said she put cases together for the attorneys. This didn’t make sense because it was the applicant’s attorney that put together cases to present to the Social Security judge. This was a subject I could talk about for hours, but I was trying to resist. For not wanting to talk about her work, she seemed to be doing a good job of it, and I was becoming uneasy. I couldn’t help but wonder, was this just a coincidence? Or had I run into another undercover agent intent on leading me on? Her warmth and friendliness were appealing, and I tried to ignore the alarms that were going off. She readily accepted my invitation to meet for coffee sometime and talk about our writing. I thought it was her newness in town and need for friends that motivated her to readily write down her phone number and email address for me. I took a risk and gave her mine.

That night I emailed a friend and told her about meeting Cynthia. I discussed her work and how I thought she was probably just another undercover agent trying to set me up. It had not yet dawned on me that the reason Cynthia happened to be at the meeting was that she or her handlers had been reading my email and tracking me via my iPhone. The next day we exchanged emails and Cynthia suggested we meet at a Starbucks. I had been exchanging emails with a friend whose wife’s name was Melinda. Ironically, I had also been exchanging emails with a book editor whose name was Melinda. So when I responded to Cynthia’s email, I inadvertently referred to her as Melinda. She wrote back and said because of my error she had changed her mind about seeing me. I was embarrassed and wrote back, apologizing and explaining the circumstances. I told her I would still like to get together. Her response was cold and harsh and totally lacking in empathy. The word “harassment” was revealing.

*Email from Cynthia**Mr. Pierce,**Let me be perfectly Clear.**I do not wish to meet with you.**Any further communications on your part will be taken as harassment.*

* * *

Cynthia's harsh note was a slap in the face and woke me to the reality that she was playing games with me. Once more I was left curious about the purpose of these encounters. What was it that Cynthia wanted from me? Why did she end it so abruptly? If she were not an undercover agent, I thought she would have understood my mistake about her name and not have abandoned me so quickly. It dawned on me that if government agents learned that I was attending this meeting from reading my email, they learned of my suspicions about Cynthia the same way. I had told a friend about my encounter with Cynthia in an email. When Cynthia's handlers learned about my suspicions, they pulled the plug.

Unrelenting: Surveillance, Stalking, and FBI Sting Operations

I have written many letters to Schwab, Obama, and my representatives in Congress, requested they cease their ruthless covert operations against me. As you will learn later on, I offered to remove my first book from the market and take down my website—if they would discontinue messing with my life and attempting to do me harm. They did not respond, but continued their efforts. Since Charles R. Schwab entered my life in 2001, he has conspired with the US government to obstruct justice and take away my civil rights. Most seriously, they have blocked my constitutional rights to representation in the US government and access to equal justice. When dealing with the rich and powerful, we exercise our civil rights at our peril. Based upon my twelve-years' experience dealing with Schwab and US government covert operations,

I believe their purpose is to continually harass me and make me miserable, while repeatedly attempting to entrap me through FBI and private secret service company sting operations. I have dozens of examples that I won't include here.

CHAPTER 12

Obama's Facebook Patsies

Kim Is Declared a Pathological Liar

In April 2010, I was doing research for the first version of this book when I discovered that Kim, her family, and friends were members of Facebook. I found Kim, her husband Ed Doheny, her daughter Donya Cobb, her sister Karla Slattery, and her best friend Margie Wolfe, to name just a few. Even though I knew Bush and Obama administrations had issued gag orders and Kim could not communicate with me, I sent her a short congenial Facebook message in hopes that she might respond. I also sent messages to Donya, Karla, and Margie, telling them I was worried about Kim and asking about her health. Most importantly, I told them I would like to talk with Kim and find out how she was doing. I suggested they encourage her to contact Attorney General Eric Holder and tell the truth about her relationship with Schwab and what he had done to us. The only reason this might work was that Kim was the prime witness to Schwab's criminal activities.

Kim did not reply to my message, but a couple days later Donya and Margie blocked me from viewing their Facebook pages and writing to them. I then discovered that the FBI had been waiting for me.

Facebook Message from Kim's Daughter, Donya Cobb, April 7, 2010

A few days after contacting them through Facebook, I received the following Facebook message from Donya. Keep in mind that this message was received

eight years after I had written to Donya and others about her mother's problems with Schwab. I knew Kim and her family well enough to know that Donya did not write these lies and that the FBI was using her as a patsy. There was no salutation on her message.

I really wanted to restrain myself from responding to you. Please know that this will be my first, last, and only response I will ever make. You are a very sad man—I am sorry that you have nothing better to do than this. It has been eight years that you have been writing crazy letters with NO proof to back them up, just some crazy stories told to you by one person and only one person. She was referring to her mother, and “insufficient evidence” was the defense used by the FBI from the beginning

I want you to ask yourself one thing—what proof do you really have that Schwab knew my mother? Did you ever meet him? Talk to him? See an email from him? I've never met Schwab, my aunts and sister have never met him. I have never heard anything of Micron or Varian Corporation until I read your mentions of them. My grandparents never made enough money to put their children through college, let alone have any ties to Micron or Varian Corporations they were both born in small Arkansas towns and eventually moved to Boise where my grandfather worked hard to support his family with a small electrical business.

I don't know where any of these crazy stories came from. I am sorry that you believed any of these stories and your crazy conspiracy theory, but if you step back and really question, and I mean ask yourself if there is solid proof to anything that you've been told and ask yourself could this all be false, I think you will see it is. I am sorry this has happened to you and that you believe it to be true, but it is well past time that you let it all go and focus your time and energy on something productive. I have no ill will toward you, but I would ask that you never contact me again. I don't care to relive my mother's untruths any longer.

Isn't it interesting that even though Donya had been aware of my "crazy letters" for the past eight years, she just now decided to let me know in a harsh manner that her mother was a pathological liar? If indeed her mother was such a liar and everything I had written about her and Schwab was false, why was she using this rude tone of voice? A lot had happened, so why not chat on the phone or meet in person so we could discuss it? Knowing what I had been through and if she were for real, it seems she would show some empathy for me. Most importantly, if Kim was lying about her relationship with Schwab and creating this terrible mess for him, why hadn't his attorneys threatened her with a defamation lawsuit? And of course, if my accusations against him all these years were false, why hadn't Schwab sought an injunction against me or taken me to court with a defamation lawsuit?

Facebook Message from Kim's Sister, Karla Slattery, April 17, 2010

In my Facebook message to Kim's sister, Karla Slattery, I mentioned that Kim and I had stayed at their family's vacation home in Cannon Beach, which Kim had told me was managed by her brother, Rob Kimbro. One would have to be extremely naïve to believe Karla would sit down and write this lengthy convoluted Facebook message about her sister. Schwab and Obama were also using Karla as a patsy.

Wayne,

Managing a place in Oregon is far different from owning it. I do not know if my brother owns or manages property in Cannon Beach. You need to contact him about that, but I doubt that he'll reply to you because he and Kim are estranged because of all of the lies that she has told over the years.

The untruths about my family told to you by Kim are just the tip of the iceberg. She never knew Schwab, something that Donya and I have been trying to get you to believe. After Sam Haines' death in June 2000, Kim was absolutely devastated. They were heavily in debt from running the B&B at a loss for several years and Kim had to use most of Sam's life insurance to pay off that debt. With the help of

friends and family, she continued to run the BB until the end of the season and then I went up and helped her close down the business. She rented the BB as a residence, which covered the mortgage payment, but she had no other source of income. She was scared to death about how she was going to support herself and was also grieving the loss of her one (and only) true love—Sam. Whenever Kim gets into a situation like this (insecure, scared, helpless), she envelops herself in a fantasy world. She has done it in the past and did it after Sam's death. For whatever reason she decided to make Schwab the center of this fantasy. I have no idea why she chose him, but she did. It's very easy to get information about someone as public as Schwab, so everything she told you about him was based on what she found on the Internet and added to that with her imagination (i.e., the lies about our family and her financial situation).

Donya and I actually believed Kim's story about Schwab until you called Donya one day and asked her to get in touch with Schwab to ask him to stop harassing Kim. Donya didn't know how to contact Schwab (having never met him), so she called Keith Johnson because Kim had told Donya and I that she met Schwab through Keith. He was supposedly a neighbor of Keith's in Rancho Santa Fe and [she] told us she met Schwab at a cocktail party at Keith's house. So Donya called Keith to get Schwab's telephone number and was absolutely stunned when Keith told her that he didn't know Schwab. He said that his niece worked for Schwab in San Francisco, and maybe he could get his number from her. Donya didn't know what to say and told Keith not to bother getting the number. After hanging up from talking to Keith, Donya immediately called me to tell me what she had just learned. I was equally stunned. Donya and I started comparing stories that Kim had told us about her relationship with Schwab and we began to see holes and things that didn't make sense. For example, before my husband and I went to Africa in 2002, Kim was staying with us so that she could house and dog sit for us. She told us that she was going to Switzerland with Schwab while we were gone. I asked her who was going to take care of our dog, and she said that Schwab had arranged for a pet sitter. She also told my husband and me that Schwab was very security conscious and used the code name "Wayne," so that if anyone called by the name of "Wayne," it was really Schwab. One day I answered the phone and a man's voice said "This is Wayne for Kim." I handed the phone to Kim

and thought, "Wow, I just talked to Schwab!" Before we left for our trip, Kim's email account wasn't working so she used mine. I noticed many emails from "Wayne" and assumed these were from Schwab. My curiosity got the best of me and I read some of these emails. At first I was confused, because she was telling "Wayne" (aka Schwab) who Keith Johnson was. This didn't make any sense. Why would she be telling Schwab who Keith was when she met Schwab through him? I read a few more emails and realized that "Wayne" was some other guy, not Schwab. I didn't say anything to Kim, because I wanted to think about this before confronting her. When we returned from our trip to Africa, she told us that she had met a man by the name of Wayne and was thinking about marrying him. Well, at least she was admitting that she knew someone named Wayne, but I was shocked about her marriage plans and cautioned her not to do anything on the rebound because she was still grieving for Sam. I asked her how her trip to Switzerland went, and she said, "Not well, in fact, I'm going to break it off with Schwab." Shortly after our return I found a document on my computer that Kim had created—it was a To-Do list, and contained things like, buy candles, clean house, research Switzerland. Research Switzerland? Why would she need to research Switzerland if she went with Schwab who undoubtedly planned every minute of the trip? I immediately suspected that she never went to Switzerland and had made up the whole story. She had lied to me many times in the past, so I began to wonder if anything she had told me about Schwab was true. My suspicions continued to grow, but when I learned that Keith didn't know Schwab, I confronted Kim and asked her why she had lied to us about knowing Schwab. In a very tearful conversation she said that she was extremely depressed after Sam's death and her only way of dealing with life was to make up this fantasy life. She immediately ceased talking about Schwab around us, but she didn't stop weaving her fantasy with you. The day the FBI called her to ask her about her relationship with Schwab, she realized that she had taken this thing way too far and called me to tell me how scared she was. But she told the FBI the truth—she never met Schwab and made the whole thing up.

I still love Kim in spite of her many lies, even though they have caused harm to many, including you. To this day, Keith Johnson and several other people still think Kim had a relationship with Schwab. But Donya, Margie, and I know the

truth. I have never written to you to tell you these things, because I didn't feel it was my place. Kim should have told you. But when I read your website, I couldn't let these lies sit out there for the public to see. I hope you believe what I'm telling you. Everything you know about Schwab and our family came from a single source—Kim. Donya tried to tell you to try to find proof of their relationship from some other source than Kim, because Donya knew you wouldn't be able to find anything because it never existed. I'm glad to see that you took down your website for correction, because you need to remove the stuff about Kim and Schwab and all that crap about Micron. Kim was broke and devastated after Sam died and she did what she thought she had to do to survive. Keith was Sam's best friend, and before he died he asked Keith to take care of Kim. And he did. Keith offered her a job at Fieldstone and helped her buy her house in San Diego. Kim got through this horrible period in her life with the help of friends & family and I think she's finally at peace. She still misses Sam (we all do—he was a wonderful man) but she has gotten on with her life and put this awful chapter behind her. My advice is for you to do the same.

♦ ♦ ♦

Karla's message was a totally bizarre concoction of gibberish and lies. Whoever put this crazy story together overlooked the fact that Keith Johnson wrote to me and confirmed that Kim and Schwab did know each other (see Johnson's email in chapter 7). As with Donya, I wondered why Karla also waited eight years to let me know that her sister was a pathological liar. Again, if her claims that everything her sister told me about Schwab were false, especially with the publication of my website, why hadn't Schwab brought a defamation lawsuit against Kim instead of trying to bully me into silence? Then there was Schwab's bomb hoax in August 2003. If Kim and Keith did not know Schwab, why did she tell me Schwab and Keith both told her they thought I had planted the bombs and was trying to kill Schwab? How was it that three days after she told me about Schwab's accusations, the FBI was questioning me about the bombs? Most importantly, if everything I was reporting to Schwab and the US

government was false, why had city, county, state, and federal government officials refused to discuss the case with me since August 2002?

I could only conclude that my complaints against Charles R. Schwab were so serious that if the US government initiated an investigation into my complaints against him it would trigger a sell-off of Charles Schwab stock that would bring down stock markets around the world. The US government could not allow this to happen.

The big question for me was, who chose to use Kim's daughter and sister as patsies in this stupid effort to persuade me to drop my complaints against Schwab and the government? I decided to write to Attorney General Eric Holder and complain about these underhanded tactics.

Letter to US Attorney General Eric Holder, April 18, 2010

Wayne Pierce

*US Attorney General Eric Holder Jr.
US Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530-0001*

April 18, 2010

*Subject: George W. Bush—Charles R. Schwab conspiracy to obstruct justice
Attachments: Facebook letter from Kim's daughter and sister, June 17, 2003
Letter to Keith Johnson and his June 27, 2003 reply
Kim Haines' personal address book*

*Dear Attorney General Holder,
Because President Obama's administration has never discussed this case with me,
I have no way of knowing whether our president has become part of the conspiracy*

to protect Charles R. Schwab from our system of justice. However, the blatant efforts by Charles R. Schwab and the US government to continue to cover up their crimes would appear quite reckless—if President Obama was not part of this conspiracy.

Schwab, Bush, and President Obama have had almost eight years to destroy the evidence, change historical records, and invent fallacious stories to protect Schwab, Bush, Rove, et al. Whether Bush and Obama have been involved, it is obvious that Kim Haines (Doheny) and her family continue to be used to support Schwab's lies.

After Schwab blackmailed Kim into leaving me in August 2002, I wrote to many of Kim's family members and friends about how Schwab was torturing her—requesting them to intervene and try to protect her. My only responses were from Kim and Schwab's mutual friend, Keith Johnson, who clearly claimed his friendship with both and acknowledged their relationship. This was after Kim and Schwab had supposedly sworn to the FBI that they didn't know each other. Whoops! Can't Bush do anything right?

I recently received a letter from Kim's sister, Karla Slattery, who claims that everything I've written about Kim is false. My immediate question, of course was, Why has the family waited so long to tell me that Kim was a pathological liar and everything she told me about her family's background and her relationship with Schwab were lies? I believe that either the FBI or Schwab's attorneys wrote this letter, supposedly from Karla. I have tried to verify Donya and Karla's claims with one of Kim's sons who is a university professor, but he fails to respond and I think I know why. I have written and asked Karla if she or someone else from her family would meet me to discuss their claim, but she did not respond.

I am attaching Slattery's letter that includes a concoction of lies that are easily disputed by the other attachments to and from Keith Johnson and Donya Cobb. Also attached is a page from Kim's personal address book that includes Schwab's personal contact information. I once wrote to Schwab at one of his private email addresses. He told Kim and she became furious that I

had used her address book. This information was all provided to Bush's DOJ long ago.

I fear that in their desperation to save themselves, Schwab and Bush might try to silence me. Kim warned me, my friends all warned me, and the FBI warned me that I might be killed. I urge you to either proceed with charges against Schwab and Bush or advise me that you are not going to pursue the matter and the case is closed.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President Barack Obama without attachments

Senator Patrick Leahy without attachments

In May 2010, one month after my letter to Holder, Obama fired his director of national intelligence, Dennis Blair, ostensibly for not preventing terrorist activities. However, I believe he was fired because of the stupid manner in which his so-called intelligence team used Kim's sister and daughter as patsies in this ridiculous attempt to convince me that Kim was a pathological liar. The Facebook emails from Donya and Karla once more confirmed my long-held belief that Schwab and the US government were using social networking providers for intelligence operations against me. It followed that governments and wealthy men all over the world were doing likewise, spying on one another and common citizens with full cooperation of CEOs of software companies and social networking services. Though I had my suspicions, I had no way of knowing if Facebook's owner, Mark Zuckerberg, was aware of these activities, so I decided to write to him and see how he might respond. When I did not receive a reply from Zuckerberg, I published Donya and Karla's Facebook messages and my letter to him on my website.

Letter to Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg, February 5, 2011

Wayne Pierce

*Facebook Corporation
Mr. Mark Zuckerberg
1601 S. California Avenue
Palo Alto, CA 94304*

February 5, 2011

Subject: US government use of Internet and social networks for spying

Reference:

US government–Schwab Corporation conspiracy to obstruct justice

Website: <http://www.aeolusblue.net>

Facebook messages from Karla Slattery, April 17, 2010

Dear Mr. Zuckerberg,

While the Internet and social networking services such as Match and Facebook offer great opportunities for connecting people from around the world, they also provide opportunities for abuse and illegal activities. The US government is perhaps the main user of social networks for spying on US citizens, gathering of information about them and using false identities to engage in illegal activities against legitimate members.

The lack of regulation and oversight by the federal and local law enforcement agencies leaves the average citizen without protection, perhaps for good reasons. I am sure you are aware of data gathering and mining efforts by the US government, corporations, and others.

Personal experience provides me with vast knowledge about computer, Internet, and social networking abuses. It was in early 2001 when I first discovered that Charles R. Schwab, then CEO of Charles Schwab Corporation, was

hacking into my computers. I reported Schwab's hacking activities to local, state, and federal governments. However, rather than investigate my allegations and bring Schwab to justice, the US government conspired to protect him, obstructing justice, and denying my civil rights. If they were capable and willing to do this to me, they could deal with thousands of others in the same manner. This conspiracy between Bush and Schwab continues under President Obama's administration. The story about this case is included on my website: <http://www.aeolusblue.net>.

Since I reported Schwab's illegal activities to the US government, they and Schwab have kept me under surveillance. I believe they illegally monitor my email and tap my phones. More importantly, for many years their agents have posed as women on Match to attract me, engage me, to gain information from me, and perhaps to bring me harm. I have repeatedly reported these illegal activities to Presidents Bush and Obama. I have repeatedly reported these illegal activities to my congressional representatives and leaders in Congress. However, other than attempts at derailing the case, no one has ever contacted me and offered their assistance. I have reported these illegal activities to Match via their abuse-reporting system, but neither do they respond. Homeland Security's presence in our lives is pervasive, illegal, and, for the most part, unnoticed.

The reason I am discussing these matters with you is to advise you that the US government is also using Facebook to spy on Facebook members and to use patsies (agents posing as legitimate members) to engage members for illegal purposes. In April 2010, two Facebook members involved in my case against Schwab were recruited by Homeland Security and used Facebook to write me long letters full of lies intended to derail my case against Schwab; all part of the ongoing conspiracy to protect Schwab. I reported these illegal activities to President Obama and published the phony letters on my website. However, no one from the US government responded.

How do I know that the US government is using Match and Facebook to commit these crimes against me? When I report the crimes to the US government, they do not respond. In case you approach the US government regarding these matters, please be aware that with Karl Rove's help, Bush and Schwab had many

years to alter the facts and create an image of me that is not so nice. However, the evidence is available to anyone who cares to look at it. Proving evil intent and lies by the US government, Charles R. Schwab, and his corporate attorneys is quite easy.

I recommend that you and other owners of social networking programs develop means whereby you can prevent government infiltration of your services and abuse of your members. I spent my life at IBM, mostly in management, and have many friends involved with the Internet, Twitter, Facebook, etc. Most are wary of making their personal information public because of all the US government conspiracies, spying, and collection of personal data. Facebook might boast of 1.5 million members, but my experience is that most only join so they can post their name, picture, and brief bio in case someone is searching for them. The full capabilities of the service go unused.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

* * *

Facebook Hacked, February 13, 2014

Mr. Zuckerman ignored my complaints about Kim's sister and daughter being used as patsies on Facebook, which confirmed that he was cooperating with the US government and allowing them to use Facebook for clandestine operations. I had good reason to join those who were concerned about Facebook's lack of member privacy. Based on my experience, I felt that all social networking services were in collusion with the US government and had not used Facebook since contacting Kim, Donya, and Karla. When I signed in to my Facebook account in February 2014, I discovered that my account had either been hacked or Facebook had allowed someone access to my account. Selected messages had been deleted and an insulting message ostensibly from me had been posted.

CHAPTER 13

Costco Entrapment

Costco Entrapment, August 2013

In the Orwellian world we live in, one need not commit a crime to be arrested and thrown in prison. One only need discuss committing a crime or have it determined that one has the disposition for committing a crime. As Edward Snowden and Glen Greenwald have revealed, the NSA spies on people worldwide, gathering phone and email data. One purpose is to sift through the information in search of potential “terrorist” targets for FBI sting operations. Based upon something a person might have said, FBI agents befriend the unsuspecting victim, involve him in a phony illegal operation, arrest him, and send him to prison—all the while knowing he is innocent. The purpose is not to protect Americans, but to convince them they live in a dangerous world of “terrorism.” Creating such a mythical external threat is an old trick for keeping common citizens afraid and supporting their leaders. For reasons we might not yet understand, Muslims were selected to be the bad guys.¹² On July 21, 2014, Columbia University Law School’s Human Rights Watch published a 214-page report, *Illusion of Justice* that describes how Muslim communities have been targeted for abusive FBI sting operations.¹³

A few years ago in Oregon a young Muslim man was enticed by undercover FBI agents to join them in setting off a bomb during Portland’s Christmas

12 Refer to Tarpley and Webster Griffin’s *9/11 Synthetic Terror: Made in USA*.

13 <http://www.hrw.org/node/126101>.

tree lighting ceremony. Having grown up witnessing how the United States and its Israeli partners maimed and killed his people, he probably felt honored to be chosen to push the button that would set off the blast. There were no bombs and nothing happened when he pushed the button, but he was arrested, convicted of “terrorism,” and now sits in prison. What hypocrisy. This young man who was convinced by undercover FBI agents that he was doing right by his god and his abused people sits in prison, while Bush and Cheney, who lied and led the world into an illegal war against Iraq, destroying their country and killing hundreds of thousands of innocent people, are free to enjoy retirement with full government benefits—all paid for by American taxpayers. In previous chapters I discussed several attempts by Schwab and the US government to entrap me. Had these attempts been successful, it would have resulted in serious consequences for me. However, they were mild compared to what they had in store for me.

In August 2013, I was shopping at Eugene, Oregon, Costco store when I came upon an outside vendor selling office chairs. Because of my spinal problems I am always on the lookout for a better office chair, so I stopped to try them. The salesman introduced himself as Carter Gregg and handed me his card. He told me he worked for CoreWerks. They were located in Bellingham, Washington, and produced the chairs. He explained the chairs’ design features and how this benefited the spine and core muscles. This all sounded great, but they were very expensive. Though I really wasn’t in the mood to stand in the middle of Costco and get into a long discussion, Gregg became friendly and led us into a discussion about how Wall Street created the current US economic crises. He expounded on his views about how the capitalists were ripping off the middle class. I agreed and offered my two cents. We talked about high fructose corn syrup and other bad food ingredients that were causing an obesity crisis and making people sick. We were really getting into gear as we talked about dangerous prescription drugs that were making people sick and killing them. Gregg was very dynamic and enthused, and I

found it quite refreshing to talk with someone who was even aware of the disastrous course the United States was on.

After he established a solid connection with me, he changed the subject and asked what type work I did and if I sat a lot. This led me into telling him that I had just spent a couple years writing and publishing my book. When he asked what the book was about, I was reluctant to begin a lengthy discussion, so provided a brief overview. He wasn't satisfied and kept digging, wanting to know the details. I finally told him about my experience with Kim and Schwab and how reporting Schwab's many months of criminal activities to the Bush and Obama administrations resulted in them colluding with Schwab to protect him and releasing their wrath on me. He did not seem a bit surprised when I told him about Schwab and the government's spying and stalking activities. He was nonchalant as he told me he had been in trouble with the US government and how they had been spying on him for years. He gave me one example of how he caught an FBI agent hanging around the dock near the boat he was living on. He assured me we had a lot in common.

He suddenly stopped to think and his demeanor became serious. "How do you plan to get even with these guys for what they've done to you?"

A flag went up and I knew I had to be careful with my response. I said, "What I am doing to get even is publishing my book exposing them to the world." He shook his head and appeared disappointed.

He said, "That's not enough. I have connections with people who take care of people like this." When I appeared incredulous and pointed out the security systems and that no one could even get close to these people, he took on the role of a would-be assassin and held up his arms as though holding and aiming a rifle. While holding his arms in this position, he looked at me and smiled. "Obama is out there in the open, and I'm a couple blocks away with my .270 rifle with a scope." After putting his head in position to look through his imaginary rifle scope, he turned and looked at me with a big smile, as though he had just killed the United States president..

His discussion about how easy it would be to assassinate President Obama left me stunned. I was recovering from what I had just observed when a large man appeared and interrupted us in a rather crude manner. "How do these chairs work anyway?" Excusing himself so he could attend to his new customer, Carter Gregg shook my hand and with a big smile said, "I'll be here for a few more days if you'd like to come back and talk some more." Pretending that I was unaware of the game they were playing, I told him I enjoyed our chat and would try to see him before he left town.

By the time I got home I was shaken and knew I had just narrowly escaped a fourth attempt by the FBI to entrap me. I was certain that Gregg and the large man were undercover FBI agents and a wrong comment or reaction to Gregg's suggestions about how to assassinate Obama would have resulted in my being handcuffed and hauled away. Because killing another human is not part of my character, the probability of the FBI being successful in this sting operation was small. However, a comment taken out of context or blown out of proportion is all it would take. Since I hadn't gone for it, their next option, which would have had far more serious consequences, was Gregg's invitation to come back and see him, which could have been interpreted to mean that I was showing interest in killing our president. If I accepted the invitation and returned and said anything about killing Obama, both agents could testify that I was the one who initiated the discussion. This was scary, and I did not return to Costco for several weeks.

I assumed at the time that under normal circumstances, if anyone reported to law enforcement officials that a salesman at Costco was advocating to customers the assassination of our president, the FBI would respond immediately and the salesman would be arrested. Of course, if the salesman were an undercover FBI agent, as I suspected, nothing would happen. Because I felt certain this was an FBI sting operation, I did not immediately report the incident but took time to think about how I might best respond.

It is important for Americans to know that if they become an enemy of the US government, they will be stripped of their civil rights and left without

protection from any level of government. As in my case, if someone becomes the enemy of one of the country's billionaire political supporters, their plight will be the same. My many complaints about Schwab and the US government's illegal activities against me have been systematically ignored for twelve years. Next to government leaders, the most powerful people in the United States are its corporate leaders who exist in a symbiotic relationship that assures their mutual success, while often ignoring the health and wellbeing of the citizens who support them. Though I was fairly certain that Costco's management was in collusion with the Obama administration regarding this sting operation, I decided to write to Costco's CEO Jeffrey Brotman and find out. The story is repetitive but is included here to demonstrate who was made aware of Schwab and Obama's Costco entrapment operation.

Letter to Senator Wyden and Congressman Peter DeFazio, August 6, 2013

Though my representatives in the US government have never responded to my complaints, I thought this latest sting operation might be alarming enough to motivate them to stand up and intervene on my behalf with President Obama. I decided to write to Oregon's Senator Tom Wyden and Congressman Peter DeFazio.

Wayne Pierce

August 6, 2013

Senator Ron Wyden and Congressman Peter DeFazio

Sub: Charles Schwab and President Obama stalking and entrapment

Ref: "Charles Schwab and the US government: A conspiracy to obstruct justice"

Senator Wyden and Congressman DeFazio

Though President Obama claims he does not spy on innocent Americans, I know this is not true. I have proof that Bush and Obama have been spying on me for the

past eleven years. Besides my phone and email data, their secret service contractors have collected my email and phone numbers, plus they track my whereabouts, I assume, via my cell phone. It's possible they have a tracking device mounted somewhere on my car. Most interesting has been their undercover agents who have connected with me dozens of times. Our government's so-called intelligence operations aren't nearly as "intelligent" as they might wish. I spent my life in management at IBM and know that managing the US government's spying operations through hundreds of private contractors would be an impossible task. Just finding enough intelligent Americans with required skills to effectively carry out such a monstrous task would be impossible. My opinion is that containing this operation and keeping it all "secret" would be next to impossible, which we are finding out.

I am an American citizen who has not broken any laws. However, since my book was published in April 2013, I am aware of four secret service agents that have "befriended" me. I believe the purpose is usually to gather information about me, but as I will discuss below, it is often an attempt to entrap me. Recent encounters are not too alarming because undercover agents have been connecting with me in person since August 2002 when I first reported Schwab's criminal activities to the Bush administration and Karl Rove and his thugs were given the assignment to silence me.

My book, which Obama has suppressed within the US government, and which you dare not buy or read, provides information about many encounters with undercover agents, including the FBI. Believe me, I have provided only a sample. Of course, innocent people like me must wonder, what is the purpose of all this surveillance and stalking? From the beginning, I have been totally open and willing to discuss everything I know with the government, but have been denied this opportunity because early on Karl Rove's strategy was to turn the tables on me and make me out to be the bad guy. Following Karl Rove's strategy, the White House has been scheming to get me off the streets ever since. Presidents Bush and Obama, the Department of Justice, and leaders in Congress have abandoned their oaths to uphold our Constitution and laws for the purpose of protecting one of their billionaire benefactors. In the process you have obstructed justice and denied

my civil rights. Though you supposedly represent me in the US government, you are forbidden to discuss my case with me in person and you cannot intervene with the White House on my behalf.

As you know, I narrowly escaped being imprisoned in August 2003 when Schwab and Bush attempted to frame me for trying to murder Schwab. There is not an American whose mind would allow them to believe Karl Rove's phony bomb hoax and attempt to entrap me. I hope you can put yourself in my place and imagine how I have felt ever since—knowing that I live in constant danger from the US government. Of course, my friends and I keep asking, why?

I did not think the US government and Schwab capable of stooping any lower than allowing Karl Rove's bomb hoax and attempting to lock me up "indefinitely." However, I recently met a new salesman in a store where I often shop. He engaged me in a lengthy discussion, beginning with the story behind my book. He was more curious than most and asked many questions. He began talking about his own troubles with government and said they had been spying on him for years.

After we had discussed my story in depth for about a half hour, he asked what I was going to do to get even with the people who did this to me. I was taken aback because no one had ever asked such a question. I told him this was the purpose of my book—to let the world know about my ordeal with Schwab, Bush, and Obama and what they had done to me. I told him I had distributed copies of my book to important people I thought might make a difference.

He mentioned some type of connection before telling me there were people who could take care of these people for a price. He was obviously referring to paid assassins. This caught me by surprise and it was so crazy I perceived it a frivolous comment. Thinking about what Kim had told me about Schwab's private life and emphasis on security, I told him no one could get close to Schwab.

He smiled and said, "All you need is a .270 rifle." He pointed off to the distance. "Obama is out there in the open, and I am two blocks away with my .270." He raised his arms as though holding a rifle. The look on his face was scary and revealed that he really felt that's all it would take. I did not yet realize that this was a farce and he was just leading me into a trap. I was dumbstruck and did not

know what to say. Right then a large man stepped up and rudely started talking to him about the items he was selling.

The salesman I had been talking with acknowledged his new customer. He then turned to me and told me he was going to buy my book and read it. We exchanged cards and he said he would get in touch with me and let me know what he thought. He said he would be at that store for ten more days, and I told him I might drop back by to see him.

Later that evening it dawned on me that the man explaining how to kill Obama with his .270 rifle was an Obama secret service agent attempting to suck me in and entrap me. Had I shown any interest in his talk about assassinating Obama, I would now be in solitary confinement and unable to write this letter seeking your help. Because he was going to be there ten days, I assume the man that interfered with our discussion did so in order to allow me time to go home and think about it before coming back and seeing him again. If I came back and asked about these paid killers, there would be no doubt about my motives. I found it curious that as he talked about killing someone, I mentioned Schwab, while he mentioned Obama. I assume this was because talking about killing a US president was a much more serious matter than killing someone like Schwab. And isn't it amazing that, with our new government, we can receive the same sentence for talking about a crime as we would if convicted? The ship has obviously lost its rudder and the captain is drunk.

I have been duped so many times by Schwab and US undercover agents that I wake up every day knowing that I must be careful and can't trust anyone. Over the years, I am aware of six blatant attempts to entrap me. Had I not been alert and lucky, I would have been imprisoned long ago.

I have lost my rights as a US citizen. I have no protection from Schwab and US government. In my old age I must accept this as my destiny, for I have no way out. And it all happened because I unknowingly fell in love with Charles R. Schwab's ex-lover and reported his crimes against us. Though it is common knowledge that billionaires like Schwab break our laws with impunity, I could not

accept this and had to try to bring him to justice. I am now one of the few people who know how our system works.

I lost the woman I loved and was planning to marry. I had to endure Schwab's eight months of harassment, stalking, and interference in our lives. I have had to endure Schwab, Bush, and Obama's predatory activities against me for eleven years. Close friends have abandoned me due to fear of being involved and also becoming enemies of the US government.

We all know that Schwab allowed greed to lead him into illegal activities (especially insider trading) that would land a common citizen in prison. I suspect he had done these things all his life. It was different this time because Kim, his accomplice, decided to leave him. Worse yet, his obsession over her resulted in flagrant illegal activities he erroneously assumed would be ignored. I am smart enough to know that if the US government were to investigate my allegations and prosecute Schwab, financial markets around the world would collapse. So, just as Bush and Obama have protected the billionaire bankers who broke our laws and caused our economic collapse, Schwab must be protected. It is easy to forget that these wealthy men created their own problems, and putting the burden on common people like me is totally unfair.

There are alternatives for how to handle the problems Schwab created that are much nicer than killing me or entrapping me and putting me in solitary confinement. I have offered to sell the rights to my story and my book to Schwab, the US government, and Kim's family, several times. I am agreeable to compensation for the misery Schwab and the US government has caused me. If I received compensation to live on, I would be willing to leave the country, provided I could still come visit family and friends.

This ordeal with Schwab and the US government has been hard on my health. Knowing that Schwab and Obama's agents are constantly spying, tracking, and attempting to entrap me causes severe anxiety and depression. My many friends who empathize with me also suffer. Knowing that my government not only does not offer me protection, but willingly attempts to harm me makes me ill. Through no fault of my own, I am not a free person and lack the rights

supposedly guaranteed to all American citizens. Knowing there is nothing my representatives in Congress can do to protect me is indeed quite scary.

Schwab and the US government have also caused Kim, her family, and friends great misery. Isn't it amazing that in this great country with all its freedoms, no one will talk to me and I am unable to even find out if Kim is alive?

Once more I am requesting protection from Schwab and the US government. I am requesting that they discontinue their email and phone monitoring. I am requesting they discontinue tracking my whereabouts, all of which my associates and I have solid proof. I am a perfect example of the extent to which the US government and corporations spy on innocent citizens, while protecting members of their club. The big question for Americans is, why did our representatives in Congress abandon their duties and allow our presidents to start acting like insane dictators? I've now been complaining to the US government for eleven years, and isn't it ironic that the only cabinet members who showed interest in my cause were fired shortly after their offices contacted me. I still have their letters.

Even if Schwab and Obama achieve their goal of killing me or imprisoning me, their problems will not be resolved. The various NSA contractors that have been spying on me are unaware of my former IBM associates who know much more about computers than me. These friends have promised that if anything happens to me, they will keep my cause alive and the website and book will remain available indefinitely.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

It took them a while to come up with an acceptable response, but I finally received short letters from each in which they thanked me for contacting them. They did not mention the FBI Costco sting operation, nor did they respond to my request to meet with them in person. Thus is the power of the White House to control our representatives in Congress. Contrary to what we would like to believe, we do not have three independent branches of government that

balance one another. Though I am an American citizen and have not committed a crime, I do not have any representation in the US government. I also do not have protection from any level of government from Schwab and the US government's unrelenting illegal acts against me.

Letter to Costco CEO Jeffrey Brotman, September 8, 2013

Perhaps naïvely, I wondered if Costco CEO Jeffrey Brotman was aware of the FBI's sting operation in one of his stores. If he wasn't aware, perhaps he would object to the FBI's use of his facility for one of their sting operations. I decided to write and see how he might respond.

Wayne Pierce

September 8, 2013

*Mr. Jeffrey Brotman
Costco Corporation
999 Lake Drive
Issaquah, WA 98024*

*Sub: Charles Schwab and US government spying, stalking, and entrapment
Ref: "Charles Schwab and the US government: A conspiracy to obstruct justice"
by Wayne Pierce*

Dear Mr. Brotman,

In 2001, I had the misfortune of meeting and becoming involved with a woman who, six months later informed me that she had recently broken her two-year engagement to Mr. Charles R. Schwab, then CEO of Charles Schwab Corporation. According to her, Schwab was divorced. Under tremendous stress, she was letting me know about her relationship with Schwab because he was not taking their breakup lightly and she expected trouble ahead. Though this was serious, neither of us could have imagined the

torture Schwab would put us through with his illegal activities—that we are learning is common practice for wealthy capitalists and their puppets in Washington, DC, where stalking, spying, Internet and computer hacking, email theft, and phone tapping are common. After many months of being subjected to Schwab's lies, constant denigration of my character, and financial coercion, he had his former lover brainwashed into believing I was a complete rogue and that she should break up with me. Details of this ordeal with Schwab are included in my book.

After she departed in August 2002, I reported Schwab's ongoing crimes and interference in our lives to the FBI, SEC, attorney general, and eventually to President Bush. I received a letter from the White House advising me that Bush was referring my complaints to the DOJ for investigation. Bush lied, for no one in the DOJ bothered talking with me or investigating my complaints. Instead, they tried to put me off with ridiculous excuses. When I persisted by reporting Schwab's crimes to leaders in Congress, my case was referred to Bush's chief advisor and hatchet man, Karl Rove. For the duration of Bush's administration, Rove and his thugs attempted to get me off the streets and silence me. I'm guessing that Rove and his company continued their efforts working for Obama. Because I insisted that my complaints against Schwab be investigated and Schwab brought to justice, I became an enemy of the state and have been subjected to their spying, harassment, stalking, and entrapment attempts for the past eleven years. Examples of these activities are included in my book.

People are just becoming aware of what many have known for a long time—that corporations like Facebook, Microsoft, and Google are in collusion with the US government to make it easier for them to hack networks and computers so they can spy on people all over the world. Of course, one might wonder what role computer companies like IBM and Dell might be playing in this effort. I was blown away recently when I read that Microsoft programmers purposefully left "backdoors" in programs such as Outlook to provide easy access for government hackers. A US ambassador in some far-off country cannot send an email to his or her grandchildren without knowing some government contractor will be reading this very private communication.

It is interesting that the “news” is focusing only on US government hackers. How about the corporate hackers who spy on competitors, customers, family members, friends—and government officials? How about Schwab’s personal hackers who over a period of one year or more repeatedly hacked into my computers, and probably still are? When Mr. Schwab learned that I was dating his former lover, his hackers installed so many Trojan horses on my computer I thought I might have to build a stable to house them all. Microsoft Windows and the so called virus protection software programs have always been worthless in preventing Schwab’s hackers. I do not make claims that my associates and I can’t prove. I discuss Schwab’s reckless hacking activities and provide examples in my book.

There is yet to be a discussion about the US government’s undercover agents that permeate worldwide social networking services such as Facebook, Match, Single People Meet, and others. Based upon personal experience, I think it safe to assume that many members of these services are government and corporate undercover agents, whose purpose is to spy on people.

Entrapment:

Since I first reported Schwab’s crimes to the US government, I have had numerous encounters with Schwab and US government undercover agents. Most have been through social networking services mentioned above, but some have been through casual meetings in public places. Several of these encounters have led to obvious attempts to entrap me and throw me in prison with the intent of silencing me. Though some were close calls and scary, nothing compares to a recent encounter that occurred in your Eugene, Oregon Costco store.

In early August 2013, I was shopping at Costco on Chad Drive when I came upon an outside vendor selling very expensive office chairs; so expensive I doubted anyone could buy one. Because of my spinal problems, I am always on the lookout for a better chair, so I stopped and sat in one. After discussing the basics of his chairs, the salesman engaged me in a lengthy discussion. First he talked about our economic crises and how the capitalists were ripping us off. Then it was diet and

obesity and all the dangerous drugs prescribed for Americans. He asked if I sat a lot and what type work I did. This led to a discussion about my having written and published a book. He wanted to know what the book was about and kept digging. I told him about some of my experiences with Schwab, Bush, and Obama. He told me he was also in trouble with the US government and that they had been spying on him for years. He gave me an example.

After about thirty minutes of discussing my ordeal with Schwab and the US government, he asked how I was going to get even with these people for what they had done to me. I was shocked when he talked about "connections" and told me how easy it was to hire people to take care of such people. When I appeared incredulous, he played the role of an assassin and told me all he needed was a .270 rifle. He held up his arms as though holding a rifle. "Obama is out there in the open, and I'm a couple blocks away with my .270." He looked at me and smiled as though he had accomplished his objective. At this point a large man interrupted us by expressing interest in the chairs. Details about this intentional delay are included in my attached letter.

When I got home from my shopping trip, I realized that I had once more been duped. The salesman and the large man who interfered were undercover agents and this was a deliberate attempt to set me up and entrap me. A wrong response relative to his suggestions about killing Obama or Schwab would have resulted in my being hauled off and thrown in prison. The government would have confiscated my book and shut down my website and I would be out of their hair.

Because the FBI is so eager to pounce on anyone even discussing illegal activities via the Internet, I was certain they would be interested in the salesman's comments about killing our president. I wrote and reported the incident above to my representatives in Congress. I copied Obama and local law enforcement authorities. It's been a month and I have not received a response, so I think it safe to assume this was a US government sting operation. Though I am an American citizen and have not committed any crimes, Schwab and the US government are relentless in their efforts to silence me.

As I said, I have been subjected to Schwab and the US government's spying, stalking, and attempts to entrap me for the past eleven years. Because I reported Schwab's crimes against my fiancée and me, I anticipate spending the rest of my life wondering if and when I will make a mistake and they will be successful in getting me off the streets—one way or another. I must always be cautious when leaving the house, while driving, or meeting new people.

I am sure that Schwab and the US government have undertaken steps to falsify information and convince important people that I am a nutcase. However, the evidence is quite clear. If Schwab and the US government really believe my accusations are false, I suggest they file charges against me and meet me in court. Assuming, of course, that I would live that long.

We now know that billionaire corporate executives like Bill Gates and Mark Zuckerberg have betrayed the trust of the customers who made them rich by colluding with the US government in their efforts to spy on them. For the capitalists, it is always about money. Corporations are claiming that the US government forced them into illegal activities that facilitated their hacking activities. LOL. Are we really supposed to believe that corporate leaders are helpless when dealing with their puppets in Washington, DC? I think it's the other way around and that their cooperation was financially advantageous.

In any case, this leads one to wonder if other corporate executives are colluding with the US government in order to facilitate sting operations such as the one I have just described. Specifically, were you and other Costco executives aware that one of their vendors was a front for a US intelligence sting operation? Please feel free to contact me for further information or details about the vendor involved with the above incident.

*I would be quite pleased if you would carry my nonfiction book in your stores.
Sincerely, Wayne Pierce*

PS: Even an idiot knows that someone carrying a .270 rifle down the street could not get within a mile of President Obama.

Note: As of September 24, 2013, Mr. Brotman has not responded.

Copy:

President Barack Obama

Senator Patrick Leahy, Chair of Senate Judiciary Committee

Walter Bettinger, CEO Charles Schwab Corporation

Oregon Senator Ron Wyden

Oregon Representative Peter DeFazio

Virginia Rometty, CEO IBM Corporation

Senator Harry Reid

Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi

Representative Bob Goodlatte, Chair of House Judiciary Committee

Copied on September 24, 2013

Mike Duke, CEO Walmart Corporation

Edward Johnson III, CEO Fidelity Corporation

Edward Lambert, CEO Sears Holding Company

Oregon Senator Jeff Merkley

Rodger O. Riney, CEO Scottrade

Gregg Steinhafel, CEO Target Corporation

Fred Tomczyk, CEO TD Ameritrade

Mike Ullman, CEO JC Penney

James Weddle, CEO Edward Jones

Eugene City Police Chief Pete Kerns

Eugene City Mayor Kitty Piercy

* * *

The lack of response from Mr. Brotman or anyone else on distribution list proves to me that the White House was behind this sting operation. Just as our corporations are conspiring with the US government's NSA to spy on

people all over the world, Mr. Brotman conspired with the US government to commit a most serious crime against me. There seems a serious lack of character among US corporate leaders. Brotman committed a felony, while the US Congress abdicated its responsibility to uphold the Constitution and just stood by watching.

CHAPTER 14

Health Consequences

AS DISCUSSED EARLIER, Charles Schwab began his campaign of surveillance, stalking, and computer hacking soon after I started dating Kim in 2001. After I reported Schwab's illegal activities to the US government, they conspired with him and joined in these illegal activities against me. Besides their regular activities, they began a serious effort to entrap me in FBI sting operations, any of which could have landed me in prison. Presidents Bush and Obama have isolated me by issuing gag orders that cut off communications with all levels of government and law enforcement officials. They also used gag orders to cut off communications with Kim and her family. With full support of leaders in Congress and the Charles Schwab board of directors, Bush and Obama have denied my rights to equal justice, equal protection under the law, and freedom of speech. I am treated like an enemy of the state and even appeals to the UN have got me nowhere. Living under these conditions for so many years and never knowing what Schwab and the US government have in store for me next results in constant heavy anxiety and stress.

Stress Overload, September 2013

The government's Costco sting operation in which I was encouraged to "get even" by assassinating President Obama was extremely traumatic. I'm sure that had I shown the least interest in pursuing the undercover FBI agent's suggestion, I would be sitting in solitary confinement the rest of my life. Schwab's

legal team have had twelve years to create and alter documents and emails to twist the story any way they want.

The fact that Costco's CEO and others to whom I turned for help all ignored me once more reminded me of just how helpless and vulnerable I am. Though I was able to endure twelve years of Schwab and the US government's constant surveillance and attempts to silence me, the FBI's approach had changed, and I was being subjected to the same tactics used in sting operations against innocent young Muslim men. Befriend the target, empathize with him, gain his trust, and encourage him to participate with you against your common enemy. As soon as he expresses interest in participating in a crime, handcuff him and haul him away. Since my ordeal with Schwab and the US government began, the most difficult part for me to understand is the lack of outrage by American citizens when they observe their government performing these acts. The wealthy men who control the US government and our lives have manipulated Americans into a state of hopelessness and insecurity that then allows these wealthy men to treat them with disdain, while destroying their way of life and culture and robbing them of their assets. We live in a world of corrupt government and corporate officials who support and allow unhealthy food, toxic medicine, dangerous healthcare, and a toxic environment—all made possible by naïve Americans who don't have a clue about their world and fail to react. Over the past month I have been asking people I meet if they know who Edward Snowden and Chelsea Manning are. All but one said they had never heard of them. When asked if he knew who Edward Snowden was, one gray-haired man said, "He's that guy in China, isn't he?" At the time, Snowden had been living in Russia for many months.

Stress Response

About a month after the FBI's Costco sting operation, I started to become ill. I was suffering general weakness and severe pain in limbs and joints. My symptoms became so severe I could barely use my hands for normal activities and thought I might have to check into a nursing facility. When I went to her for

help, my primary doctor was already aware of my lengthy ordeal with Schwab and the US government. Because my problems were so severe, I provided her copies of recent documents regarding the Costco sting operation. Though we were both concerned about my high levels of stress, she proceeded to try to determine the cause of my symptoms with various tests, which all turned out to be normal. We then spent several months seeking assistance from specialists who were unable to pinpoint the cause of my symptoms. Suspected causes like arthritis, neuropathy, and gluten intolerance were ruled out.

After months of attempting to diagnose the cause of my problems, we concluded that the most likely cause was stress.¹⁴ For many years I had been able to handle Schwab and the US government's unrelenting activities, but the FBI's Costco sting operation was too much and pushed me over the edge. Just as with the attempt to entrap me with the bomb hoax sting operation and the phony polygraph test in 2003, I was put in a dangerous situation in which I could have easily been arrested and imprisoned for the rest of my life. Situations like this are made much worse when victims are trapped in a dead-end alley with no way out. During my next meeting with my doctor, I told her I had come up with a plan for reducing my anxiety and stress levels. I told was going to try to make peace with Schwab and the US government by offering to retire my current book, take down my website, and refrain from publishing the new version of my book—if they would discontinue their hostilities against me and leave me alone.

Poison

During our visits, I also talked with my doctor about the possibility I might have been poisoned. I told her about Michael Ruppert, who in September 2004 published his book *Crossing The Rubicon: The Decline of the American Empire at the End of the Age of Oil*. In this tremendous work, Ruppert discusses many US government secret operations, such as the CIA's connection with the poppy fields of Afghanistan and its drug trafficking. His main objective was to reveal

14 Read about stress response here: http://www.helpguide.org/mental/stress_signs.htm

the truth about the attacks on 9/11. He explains in great detail this carefully orchestrated job by the US government. Another important source of information is *9/11 Synthetic Terror: Made in USA*, by Tarpley and Webster Griffin. Compared to these brave authors, my problems are minor. By revealing the truth about the US government's role in the 9/11 attacks, Ruppert knew he was in trouble and wisely fled the country and took up residency in Venezuela. Of course, there is no place to hide from the US government, and according to reports, the CIA tracked him down and poisoned him. Though he became violently ill, Ruppert's supporters helped him seek refuge in Canada, where they nursed him back to health. After many years of working to open the minds of naïve Americans, on April 13, 2014, Michael Ruppert gave up his crusade and committed suicide. We can only speculate about possible health problems due to CIA's poisoning and constant US government surveillance and stalking. But I am sure he suffered terrible disappointment, knowing that his efforts to open his fellow American's eyes were a failure.

Letter to President Obama, March 3, 2014

I was very ill when I once more decided to appeal to President Obama for help and request that he and Schwab discontinue their campaign against me. In a strange mental twist, I somehow thought the man who was behind the campaign against me would be upset to hear that someone was advocating his assassination. Dealing with spies is a complicated game.

Wayne Pierce

March 3, 2014

*President Barack Obama
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20500*

Subject: Government surveillance, harassment and stalking

Reference: The US rescue of Charles Schwab

Attached: Costco Sting Operation

President Obama,

*I do not know anyone who doesn't think the US government is the greatest bully in the world. Rather than seeking peaceful solutions to conflicts, the US government resorts to bullying that can lead to harming or killing anyone that can't be controlled—whether it be its own innocent citizens or small helpless countries whose assets our corporations lust after. I recall Venezuela's President Chavez giving you the book *Open Veins to South America*, only to have the CIA attempt to poison and kill him.*

Beginning in 2001, when Charles Schwab became overly aggressive because he couldn't have what he wanted, he subjected my fiancée (his former lover) and me to eight months of criminal activities that included stalking, harassment, computer hacking, email theft, and blackmail. After he succeeded in coercing my fiancée to break up with me and temporarily return to him, I reported his crimes to the Bush administration. Though Americans are supposed to have equal rights and protection under the law, Bush and Cheney blocked investigation into my complaints and issued gag orders to all levels of law enforcement and the media. They labeled me an enemy of the state and turned me over to Karl Rove and his thugs so they could take care of me. I have proof.

Since I reported Schwab's crimes back in 2002, the US government has subjected me to twelve years of unrelenting surveillance, harassment, and stalking. I am aware of four attempts to entrap me in sting operations where a wrong response or action would have landed me in prison and unable to communicate with the outside world. These illegal actions against me are supported by a large number of US government officials and congressmen who ignore common human decency and their responsibilities to the US Constitution. In order to keep my perspective, I remind myself now and then that if the US government, with Dick Cheney in charge, could attack the World Trade Center and kill three thousand

*of its own citizens on 9/11, followed by an illegal attack on helpless Iraq and killing hundreds of thousands of innocent Iraqi citizens, why would they think twice about getting rid of me?*¹⁵

I witnessed how Schwab tortured his former lover and me and assume he has spent his life engaging in such coldhearted behavior. So I do not expect empathy from him. After all, he was the prominent billionaire businessman who lied to the FBI and falsely accused me of trying to kill him in the US government's bomb hoax sting operation. Had he succeeded, he couldn't have cared less knowing that I would spend the rest of my life in prison. Many people wonder if gaining all that money is really worth treating one's fellow man in such a despicable manner. For some, the answer is obviously yes.

From our government we expect more, and I wonder if you and the officials in your administration ever stop to think about the stress and anxiety your actions are causing innocent people like my fiancée and me. For over a year I watched helplessly while Schwab tortured my fiancée, causing her to suffer to the point of near total emotional breakdown. After he succeeded through financial coercion in forcing her to return to him, within a short time she suffered two strokes. Two years later she came down with cancer that required extensive surgery and treatment. Within a year she came down with cancer again and went through similar treatment. Because of your widespread gag orders, she and I have not been able to communicate for seven years, so I do not know if she is alive or dead. I do know that she is the prime witness of Schwab's numerous crimes and that she must be kept under control. Ironically, she will suffer the rest of her life for having taken up with the likes of Mr. Schwab.

Schwab and the US government's unrelenting activities against my fiancée and me have also caused me constant anxiety and severe stress that has affected my health. Your recent FBI Costco sting operation in which your agent tried to entice me into agreeing to hire someone to assassinate you was traumatic and hit me very hard. I could not believe how far my own government would go in order

15 Michael Ruppert's *Crossing the Rubicon*.

to achieve their goal of silencing me. After all these years since reporting Schwab's crimes, the US government was still trying to imprison me for the rest of my life. This whole ordeal with Schwab and the US government has had a profound effect on my fiancée's and my family and friends, who have been stunned by the realization that our corporate leaders and the US government engage in such heinous crimes against innocent citizens. We are learning that the America we learned about in school was just a myth.

Shortly after the Costco sting operation I became very ill and partially incapacitated. Over a period of six months I sought help from four specialists. The consensus is that my symptoms are stress-related. Never in my life have I been so ill. Knowing it is a common method used by the US government against its innocent enemies, I can't rule out the possibility that your people have tried to poison me just as they did Michael Ruppert after he published *Crossing the Rubicon*.

I believe that if the US government had investigated my complaints against Schwab, he would have received at least twenty years in prison. Because of how he made my fiancée and me suffer, I would be happy to see him behind bars in his orange suit. However, the US government feels that I am the one who should be behind bars in my orange suit. How bizarre is this? The US is not a democracy, but an interesting experiment in government led by coldhearted corrupt billionaires, whose greed and need for total control always brings down the system. In the US where corporations are considered individuals by corrupt top judges, nothing is going to change.

Activity on my website is interesting. Since you took office, government and corporate visitors have disappeared and are obviously hiding their identity. Is it fair that Schwab and your administration can spy on me 24/7, read my emails, and listen in on my phone calls—all the while hiding your identity so I won't know when you visit my website? Is this your idea of an "...open and transparent government"? It is interesting that under Bush's more open style, my website received around three hundred hits per day, while under your secretive style it is hit around six hundred times per day. When we try to keep things secret, they become more interesting.

Once more I am requesting that Schwab and your administration discontinue your campaign against me. My story is out and even if you are successful in silencing me, my former IBM associates will inherit the rights to my book and website and will keep the story alive. I am also requesting that Schwab and your administration discontinue your surveillance and controls over my former fiancée, her family, and her friends.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

Walter Bettinger, CEO Charles Schwab Corporation

Congressman Peter DeFazio

Bob Goodlatte, Chair of House Judiciary Committee

Senator Patrick Leahy, Chair of Senate Judiciary Committee

Senator Jeff Merkley

Senator Harry Reid

Virginia Rometty, CEO IBM Corporation

Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi

Senator Ron Wyden

Eugene Police Department and City Council

Peace Offering: Letter to Charles Schwab, April 6, 2014

After discussing my plans with my associates and my doctor, I wrote to Schwab and offered to make peace. I copied his wife¹⁶ hoping she and their family might be able to influence him.

Wayne Pierce

April 6, 2014

Charles R. Schwab

Mr. Schwab

It is time for you and the US government to end your twelve-year campaign against me. It is also time for you to get out of Kim's and my lives and allow us a few years' peace before we die. Of course, because of your gag orders, I do not know if Kim is dead or alive.

Kim and I have exchanged many emails and letters in which she discussed your personal and family relationships. She also discussed your complex financial dealings in great detail. Because we were aware of your hackers, we often did not rely on email and phone systems, but preferred the USPS for more delicate matters. Because we were planning to marry, Kim felt free to be open and honest with me.

Out of respect for Kim and Ms. Schwab, we did not include these documents in my book. However, my book did not achieve its desired effect, and your surveillance, stalking, and entrapment operations were redoubled. So I have revised my book and added a couple of chapters in which we include and discuss some of Kim's and my more interesting correspondence.

In my efforts to put this ordeal behind us I have shut down my website and ordered my book taken off the market. However, if you and Obama choose to

16 The last I heard they were getting back together.

continue your illegal activities against me, my associates and I will publish the new version of my book and will advertise it on the Internet.

Based upon your evil activities against me, I am sure you and Obama would love to silence me by locking me in solitary confinement or having me killed. However, it won't help your cause; Kim's and my story will live long after we are all dead. My associates and attorneys have copies of all my documents and the manuscripts for my books, and they are committed to keeping the story alive.

Except for not yet silencing me, you and the government have achieved your goals, so it might be time that we give this up and dedicate what remains of our lives to our loved ones and friends.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

Ms. Helen Schwab

♦ ♦ ♦

Peace Offering Ignored

My attempt to make peace was a failure, and the illegal activities continued unabated. The activities I am aware of originate with women who contact me in public places or through social networking sites. I assume these women work directly for the FBI or for secret service companies under contract with the FBI. One such company with an office in Oregon is LaSorsa and Associates, whose owner claims he once worked with the US Secret Service providing presidential protection. His services include surveillance and location tracking. For a while I was aware that I was being tracked and assumed it was through my iPhone's location service. Most contacts with these agents seem to be to gather personal information, and then they disappear. The more serious ones are FBI sting operations. I will discuss one such operation in the next chapter.

CHAPTER 15

Pothead Sting

SCHWAB AND THE Obama administration did not respond to my peace offering, but wasted no time letting me know what they thought of my idea. Their most significant effort involved another FBI sting operation in which they tried to lure me into their trap with pot and sex.

Geneva, May 2, 2014

I met Geneva on Single People Meet, and based on her profile we seemed compatible in our political views and had some common interests. It was great to learn that she lived nearby in Eugene. Among her photos was a rather provocative one of her wearing a sweater and leaning over with her breasts sans bra hanging down. I was surprised by her profile comments about how much she enjoyed sex. After we chatted via email and on the phone a couple times, we decided to meet for lunch. Having been disappointed so many times by women who turned out to be up to no good, I was unable to muster much enthusiasm, but at her suggestion we brought lunches and met at the Eugene's Rose Garden near the Willamette River. She brought several containers of food that she set out and offered to share. Unfortunately, I can no longer trust anyone I am meeting for the first time and I feared being poisoned, so I avoided them. I found it interesting that she ate from only two of the four containers.

Our discussion was casual, with her doing most of the talking. She immediately started talking about her two children, who were in their late twenties.

This meant they came later in life like my son. She said, "My daughter is mentally ill due to schizophrenia. She was living with me, but now receives Social Security Disability and is on her own." I did not tell her about my son's disability or that he lives with me and recently started receiving SSD. I would gradually come to the conclusion that she already knew this.

She said, "I had a son who was an alcoholic, but he killed himself." I asked what happened and she said, "He was driving drunk and crashed his car." My son was a heavy drinker and had recently crashed his car into a cement pole at three in the morning and totaled it, but he was not drunk. A Eugene police officer who came to investigate the wreck the next day did accuse my son of being drunk, but he was wrong.

What I found interesting about Geneva is that she was so casual and showed no emotions while eating her lunch and telling me these tragic stories about her kids. It was as if we were discussing the weather. What was most interesting and unusual was that during the whole time we were together, she never enquired about my kids or grandkids. This is usually the first thing women want to know. The second question is if a man knows how to dance.

We got into a discussion about the Senior People Meet site where we met. Without me mentioning it, Geneva said she was pleased with her profile and the provocative photo of her in the sweater. She said, "I included that photo and some comments about sex hoping it would get more attention." She looked puzzled and said, "Men seem interested in me, but when I come on to them they back off." This was all an obvious come-on and was highly unusual for a woman meeting a man for the first time. Having looked at her online profile and now meeting her in person, I could understand why men might become excited and then lose interest. Pictures on packages are often much more exciting than the contents. "The media is the message," wrote Marshall McLuhan.

Geneva changed the subject. "My greatest problem in life is the lack of money. I'm only getting \$900 per month from Social Security." She went on to tell me that she was supplementing her income by growing marijuana in her

house. She seemed pleased when I didn't react negatively. She said, "That's why I need such a large home. I've got it growing in all the rooms." I asked her if she had a medical marijuana license, but I wasn't paying much attention as she explained how one can go about acquiring several licenses and what this meant. It had something to do with the number of plants one is permitted to grow. She talked about the process of how she grew it and processed it into various products, which was a lot of work. Her favorite product was butter infused with pot. "Every night I have some on an English muffin. It's just like having a drink before bed, without the side effects." She did not explain how she was marketing her marijuana. What was most curious is that she would be discussing all this with a total stranger. If I were an undercover cop or inclined to report her, it would be the end of her "extra income."

When we were finished with lunch and ready to part, I walked her to her car. On the way she turned to me and said, "My last name is _____. What is yours?"

I laughed and asked, "Why do you want to know?"

She said, "Because when I get home I am going to Google you." She seemed okay when I made up an excuse for not giving out my last name on first meetings. The only people who have asked me my last name as we were parting were Rebecca and Patricia, discussed in earlier chapters, who I suspected of being involved with sting operations.

She smiled and gave me another warm hug. "You're a real nice guy. You should come to my place sometime. You could try some of my product and who knows where it would lead."

I was on to her and lied when I said, "That sounds like a great idea. Let's keep in touch."

While driving home, it was easy to imagine what she was up to. I would show up and she would give me a tour of her indoor marijuana farm. We would sit on the sofa and she would light up her bong or roll a joint. We would start feeling nice and she would start coming on to me. Just as I was trying to inhale without choking, a couple FBI agents would emerge and tell me I was

under arrest. She would look at me and say, "See ya, Wayne. It was fun while it lasted." I wondered how many men she had helped entrap in this manner.

Email from Geneva, May 3, 2014

At 6:14 the next morning I received the following email from Geneva. I do not know why it was time-stamped 8:14.

Subject: A pleasant lunch

8:14 AM on 5/3/2014

I enjoyed meeting you yesterday, Wayne. You're an interesting person with unusual opinions, I think. Anyway, here's my email: gogogeneva@gmail.com if you would like to pursue this further. Maybe come sample my crop. That would give us a different perspective on each other. Looks like another great day here.

After years of experience trying to protect myself from Schwab and the US government, I'm sure I've become a bit paranoid, but I thought I would be a fool to accept Geneva's invitation into what I believed was an FBI sting operation. What is the likelihood that after meeting a man one time for an hour, a woman would invite him to her home to smoke some pot and get in bed? I thought about it for a while before coming up with an idea about how to determine if this was an FBI sting operation. My assumption was that the women I discuss here are working for private secret service companies on contract with the FBI. If indeed they are working undercover, they are probably not aware of whom their clients might be.

Email to Geneva, May 3, 2014

Good morning,

What a lovely day it is so far. This should be a great day for you to be working in the yard.

Sampling your crop and getting to know you this way might be lots of fun. Do you think I should get a card [medical marijuana] first? If so, how does one go about it and how long does it take? You might forget me by the time I am legal. I think I can qualify because of all the spine surgeries I've had.

I'm going to be leaving for a few days but usually check my email. I'll try your regular email next time.

You can reach me at: [email address]

Take care, Wayne

* * *

Geneva responded and told me to have a nice trip and to get in touch when I returned. She did respond to my important question about getting a medical marijuana card. I became convinced that she was up to no good and did not reply to her email. The jig was up and I never heard from her again. I was disappointed in the outcome with Geneva. I was more disappointed that Schwab and the US government chose to respond to my peace offering with another blatant attempt to entrap me and put me in prison.

CHAPTER 16

Website Back Online

Website Published, July 2, 2014

My experience with the FBI's latest sting operation convinced me that there would be no letup in the government's harassment and stalking, so on July 2, 2014, my associates and I began plans to go public again. My book was made available on Amazon and markets all over the world. We also created and published a new website (<http://www.chuckrunamuck.com>) with a link where visitors could read my book online for free. The website will be updated when this revised version becomes available.

Letter to Oregon Senator Ron Wyden, July 2, 2014

As mentioned earlier, when I reported the Costco incident to my representatives in Congress, they did not respond except with a form letter thanking me for getting in touch. Deep in our minds we are like children in distress who turn to his parents for help, even when knowing we will be rebuffed. From the beginning many years ago, the White House has been in control of the effort to defend Schwab and save his company from collapse, and my representatives in Congress have had no influence with Bush or Obama on my behalf. Still,

I felt like reaching out to them and make them aware that my peace offering had been rejected and how I was responding. I used their online forms to write to Senator Ron Wyden and Congressman Peter DeFazio of Oregon. I received more form letter responses that did not mention Schwab or Obama.

Wayne Pierce

Ref: "Charles Schwab and US government: A conspiracy to obstruct justice"

Senator Wyden,

As you know, the US government has been protecting Schwab from our system of justice for the past twelve years. While doing so, Schwab and our government have kept me under surveillance; they have stalked me, harassed me, and have made many attempts to entrap me. I have requested help from my representatives in the US government numerous times. I have appealed to Bush and Obama numerous times, and requested that you back off and leave me alone.

A few months ago I wrote to Schwab (you were copied) and tried to make a deal. I told him that if he would back off and leave me alone I would remove my website and not publish my revised book about this story. Schwab, the Obama administration, or both chose to ignore my offer and have continued their harassment, stalking, and attempts to entrap me. I will discuss these activities with anyone who has the balls to talk with me about it. But local law enforcement officials and my representatives in Congress are so eager to please their masters that also control the White House they dare not even speak to me. The US concept of freedom, democracy, and justice is a total farce.

Because Schwab and Obama have chosen to ignore my recent request and plan to continue their efforts to trip me up and put me behind bars, I have no choice but to republish my website. I also plan to publish the revised version

of my book, which will include more recent incidents, such as the Costco sting operation.

So far I have been able to outsmart the government and Schwab's attempts to entrap me. But someday my luck is going to run out. In his efforts to please the wealthy men who are attempting to rule the world, Obama has become a cruel dictator and I expect I will trip up someday and will be either imprisoned or killed. You and my other so-called representatives in Congress can be proud that at least you kept Charles Schwab Corporation from collapsing.

My new website: <http://www.chuckrunamuck.com>

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy: Oregon Congressman Peter DeFazio

* * *

Computer Hacked, July 6, 2014

A couple years ago I was exchanging emails with a woman I met online. At the time I became suspicious of her and quit communicating with her. A couple days after my new website was published, I received an email from her in which she reminded me of our previous discussions and said she wanted to get reacquainted. While working on the website the next day, we discovered that the site's root directory on my computer had been deleted. Strange things do happen on computers, but this was quite a coincidence. It reminded me of the time in 2002 when Schwab's hackers used an email to plant Trojan horses in my computer to destroy my "Charles Schwab" folder full of files related to him. His erroneous assumption had to be that I don't back up my files.

Letter to Charles Schwab, July 8, 2014

I wanted to let Schwab know that because he failed to cease his surveillance and entrapment activities, I was rescinding my offer. As usual, I did not receive a response from anyone on distribution.

Wayne Pierce

July 8, 2014

Charles R. Schwab

Subject: Surveillance, stalking, and entrapment

Reference: My letter of April 6, 2014

Mr. Schwab:

It has become quite obvious that you have ignored my request to desist and instead plan to continue your illegal surveillance, harassment, and stalking. Since my letter of April 6, 2014, your "secret service" agents have approached me numerous times, primarily through social networking services, and I am aware of one serious attempt to entrap me. I discuss these incidents in my new book.

You and the Obama administration have left me no choice, so my associates and I are in the process of creating a new website.¹⁷ The new version of my book is in the process of being published. We are including the current version of my book on our website where people can read it free of charge.

<http://www.chuckrunamuck.com>

I find it regrettable that President Obama has allowed his presidency and approval rating to become severely damaged due to his efforts to protect you and other corrupt corporate executives that control the US government, and whose

¹⁷ The initial website was published on July 2, 2014.

lack of character and greed have destroyed the American way of life and the well-being of its common citizens. While billionaires like you can afford large remote refuges in Montana's Bitterroot Wilderness and other beautiful parts of our country, your greed and corrupt activities will leave the common people fighting in the streets to survive. Perhaps it is best that common citizens never realize that it was the men they most admired and placed their faith in who destroyed their world and then abandoned them.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

Ms. Varian Haines

Ms. Helen Schwab

Congressman Peter DeFazio

Senator Jeff Merkley

President Barrack Obama

Senator Tom Wyden

CHAPTER 17

Freedom of Information Act

IN 2002 I used the FBI's Internet site to file complaints against Charles R. Schwab. I talked on the phone with Eugene FBI agent John Ferreira and Portland FBI agent John Mueller. After Schwab accused me of trying to kill him in August 2003, I was interrogated by FBI Agent John Ferreira and another agent whose name I don't recall. In May 2005 I exchanged letters with Attorney General Alberto Gonzales' office in which I was told that Gonzales was referring my case to the Portland FBI office. I was told that if I had any concerns I should contact them. After Bush fired Gonzales two months later, I called the Eugene and Portland FBI offices and enquired about my case. They both told me they did not have any files on me and that they had never heard of my case.

The Costco sting operation was a shocking reminder that the US government still had me under surveillance. They were still stalking me and attempting to entrap me and get me off the streets. Because of my many years of dealing with the US government, I thought by now their files on me must be thick and heavy. In August 2013 I decided to do what an increasing number of people are doing and exercise my rights under the Freedom of Information Act and requested my files from the FBI, CIA, and Homeland Security offices. I soon learned that the FOIA had as much meaning as the rest of our freedoms—they exist at the pleasure of the US government. In the letters that follow, the FBI, CIA, and Homeland Security assure me that the US government does not have any files on me.

Letter from the FBI, September 23, 2013



U.S. Department of Justice

Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C. 20535

September 23, 2013

MR. WAYNE M. PIERCE
3679 KEVINGTON AVENUE
EUGENE, OR 97405

FOIPA Request No.: 1225555-0
Subject: PIERCE, WAYNE M.

Dear Mr. Pierce:

This is in response to your Freedom of Information/Privacy Acts (FOIPA) request.

Based on the information you provided, we conducted a search of the Central Records System. We were unable to identify main file records responsive to the FOIPA. If you have additional information pertaining to the subject that you believe was of investigative interest to the Bureau, please provide us the details and we will conduct an additional search.

In accordance with standard FBI practice and pursuant to FOIA exemption (b)(7)(E)/ Privacy Act exemption (j)(2) [5 U.S.C. § 552/552a (b)(7)(E)/(j)(2)], this response neither confirms nor denies the existence of your subject's name on any watch lists.

For your information, Congress excluded three discrete categories of law enforcement and national security records from the requirements of the FOIA. See 5 U.S.C. § 552(c) (2006 & Supp. IV (2010)). This response is limited to those records that are subject to the requirements of the FOIA. This is a standard notification that is given to all our requesters and should not be taken as an indication that excluded records do, or do not, exist.

You may file an appeal by writing to the Director, Office of Information Policy (OIP), U.S. Department of Justice, 1425 New York Ave., NW, Suite 11050, Washington, D.C. 20530-0001, or you may submit an appeal through OIP's eFOIA portal at <http://www.justice.gov/oip/efoia-portal.html>. Your appeal must be received by OIP within sixty (60) days from the date of this letter in order to be considered timely. The envelope and the letter should be clearly marked "Freedom of Information Appeal." Please cite the FOIPA Request Number in any correspondence to us for proper identification of your request.

Enclosed for your information is a copy of the FBI Fact Sheet and Explanation of Exemptions.

Sincerely,

David M. Hardy
Section Chief,
Record/Information
Dissemination Section
Records Management Division

Enclosure(s)

Letter from the CIA, September 23, 2013

Central Intelligence Agency



Washington, D.C. 20505

September 23, 2013

Mr. Wayne M. Pierce
3679 Kevington Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

Reference: P-2013-01730

Dear Mr. Pierce:

This is a final response to your 23 August 2013 Privacy Act request, received in the office of the Information and Privacy Coordinator on 30 August 2013, for records pertaining to yourself. We processed your request in accordance with the FOIA, 5 U.S.C. § 552, as amended, and the Privacy Act of 1974, 5 U.S.C. § 552a. Our processing included a search for records that would reveal an openly acknowledged Agency affiliation existing up to and including the date the Agency started its search and did not locate any responsive records.

With respect to responsive records that would reveal a classified connection to the CIA, in accordance with section 3.6(a) of Executive Order 13526, as amended, the CIA can neither confirm nor deny the existence or nonexistence of records responsive to your request. The fact of the existence or nonexistence of requested records is currently and properly classified and relates to intelligence sources and methods information that is protected from disclosure by section 6 of the CIA Act of 1949, as amended and section 102A(i)(1) of the National Security Act of 1947, as amended. Therefore, you may consider this portion of the response a denial of your request pursuant to FOIA exemptions (b)(1) and (b)(3), and PA exemptions (j)(1) and (k)(1). I have enclosed an explanation of these exemptions for your reference and retention.

Although our searches were thorough and diligent, and it is highly unlikely that repeating those searches would change the result, you nevertheless have the legal right to appeal the decisions above. As the CIA Information and Privacy Coordinator, I am the CIA official responsible for this determination. You have the right to appeal this response within 45 days of the date of this letter. You may address your appeal to the Agency Release Panel, in my care. Please explain the basis of your appeal.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Michele Meeks".

Michele Meeks

Information and Privacy Coordinator

Enclosure

Letter from Homeland Security, October 28, 2013



DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY
UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20223

Freedom of Information Act & Privacy Act Branch
Communications Center
245 Murray Lane, SW, Building T-5
Washington, D.C. 20223

Date: OCT 28 2013

Wayne Pierce
3679 Kevington Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405

File Number: 20131428

Dear Requester:

This letter is intended to acknowledge the receipt of your recent Freedom of Information Act/Privacy Act (FOIA/PA) request received by the United States Secret Service (USSS) on September 9, 2013, for information pertaining to yourself.

In response to your request, the USSS has conducted a reasonable search for responsive records. It appears from a review of USSS main indices, that there are no records pertaining to your request that are referenced in these indices. This is the final response. Enclosed is a copy of your original request.

Alternatively, if you deem our decision an adverse determination, you may exercise your appeal rights. Should you wish to file an administrative appeal, your appeal should be made in writing and received within sixty (60) days of the date of this letter, by writing to: Freedom of Information Appeal, Deputy Director, U.S. Secret Service, Communications Center, 245 Murray Lane, S.W., Building T-5, Washington, D.C. 20223.

Your request has been assigned FOIA File No. 20131428. If you choose to file an administrative appeal, please explain the basis of your appeal and reference the assigned file number.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Brady J. Mills".

Brady J. Mills
Special Agent In Charge
Freedom of Information Act & Privacy Act Officer

Enclosure: Copy of Original Request

CHAPTER 18

US Bill of Rights

First Amendment

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

The response of the Bush and Obama administrations to my complaints about Charles R. Schwab's ongoing illegal activities against my fiancée and me clearly demonstrates that they obstructed justice and denied my right to petition the government for a redress of my grievances. They have also denied my right to petition the government for redressing my complaints against their administrations.

The Bush and Obama administrations have denied my right to free speech by issuing gag orders that block my communication with Kim, her family, the media, my representatives in Congress, and all levels of law enforcement.

Gag Orders

US presidents and our representatives in Congress systematically ignore the US Constitution and the Bill of Rights when doing so serves their purpose. Based upon my experience, presidents frequently use the gag order to control communications at all levels of government. They control the media and abuse

journalists who attempt to expose government and corporate wrongdoing. And they control US citizens like Kim and me. Kim and her family have been forbidden to speak with me for many years. The Obama administration not only continues to deny Kim's and my civil rights; to a large extent it controls our lives.

Fourteenth Amendment (1868)

Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law, which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

The Bush and Obama administrations have blocked investigation into Schwab's crimes against me and have denied me protection since August 2002, when I first reported Schwab's crimes. Regarding my complaints against Schwab and the US government, I have no representation or protection from any level of government. My many requests to meet with local law enforcement officials and my representatives in Congress regarding this case have been ignored. They do not even bother to acknowledge my requests. My most serious need for protection happened recently when the FBI attempted to entrap me in the Costco sting operation.¹⁸ I have learned that the billionaires who own and control the US government live by their own rules. For them and their puppets in Washington, DC, the US Constitution and Bill of Rights are as meaningful as the highway speed limits in Italy.

It is important to know that the US Congress and the Supreme Court have ignored my complaints about Schwab and the US government's abuse of my civil rights. Likewise, my appeals to the UN Civil Rights Commission have also been ignored. Presidential gag orders are very effective.

¹⁸ See chapter 16.

CHAPTER 19

Corporate Irresponsibility

US Businessmen Support Government Spying

Over the years my computers and website have been hacked so frequently by Schwab and the US government that the idea of “Internet security” or “virus protection” has become meaningless. I thought if I brought something as serious as Schwab’s frequent hacking into my computers to the attention of the CEOs responsible for Internet and computer security, they might address the issues. It did not work and the only change over the years was that surveillance, stalking, and attempts to entrap me increased. What I perceived as an increase in these activities might have been due to my having become more aware of the activities.

Letter to Microsoft CEO Bill Gates, September 17, 2004

Wayne Pierce

*Mr. William Gates
Microsoft Corporation
One Microsoft Way
Redmond, WA 98052-6399*

September 17, 2004

*Subject: Windows XP Security Vulnerability
Reference: Computer Hacking by Mr. Charles Schwab
Attachments: Letters to President eorge Bush and others*

Dear Mr. Gates,

I am writing to you because, based upon my experience, your Windows XP software contains serious security problems. With Windows XP installed on my computer and security levels set to "Default," people easily got through this protection and hacked into my computer.

Starting around the end of 2001 and for at least the next eight months, Mr. Charles Schwab and his people were continually hacking my computer and stealing copies of my emails, which were then forwarded to others. I will not reiterate the story here, but will refer you to the attached complaints that I filed with the FBI and SEC, plus my many letters to President Bush and others in government.

After I learned that Mr. Schwab had been hacking my computer, I installed Norton Internet Security—per your technical support people's advice. Despite the fact Norton was running, Mr. Schwab's people were still able to invade my computer again around November of last year. The evidence was that the files in my folder about Schwab were destroyed. He wasn't thinking right or he would have

realized that I always back up all my documents. I was also copying two lawyers on all communication about Charles Schwab.

One ongoing indication that my computer was being hacked was that it kept crashing, locking up, and becoming nonfunctional. I spent many hours with your technicians trying to keep it running. I also worked with technicians here in Eugene. The common feeling was that my computer was being hacked. This situation required that I reformat the HD and reinstall Windows and all my other software many times. Since writing to Bush about the November intrusion, my computer has not gone down again, so perhaps Schwab has backed off.

I do not feel that the software vulnerabilities are the most serious problem we have relative to computer security. What I have learned through many months of traumatic experience is that powerful people like Charles Schwab can hack into our computers at will, while our government turns its back. If they are turning their back when Schwab does this, then they are doing the same with other rich and powerful people.

Though I have provided piles of documents to prove Schwab was hacking my computer, the Bush administration has not even bothered to talk with me about my allegations. Quite amazingly, neither has Attorney General John Ashcroft or anyone in the DOJ. However, most serious because they are supposed to represent American citizens, no one in Congress has bothered to even acknowledge receiving my letters.

When people know they can commit crimes and get away with it, they will repeat the act. Knowing how easy it was for Schwab to hack my computer with impunity, I am sure that he has been hacking into other people's computers all his life. This ability would be a real advantage for someone in the stock market. Knowledge of technical innovation, upcoming product announcements, marketing strategies, and management changes—all this provides a competitive edge.

This is a very serious problem, as I'm sure you know. If our government is not going to protect us from stalkers and computer hackers, then it is going to be even more necessary for software companies such as Microsoft to provide this protection. When I talked with the Portland FBI agent in August 2002, he told me that our firewall software such as Norton and McAfee could not keep out the good hackers. I now know how true this is.

If you are interested, I will gladly discuss this matter with your people. I will also provide documents to support my allegations and I have my original hard drive that was subjected to the hacking.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Enclosed: CD Containing all files relative to President Bush and Mr. Charles Schwab.

Letter to EarthLink CEO Charles Betty, September 28, 2004

Wayne Pierce

*Mr. Charles Betty
EarthLink Corporation
1375 Peachtree Street, Level A
Atlanta, GA 30309*

September 28, 2004

Subject: Internet Security

Reference: Complaints against Mr. Charles Schwab

Bush administration protection of hackers

Attached: Letters to CEOs of Microsoft, Symantec, and McAfee

CD with letters to President Bush and others in US government

Dear Mr. Betty,

As you will note in the attached documents, starting around the end of 2001, I was the victim of ongoing computer-hacking activities by Mr. Charles Schwab. This took place over a period of at least eight months and possibly as long as a year and a half. During this period, my email was repeatedly stolen

and forwarded to others, some personal documents on my computer were destroyed, my "Internet security" software was rendered nonfunctional, and I experienced numerous computer crashes. I spent many hours talking with MS and local techs, reformatting my hard drives, reloading Windows XP, and starting over.

Though I do not recall the dates, I talked with your tech support people about Schwab's hacking activities and asked if he might be intercepting my emails through means other than hacking into my computer—meaning, did he have access through contacts inside EarthLink? This possibility was mentioned by Portland FBI agent Paul Mueller. I also recall filing an online abuse complaint through your EarthLink website. These complaints about very high-level computer hacking and/or possible internal EarthLink participation in these activities did not even warrant a response from your company. We've obviously come to view computer hacking as just a way of life and it's every user's job to protect themselves. Besides the loss of privacy, the amount of computer downtime and lost time at work must be astronomical.

I have learned from harsh experiences that our Internet is not secure from skilled hackers who can be hired by people with Schwab's unlimited resources. However, the greater problem is that our society has become so politicized that people like Schwab who donate huge sums of money to our politicians like George Bush are above the law and lead a protected life.

As you can see from the attached documents, repeated attempts with our government to bring Mr. Schwab to justice have come to naught. Indeed, our highest law enforcement official, Attorney General John Ashcroft, has not even bothered to acknowledge receipt of my letters. Though I did receive an initial response from the White House indicating the matter would be investigated, it was quickly obvious that the matter was going to become lost in the cellar of nasty problems.

Our Internet is not secure from serious hackers, an opinion shared by Portland FBI agent Paul Mueller, who told me in August 2002 that hackers

could penetrate our “firewalls.” So we have a real dilemma: if our computer software can't protect us and our government won't bother to go after hackers like Schwab, our systems are wide open and the idea of “security” is a joke.

I can imagine a world of people like Schwab who have teams of hackers working for them to gain access to business and government computers. I can see them all studying one another's product development cycles, business plans, emails, personal communications, etc.

Besides trying to plug the security holes and trying to keep up with the latest viruses, I believe that software developers and Internet providers should demand that our government go after suspected hackers like Schwab. Though I have provided the FBI, SEC, Attorney General Ashcroft, and President Bush numerous documents to support my allegations, they simply ignore the problem. Nothing is more important than protecting Mr. Charles Schwab—one of their major sources of campaign funding. Indeed, the wealthy class and corporations in our society now own our government.

Though Congress is supposed to represent the interests of the American people, my several letters to the leaders of both houses and the Senate Judiciary Committee have not merited an acknowledgment. Contrary to our US Constitution, our Congress now represents wealthy individuals and corporations.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Letter to CEOs of Dell, HP, Gateway, IBM, and Microsoft, November 2, 2004

Wayne Pierce

To: Distribution

Sub: PC and Internet security

Ref: Mr. Charles Schwab computer-hacking activities

Enclosure: CD with referenced letters

Attachments: Letter to US government dated October 2, 2004

Picture of me with first model of Lexmark printer, vintage 1992

November 2, 2004

Dear Sirs:

Starting in the last half of 2001 and continuing as recently as November 2003, Mr. Charles Schwab of Charles Schwab Corporation had his people hacking into my computer. He did the same with my former fiancée. I have provided the FBI and Attorney General John Ashcroft with dozens of documents that implicate Mr. Schwab in these activities.

Mr. Schwab has also had access to other documents and information on my two computers, for he destroyed certain files relating to him. Thank goodness my experience with PCs and MS Windows had taught me to always back up my files.

Besides having my personal documents stolen and passed on to others, Mr. Schwab's hacking activities caused my fiancée's and my computers to crash many times. This required spending many hours with Microsoft's tech support, plus hiring local tech support. Please refer to attachments.

I bring this issue to your attention because it is obvious that our PC hardware and software are not secure against serious hackers. During the period when Mr. Schwab was engaged in hacking my computers, I was using both Compaq and IBM PCs. Windows XP was used on all of these.

Besides using the built-in Windows XP security features, I also tried Norton, McAfee, and Zone Alarm. However, our latest technologies could not keep Mr. Schwab's hackers out of my computers. What I discovered over the past couple of years is that there is no such thing as "Internet security."

Considering my experience and the advice from Microsoft's technical support team, hackers can disable security features in our Internet security software. It then becomes impossible to uninstall or reinstall these programs. The hacking also caused my computers to frequently start crashing. After many hours on the phones with MS tech support, I learned that there is often no way to recover except to reformat the HD and start over—a very lengthy process.

Though I consider Mr. Schwab's hacking activities very serious, there is a much greater problem in our country: the US government refuses to investigate my allegations against Mr. Schwab. Indeed, they will not even acknowledge my letters to them.

It is my perception that the Bush administration has been protecting Mr. Schwab. Could it be this is because Mr. Schwab is one of the wealthiest men in America and is one of the Republican Party's greatest campaign contributors?

I think it safe to assume that if Mr. Schwab could so easily hack into my computers, he has made a lifelong practice of hacking into the computers of more important people. I can only imagine the amount of spying he's done on his and other companies' employees, enemy businessmen, competitors, and perhaps even government workers. And if you can't get through the firewalls at their workplace, you might catch them on their home computers, where people often work and discuss their activities through emails. More frightening is the prospect that if Mr. Schwab is engaging in these illegal activities, then so are hundreds of other wealthy people who can afford the high-level hackers. While becoming a great tool, computers have made us a very insecure society and world—while the US government simply turns its back.

Is there a conflict of interest involved when wealthy people like Mr. Schwab break the law while contributing to political leaders? During the period while

I have been reporting Mr. Schwab's illegal activities to President Bush and others in Congress, the Bush administration has continued to accept very large political contributions from Mr. Schwab. Did some writer say something about "we have the best government money can buy"? Can people like me expect protection from people like Mr. Schwab, or that justice will be served under such conditions?

Given the seriousness of the problem, I believe it the responsibility of our computer and software corporate leaders to accept the responsibility for computer and Internet security. People should be able to buy a new computer with all the latest Internet security software with confidence and not have to become paranoid that someone is hacking into their computer.

Mr. Schwab hacked into my fiancée's and my computers for so long and created such turmoil in our lives that today I always assume his hackers continue to feed him copies of my emails and other documents. As I type this letter, I assume that Mr. Schwab will be reading it way before it makes it to your offices.

On the more serious side, my fiancée told me that if I reported Mr. Schwab's illegal behavior, he could have me "taken care of." Lawyers have also warned me of the same thing. The last time I talked with the FBI in August 2003, they told me as much when they asked me if I thought I might be killed. When I told them yes, they didn't respond. I also told them that my fiancée's life was in danger—the reason she started lying to them about her involvement with Mr. Schwab.

Mr. Schwab, probably with the help of the US government, has tried to make me look like a nutcase. In August 2003, Mr. Schwab set up a phony bomb scare on his properties at Pebble Beach and Carmel, California. Please refer to the San Francisco Chronicle. He then reported to the FBI that he thought I was trying to kill him—a tremendous laugh, because he lives and works in the Bay Area. His huge mansion in Pebble Beach was to be his retirement home. But when God speaks, the US government listens. Though the FBI had shown no interest in

pursuing my complaints about Mr. Schwab's hacking activities, they were soon knocking on my door and interrogating me about his accusations that I was trying to kill him. Please reference enclosed documents.

I encourage our computer and software companies to become more involved with the enforcement of our laws against hackers like Mr. Schwab. It should be obvious that our Internet security efforts and laws are not enough to protect us—especially when powerful people in our society are allowed to break our laws with impunity. Today, there is no such thing as "Internet security." Bringing some of the hackers to justice might improve the situation.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Distribution:

Mr. Michael Dell, Dell Corporation

Ms. Carly Fiorina, Hewlett-Packard Corporation

Mr. Wayne Inouye, Gateway Corporation

Mr. Sam Palmisano, IBM Corporation

Copy with picture only:

President George Bush

Attorney General John Ashcroft

Senator John Kerry

Mr. Bill Gates, Microsoft Corporation

Mr. John Thomson, Symantec Corporation

Mr. George Samenuk, McAfee Corporation

♦ ♦ ♦

Letter to IBM CEO Virginia Rometty, July 23, 2012

Wayne Pierce

Ms. Virginia Rometty
IBM Corporation
Armonk, NY 10504

July 23, 2012

Subject: Charles R. Schwab and US government surveillance and stalking
Reference: Letter to Walter Bettinger, CEO of Charles Schwab, attached
<http://www.aeolusblue.net>

Dear Ms. Rometty,

In 1957, I had the good fortune of being interviewed and hired by Rey Johnson to work in IBM's first magnetic disk process in San Jose, California. It was a primitive operation with the coating mixed in regular paint cans and the disks poured by hand from a paper cup. Our process was eventually relocated to IBM's beautiful new plant site on Cottle Road, where we started producing disks for the RAMAC computer.

When Tom Watson Jr., toured our new plant, I was chosen to demonstrate how the disks were poured at the time. However, when Mr. Watson and his entourage entered the clean room where I was waiting, he said, "I am tired and need to sit down." Someone brought him a chair and he sat for a while. He suddenly said, "Okay, let's go," and they left the room without seeing my demonstration. When Mr. Watson invited Premier Khrushchev to visit our plant, I was invited to join the Russian visitors for lunch in our cafeteria. I was up front and listened to the speeches by both of these great men.

I was only twenty when I started at IBM in the lowest level assembly job. By the time I retired in 1993, I had spent about half my career in engineering

and management positions. In my last management assignment, I worked with a team of engineers and programmers at the Charlotte plant. In my last engineering assignment, I worked with a group of engineers to set up IBM's first inkjet printer lab. Before we got off the ground, the project was transferred to Lexington, and thus began the Lexmark line of printers.

After my retirement I wrote to Mr. Watson and thanked him for my thirty-six years with his company. I received a cordial response from him that remains one of my greatest treasures. I attribute IBM's success to the philosophies of the Watsons, who placed great emphasis on openness and respect for their employees. The idea that they could address their grievances with IBM's top management provided a sense of security that allowed people to focus upon their work. Although I have been retired for many years and IBM does not owe me anything but my monthly retirement check, I am requesting your assistance with the most serious and difficult problem of my life.

In 2001, I met and started dating Varian Kim Haines, who I would learn was the granddaughter on her mother's side of one of the Varian brothers, who started Varian Associates. According to Kim, her father was Ray Kimbro, who was responsible for developing technology upon which Micron Corporation was founded. Though Kim attended business meetings with Micron's CEO, Steve Appleton (since deceased), I have not been able to verify her father's role in the company. I do know that she has family in Boise where Micron is located.

After we had known each other for about six months, Kim started telling me about her former two-year engagement to Charles R. Schwab of brokerage fame. She was only doing this, she said, because of Schwab's constant harassment, stalking, and denigration of my character. Schwab called Kim almost daily for the five months we lived together. He hacked my computers, destroyed my files, and stole my emails. By planting spyware in our computers, he spied on us and knew much about our personal lives. By the time Kim left me in August 2002, Schwab had brainwashed her into believing I was chasing other women and was only after her money. Her family and friends were convinced that I was an evil womanizer who had brought her great harm.

After Kim left, I reported Schwab's criminal activities to the FBI, but soon learned that they were prevented from investigating my complaints. I reported Schwab's crimes to President Bush, his attorney generals, FBI director, and leaders in Congress. No one was allowed to talk with me in person except as discussed below. Schwab and Bush engaged in covert operations designed to spy on me, gain information, and silence me. On August 19, 2003, Schwab and Bush used a cleverly thought-out bomb hoax while trying to frame me for attempting to kill Schwab. Had I not sought advice from my attorney, I would be in prison today and probably spend the rest of my life behind bars. Schwab and Bush's stalking and attempts to entrap me continued throughout Bush's presidency.

Though I had high hopes for President Obama and was certain that he would investigate my complaints against Schwab and Bush, instead he picked up where Bush left off and covert activities increased significantly. For the past ten years, Schwab and the US government have kept me under surveillance, stalked me, and attempted to entrap me. When I report blatant attempts to entrap me to local law enforcement officials, they do not respond. Under such circumstances, what should I assume is their purpose and what should I expect next? When will they plant illegal stuff on my computer the way cops plant drugs on people in order to meet their quota? When will they hire Karl Rove to set me up like I believe he did Wikileaks' Julian Assange? Because of his style, I believe Karl Rove has been behind several attempts to entrap me. If they can't entrap me, I feel it likely that they will kill me.

I realize that those unfamiliar with my story would consider me a madman. However, I have ample evidence to prove my claims. I know that Schwab and the US government have had over ten years to alter records and create an uncomplimentary character profile of me, just as Schwab did when he forced Kim to leave me. I have hundreds of emails from Kim, some of which clearly describe Schwab's role in our lives. Many of these have been provided to the DOJ.

The United States is being sorely tested and is not going to survive unless the wealthy men and corporate leaders who own and control our government once more dedicate themselves to the wellbeing of the citizens of our country. I

gave IBM thirty-six years of my life, and I am now requesting that you and the IBM Corporation intervene on my behalf with Charles R. Schwab and President Obama and request that they discontinue their covert operations and campaign to do me harm.

Sincerely, Wayne Pierce

Copy:

President Barack Obama, without attachment

Attorney General Eric Holder, without attachment

Update, August 2014

When Edward Snowden blew the whistle on the NSA's spying program, we learned that computer and social networking were in collusion with the US government and facilitating their spying on their customers around the world. Most shocking was learning that software companies were accepting money from the NSA for providing "back doors" to facilitate easy access to customers' computers. Based upon my twelve years' experience reporting Schwab's and the US government's illegal surveillance activities plus including details of these activities on my website, Snowden's revelations were not a surprise to me. What has been a surprise and disappointment has been the corruptibility and willingness of humans to commit crimes against their fellow humans for money that derails the possibility of a free and open democratic society.

CHAPTER 20

The End of Journalism

The Medium is the Message, Marshall McLuhan

What Marshall McLuhan understood and spent his life teaching was that our perceptions of the world (our world) are highly influenced by the media. This media consists of books, magazines, newspapers, radio, TV, movies, advertising...and now includes the Internet, Twitter, Facebook, etc. My grandfather got his news once a day by sitting by his large RCA Victrola radio and listening to Walter Winchell. Now I have instant access and receive a constant bombardment of news from around the world. Though we are inclined to believe what the media presents, the day of honest journalism is gone and most news is based on government and corporate propaganda. In their efforts to control the media, governments and corporations have come down hard on those journalists who refuse to be controlled. In 2014, Reuters reported that since 2000 seven hundred forty one journalists have been killed and another two thousand twelve imprisoned. I will discuss how this crackdown relates to my story in the chapter on Occupy Wall Street. There is much in the news about the plight of journalists and how they are reacting, so I won't elaborate on this here. Despite the accuracy of his theories, the manner in which humans have allowed themselves to be totally brainwashed by their governments and corporations shows to what extent Marshall McLuhan's efforts were a complete failure.

Freedom of Speech and a Free Press Are American Myths

Like most Americans, I grew up believing that key components of our democracy included freedom of speech and a free press. Especially important were the investigative journalists who worked tirelessly to expose government and corporate corruption. In my first letter to President Bush, I advised him that if he failed to take action on my behalf, I would give my story to the media. As it turned out, the only thing I accomplished when I followed through with my threat was to provide Bush and his administration with a good laugh. When I didn't receive a timely response from the Bush administration, I started writing to editors of major newspapers and magazines, such as the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, *Aljazeera*, and more. I included liberal magazines such as *Progressive Populist*, *Mother Jones*, and *The Nation*. I offered my story to TV programs such as *Larry King Live*, *20/20*, *60 Minutes*, and *Countdown with Keith Olbermann*. After spending many hours writing these letters and burning CDs, I waited. I believe it was because of a Bush administration gag order that I did not even receive an acknowledgment. I learned from this experience that in the United States, freedom of the press is only a myth.

My last hope was to find a renegade journalist who might sympathize with my cause. Each time I read a news article that in some way related to my case, I wrote to the author to see if he or she might be interested in publishing my story. I did this periodically for a couple of years, again without receiving even one acknowledgment or thank you note. It was abundantly clear that the Bush administration was controlling the media and no one was going to touch one of their billionaire sponsors. My efforts to get the media involved failed, and I was ready to give up.

Salem News Editor Tim King, August 2007

In August 2007, I happened upon an interesting story by *Salem News* editor Tim King. I admired his courage in expressing his views about world events and wondered if he might be interested in my story. I did not have much hope, but I contacted him through his website and provided a brief overview

of my story and asked if he was interested. I was surprised by his immediate response: “Yes, I am definitely interested. Let’s talk about it.”

I was quite excited when I wrote and told him, “Over the years I have offered my story to many media sources and journalists, and you are the only one who has ever responded.”

Tim wrote back, “*Salem News* is the only remaining independent news source in the United States.” Though this sounded pretty farfetched, it was confirmed by my experience for the past five years. *Salem News* is located in Salem, Oregon, and is owned and operated by Tim and Bonnie King.¹⁹

I was overjoyed when Tim and Bonnie invited me to meet them and discuss my story and it soon became an exciting time for all of us. For me, it was the first time in five years that anyone in a position to help me had shown any interest. For them, it was an opportunity to break a major story and get the recognition they deserved. At least this is what we thought. I drove to Salem and met Tim and Bonnie at their home office. Bonnie is the publisher and Tim is the editor of *Salem News*. As we sat out on the back patio drinking coffee, I gave them a quick overview of my ordeal with Kim and Schwab. They were not surprised by how the US government was protecting Schwab while aiming its guns at me. I provided them the same documents I had provided the FBI and major media sources. After hearing my story and reviewing my pile of documents, they agreed to publish my story, but first they wanted to visit my home and shoot a video interview with me. I had not been this excited in many years.

When Tim and Bonnie showed up at my door with their large video camera and tripod, I was intimidated and not sure I was ready for what was about to happen. It was a nice day and they suggested we shoot the interview outside on the patio. Bonnie would operate the camera while Tim conducted the interview. Tim had been a journalist for many years and would not be using notes; his questions would be based on our initial discussion. I had no idea what he was going to ask or how long the interview would last. After all my

19 Tim King has left Salem News and has started Salem Insider.

failed efforts to get attention and tell my story, this was extremely exciting and I was very nervous.

Bonnie started the camera rolling and the interview began. I struggled with Tim's complicated questions, but he and Bonnie were seasoned professionals and were able to get me through the interview. Once Tim and Bonnie were satisfied they had something they could publish, we sat and talked about the expected repercussions from their breaking story. They told me that once the story hit the Internet, major media sources would pick it up and the whole world would soon become aware. They warned me that I should be prepared because journalists would be at my home hounding me. They told me to get an unlisted phone number. After Tim and Bonnie left, I was riding high as I let my friends know my story would soon be published. I could hardly believe I was telling them that they would soon be reading my story in major newspapers.

Salem News published the story the next day and uploaded the video to the Internet. I watched the video and did not like it. I appeared nervous and my answers were not smooth, but the story was finally out. We waited anxiously for the repercussions they had warned me about. Unfortunately for all of us it was a total letdown. A few bloggers picked up the story, but otherwise the media ignored it—just as they had been ignoring me for years. After this initial effort, *Salem News* published several more stories about my battle with Schwab and the US government and the response was the same. The lack of comments by *Salem News* readers reflected the general apathy in the United States that makes it possible for the government and corporations to do as they please.

Tim King's stories can be found on the *Salem News* website (<http://www.salem-news.com>) by searching for "Charles Schwab."

CHAPTER 2 I

Occupy Wall Street

WHEN I FIRST became aware of the Occupy movement I was encouraged and felt that at last Americans might be waking up and ready to stand up to the wealthy men who owned and controlled their government, were stripping their country of its assets, and were destroying their way of life. In September 2011, I visited the Occupy camps in Eugene, Salem, and Portland, Oregon. In Eugene, I joined around two thousand protest marchers, and it was invigorating to be with all these people pulling together for a cause. I was most interested in the Occupy Wall Street (OWS) activities in New York City where the billionaire crooks were syphoning off America's lifeblood. Charles Schwab was a member of the New York Stock Exchange and I wondered if OWS organizers might be interested in my battle with him and the US government.

In October 2011 I contacted a man named Steve who was working with the OWS media group. I provided a brief summary of my story and suggested he check out my website. If interested, I suggested that he and his leaders consider organizing worldwide "Occupy Charles Schwab" protest marches. Steve responded with enthusiasm and said he would present my suggestion to the Action Committee to see what they thought. The next day I received an email from Steve who said the committee members were interested and were going to bypass the normal approval process and run with it. He said training for the protesters would begin right away. In another email he told me that the

link to my website had been tweeted to over two hundred thousand people worldwide. Once more I was extremely excited. Steve wrote to tell me that organizing a worldwide protest would take lots of time, so they would first go it alone in New York City, and on November 17 they were going to march to the New York Stock Exchange. Once there they would be conducting discussion groups and addressing various grievances, one of which would be my story about Charles Schwab. Steve told me several journalists had been notified and would be on hand to cover the story.

On November 17 I eagerly watched as the protest march got underway. The organizers announced that their destination was the New York Stock Exchange and their purpose was to shut it down. All was going well until they reached the exchange where they were confronted by dozens of police officers who had barricaded the entrance to the exchange. The protesters milled around for a while until the organizers turned them around and led them back to the park where they had started. It was reported the next day that Mayor Michael Bloomberg had ordered the arrest of three journalists who were present during this march. Bloomberg was also being blamed for abusive police action against the protesters—free speech and freedom of the press be damned.

On November 19, OWS attempted this march again, and the protesters were told the barricades had been removed and the police would be more cooperative. When the protesters reached the exchange, however, something was wrong. They did not stop as planned, but kept moving, marching around the block and again back to the park. The organizers later reported that undercover cops had been infiltrating and learning about their plans ahead of time so they could be ready for them. I was not privy to their discussions, but assumed their plans changed when they reached their destination and discovered there were no journalists present. This was a tremendous letdown.

After their second march on the New York Stock Exchange failed, OWS organizers cut off communications with me. I was sorry to learn that Steve would not respond to my emails and had even blocked me as a Twitter follower so I could no longer receive his tweets. My guess was that the Obama

administration had learned about their plans to publicize my story and issued another gag order. I could imagine President Obama and Schwab on the phone with Mayor Bloomberg talking about how OWS plans to expose Schwab must be stopped. I would like to know who gave OWS organizers the order to stop communicating with me? So much for freedom of speech and a free press.

Afterword

THE BUSH AND Obama administrations have prevented Kim and her family from talking with me since January 2005. You might recall that it was then that she notified me of her second bout with ovarian cancer. People who learn about my story invariably ask if Kim is still alive. Regrettably, I must tell them that I don't know. I have always worried about Kim because of her role as the prime witness of Schwab's illegal activities, for people in her position sometimes go missing. Because of Bush and Obama gag orders, members of the US government, including my representatives in Congress, plus local and state governments, are not allowed to communicate with me even when I report what I feel are Schwab's serious criminal activities. It is an interesting one-sided game with Schwab and the US government, with their unlimited resources and power, against me. On a miniature scale, it is the same approach the US government uses on innocent and defenseless countries when it is in the US government's (corporations') best interest.

When people ask when my ordeal with Schwab and the US government will end, I can only tell them it is out of my control and I don't know. As long as Schwab and the US government are determined to continue their illegal efforts to silence me, my story will not have a proper ending. Unless they are successful, of course. But then I wouldn't be here to provide an end to my story.

*** END ***