

“Justice” -or- “Just us”

(Meaning those who can afford it)

Which is the true description of our Legal System?

This is a story based on a man who has spent almost half his life in prison, just ~~short of~~ ^{OVER} 30 years, for a crime he DID NOT commit! Of all convicted Murderers ever interviewed or studied, it truly can be stated that Don “Mac” McDonald is an innocent man left to die in prison because of corrupt Officials and poor legal representation that was by itself, tainted with corruption.

Although a Jury convicted Mac of Murder in the 1st Degree, the actual evidence shows something very different. This story leaves it to you, as the reader, to decide for yourself. This story is based on facts, assumptions, and, believe it or not, “Psychic Powers”, used by police to determine certain evidence was to be used in the case against Mac. The State of Alaska vs. Donald McDonald is one of the most controversial cases in Alaska’s history, let alone the history of our country. Was Justice served in this case? You decide.

In today’s Society, “Guilt” or “Innocence” does not necessarily come from the truth of the matter. Justice in a Courtroom is many times based on how good one’s Attorney is, or in regard to that, how much money one can afford to spend on being defended. It is very important for a reader, or any person in this Country, to understand that unless you are someone like O. J. Simpson you simply cannot afford to have the top notch Lawyers or Legal Representation at your disposal. Mac McDonald had no other choice than to leave his legal case and his future in the hands of the Public Defenders Office, who are overworked and cannot afford to expend the time or money needed to defend him properly. That, and the prominent fact that the State of Alaska had just recently lost the two major “Million Dollar” cases of “McKay” and “Peel”, and Mac’s case was all over the news media. People were losing jobs and being transferred because of those two legal losses, and the State was not going to allow a third verdict of “Not Guilty” in a row, whether Mac was guilty or not! The people of Alaska were already angry and screaming about the State wasting the money it cost to charge and take to trial those last two cases without the proper evidence on hand to get a conviction. Because of a lack of wealth, Mac now exists inside the walls of Alaska’s prison in Seward, for a crime that not only lacked physical and

forensic evidence of any kind, but also was completely bare of one of the most important proofs of any Murder Crime Investigation...a Body! That's right...there was never any dead body, no crime scene, no Murder weapon, and no blood, hair or other physical evidence of any kind! Mac was convicted solely on a story made up and used by the Kodiak Police Department.

Is there really Police corruption and conspiracy within Police Departments and in the Legal System across America? Sure there is! You know it, I know it, and we see it in the media much too often to honestly disclaim. We don't like to admit it, but we know it's there. The saddest part of it is that when any Department comes under scrutiny of any kind, Society is only allowed to know a small portion of any truth. And, ONLY the small portion decided by someone directly involved in the matter. The hardcore findings and truths are kept quiet due to Internal Investigations, cover-ups, or just because that "someone" decides Society is better off not knowing such things. The Kodiak Police Department (KPD) had been well known to have corrupt Officers on its police force for many years. Not really big news or unbelievable, being that Kodiak is a small Island way up in Alaska, and doesn't levy any big amount of attention from any investigation Agencies, or really...anyone. Statements from former Kodiak Police Officers confirm the corruption within that Department, though, and also confirm lies and that false evidence was used during the Homicide Investigation of Don McDonald. Because of corruption and lies, an innocent man sits in prison to watch his life go by for a crime he had nothing to do with. A crime, in fact, that was never proven to have even taken place at all! This book is written about a huge tragedy, for sure. The tragedy, though, is not just about a man who is being punished for a crime he did not do, but also that two children have had to live their lives without a Mother or Father for almost 30 years now. That means, of course, the guilty person or persons still walk somewhere in our world. The guilty people need to be found for anyone involved in this case to receive Justice of any kind, and for our world to be safe.

"Mac"

Don "Mac" McDonald was born October 22, 1949, in Seattle, Washington. Raised where he was born, he was the youngest of Bill and Marion McDonald's three children. As did his brother Dave and his sister Kath, Mac attended Our Lady of the Lake Catholic grade school for 8 years. During those years he worked a Seattle Times paper route and mowed lawns for spending money. Mac always immersed himself in neighborhood-organized athletics. He played Basketball and ran track in grade school, while also becoming involved with the Wedgwood area Baseball and Football programs. He trained with a Japanese man who lived close by in the art of Judo, and won a few contests at Meets around the Seattle area. Mac played Drums in a local Rock & Roll Band that played for a lot of the University of Washington Sorority and Fraternity parties. His main love though, was Football. Playing 4 years of Wedgwood Bears Tackle Football got him ready for High School and by the time Mac graduated from Seattle's "Blanchet" Catholic High School in 1967, his ability as a running back and hardcore defensive hitter won him a full scholarship to a number of colleges in Washington State. Mac chose to attend Spokane Community College. He and his best friend, Bob Bourgette, were both offered a scholarship at Spokane C.C. to help build and play for the very first football team at Spokane Community College. Mac's team went undefeated his sophomore year and was ranked third in the Nation at one time that year. After his 2nd year of College and college Football, and as American Troops were being sent to fight in Vietnam, Mac enlisted in the Marine Corps. Upon completing his tour of active duty, Mac returned to the Pacific Northwest in Seattle to attend the University of Puget Sound on yet a second full scholarship given him by a Coach at UPS who heard Mac was back in town. This was the very same Coach who had offered Mac a full scholarship out of High School. Mac finalized his time in the Marine Corps by finishing an enlistment that lasted a total of six years. After his active duty tour was at an end, he served as a Reserve duty Marine working on helicopters, on the Whidbey Island Naval Air Base in Washington State.

Just shy of obtaining his College Degree and recently married to his childhood sweetheart, Mac left the University of Puget Sound to find employment as a Study Hall Proctor

and assistant Coach for the Football and Wrestling teams at John F. Kennedy High School in Burien, just south of Seattle. A couple years later when his marriage ended in 1975, Mac went to work as the Manager of two South Seattle Restaurants. Finding it difficult to settle in or stay in one place, Mac traveled the country some and then returned to Seattle to rebuild and paint cars with his Dad. On the side, Mac took on a job helping to rebuild a seagoing Tug Boat in a shipyard in Seattle. Once the boat was shipshape and sea ready, Mac agreed to work as Chief Engineer on the Tug for a job it was contracted to with the U.S. Navy, in San Diego. Shortly after Mac arrived and took up residence in San Diego and everything seemed to be going along smoothly, Mac's father suddenly died. So, after a year working the Tug Boat out of San Diego, Mac found it just too difficult to remain away from home. He picked up all his belongings and headed back to open up that Wedgwood Auto Rebuild and Paint shop, where he had grown up. He did well, but still remained totally unsettled inside. In mid-September, 1984, Mac traveled to Kodiak, Alaska, to seek work and possibly a new life. He soon found a job working construction on the Coast Guard Base thru his good friend, Jay Buckalew. Mac had met Jay as the part owner of the Tug Boat he helped rebuild and then worked on, and they had remained good friends. Within weeks of his arrival in Kodiak, Mac was introduced to Laura Henderson (Ibach), at her best friend's father's home. Mac, Jay and Mike Losser, were watching football on TV when Deb Losser and Laura came by. On Good Friday, in late March of 1986, a divorced Laura Henderson (Ibach) disappeared without any trace. According to questionable testimony of a Kodiak private Investigator, Laura was last seen sitting in Mac's van. The investigator said she was smiling and smoking a cigarette as if all was normal and as if nothing was wrong. Mac was arrested early the next morning and charged with Laura's Kidnap and Murder, even before she was legally missing? Meanwhile, back in Seattle, Mac's Mother had suddenly died and funeral plans had to be made. Just days before his arrest Mac had told his sister, "Don't bury Mom until I get home." His Mother's Funeral was Mac's only near future plans.

The "Alleged Evidence" (Presented by the State in 2 Trials)

McDonald's conviction arises from the alleged abduction and murder of Laura Henderson. These crimes are supposedly the result of the ending of Laura's marriage to Jack Ibach, and the ensuing dispute over custody of their two children. Laura and Jack were married nearly seven years, living the entire time in Kodiak. They separated in 1985, and Jack filed for divorce. Laura moved into an apartment in Kodiak with the two children and began working for the Kodiak Women's Resource Crisis Center (KWRCC). Jack remained in the family home. Laura retained Matt Jamin as her Attorney, to assist her in the divorce and custody proceedings. A partial divorce decree was granted in February of 1985, but neither of them would agree on the custody issue. They discussed alternate custody, but as the dispute went forward Laura decided she wanted full custody. Trial on the issue was scheduled for July in 1986, but by March the dispute had become heated and angry. It's said that Ibach was afraid Laura would continue to litigate until she was granted full custody, no matter how long it might take. "THIS" ongoing litigation was the proposed theory behind Ibach's motive to hire a killer.

On March 28, 1986, a man telephoned Laura at her place of work, (KWRCC), and made an appointment to see her. Don "Mac" McDonald later appeared at the Center and introduced himself to Laura. She escorted him upstairs to a conference room so they could talk. McDonald left approximately 10 to 15 minutes later. After McDonald had left, Laura told co-workers Suzanne Hinson, Janet Carter, and Cathy Wilson that she had been offered information that she could use against Ibach in their custody dispute. To everyone, it seems, Laura was ecstatic about this opportunity to improve her chance of obtaining full custody of the children. She also told her co-workers that she planned to meet a man for the information near the King Crab Cannery later that evening about 9 P.M. The man was going to give Laura a taped voice recording that would incriminate Jack Ibach and some high Officials in Kodiak for drug dealings. Laura told Cathy Wilson that she would call her after the meeting. After leaving work and because of the suggestions by her co-workers, Laura went to her Attorney's office (Matt Jamin) to tell him all about the information she planned to get from a man later that evening. Like she told her co-workers, she allegedly told Matt Jamin that she planned to meet a man later at about 9 p.m. A man she had never met before in her life! Whoever she was to meet, the man

was a total stranger to her? Jamin was skeptical and contacted Private Investigator, "Al Ruble". After the two of them talked it all over with Laura, Jamin and Ruble decided they were in fear that the meeting might be a set up. It was agreed by all three that they would accompany Laura that evening to the meeting site at the King Crab Cannery, and then would maintain surveillance from a nearby hidden location. Laura told her family and friends that "BOTH" Jamin and Ruble would be watching and protecting her that evening. Many people seemed to know all about this clandestine meeting, while absolutely no one went anywhere nearby or situated themselves close by the meeting place to see what went on, or to try to help watch over Laura? Catherine Munro, Laura's Mother, came to Laura's apartment that evening to watch the children and Laura told her she would call at 9:30 P.M. to let it be known when she would be back home. To get to the meeting, Laura had borrowed a car from her friend, Debbie Sunberg. Laura had arranged to pick Debbie up later on in the evening, after Sunberg finished her shift at work about Midnight.

Sometime before 9 P.M. that evening, Laura left her apartment and drove her friend's car to the "designated" meeting place near the King Crab Cannery, on Cannery Road. This was along the waterfront in Kodiak. Instead of riding with Laura as originally planned, Ruble had already driven his own car and parked in the area. Jamin, for whatever reason, had remained at his Office. On her way to the meeting, Laura allegedly passed by Ruble, who says he had located himself in a spot where he would be able to watch over the meeting. He was on an upper road that actually overlooked the proposed meeting place at the King Crab Cannery. Ruble claims that he saw Laura drive by on the lower road, and then lost sight of her. Because of this, Ruble got worried and got into his car to drive down to see if he could spot Laura or McDonald's van. Ruble says he ran the license plate on McDonald's van earlier and found it to be licensed to "Donald C. McDonald". That is how he knew McDonald's van, he said, and what it looked like. That is what he testified to the Court during trial, in pre-trial hearings, and what Ruble told the original Judge to get that Judge to place an arrest warrant on Mac less than 12 hours after Laura had gone missing. Driving down to the lower road, Ruble testified that he saw Laura's car parked behind McDonald's van, on the side of the road. Both vehicles were facing south, parked on the side of the road while he was driving north. Though he was driving by the

van from front to rear along the driver's side of the van, Ruble claims he could see Laura in the passenger seat and concentrated only on her. Ruble claims he knew there was another person in the van, the driver, but he could not recognize who it was and said nothing of any knowledge of anyone else in the van. Ruble says he drove out of view past the van and down the street to park his car and return on foot. He supposedly hoped to find a vantage point to keep a watch over Laura and the van. Walking back to the van from behind it, Ruble claims he decided to walk around the back of a building in hopes of finding a newer undiscovered view of the van and Laura. Ruble claims he was behind the building and out of sight for less than a minute, but when he emerged from behind the building the van had disappeared? He said he could still see the car Laura had driven, but no one else was anywhere on the street to be seen. Ruble then headed back to his car and straight to Jamin's Office, "just down the Street?" Jamin was waiting at his office, and Ruble needed to report that Laura had disappeared. In trial, both Ruble and Jamin testified that they had gone to the KPD with Mac's license plate and van description earlier to discuss the situation...but were told it wasn't a police matter? This, even though there was mention of drugs, a taped conversation that could be used in a drug case, and Laura allegedly going to a clandestine meeting that both Jamin and Ruble thought sounded like a "set up"? The KPD's refusal to become involved, they say, is why the two of them were the only two people involved in watching over and protecting Laura. Actually, Ruble was the only one who did so. Jamin, it seems, was at his Office waiting to see what happened, and "resting up"?

After Ruble drove "straight to Jamin's Office", the two of them say they then immediately went and reported Laura's disappearance to the KPD. A nightlong search began. Ruble, Jamin, KPD, Laura's parents and many friends, all joined in the search. By checking with the Department of Motor Vehicles, Ruble testified in trial and even told the Judge that needed evidence to issue a warrant for McDonald to be arrested, that he had determined that the white van belonged to and was registered to "Donald C. McDonald". At approximately 1 a.m., the van was spotted by Laura's stepfather, parked in the parking lot outside McDonald's place of residence. He immediately reported its location to the KPD. Shortly after 4 a.m., Corporal John Palmer of the KPD, accompanied by both Jamin and Ruble, arrived at McDonald's residence to investigate the situation. Gladys Baldwin, the proctor/manager of the apartment

answered the door and went to awaken McDonald when asked to do so by Palmer. Mac got out of bed, got dressed, and went downstairs to speak with Palmer at the front door. Palmer allegedly told Mac he was investigating a "Missing Person", and asked if Mac knew a "Laura Henderson". According to Palmer, McDonald became very nervous. Palmer said Mac's hands were shaking, he wouldn't make eye contact, and his voice quivered. Palmer said McDonald looked "quizzically" at him, and denied knowing any Laura Henderson. Palmer says he countered with, "Come on, you know Laura...Laura Ibach!" Palmer says Mac looked "quizzically" at him once again and said he knew Jack Ibach, and then asked if that was Jack's wife? When Palmer told Mac she was, Palmer says Mac denied having any contact with her that night, but that he knew who she was. At that point, Palmer says he confronted Mac with information that his van had been under surveillance that night. Palmer says that Mac then admitted to having met with Laura, but claimed she had only spent a few minutes talking with him in his van. Palmer alleges he then revealed that Mac was seen leaving the cannery area with Laura in his van. Palmer claims Mac then acknowledged driving away with her, but insisted he had merely driven her around the block before letting her out of the van. Nevertheless, Palmer says, McDonald refused to say exactly where it was that Laura had exited the van. Their confrontation at an end, Palmer said he was leaving the property by way of passing by Mac's van and noticed there seemed to be someone, or some "body" in the van under some blankets or covering. Returning to the apartment's front door to get McDonald to open the van, Jim Kerwin was found sleeping in a bed in the rear compartment of the van. Using an old warrant for Kerwin's arrest in Anchorage for an unrelated charge, Kerwin was taken into custody after Mac had locked the van and returned to his apartment. McDonald was arrested in connection with Laura Henderson's disappearance later that morning at about 9 a.m.

After her disappearance from Cannery Row in Kodiak, Alaska, Laura Henderson was never seen or heard from again. Further efforts to locate her proved futile. Although Laura was known to be punctual and reliable, she failed to call her co-worker Cathy Wilson, as she had promised. The car that Laura had borrowed from Debbie Sunberg remained where it was parked along the road at Cannery Row, and Laura never picked Debbie up or contacted her about the car. Laura never showed up to claim her March paycheck. She never contacted any of her

friends, co-workers, or her parents ever again. Worst of all, Laura never came back for, or ever returned to her daughters. The KPD's investigation of Henderson's disappearance initially implicated McDonald as her abductor. As the investigation progressed, more evidence grew to allegedly indicate that Jim Kerwin and Jack Ibach were also involved.

McDonald was arrested at 9 a.m., on March 29, 1986, early the following morning after Laura disappeared. Police found him with two knives in his possession. He also had a passport that had been issued to him just weeks before. That same day the KPD obtained and executed a search warrant for McDonald's van. The police found it had a cargo door window broken. They were able to establish that the window had been broken from the inside, and they had another "Expert" testify that it had been broken shortly before the van had been seized; the break consistent with one caused by the impact of a body part.

Inside the van, the police found two firearms, a 30-caliber rifle and a loaded 25-caliber revolver. The van's interior was dirty and wet; nevertheless, the police discovered two very small, dry feathers on the floor of the van. Forensic analysis later indicated that one of the feathers was an "Asian Duck" feather, and had most likely come from the down coat Henderson was wearing the night of her disappearance.

The police found a back clip to the post of an earring in the van and a later search found the front portion of the earring. The earring was also later identified as one that Laura had worn when she left her home to meet with a man she told everyone she had never met before that day.

The police seized an instamatic camera from the van containing film that had been exposed. By developing the film, KPD obtained photos depicting McDonald and Kerwin outside of a small cabin on a cliff. The KPD eventually discovered that this cabin was located at the end of Monashka Bay Road, north of the town of Kodiak. During the months following Laura Henderson's disappearance, numerous items belonging to Laura washed up along the coastline of Monashka Bay. These items included a wallet, 2 pink tennis shoes, a full length down coat, a belt and buckle, and jeans. Henderson's body, however, was never found.

In the course of their investigation, the KPD spoke with various witnesses who tended to link McDonald with Laura's disappearance. Colleen Jones told police that a white van matching the description of McDonald's van emerged from a parking lot by McDonald's residence at

approximately 9:35 p.m. on the evening of March 28, 1986 – within minutes of the time of Laura's alleged abduction. She said the driver pulled out directly in front of her, swerving all over the road.

Dan Merrigan reported spotting a van of similar description near the end of Monashka Bay Road approximately ten or fifteen minutes later. According to Merrigan, between 9:45 and 10:00 p.m. on the evening of the abduction, he saw the van coming from the direction of Kodiak, driving down the middle of the roadway near the end of Monashka Bay Road.

Police discovered that McDonald had been planning to contact Henderson even before March 28, 1986. Ruth Evans, who was affiliated with the KWRCC where Laura worked and was also a friend of McDonald's, reported that two days before Laura disappeared McDonald told her he knew Laura and asked Evans how to arrange a visit at the center. According to Evans, McDonald wanted to confirm that anyone could go up and see anybody at the Center.

Police subsequently spoke with Gladys Baldwin, the Proctor and Manager of the halfway house where McDonald resided at the time. Baldwin told police that soon after Palmer had questioned McDonald on the night of Henderson's disappearance, McDonald handed her a .357 magnum revolver that was wrapped in a paper bag. Mac asked Gladys to "hold it" for him, claiming that it belonged to Kerwin and insisting it had nothing to do with anything. After learning of McDonald's arrest, Baldwin had tossed the gun in a dumpster, but had then thought it over and retrieved it two days later. Baldwin then subsequently gave the gun to another friend of McDonald's. The KPD eventually contacted Mac's friend, JoAnn McKee, who still had the gun and surrendered it to them.

Baldwin also provided the KPD with information about the photos from the camera that the police had seized from McDonald's van. Baldwin explained that the photos were taken during an excursion she had been on with McDonald and Kerwin some weeks ago. They had driven out to the Monashka Bay area. According to Baldwin, McDonald and Kerwin wanted to look for a cabin that Kerwin knew about. Baldwin and her young son decided to accompany them. Baldwin didn't know why McDonald or Kerwin were interested in finding the cabin. She said the photos were taken at the cabin area, once they had driven out the road and found it.

Baldwin further established a link between McDonald, Kerwin and Ibach, by telling the police Kerwin had introduced Ibach to her some time before Laura's disappearance. The police learned that Peter Malley, who lived in a house next to the house where Kerwin was staying, had seen Ibach and McDonald together in McDonald's van shortly before Henderson disappeared. Malley allegedly observed Ibach visiting Kerwin several times during the month preceding Henderson's disappearance. Malley stated that he allegedly saw McDonald, Kerwin and Ibach together on at least one occasion.

A friend of Ibach's, "Marjorie Holden", informed the police of several statements by Ibach suggesting that he planned to kill Laura Henderson. Holden told police that, prior to Henderson's disappearance, Ibach said he wished Laura would just disappear. Holden reported that Ibach mentioned several ways of killing Laura. Ibach and allegedly told Holden he wouldn't be caught, because if there was no body, there was no crime.

Holden specifically recalled that on one occasion Ibach told her that he had spoken with someone that would make Henderson "just disappear". Holden said Ibach planned to pay the person out of a \$14,000.00 payment he expected to receive in the near future. According to Holden, Ibach described the man as an older man whose son lived in a mission. Ibach was sure the man wasn't concerned with getting caught since he had serious health problems and not long to live.

The KPD realized that Ibach's statements, as related by Holden, appeared to describe Kerwin. Investigation confirmed that Ibach had in fact expected to receive a \$14,000.00 payment from his pension account in February of 1986. The KPD had also located a notebook belonging to Kerwin, in which Kerwin had written a partial number that "appeared" to be some of the numbers to Ibach's phone.

The KPD also spoke with a Lynn Hutcherson, a taxi driver and acquaintance of Ibach. Hutcherson described an occasion that occurred about a month before Henderson's disappearance, when Ibach mentioned that his custody battle was getting "sticky". He allegedly stated that Ibach said he wished Henderson would "just disappear". Ibach allegedly told Hutcherson not to be surprised if Henderson just turned up missing some day. A week or two later, Ibach asked Hutcherson if he knew of a way to find a "hit man", or if Hutcherson had any

friends that had ever used one. Hutcherson also told the KPD that almost immediately after Henderson disappeared, Ibach allegedly phoned him several times to ask him to keep their previous conversations confidential.

The KPD additionally learned from Nancy Frost, a travel agent in Kodiak, that shortly before Henderson's disappearance, Jack Ibach asked Frost about arranging a trip to Asia in April. Frost told police that Ibach had inquired about the April airline fare to Bangkok, Thailand, and told her that two of his friends were traveling by ship and would meet him there if he were able to go. Before leaving, Ibach asked Frost not to tell anyone he had come in.

Finally, Ibach's friend, John Kostal, provided the KPD with information directly linking Ibach to the .357 Caliber revolver McDonald had given Baldwin the night of Henderson's disappearance. Kostal reported that Ibach had given him a .357 handgun about a month before Laura disappeared. According to Kostal, less than a week before Laura disappeared, Ibach had asked Kostal to return the gun saying he was concerned it might be stolen. At Ibach's request, Kostal returned the gun. Kostal, while being spoken to by the police, told them Ibach had called him from jail asking him to please not mention the gun to anyone.

An Interview with Mac (Facts never presented in Trial)

Mac says he met Laura in late September 1984, while watching a Football game at a house that belonged to her best friend's dad, Mike Losser. Jay Buckalew and other friends were also present. Laura walked in with her best friend, Deb Losser, and they were all introduced at that time. He says he ran into and spoke with Laura around town many times over the next year and a half at stores, bars, and the bowling alley. Kodiak is a small town. When you know someone living in Kodiak, you see him or her sometimes daily and in all kinds of different places in town. He says there is absolute proof of this from people who knew one or both of them, many times seeing them together in a bar at one time or another laughing and joking with each other. Mac believes the dispute in Jack and Laura's custody claim was greatly overstated. Proof of this is in the transcripts and records. Ibach never wanted or asked for full custody, and had actually won the custody ruling! The partial divorce decree had awarded them both 50 - 50 custody of the children, which is exactly all Jack Ibach had asked for. Jack was living in the

family home, while the "Mother" was located in a low rent Apartment Complex with her children on a 50-50 custody order granted by the Court. When have you ever heard of that being a divorce decree, unless the Court has reason to find the mother unattractive as to custody of the children? Mac had been introduced to Jack Ibach one time that he remembers, but did not know him personally or whom he ran around with. At that time in life Mac was a heavy drinker and alcoholic, but had never even had a beer with Jack Ibach. He claims that he knew nothing about their divorce or custody dispute, except that Laura had told him Jack was her ex-husband, they were in a huge divorce dispute, and she hated him. For that reason and the fact that he did spend time with Laura here and there, Mac wanted nothing to do with Jack Ibach. Mac says he did know Laura enough to be together drinking in bars, and even had sexual relations with her. He couldn't have even recognized Jack Ibach on the street back then. Mac never got to know him or who he was until he was charged with being hired by Jack to murder his ex-wife. The first conversations Mac remembers having with Jack Ibach were in Anchorage while being transported in a van together to the Courthouse from Cook Inlet Pre Trial Facility, and under the Courthouse in holding cells waiting to go upstairs to Court. From what he ever learned from Jack and from what he heard in Court over the years, it is his opinion that Jack is the one who won the custody hearing and therefore had no reason to have Laura murdered.

Mac did call Laura at her workplace that afternoon and told her he'd stop by about 3 P.M. to talk with her. Mac was involved with the Hope House (Alcohol Rehab) across the street from the KWRCC, and was co-chairman of a non-alcoholic All-City dance they were sponsoring at the Hope House. The dance was to take place the next day. Mac wanted to ask Laura to go with him to the dance.

After knocking on the front door at the KWRCC, Mac introduced himself to the lady that answered the door...NOT LAURA! Mac says he had known Laura personally since the first month he was in Kodiak, and had no need to introduce himself to her in any way. He was asked to come in by the woman at the door. Stepping thru the front door, and then thru the front porch area and into the main greeting area, Mac could see Laura behind a counter talking on a phone, and behind a glass window atop the counter. He believed she was talking with her Attorney, "MATT" Jamin, which is where her co-workers all get mixed up with the two names "Matt" or

“Mac” in all their testimonies. When the call ended, Laura went back thru a door in the room she was in, and came into the front area where Mac was standing, by way of a back hallway. She had been in another room completely, and the glass window covered counter was a go-between, with a sliding glass door atop the counter. Mac says they said “Hi”, and Laura then led him upstairs to a private conference room. He told her of the dance and asked her to go with him. She declined to go as a date by saying she had her daughters, but would see if she could show up at the party when she was able to do so. She also told him that she planned to be downtown by the B&B Bar later that evening, and asked if he could get her some cocaine. Mac wasn’t any kind of a dealer of drugs, but the relationship he had with Laura in Kodiak involved drinking and doing small amounts of cocaine for personal use. Over the past year he had learned whom he could get it from and the cost, etc. Shortly thereafter, Laura escorted him back downstairs and to the front door. There are many testimonies about Laura’s actions and what she said after Mac met with her that afternoon. Many different people said she told them she was going to meet with a “Matt” or “Mack”, and that she had spoken to a “Matt” or “Mack” earlier that day. Remember, her Attorney’s name is “Matt Jamin”! Many stated that she was, “literally jumping up and down”, because she was so excited. There was NO excitement when she met with Mac at the door or took him upstairs. There also was NO excitement when she escorted Mac back downstairs to leave and when they said good-bye. There is also NO testimony of this excitement at those certain times just mentioned! Mac believes Laura was talking with Matt Jamin on the phone when he first arrived, and was making arrangements to meet with Jamin at his office as they spoke. The excitement she spoke of to her co-workers, Mac says, was about information Matt Jamin had told her, or had in store for her. Laura was not, in any way, excited or jumping up and down when he spoke with her, or when she walked him back downstairs to leave. All the testimonies, it seems, are contrived to use the words, “literally jumping up and down”. This seems to Mac as if the words had been directed to all the people who all said the exact same thing describing Laura. According to her co-workers, Matt Jamin, and Al Ruble, this “literally jumping up and down” statement went on for hours after she had met with Mac? There was no testimony of such, though, from her mother or family when she got home and told them about what was taking place. The strangest thing about these

testimonies is that Laura allegedly told them "ALL", she was meeting a man that evening that she had never met before in her life! Not once, in anyone's testimony at her work or anyplace else, did Laura say, "The guy that was just here", or "That guy walking across the street", or "Mac McDonald, the guy I met at my Dad's house". She never pointed out, "Mac McDonald", to anyone, while having many different chances to do so. There is absolute proof that Mac had known and partied with Laura since the very first month he had arrived in Kodiak, a year and a half before she went missing. "She was not meeting with me that evening or any other time for any information about Jack Ibach", says Mac! He believes the seemingly conspired statement that Laura was "Literally jumping up and down" was told to a number of people by the KPD, because they had decided they needed this statement to be used against him in Court. And, they could only get it used by way of the Court Rule, "Excited Utterance". How can unexplained "Excited Utterance" go on for hours and hours, when the rule says it is about something said in the heat of the moment just after an event that caused it? When does any statement stop being "Excited Utterance"? How is it that a number of people came up with the very same statement of "Excited Utterance" over a period of hours, and used the very exact same words? Just "WHY" did Jamin and Ruble decide the meeting Laura told them about was some kind of a "Set Up"? What kind of set up? Why did they have any reason whatsoever, to be in fear for Laura's life? She had never received a physical threat from anyone; not even her ex-husband!

The day Laura disappeared, March 28, 1986; Mac had a friend with him the entire time in question. Jim Kerwin and Mac ate breakfast together. Jim helped him with work on a couple of cars that he had set up to do that day. The two of them had driven all over the town and out the road that day in mid afternoon, they ate dinner together and they watched TV together later that night, until Mac went to bed at midnight. They were together in the van that evening when Mac saw Laura, and Jim was with Mac when Laura got out of the van and headed back toward her car. This all took place along the street where they parked Mac's van, just south of the Anchor Bar. Mac had managed and tended bar the Anchor Bar in the evening time for a while, for George House. This was quite a way from the King Crab Cannery, and they had parked there while talking. Mac was deciding if he wanted to go inside the bar to say hi to any friends that might be there, when Laura suddenly opened the passenger door and said Hi. Jim was in the

passenger seat at that time and moved over to sit on the engine compartment between the two seats. "If Ruble had driven by slowly, as he said he did, there is no way he could not have seen Kerwin sitting between Laura and I", says Mac. "If he could see Laura sitting in the far side passenger seat, he had to look past both Jim Kerwin and me. Laura was smoking a cigarette while sitting there in the van with us, just as Ruble said he saw her doing". Mac was totally shocked when the Police investigation tore up his van and vacuumed up the floorboards a number of times, yet made excuses why they never came up with her cigarette, her fingerprints, or any other physical evidence that even proved she had been in the van. There were 50 some sets of other people's prints all over the van, but none of them turned out to belong to Laura? None of the prints were smeared or scraped, as if made during any struggle. One huge item of interest was the fact that there was no blood or physical evidence of ANY kind found or proven to be tied to Laura. During trial Mac remembers asking his Attorney to find out why they hadn't compared hairs and findings from the van with combs and such from Laura's apartment. He was told they said they couldn't prove any of the hairs from the combs were Laura's, so they didn't bother? It sure seemed to Mac that any kind of match would be circumstantial proof of some kind, to help their case against him, and why wouldn't they do all they were able to do for proof and truth? Mac believes they didn't want any physical proof, because it would turn out to be proof in his behalf, and that they knew he had not done this crime! Testimonies indicate people "were under the impression" that Ruble -AND- Jamin were both going to watch over Laura that evening. If the two men had done so together, all they would have had to do is park at both ends of the waterfront street to ensure no escape. The closer together they might have been astride the area that the alleged meeting was to take place, the better the insurance of no escape from the meeting would have been! Why is it, as testified to in trial, that Jamin decided at the most improper moment that he needed to go take a nap and not be a second man with Ruble? Why is it that Ruble says he immediately headed back to Jamin's office, when he "lost" Laura? The upper road can be openly seen from the lower road that Ruble was allegedly standing on, and when he came out from behind that building for "less than a minute" there was absolutely no place for Mac to go without being able to be seen. On top of all this, the old worn out van was a 1966 Dodge, with an old engine and blown out U-Joint had to be warmed up to

keep from stalling out, and it was an impossibility to jump on the gas or speed off in any way. It had loud, worn-out mufflers, and there is no doubt that Ruble could have heard the van start up, even "if" behind that building for the short moment he said he was. For sure he would have seen Mac down the street or on the upper street if Mac had turned back to town when driving away from the spot he was parked. Even the starter in that van made a loud "chirping" noise, which sounded like a wounded bird of some sort. That could be heard from a block away! One of the major items never pointed out to the Jury by anyone, was the "lying" change of testimony by Al Ruble in the 1st trial. No one ever knew Jim Kerwin was with Mac the evening he saw and spoke with Laura. Not the police, not Ruble and not Jamin. UNTIL, that is, Mac tried to defend myself by telling the truth! Never charged with any crime before and being somewhat naïve of how the Legal System works, Mac made the mistake of defending himself with the "truth", and the State's Attorney and Police did what they are so very good at. They turned it around to be evidence against Mac by charging Kerwin with the same crime. Mac told the police he had an eyewitness to prove he had done nothing to Laura, nor taken her anywhere. "The KPD immediately arrested Jim and charged him with this crime. They had absolutely nothing to charge either of them with as far as evidence of any kind, but effectively changed Jim from an "Eye-Witness", to a "Lying Defendant", charged with Murder and Kidnapping", says Mac! The fact proving they never had any evidence or any right to charge Kerwin in the first place, is the fact that he was found "Not Guilty" in the same trial and before the very same Judge and Jury that Mac was found Guilty by? They held all three of the men's trials in the same Courtroom and with the same Judge and Jury, while naming it, "Separate Trials". They did this, they said, because of "Judicial Economy". The real fact is they could never have even made it look as if Mac even knew Jack Ibach, if they weren't able to sit him right next to Mac in trial. By sitting them in the same room and at the same defense table, whatever was used against any "one" of the defendants would be effectively held against the other two, simply by way of inference. It doesn't matter if the Jury says they wouldn't be prejudiced against the other two by testimony against the third defendant. The fact that they were all three tied together in the Courtroom, tied them together in the Juror's minds! Once during trial, they tried to make it seem as if they had evidence against Kerwin by suddenly taking a recess shortly after Ruble

testified. Upon return, they asking to have Ruble back on the stand because of "New" evidence. Now on the stand the DA asked if Ruble had seen Kerwin in the van with Mac the evening Laura disappeared. And now his answer was, "Yes, he had". That statement, a complete out and out lie and perjury! Mac's Attorney simply allowed the testimony without any argument, and it wasn't until Mac was back in his cell going thru transcripts of former hearings that he found Ruble had been asked that "EXACT" question by one of the Jurors in the Grand Jury. Back then Ruble had testified that he only knew that there was a driver, and he had no idea of anyone else being in the van other than Laura. Remember, he said he was concentrating on her alone, and could never have recognized the driver. Mac remembers arguing with his own Attorney over having separate trials for all three men. Mac wanted to have his own separate trial, instead of the other two men sitting at his table like they had to in the trials that took place. Mac told his Attorney that he wanted a change of venue if Ibach wanted his trial in Kodiak, and visa-versa if Jack wanted a change of venue. Mac wanted to refuse to waive his 120 day rule and demand his right to a speedy trial, if Ibach wanted to allow more time...and if Ibach wanted a speedy trial as was his right, then Mac wanted to waive his right to a speedy trial, to sever the trials. Mac wanted the exact opposite of Ibach, whatever he chose to do, so their trials would be severed from each other. There is no way the State could even show that Mac knew who Ibach was, without sitting them both next to each other at the same defendant's table, like they did in the trials that took place. Mac remembers his Attorney telling him to "Stop bothering her...she was busy". She told Mac he had none of the rights he was speaking of, because the Court had refused to sever the trials. THIS, Mac says he now realizes, is a tactical lie told to inexperienced and naïve defendants like him, because in reality he could have demanded any and all of the rights he was speaking of. Mac could have forced separate trials if he and Ibach simply chose the opposite of what the other one demanded. All Mac had to do was appeal all the decisions made by the Judge in charge at that time. He could have spent months appealing, while Ibach would have had the right to a speedy trial, or visa versa! That is an example of how this one-sided fiasco called our "Legal System" has stuck it to Mac through this entire nightmare! The normal inexperienced and unseasoned person has no idea what to expect, what rights are his, or what he can demand of the Court in his own defense. He is at the mercy of his own Attorney,

and those of the State at the same time. "One of the most frustrating things about the past near to 30 years in prison", Mac says, "is how it is my name held responsible on paper for all the actions my Attorney has either done or not done. Well over 90% of the time, I had absolutely no idea what my Attorney was doing or not doing, gave no approved to anything and was never even asked to. On top of that I had no contact with my Attorney most of the time. They deny you contact if you are too demanding or knowledgeable. One never sees the Attorney's name held responsible on paper for not wording an argument correctly or a motion incorrectly. Every paper I have ever seen has the name, "McDonald" did or didn't do this or that, and most of the time I had no idea this or that was even being done or not done, if you can follow what I mean." You get what you can afford in this world, and Mac simply had not been able to AFFORD Truth or Justice!

Jim Kerwin WAS WITH Mac, the entire day and in the evening when he spoke with Laura in his van. Upon actually finding this out, the KPD immediately charged Jim with this crime. Without one iota of evidence or proof and on Mac's say so alone, Kerwin was charged with "Murder"? Mac believes they did so solely because they did not want him to be able to be an Eyewitness in Mac's behalf. Mac signed in at the apartment at 10 p.m. after he and Jim drove around that evening. This would have given him less than an hour to accomplish all he would have had to do, to commit this crime. Other clients were at the apartment when Jim and Mac arrived home, along with Mac's roommate. Mac's roommate testified that he came downstairs at 10 p.m. to watch TV with them until midnight, when Mac went up to bed. Mac says he was sound asleep when awakened by Gladys to go downstairs and speak with the police. "Sound Asleep?" ... When he had allegedly just finished what was supposed to have been a "Contract Murder"? At 4 a.m., just out of bed and just awakened, Mac did not recognize the last name "Henderson" when KPD Palmer asked him if I knew Laura Henderson. Mac knew Laura only by "Laura", but had heard her married name, "Ibach".

Mac states... "I only knew her by Laura, and all I ever called her was "Laura". I never had any reason to call her by her married last name, her maiden last name, or even use her last name at all. I don't remember ever hearing Laura's maiden name, "Henderson". I did NOT ask Palmer if she was Jack's wife, as he claims I did! Palmer said to me, "Laura and Jack Ibach,

you know who I'm talking about", when he was verbally attacking me at the door. I was NOT shaking, afraid to make eye contact, or anything else that he claims! I was, in fact, angry and defensive because of his demeanor and threats. While yelling at me there at the door, he actually said I was looking at a Kidnapping Charge, "Unless a body turns up...then it will be Murder 1". That is exactly what he said! These statements make me believe he knew more about what was going on than I ever did! Why the hell would he say something like, "If a Body turns up", when in fact, Laura's body has never turned up? That, by itself, is a huge part of this entire scenario! What gave him thought to even mention something like that? I couldn't believe he was yelling such crap at me, and it made me angry that he was acting as if he had the right to yell at me for anything at all! Laura, at this time, had apparently only been missing about 6 hours and I thought there was no reason to believe she had done anything more than shack up with some guy without telling anyone. I NEVER told Palmer I had driven Laura around any block, or anyplace else! And, in fact, adamantly and loudly told him to his face that I had only spoken with her a few minutes and she had got out of the van at the very same place she had climbed into the van. I had driven away with Kerwin in the passenger seat. Laura was not with us! Gladys Baldwin was 10 feet from me standing next to the kitchen table when I had this yelling match with Palmer. She testified in trial to exactly what I have stated here. During all this conversation at the door, Ruble was standing next to my van about 40 or 50 feet from the door, in the parking lot. He testified to this in pre-trial hearings and to the Grand Jury. When I contested Palmer's lies and inconsistent memory of the conversation we had, AND had Gladys as a witness, Ruble changed his testimony. Suddenly he claimed that he was standing on the porch with Palmer so he could hear all that was said between us, and could then testify in Palmer's behalf. This was an out and out lie and perjury, and we have his former statements in transcripts. It was also taped in the Grand Jury. Both Palmer and Ruble lied when they testified that Gladys could not have heard what she said she heard. They said she was at the other end of the living room, standing by the stairway that went upstairs. You see, they knew there was a stairway at the other end of the room, but in creating their lies I guess they never really checked things out. The stairway is not just at the other end of the living room. It is also through a doorway, and on the other side of an entrance foyer at the front door of the apartment. To be

standing at the stairway, she would have been out of sight and on the other side of the entrance foyer, at the other end of the building from me as I spoke with Palmer. You cannot see the stairway from the rear door where Palmer and I were standing! You can only see an open doorway that connects the living room with the foyer. That doorway is across the entrance foyer from the stairway spoken of. Also during this contested conversation between Palmer and I, Matt Jamin was allegedly at another position by the apartment at a front corner, so he was able to see the front door and able to see Ruble standing next to my van. Through all the hearings and 2 trials Jamin was never asked where Ruble was standing. I believe everyone involved did this purposely so Jamin, an Attorney licensed in Alaska, didn't have to actually lie or perjure himself about this issue during his actual testimony in trial. I believe my Attorney was completely involved in and agreed to this action! Once my disagreement with Palmer was over and we had spoken with Kerwin in the van, I simply went back inside and headed to bed. Gladys asked me what was going on and I told her I had spoken with Laura that evening, but nothing had happened. I didn't know they had taken Kerwin to jail until the next day. About 6 a.m. I heard another commotion outside, and went downstairs to find Bruce St. Pierre, the owner of Kodiak Towing, hooking up to tow my van away. No police were present and he told me they had found I was guilty of violating a City Ordinance by allowing Jim to sleep in my van inside the City limits. He had been ordered to tow my van to his lot. Bruce was a friend of mine at that time and still remains a good friend of mine. He testified in trial that I was completely calm during our morning conversation, and my only concern was what was happening to my van and my belongings inside. Later that morning, as it was my scheduled day to vacuum and clean the living room of the apartment, I carried down a load of clothes to wash next door in the little building that had washers and dryers in it. A KPD Officer that I recognized sat in his car in the parking lot, so I actually waved to him and he waved back as I walked to the laundry building and back. Around 9 a.m. Gladys and I had gotten ready to go get some breakfast and I wanted to find out what I had to do to get my van out of the impound yard, so as we walked out of the apartment to head down town I walked to the Officers car to tell him what was happening. I also wanted to ask what he could inform me, if anything, as to what was going on and if Laura had showed up. At that time, and before Laura was even legally missing,

I was arrested, taken to the KPD Office, and formally charged with this crime. There was never a shred of evidence for me to be charged with any crime, and for sure no truth or evidence to have gotten a warrant for my arrest at such an early time after Laura disappeared. There never has been, and never will be! I have wondered why they didn't stop me from washing clothes that morning, if I were truly a suspect in a Murder case? I believe though, like how they never comparing anything from my van with anything from Laura's apartment, they already knew there would be no evidence. They also knew I did NOT do this crime! A couple things that should be known are that I had my van licensed in my brother's name, "David J. McDonald". So the lies told by Jamin and Ruble about running my vans license plate with the Department of Motor Vehicles or with KPD is pure BS, and mark a number of times they perjured themselves! Yes, I had a passport from the days I worked on the Tug Boat. I got both a Seaman's card and a Passport before we took the boat to San Diego incase the boat ever contracted a job where they were needed. I used them both for ID, because I had lost my driver's license in Washington State. I also had an illegal driver's license in my brother's name, issued in Kodiak. I have always wondered why that was never brought up in any of the proceedings? I believe it is because they realize they would have been admitting to having lied about my van. The Passport had just come up for renewal, and that is the reason I had it renewed...not "just issued", as the KPD tried to say while trying to make it look as if I were going to leave the Country after this dastardly deed! They knew full well there would never be any kind of physical evidence, because this entire case is a lie and a cover up for the Officials in Kodiak. And, for the KPD Officers themselves that were involved in the huge drug scene that went on in Kodiak back in those days! The morning I was arrested, I had put on a pair or dirty work jeans with my best belt knife attached to the belt. I also had a black folding knife in my pants pocket. Neither knife was anything other than a folding knife with a blade of about 3 to 4 inches. It seems to me, looking back, that most the men in Kodiak wore a belt knife. I used the belt knife to eat with, and the other as a tool anytime needed. I put on a dirty green football jersey that I wore to work on cars and was arrested in those clothes. The evening before, when I had met with and spoke to Laura, I had on a clean pair of jeans and a nice blue cardigan shirt. These clothes were hanging on the bedpost, at the head of my bed. When booked into the jail, one of the Officers pointed

out some primer paint on my pants saying that it looked like blood. I laughed at his remark and told him it was paint. I also told him, along with telling my Attorney, many of the police I spoke with and anyone else who would listen or had reason to be involved, that the clothes I was wearing when I met with Laura just before she disappeared were hanging on my bed's bedpost. What I want everyone reading this to realize is that NEVER ONCE, during the entire investigation of this case and never during the length of both trials, or all during the amount of time it took me to get my belongings out of that apartment, did anyone go into my bedroom at that apartment to look for evidence!!! I finally had to ask my friend, Jay Buckalew, to go and box up all my belongings from the bedroom, because I had been in Cook Inlet Pre-Trial for many months and had to get my belongings out of there before it was tossed in the garbage."

No one was looking for evidence in this case! As you read and see what all went on, you will find for yourself that the only thing any of the KPD or Investigators were looking for, was any item they could say something bad about or lie about, to try to make it seem possibly involved in a crime. They knew there was going to be no physical evidence, because they knew Mac was no more than the fall guy in this! Can you believe a Murder case in which no one goes into the specific bedroom where the alleged killer was living and where he had admitted the clothing he was wearing at the alleged time of the Murder were located, when "That Man" is the one who was supposed to have killed someone just hours before? There could have had a dead body under the bed or in the walk-in closet and no one would have found it, because NO ONE EVER LOOKED! They wanted the van, because they could say things about the broken window. A window that was cracked but never leaked, so Mac never had to replace it. A window Mac himself broke when moving his tools. Yet also a window about which statements could be composed to say it had been broken when Laura was murdered in a frightful struggle for her life, in the dark rear area of Mac's van. That window was the State's picture show of Laura's violent struggle for her life! No different than a television show creation of a tragic scene to catch the viewers attention. The thing is, there was also an overwhelming LACK of evidence that no one ever seemed to want pointed out to anyone! No forensic proofs like fingerprints, blood, hair, fingernails broken, or even the cigarette that Mac fully admits Laura was smoking in the van. Mac had all his clothes on coat hangers, hanging on a pole across the

rear of the van. A KPD Officer actually made the statement of how easily the clothes fell off the rack when touched. A lack of evidence to go along with the "fight for her life" scene that they presented in trial, while they knew full well the entire thing was a spoof! 50 some sets of prints, yet none smeared as if made during any struggle and NONE tied to Laura? An ashtray used by Kerwin in the rear of the van on the floor next to the bed completely full of ashes, yet not overturned? Ah Yes, they found 2 feathers? One, an Asian Duck Feather, as testified to by one of the paid "Experts" for the State, found quite undisturbed on the front floorboard...yet no blood and not even stepped on. Another, a plain old filler feather, was found in the rear area where Kerwin had been sleeping. Neither feather bloodied or even ruffled, yet the KPD and their paid "Expert" claim the Asian Duck Feather "Most Likely" came from Laura's jacket? What does that mean, I wonder? You see, Mac never even tried to say Laura hadn't been in his van, and it's very true that a feather could have fallen from her coat. But what about the down jackets he owned, hanging there a few feet away? Or the down pillows found there in the rear of the van? Or how about the sleeping bags that drop feathers all the time? What about the numbers of people who had climbed in and out of the van that day alone when Mac gave them a ride, who could have testified for him but weren't ever called by his "State paid" Attorney? Two undisturbed feathers lying on the floor of any van "seem" to mean absolutely nothing at all! The State, though, wanted to say whatever horrible things or thoughts they could conjure up about anything they could use to make Mac look like a bad guy and "Killer" to the Jury. THAT was the investigation they put together, and the kind of evidence they used against Mac. A true investigation collects evidence and pieces it together to find fact. This investigation actually took pieces of the puzzle and then cut and trimmed them to fit each other, in order to create the façade of a story. The glass window that the investigation used as some a kind of evidence proving a murder took place, was actually a flat window in a side door that opened on hinges. The door handle mechanism was broken on the inside, so the side door was never opened or used. The window was double paned safety glass and only the outside pane was cracked. This, in itself, is proof that something broke it from the inside, which is exactly what happened. Though the KPD and their "paid" experts say it was cracked in Laura's struggle for her life by a body part like an elbow, it was in fact broken when Mac backed down the driveway to the Body

Doctor's Auto Rebuild where he was working. He was backing to his right rear from a flat area to a driveway that was a steep incline, and the toolbox tipped into the window. Hitting the curtain that was covering the window is most likely why there was no crushing or smashed glass on the impact spot, on the inside of the glass. It must have hit the glass pane, while at the same time hitting the metal door. The police paid "expert", of course, testified that THAT explanation was impossible, and the impact "HAD" to have come from something like a body part, etc. The fact is, Mac is the guy who broke it, and Mac knows how and when it was broken. No one can create any kind of lie or false evidence to change his mind or scare him into changing his testimony. Why, I must ask, was the glass sent off to the expert all taped up to ensure it not to get broken, then once inspected by them sent back shattered into little pieces that could not be inspected by anyone else? The police "expert" said the lack of dirt and lack of "chattering" in the cracks prove it had only been broken a few days before it had been shipped to him, when Mac knows, because Mac was the one who broke it and Mac was the one who owned and drove the van, that the window had actually been broken a good 5 or 6 months. Why did the "expert" make sure no one else would have the chance to inspect the glass against his professional opinion, by somehow shattering it all to hell? Or was that the work of the Kodiak Police Department when the glass was returned? Mac even had replacement windows that were saved from a second van Jay bought when they rebuilt this van in Seattle. They could prove those glass pieces were still intact and unused, because they were still in the hands of yet another friend at the time of trial and after the trials. None of the "truth" about that broken window ever came to light in any of the hearings or trials, and none of the people Mac needed to testify were brought to do so in his behalf. Just what the State Prosecuting Attorney planned and wanted, is what his "State Paid" Attorney allowed to happen! The window was already broken when Mac actually bought the van from Jay Buckalew in the late part of 1985. When Laura disappeared and the State Attorney decided to create a case against him, both the State Attorney and the KPD made sure neither Jay nor his wife Lorna were called to testify in either Grand Jury or any of the pre-trial hearings. They did NOT want the truth to even be mentioned at any of those hearings when it came to that broken window. THAT window was the only thing they could lie about and create a story about, to make it look like there was any kind of

violence in that van. Not in reality, though...only in that puzzle façade created by people who decided to do and say whatever it took to get a conviction in this case!

A statement by Mac:

There are all kinds of questions, lies, assumptions, and inferences made about things that in truth have no validity to them at all in this story. I feel, trying to get this book written and the truth out to the public, that I need to just talk about all that happened and how it was purposely and wrongly presented in trial. I need the public to hear how my own Attorney lied to me at times and actually helped get me convicted. She, and some OPA (Office of the Public Advocacy) investigator actually told me they did not know my actual guilt in what happened to Laura, but they believed I had something to do with it. They believed I at least knew where she had been taken. My own "defense team" told me I needed to tell them what happened to Laura and where her body was, so her family could get closure...or, all they could do was "Walk me thru Trial". The defense Attorney assigned to me by the State, said those exact words to me! Well, at least they were honest with me, because "walk me thru trial" without defending me, is exactly all she did. For this fiasco, Jack Ibach had been appointed an "Office of the Public Defender's" Attorney, while because of that I had to be appointed one from a different Office, "O.P.A." (The Office of Public Advocacy). Jim Kerwin was appointed a private Attorney who had agreed, I guess, to take on some Court Appointed legal cases. The fact that the public needs to know or realize is, even if the Court calls it "conflicting interests" when two Attorney's might be out of the same Office as they said we had in this instance, a door across the hall with a different name on it means nothing at all! Every one of those Attorneys is paid by the State, work for the State, and do as they are told! They do as they are told, or they do NOT work for the State! They eat lunch together. They all know each other personally. You can bet they confide with each other about all that goes on in any of these proceedings, even if it is against written rule. The State of Alaska was NOT going to lose a third well known and costly criminal trial in a row, and that was that! My case was all over the news media up here in Alaska, and there had even been large amounts of reward offered in Kodiak. Those rewards caused information about the whereabouts of my van to be places I have never been in my life, the

night Laura disappeared. I was supposedly in places that I have been told my van could never have even been able to drive to!

I want to just put into words what has all happened, and have had a difficult time getting my head wrapped around doing so. I am not asking people to feel sorry for me. I don't want to be looked at as if I am trying to "convince" people I am a good guy, or to try to "convince" anyone that I am not guilty. All that is in the reading, the evidence, and the truth, itself. I am not saying, "Woe is me", in the least! What I am trying to get across is that our Legal System is broken and that those of you in Society that read this book need to open your eyes and understand what is going on. Your children, believe it or not, are up to bat next. They are standing in line to be treated righteously or mistreated by the legal system sometime during their lives! I'm not saying every cop or every politician is corrupt or on the take. Believe me, though, we live in a time that those in power are realizing they only have so many years to pad their pockets, and are doing exactly that! My story isn't the real tragedy here. I have lived my life and had a hell of a run. I actually have no regrets, even though I would have liked to have the past 30 years in a different and better situation. Who knows, though, how it would have turned out for me had I gone on down the road I was on with a bottle in my hand? I doubt I had many years left in all that. Even in prison, I have survived and done my best. Both the inmates and the Administration of the Institutions I have been imprisoned in respect me. There isn't one Superintendent or Officer that I have had supervise me here at Spring Creek that could honestly tell you he thinks I am guilty, if he or she has looked into the facts behind my conviction. I have "surprisingly" had a couple of the Superintendents here say exactly that to someone in the public. By itself, that is quite a thing to happen out loud and in front of witnesses! Many Officers who know me say the same. Sure, there are those "Uniforms" that stand on their side of the line and are hard fast about me being in here, so I must be guilty. The true fact is, though, I am in here because our Legal System is actually a Job Security System operating to keep these bunks filled, for the procreation and survival of the jobs held by those who work within! No, I'm not the tragedy here, though. Neither is Jack Ibach, or even Laura (Ibach) Henderson, who I agree lost these years in a much more tragic way than I have. Her parents, for sure, suffered a huge loss by her disappearance...but most of all, and there isn't one of you reading this that

could have the audacity to disagree, the HUGE TRAGEDY that came from all this is the two little girls that lost their Mom for the rest of their lives, and then lost their Dad in one big swoop. From the point of Laura's disappearance, those two little girls have been taught and trained to "HATE" their Dad for killing their Mom. Or, as told in records, having had their Mom killed. Those two little girls, who are middle aged now, actually believe only what they have been told all these years and have never even tried to find out if it is true, or what might have really happened. You see, I am the one who knows if Jack Ibach hired me to kill their Mom, and I know that did NOT happen. I don't, in any way whatsoever, defend Jack Ibach. I have heard all kinds of inferences and stories about him being involved in the drug system in Kodiak, but I also heard those stories about Laura. Hell, I can imagine all the stories out there about me, but they are simply, "Stories". They are stories and lies to me, nothing more. I was not involved and have nothing to even base an opinion on. I do know, though, because I AM the one who was involved, the truth behind the relationship I had with Laura, and did not have with Jack Ibach. I "DO" know, without one ounce of doubt that Jack Ibach never spoke to me about, or ever tried to hire me to do anything to Laura. I would have gone to the police myself if he had and I thought he was serious. The two of us never had any conversation about ANYTHING, until I was arrested for all this. For myself, I can't believe I would do the same as the two girls have. I believe I would want to confront the son of a bitch that supposedly killed my Mom, and have the chance to look into his eyes. I would DEMAND the truth! They lost their Mom, and then lost their Dad all in one shot, because of other people's opinions and personal biases, and THAT is the huge tragedy! My God, can you believe what the outcome would be if in fact the real story came out and the truth was told...and it was proven that their Dad actually had nothing to do with their Mom's disappearance...after almost 30 years now? I wonder if the hate is so deeply imbedded now that they couldn't accept the truth, proven or not? I doubt the total and complete truth will ever be told now, because some of those that I have learned that were involved are dead. Somehow, though, I believe the truth is going to come to the surface that Jack never hired me to kill Laura. I have asked and tried in subtle ways over the years to somehow get some kind of communication going with at least one of those two girls, to no avail. My thought is for them to be able to sit and ask me direct questions about anything

they want about what happened and what did not happen, without any kind of agreement that they HAVE TO believe me. Truth be known, I don't really care if they believe me or not. I know, though, there are always two sides to any story, and they should at least hear both of the sides. I also believe they deserve to hear the truth from the "Horse's Ass" himself. They need to decide for themselves if they believe what I have to say, and not have the rest of their entire life carved out of the anger and hatred taught them by those who have blamed Jack Ibach since Laura disappeared. At least, listen to what I say, even if they have already decided they don't want to believe what I tell them! I have nothing to gain by telling them lies at this time in life, and just "maybe" a bit of skepticism about what they "have been told" might sink in? I know how very much my Mom and Dad meant to me when I was the young age these two girls were when they lost their parents. So I feel it important to at least put this on paper. Just maybe they will read it? Yah, I'm the "Bad Guy", but it so happens that I am the "Bad Guy" only because they have been told that for almost 30 years now. In reality they haven't had anything else to believe. I have never stopped fighting this and I am not stopping now. This story has nothing to do with my fight against the corruption that put me in here, and it so happens that I am just now touching a possibility of winning a new trial. A new trial and the State of Alaska is in trouble, and THAT is why they have worked so hard the past 4 years to keep me out of Court. This story isn't about any of that, though. It's just a story of facts and truth, which "might" help those two little girls. And maybe, just MAYBE, it might also put a thorn in Society's ass about the corruption in the legal system that we all know about and allow? Just when did it become the DA's job to win, to get that "Conviction", no matter what it takes or how much it costs? No matter even, if they don't know for sure if the defendant is really guilty or not, nor have any real evidence to base their case on? How in the hell does that help society in any way? When did we become a "Punishing" Society, where we are only happy when the prisons are full? My specific case is what I want you to get to know in this book. Believe me, though, a very high percent of those in prison are there for a lot less than they were found guilty of, or than they ever did. The Dept. of Corrections and the Courtroom Corruption does NOT give a damn about rehabilitation, like they tell you they do. What they do care about is full beds and jobs all around! The inmate's ID number is nothing more than a "commodity", to be used as needed or desired.

Mac's Kodiak Story...from the "Horse's Ass", himself!

By the time I arrived in Kodiak, in 1984, I was what you would call a "Working Alcoholic". I could hold any job I decided to do, and was always one of the best in whatever I put my mind to. Beyond making sure of a place to sleep, though, and many times that would be in the back seat of a car or "van", I would spend every cent I made in a bar listening to music and talking with whoever might be there. I was an easy going, fun drunk. I was never violent or loud. I realize now, after all these years without a touch of alcohol, I was alcoholic from the very first drink of beer I took back in my teenage years. You just don't know, or realize it when you are at that young age. Who knows? Just maybe the big man upstairs hit me in the face with this huge brick to save my life and to give me the realization of just how badly I was wasting time? Hell, I don't know, but I have sure gotten the point! And, just to put words to it, have once again found the "Mac" I have always known and been proud of. The old saying that a person loses himself in a bottle is very true!

I arrived in Kodiak with promise from my friend Jay and his wife Lorna that I could live in an extra room at their house. I'd lost my Washington driver's license in Seattle for a DUI and figured I could get one under my brother's name in Kodiak, which I did. I also figured that no matter what life had in plan for me, I didn't have to drink and drive in Kodiak because all the bars are close together, and this phony license could last me until I would be able to legally be approved to have one back home. Once I bought the van from Jay some year and a half after I first got to Kodiak, I also put the van in my brother's name, "David J. McDonald". While I was still in Seattle back in 1983, Jay asked me to find a van for him that we could rebuild and he could take to Kodiak. I did so and we rebuilt it with a newer engine out of a wrecked car I owned. We painted it and he bought another exact old van of the same year for parts. Once completed, Jay drove the van back up to Kodiak and, as I said earlier, I followed him in 1984, in an unplanned trip before that time. The extra parts he had for the van, including window glass from all the windows of the second van, were stored with a friend of his who owned an Auto Rebuild & Paint Shop. The friend was Wayne Sargent. He was owner of "The Body Doctors" Auto Body Rebuild and Paint Shop in Kodiak. Wayne became a friend of mine in time, and I went to work at his shop sometime in 1985. The window glass parts were wrapped

in a piece of old rug with duct tape all around the package. We never took them from Wayne's shop, or used them. Back when I first arrived in Kodiak Jay got me a job with DANAC Construction, where he already worked. I worked with Jay and many others, on site at the Coast Guard Base on Kodiak Island. As that job came to an end, I was drinking heavier and felt the need to move away from Jay's house. Like any alcoholic, I wanted free reign to drink and I also had a lead on a job as bartender and evening manager of the Anchor Bar. George House owned the bar and became a friend of mine. He told me I could bunk in the extra room he had in his apartment while working for him. That worked out great for me. No rent, spending money from the job, and full access to the bar. By the way, I was a good bartender and had been Manager of two large Restaurant / Lounges back in Seattle from 1975 thru 1977. During this time in Kodiak, I was also working on rebuilding cars on my own. I was able to use Wayne's shop when I needed to, because I would also do work for him in exchange. I had rebuilt a car for Russ Olin, the owner of a rental car business at the Kodiak Airport. He had a six-stall garage, and I made a deal with him to cheaply rebuild and do paintwork on his rental cars for him. In return he would allow me to use the garage to work on cars for myself, on which I'd made deals with other people to repair and paint. Things were looking up. I was legal, with an "Illegal Driver's License". I had a place to live and a vehicle to drive, licensed in my brother's name. I was working under the table for cash most of the time, and other than seriously HATING myself for the fact that I had left home, left everyone and left everything I loved behind me in Seattle...well, so it goes for an alcoholic. I had no idea just how bad off I was. I was surviving, but then, THAT is all an alcoholic does!

The first week or so in Kodiak, on a Saturday, Jay took me to Mike Losser's house. Mike and Jay had been best friends for some time. There we sat, talked, drank beer and watched a football game on TV. During the game Mike's daughter "Deb", and her best friend, "Laura" came in to say hi. I was introduced to them both at that time. Laura, was "Laura "Ibach" Henderson, but I don't remember ever hearing the name, "Henderson". I saw Laura around town many times after that, sat with her laughing and joking in bars, and over time we even had sexual relations with each other. That, in a sentence, is how well I knew Laura. Our relationship included alcohol and a bit of cocaine here and there, when I was able to buy it. She liked it, so I

would get it for her. My thing was the booze, of course, but I'd do a bit of cocaine for fun. There was never anything "Serious" in our relationship, and we both liked it that way. We'd just run into each other, and go do whatever we wanted to at the time. We never "dated", and I had no idea if she was ever even seeing any other guy seriously. She did tell me she was going thru what I believed to be a divorce, and that she hated the guy she had been married to, Jack Ibach. I didn't know him, and didn't want to.

There came a time when I realized I had to do something about how much I was drinking, so I got myself approved to be a live-in Client at the "Hope House", which was an Alcoholic Rehabilitation Organization in Kodiak. I was incorporated into a 28 day "live-in" Program. The Hope House was located directly across the street from KWRCC, the "Kodiak Women's Resource Crisis Center". I attended AA Meetings, lived at the Hope House, and attended all the needed classes and participations assigned to me while living there to graduate. I got myself sober! It takes serious time, though, for an alcoholic to get his bearings and actually dry out his system enough to even try to function normally again. About the time I had a few weeks out of rehab and was barely getting my feet on the ground again, my Mother died. Any sense of "Give a damn" just left me! By then I had a place to live, a vehicle, jobs, and money in my pocket. I remember, everything that I had going or cared about just "didn't matter" anymore. The next thing I knew, I had been sitting in a bar for how long I have no idea. A couple of weeks, I think? In those years, bars in Kodiak never really closed. They just stopped selling alcohol for 3 or 4 hours to clean the place up. If you cared to, you could still sit at the bar and buy coffee or soda. Having a pint in your coat pocket meant you could drink 24 hours a day! I also had no idea what I was planning to do in the near future, nor gave a damn about it, either. Jim Kerwin, who I had met in the Hope house when he was also a client there at the same time I was, found me in the bar and simply sat with me. The big difference was that he drank coffee or soda, while I drank beer and liquor. Sometime later when he "somehow" talked me into sobering up, he also "somehow" got the people that managed the Hope House to allow me to be a client for an immediate second, much more needed commitment. I don't know for sure, but just maybe Jim saved my life by sitting with me and "taking care" of me with a bit of understanding during those couple weeks that I quit caring about anything in life? Completing this second 4-week in

house agreement, I was allowed to move into the Rehab Halfway house where Gladys Baldwin was Manager. Jim and Gladys had a son together, had spent many years together as alcoholics and lovers, and were friends of mine. Jim was living with a guy he knew in a house right next door to the McDonald's Hamburger place, in downtown Kodiak. I would pick him up there, or he would come to the rehab apartment to see Gladys and I. I got myself together, lined up some cars to work on, and asked Jim to help me. The word had gotten around Kodiak on just how good of an auto rebuild and painter I was, and I had a lot of people willing to wait in line to have me do the repairs on their cars rather than take their car to any shop. Jim worked with me daily on whatever I had lined up. I'd buy food and pay him a bit of cash for his work. He wasn't much help, other than a friend willing to be with me and do whatever I asked, but we worked together like that for weeks and enjoyed the time together.

The day Laura disappeared, Jim Kerwin was physically with me the entire day, afternoon, and evening. He was physically "WITH" me, from 8 a.m. until I went to bed at midnight!

On March 26, 1986, I got up early and drove my van to McDonald's to park in their parking lot and walk next door to get Jim. He had been working with me on a car out at the rental car shop owned by Russ Olin and his wife, Sally. We ate at McDonald's and then drove out to the airport to finish the paint job I had just gotten ready for paint the day before. Jim watched as I painted the car, and the two of us went to lunch with Russ and his wife at the restaurant next door. I had some other deals planned, so once the car was painted and drying we locked up the garage for the day and drove back to say see Gladys at the apartment complex. Via the phone, I called Laura at KWRCC to see if I could meet with her later about the time I had planned to be at the Hope House. She told me to come on up and just knock on the door. I also called to find out that some parts had arrived at the Body Doctors for a different car I was working on, so Jim went with me to pick up that other car and drive it to the Body Doctor's Shop where I'd had the needed parts delivered. I needed to put the chrome parts on that I had purchased for the car, to finish the repair and repaint job I had done on it. The lady who hired me to repair her car was out of town, but had left the keys in a certain place trusting me to take the car as needed and repair it while she was gone. She had already paid me the full price of \$500.00, which I still had in my pocket. I had repaired and painted the damaged rear end of the

car, but had to order parts thru the Shop to replace the destroyed ones. We drove to where the car was, got the keys, and drove it to the Body Doctors to install the chrome pieces on it. Once finished we drove it back to the lady's house, put the keys back where they were to be hidden, and went our way in the van. In the van Jim and I decided to take a drive, "out the road". That was a saying in Kodiak when someone simply drove south out of Kodiak past the airport and along the one road that lead to what was called, "The end of the road". There was a Hotel / Motel out there, and a restaurant-bar business. We only drove about half way out the road, taking about 45 minutes or so. We just wanting to enjoy the sun and see the wilderness and Coastline that was all around Kodiak. We also enjoyed listening to the music I had in the van. We parked the van along a high cliff overlooking the Kodiak Coastline, listened to music and talked a bit. It was nice and sunny out. It was a beautiful day! Driving back to town, we stopped at the grocery store to buy a couple of steaks for dinner. There we ran into a friend we knew from the Hope House, and gave him a ride up to the Hope House. He was a Client there. He was also one of the people who had ridden in my van that day, having climbed over the passenger seat and over the center engine compartment to get into the rear of the van. After dropping him off at the Hope House, Jim and I dropped off the steaks at the rehab half way house where I lived, and headed out to a car wash just north of town. I wanted to spray wash the van and put in some gas. I specifically remember going to that same carwash some months earlier and using the high pressure spray directly against the cracked window on the side door of the van to see if it leaked. It didn't, so I wasn't worried about having to replace it. It was safety glass with two panes of glass glued together. This, the same window that the KPD got a "Paid" expert to testify couldn't have been broken any more than a few days before it was removed from the van as part of this investigation? From there I drove to the Hope House to attend a meeting planned with the other co-chairmen in charge of the All-City Non Alcoholic Dance scheduled for the next day. I was one of the co-chairmen, and we had been planning this outdoor dance with music and food for some weeks. After talking over all the plans we had to get food, refreshment and music all set up, I walked across the street to see Laura. Having called her earlier, I knew she was working and that I could get to see her by just knocking on the front door. A woman I didn't know personally answered the door, and I asked to see

"Laura". She said sure, and to come on in. As I entered the main entrance room, I could see Laura on the phone behind a sliding glass window that was atop a wooden counter. She raised her hand while talking to say Hi. There were a couple of other women standing in the main area talking, but no one said anything to me that I remember. When Laura got off the phone, she went thru a doorway in the room she was in and came to where I was thru another doorway. It was obvious she had come up thru a back hallway. We said Hi, and she told me to follow her up the stairway next to where I was standing, just inside the front entrance door. We went upstairs to a single conference type room to talk. I told her of the dance the next day and asked her if she would like to come with me. She told me she had her daughters to think of and didn't want it to be a date, but would see if she could show up and would find me if she did. I remember jokingly telling her that I wanted her to show up "naked", and we laughed. When alone, we joked like that a bit. In reality we had good sex together, so it was fun to joke with each other when no one else could hear. Laura told me she would be downtown later that evening around 9 p.m. or so by the B&B Bar, which is across from the main dock area in Kodiak Harbor and at the very beginning of the road called, "Cannery Row". She asked me if I could get "any", meaning a bit of cocaine to share with her. I told her I would try, and might see her later. We did NOT have any set place or time to meet each other, other than her telling me she'd be around the B&B Bar about 9 p.m. A small kiss, and I followed her back downstairs. As I left, I remember looking back and saying, "See if you can make it" to her, meaning to the dance the next day, as I was walking out thru the entrance way and out the door. I walked back across the street to the Hope House, Jim and I got back in the van, and we drove back up to my place where we cooked those steaks.

Anytime a Client living in the halfway house was leaving or returning, he or she had to sign in the book located at the front door, and write what time it was. Proofs of all the times I have written about coming and going from the place are written in that book, and were used in both trials. Whenever I would buy steaks or anything to cook and eat at the apartment, I would make sure to buy more than just enough for me and whomever I was with. There were a number of people living there, and if they were home at the time anyone was eating it was the right thing to do to offer others the meal you might be cooking. I had purchased 4 large Sirloin steaks

to cook, a bag of fresh mushrooms, and a bag of potatoes earlier that day. I loved to shave potatoes in a buttered frying pan to cook, then fry mushrooms in the same buttered pan and broil steaks to go with. I remember Gladys and two other people being home at the time we were cooking the meal, so we cooked a pan of butter fried potatoes, another butter fried pan of mushrooms, and broiled 2 of the large steaks to be cut in pieces for five people after we cooked them. The rest of the purchased food was put in the fridge for anyone who wanted it. Like I always did, cooking and eating those steaks I used my belt knife to cut the meat and eat with. I used that belt knife to eat whenever I ate in any restaurants, too. I kept it sharp and liked using it better than any utensils I ever came across anywhere in town. I remember just about every man in Kodiak wore a belt knife of one kind or another.

After dinner we did the dishes, as was custom. Everyone in the place was in charge of cleaning up after him or herself. I wanted to take a drive out to the airport car rental to look at the paint job we had finished that day. If anything had gone wrong there was nothing I could do about it at this time any way, but I had the desire to see how the paint had flowed out and how it was drying. Jim was going with me, of course, and we asked Gladys if she wanted to go, just for the ride. We also wanted to stop at McDonald's to get a milk shake or something like that. Does anyone "really" believe, that if I had plans to Kidnap and Murder someone in a short span of time coming up soon, I would have asked Gladys to go for a ride with us? Gladys didn't want to go all the way to the airport, but wanted to go with us to McDonald's. The three of us did that. After the pie and milk shake we bought there for desert, I told Gladys I would drop her back at the apartment instead of her walking back as she said she would. Driving back to the halfway house apartment and dropping off Gladys, Jim and I then headed out to the airport to look thru the garage door window and inspect the paint job. I had a light left on in the stall I used to paint the car just for this reason. Happy it had flowed out nicely and finished well, we drove back to town and stopped at the bowling alley. The bowling alley was a place many AA members would go to get together and not drink alcohol. It was kind of an AA meeting place, sans any meeting and with a lot of action going on. It was a place for fun and conversation, but no alcohol. The bowling alley was one of the only places in Kodiak to hang around in that wasn't a bar, and seemed a natural place to hang out if one wanted to go out and not go to a bar. People

testified in trial to seeing Jim and I there the evening in question. From the bowling alley Jim and I drove around town, like we did just about every evening. We stopped at a dry dock on the waterfront to look at a double-ended boat for sale that we both liked. We had been talking about the possibility of making it a "SOBER" live aboard for the two of us, if we could ever afford it and the moorage it would need. We drove down the waterfront street where Cannery Row was located, and where the Anchor Bar was. As I drove up, we saw George House walking from the bar and he asked me for a ride home. He climbed in; another person who climbed over the seats and engine compartment to sit in the back that day, and we drove him to his apartment downtown. George testified to this, and that nothing seemed out of line in any way during that ride. He felt I was not worried or hurried about anything. This, according to what the police and testimonies say, was allegedly just minutes before I was supposed to have kidnapped and / or murdered Laura. Dropping George off downtown, I drove around the city block where the main shopping center was located, and drove back down the waterfront street where the Anchor Bar was located. I had been evening Manager of that bar for George for some time, and was deciding if I wanted to walk in to say Hi to the people that George had just told me were there that evening. I parked the van headed south along the side of the road past the bar, and just past the next building south of the bar which was a Cannery owned apartment building where Cannery workers lived. There was no parking spot open along the street before I came to the spot I parked. I turned off the van and we sat there talking about the boat, where we might want to moor it if we could ever buy it, and if it was a good idea for me to go into the Anchor Bar or not. I wasn't looking to have a drink, but I know alcoholics shouldn't put themselves in spots like I would be going inside the bar. Jim and I were just sitting there talking when suddenly Laura opened the passenger door. I don't remember any knock. I just remember the door opening and her smiling face suddenly there. Jim climbed up on the center engine compartment that was located between the two front seats, and Laura climbed into the van and into the passenger seat with Jim between us. Jim sat back just a little, but I had to lean forward to talk eye to eye with Laura. She asked if I had any luck, wondering if I had been able to buy any cocaine. In reality, I hadn't had the time to even think about it, let alone try to buy any. I told her I had none and we talked about the dance a bit. It was kind of awkward with Jim between

us, but I remember Laura smoking a cigarette. I don't remember the door window next to her being open or if she shook any of the ashes out the window, and that is why I was always so puzzled that the police investigation never found the cigarette butt or DNA from her anywhere in the van? During investigations it had been proved the van hadn't been wiped down or cleaned up in any way. Laura told me she'd see me at the dance, opened her door and got out of the van. Jim made the statement that she had startled him opening the door like she did, and I remember thinking I felt the same. When Laura shut the van door, she had to slam it twice to get it shut. Anyone who knows anything about an old 1966 Dodge Van knows exactly what I am talking about. Slamming the door causes a slamming noise that could be heard a block away, and most of the time you had to slam it twice or three times before it would latch. Laura walked toward the rear of the van, back toward the Anchor Bar and her car behind us. I paid no attention to where she went, because I had seen the car she had parked behind me in the mirror while she was sitting in my van. I believed she was just headed back to the car she was driving or maybe even into the Anchor Bar. Laura had visited me there when I was late night bartending a number of times. I started the van, which makes many loud noises while being started. Kind of like a screeching bird of some sort. The engine also always had to be warmed up, or it would die if you stepped on the gas too quickly. After warming the engine and letting it idle for a short while, I "feathered" the gas pedal to slowly drove away headed south on that waterfront street. That street ends about half a mile down the road where it comes to a Trucking Complex and where boats are unloaded at the docks. At that point, the road turns right and comes to a "T" with the upper road. You have to go left to go to head out to the airport, or right to drive back downtown. This road is located just above, but parallel to the lower road we were just on when I spoke with Laura and where Ruble claims he was. The upper road was farther up the side of the mountain, but went to the very same places. I drove back downtown using the upper road on which I could not be hidden or out of sight from anywhere on the lower road, where Ruble says he was. I drove back downtown to the main stoplight, then took a side road up to the apartment complex where I lived. Upon coming to the parking lot for my apartment, Jim mentioned that we should take a drive out to the "Beachcomber's Bar". It was along the waterfront at the other end of Kodiak. Neither of us felt like going inside the apartment just yet.

We drove around Kodiak like this just about every evening when it was nice out and the van could get around. There were times it was just too slick on the roads and times there was too much snow. Both Jim and I loved the water and wilderness all around and we constantly found new places to see down some road we hadn't driven on before, just by driving around like this. I drove the van thru the back driveway by the High School next door, and out onto the main road. There is testimony from, "Colleen Jones", saying she recognized my van at that place and time in response to the rewards offered, I guess. She claims I pulled out right in front of her and was swerving all over the road? Then, that I was crazily speeding? This was allegedly just a few minutes before or after Laura's disappearance. Right DURING the time Laura disappeared, I would guess? I did pull out onto that street, but I was going fairly slow and saw no car behind me. I was not swerving and if I were speeding like she said, I would have rolled the van when I turned right off the main road to a side road that she also testified she saw me turn onto. One of the things I requested in my trial Attorney that was never afforded me was a sky view map of Kodiak's roadway system, so I could explain where I had driven and point out exactly where I was during any specific time in question. The road I turned on to was a very hard right hand turn on to a steeply inclined dirt road. Everyone that lives in Kodiak or knows of the road I am talking about also knows that if I had been going more than 10 to 15 miles per hour the van would have easily rolled down the hill. This dirt road was a short cut to the main waterfront road where the Beachcomber's Bar was located. We stopped in the parking lot at the Beachcombers, thought it over once again and talked a few minutes, then decided to head home and watch some TV. We headed down the street to circle back on to the main road that would lead us back up to the halfway house. All this time, while Laura had just allegedly just gone missing, and while friends, family, police and a "paid" investigator were searching for her AND searching for my van, I was driving the main streets of Kodiak and had actually been seen doing so. There is no way I could have been missed by anyone that was looking for me! Especially if they had been truly concerned about Laura and looking for her or my van, as Ruble and Jamin say they were. I drove back into the parking lot exactly the opposite way I had just driven out by the school. I parked the van, locked it up, and went inside. It was 9:50 p.m. when Jim and I walked in the door, and I signed the book 10 p.m.! I did that because the important thing was

the signing in and out, and not the exact times we came or went. The book was in evidence to all this, presented in Court.

There was some special movie on that evening. I can't remember the name as I write this, but I am sure I could pick it out of a list or that it could be found on records of TV Movies on that night. I believe the name was testified to by my roommate in trial and is on transcripts. There were a couple of Clients in the main TV room when Jim and I walked in. They began watching TV with us, and my roommate also came downstairs to watch the movie. He testified to this in Court. They were all with me from 10 p.m. until midnight, when I went up to bed. THAT is also testified to in Court! Sometime around 4 a.m., Gladys woke me up by walking into my bedroom and shaking my shoulder. She said there was a KPD cop downstairs standing at the front door that wanted to talk with me. When she left I got dressed and headed downstairs. I walked to the door to be confronted by an Officer "Palmer", who identified himself and told me he was looking for a missing person. He asked me if I knew Laura Henderson? At 4 a.m., just out of dead sleep, I did not recognize the name, "Henderson". I told him I didn't know anyone by that name. He then angrily shouted at me, "Laura and Jack Ibach...you know who I am talking about!" I then told him, "Yes, I know her." He claimed that my van had been under surveillance earlier that evening and that I had been seen with Laura. I told him what had happened, that I had spoken with her less than 10 minutes, and she had gotten out of the van right where she had climbed in. He claimed I had been seen leaving the area with Laura in my van and I said, "BULLSHIT!" By this time he was angry and I was, too. This entire time I could see Ruble (though I didn't know who he was) standing next to my van about 40 to 50 feet away in the parking lot next to my van. Gladys had been standing next to the kitchen table about 5 to 10 feet from me the entire time and heard the entire conversation. She testified to all this in trial, too. Palmer actually said that I was "looking at a kidnapping charge, unless a body turned up...and then it would be Murder." I couldn't believe what I was hearing! From what I had heard and learned at that point, Laura hadn't been missing but about 6 or 7 hours and he was screaming about "Murder"? The thought that went thru my mind was that she was probably out partying with some guy, but I had no idea where she was. I have always wondered what might be behind those statements by Palmer, though. Just what all did he know,

surging so strongly about “a body turning up” and “murder”, at that early point in time? And, the fact that this case is entirely circled around the fact that a “Body never turned up!” What the hell had caused them to think her life was even in danger? She had never received any threats on her life that I knew of? Anyway, at that point Palmer said something like “If she doesn’t show up, I’ll be back”, and left the front porch. (A small note here about testimony given by Palmer in trial. He was asked to draw a picture on where my van was located in reference to the apartment building, and he drew the parking spaces headed in the wrong direction. This drawing should still be in evidence.) I closed the door and Gladys immediately wanted to know what was going on. I told her I had seen Laura earlier, but nothing had happened. Just about to head back upstairs, another knock came on the front door. It was again Palmer, who demanded I let him see who or what was in my van. He said it looked like a body was in the rear of the van under some blankets. I shook my head and headed down the sidewalk to the van, to open the right front passenger door. On the way I told Palmer a friend of mine was sleeping in the rear bed we had made up for nights when he could just jump in there instead of having to go all the way downtown where he lived. I opened the right front door, climbed in to kneel on the engine compartment and called until Jim woke up. I got back out of the van and we waited until Jim got dressed and climbed up over the engine compartment to sit in the passenger front seat. Jim lit a cigarette and Palmer asked him about us seeing Laura earlier. Jim gave him the exact statements I did, and Palmer had nothing to say. I left and went back to the apartment, leaving Jim to talk with Palmer. All I knew is that I was tired and needed some sleep for the full day I had planned coming up. I didn’t learn until the next day that Palmer had called Jim’s name in and found some kind of warrant for his arrest out of Anchorage, and that they arrested him that evening and took him to jail. The warrant, it turned out, was an expired one that Jim had already taken care of via phone some time earlier. He hadn’t being able to show up for a Court hearing in Anchorage, because he was in Kodiak and didn’t have the money to fly to Anchorage. He was allegedly on probation now in Kodiak over the whole thing. Whether the KPD knew that and that they were making a mistake, and whether they wrongly arrested Jim on purpose just to get him behind bars, I don’t know. Going back to bed, I got to thinking about a gun I had under my mattress that belonged to Jim. I gave it to Gladys and told her it was Jim’s and not involved

with anything. I just didn't want it in my room with the cops running around crazy. I then went back to bed and immediately fell asleep. About 6 a.m. I heard noise out my window and looked to see a truck by my van. I quickly got dressed and headed down to see what was going on. It turned out to be a good friend of mine, Bruce St. Pierre. Bruce owned "Kodiak Towing". He told me he had been ordered to tow my van because I had broken some City Ordinance by allowing Jim to sleep in my van inside the City limits. I asked him to please look after the van, and knew he would. I also told him that I'd be by his place as soon as I could, to see what I needed to do to get the van out of the tow yard. He knew I had almost all my belongings in the van and told me not to worry. He testified in Court that I never seemed worried about anything other than my van and belongings. I wasn't worried about any search of my van, or anything like that. This time I went back upstairs to just lay on the bed still clothed. I didn't feel there was enough time to get a good sleep going and just nodded off until about 7:30 or so.

In the halfway house we had a written schedule of household duties assigned to everyone weekly. It was my day to vacuum and clean the main TV living room. I decided to wash clothes and clean the room at the same time. I got all my dirty clothes together from the closet and headed out the front door to go next door to a little building where our laundry room was located. On the way I noticed a KPD Police Officer sitting in his car in the parking lot where my van had been. I realized that I recognized him as the one who had stopped into the Anchor Bar when I was evening manager. I had asked him to please stop in a couple times a night to make an appearance that would affect those who were in the bar drinking. The bar was known for some fights and guys drinking too much, etc. I believe he had appreciated the fact that I asked him to do so, and recognized I knew a bit about handling a bar and appreciating what the appearance of Police Officers can do to help. I waved to the Officer as I was walking to the laundry room and he waved back. I actually made a couple trips back and forth during a time of about an hour or so to check the items and get them in the dryer, etc. Thinking back on all that, I have often wondered why he would allow me to wash my clothing, if I were a suspect in a murder just hours before? I wonder if the Officer even knew why he was watching me? Maybe he was just watching my place? I got my clothes done and folded, then put them back in my bedroom. At the same time I had completed cleaning the living room in the apartment for the

day. Gladys had come down and we decided to walk down to McDonald's for a small breakfast. I wanted to stop at the police car on the way to ask the Officer if he knew what was going on, if Laura had finally shown up, and if he knew the easiest way to go get my van out of the tow yard. On the way out the door I could see him talking on his radio, and when we got to the car he got out of the car and told me I was under arrest. Being someone I knew, he wasn't angry or treating me badly. He cuffed my hands in front of me and had me get into the backseat of the car. I told Gladys we'd get this all taken care of, and that was the last I ever saw her until she testified in trial over a year later.

The evening before, when I had seen Laura, I was wearing a nice clean set of clothing. I had on a new set of blue jeans and a blue/black checkered Pendleton shirt. Going to bed, and because I had only worn them one time so far, I hung them on the bedpost at the head of my bed. I hadn't washed them the next morning both because they really didn't need to be washed...and because I forgot they were hanging there. My intentions were to go get my van and I had a number of things I had to do before going to the dance. I intended to work at the dance helping cook or whatever, and because I had so many things planned to do before the dance even started I put on a tan set of work pants with belt and belt knife, and a green football jersey. This is what I usually wore daily to work in, but today they had just been cleaned. The pants had stains of paint and primer from jobs I had done while wearing them. Once I was escorted into the Police Station and told to remove my clothing, etc., one of the Officers actually said he thought there was blood on my pants, pointing at a paint stain. I laughed and told him he was looking at primer. I hadn't yet taken this thing seriously and was having a bit of fun thinking what asses everyone is going to feel like once Laura turns up. After a couple days, my mindset got a lot more serious.

If one was to enter into the KPD Police Station jail cell area and draw the position of the inmate cell areas on paper, I entered at the bottom right corner of a square main (large) room. To the left at the bottom left corner of the room was a hallway with 3 cells that I was told was for women. Directly across, kiddy-corner at the top left corner of the room, was a group cell made to hold a large number of inmates at one time and, at the top right corner of the room was a hallway with three cells. I was put in the last cell down that hallway. There was a bed and a

toilet/sink, and no one else in either of the other two cells in that hallway. Three walls were solid and the front wall was made of iron bars with a swinging door, just like one sees on TV. I was asked to do dishes after meals and did so gratefully, happy to get out of the cell for a while here and there. I could tell some of the Officers would talk with me asking questions and conversing about things that they hoped would help their investigation. I never withheld any conversation, because I hadn't been involved in Laura's disappearance and I wanted everyone to know it. It became obvious even to me, after weeks went by, that Laura was indeed missing and I began to feel a small pit in my stomach wondering what the hell happened. I could use the phone that was taped of course, and could get visitors in a small room that had a window into another small room. A telephone connected between the rooms was used for conversation. That was taped too, I am sure. I remember once, and have no idea why except to try to listen to our possible conversations, I was taken to the women's cells hallway and put into a cell next to the one Jim Kerwin was in. I hadn't realized he was even there until that time. Jim, having had some experience with police and the legal system, said Hi and we talked a bit about a couple things. He told me we shouldn't even talk because it was a sure thing we were being listened to. He said they would listen to what we might say and then twist it all around and turn it into something we never even said. All that sounded a bit much to me, but I have found out thru this experience of almost 30 years that Jim was EXACTLY right!

I was appointed an Attorney. Via the phone, she told me she was with the "Office of the Public Advocacy", because there was some conflict of interest with the "Public Defender's Agency". At the time I had no idea what she was talking about, and after all these years realize that "NO ONE" has any idea how the legal system works, or what rights you have or don't have, etc. Every person that has never been arrested and gone thru the system is at the mercy of both the legal system and one's own Attorney, paid or appointed. They are never the ones held responsible for anything that is incorrectly done or not done...it is the defendant that is always held responsible. I remember talking with her on the phone, and the only advice she would give me was not to even speak with anyone. Good solid advice, but in the long run didn't matter in the least. Lies were told and false evidence was used throughout my case for the sole purpose of convicting me of a murder I did NOT do! There were a few instances of twisted conversation,

too. They might use the words you said, but the words are changed and twisted to say and mean things that you didn't meant or weren't even said by you. They are pretty good at it, too. Good at lying that is. Over time those who work in the legal system have perfected the use of lies and presentation of "evidence" that in truth is nothing more than things they have concocted ways of telling stories about.

There were a number of pre-trial hearings we had to go to, and you wouldn't believe the Circus that was put on. I remember being cuffed and chained waist and ankle, and put in a car with two KPD Officers riding in the back seat with me, while two sat in the front seat. Kerwin was placed in his own car, the very same way, and Ibach a third car just the same. There was a squad car heading up the parade that I couldn't see and so didn't know how many it had in it, and a car at the rear of the convoy, too. With flashing lights going, we paraded all the way downtown to the Courthouse, a total of about 2 blocks! As we arrived, which was about one minute after leaving the Police Station, I could actually see a figure on top of two buildings with rifles. I told the Officer sitting next to me, "You have to be shitting me...what kind of a Dog and Pony show is this?" I could see he didn't appreciate the statement by the look on his face, so I shut up. In one of those hearings, my own Attorney told me a direct lie and helped the State get their way against me. We had been fighting for and demanding separate trials. The State wanted us all together and in the same Courtroom. That was the only way they could make it look as if I even knew Ibach! They would sit us all at the same defendant's table and present evidence toward one of us at a time. In that way, the jury would reference all the evidence against all three of us, no matter that the Judge would give them instructions not to. The State presented a case of murder that did not happen, without one single bit of physical evidence of any kind. They tied us all together by refusing us separate trials, and sat us at the same table during trials. I argued with my own Attorney that if Ibach wanted his trial in Kodiak, then I wanted what is called a "change of venue" and to have my trial elsewhere. If he demanded his right to a speedy trial, then I wanted to waive that right for better investigation, and visa versa on any decision he made. I was demanding a separate trial! At the end of her rope, because I was arguing and she was getting angry, she finally told me I didn't have any of those choices because the State was refusing to sever us (no separate trials). THAT deleted my

entire argument! I had been told I no longer have the normal rights of any defendant, because the State wanted us all three in the same Courtroom for trial. I was frustrated and angry, but shut my mouth because I thought she was telling me how it was...the truth. My Attorney simply told me I didn't have those rights, and I believed her. I have found out over the years that she lied to me. I had the right to appeal every instance that the Court ruled on, and in that way could have prolonged when my trial would take place. At the same time Ibach could have demanded his right to a speedy trial. THAT would have severed us! My Attorney of course, and the State Attorney for sure, didn't want me to know that. I have also found out thru the years that my defense Attorney did as she was told in all this. The State wanted us all in one Courtroom because that is the only way they could present any kind of case, and my Attorney allowed it. She also waived my right to a speedy trial without my permission and against my wishes. I wasn't even told, but Ibach had waived his right and then my Attorney waived mine without even asking me. She didn't ask me if I would agree to waive those rights and later told me she did so because she couldn't take me to trial without knowing what all the State had as evidence. She said she HAD to have more time to prepare. Not waiving that right would have severed our cases and the State would have had to try us in separate Courtrooms! When first arrested and put in Kodiak jail, I was assigned an Attorney from the Office of Public Advocacy, as I stated earlier in this story. One of the very first things I asked of that first Attorney assigned to me was if she would be the one I have throughout pretrial hearings and trials. She told me, "YES". She promised me she would be my Attorney thru whatever happened until after any trial, or whatever happened. She is the same one who later told me she believed I was involved in some way, and that if I didn't tell her what happened to Laura she would "only walk me thru trial"! What happened in reality is that she was my Attorney until a week before the first trial. We had one last hearing, I believe called the "Omnibus" hearing, in which items were ruled on as to whether they would be allowed in trial or not. It was at this time, one week before a trial for my life, that I was told she was going on vacation and another woman Attorney would be representing me in trial. From what all I have found out, I believe this was because the first Attorney was truly inexperienced and incapable of standing as my Attorney in trial. In truth, during appeals I have now found out she had NEVER taken any homicide criminal case to trial

before. My case was her first. This argument actually came up during appeals and her defense argument was that she “had been involved in being the office backup in many such cases.” The very ludicrous thing about this is that the next day after I was found guilty of Kidnap in the first trial, the second Attorney was removed as my Attorney and I was given back to the first Attorney? This, I believe, absolute proof of the fact that they had changed the two because of my first Attorney’s inability and inexperience to be able to represent me in trial. More absolute proof is that if you compare the transcripts of the two trials, you will see “EXACT” questions of the witnesses used by her as were asked the Attorney who represented me in the first trial. She was told what to do and say, and given a road map in transcripts of what to use or not use. At one time in the trial, she actually asked a question of a man, who started answering her question differently than what she wanted to hear. She said, “I object.” The Judge laughed and told her she couldn’t object to her own question! At this point she actually said “Out Loud”...”help me Sue”. She was looking at the State DA, whose name was “SUE”! I could not believe what I had just heard. As I stated earlier in this story, State appointed Attorneys and Attorneys who work for the State and get paid by the State, DO WHAT THEY ARE TOLD, or they do not work for the State any longer. The two Attorneys’ that were assigned to me did not defend me properly and did nothing but put on a show for the public to be able to think I got my day in Court.

There came the time when I was transferred to Anchorage, after some pre-trial hearings in Kodiak. I was sent to Cook Inlet Pre-Trial. I had to go back to Kodiak once for another hearing, but made it to the place I would live for the next five years...”CIPT”. The first trip was another “Dog & Pony” show that you wouldn’t believe! I was to be transferred alone, so without warning one morning I was taken to a room and cuffed. Then the cuffs were locked to a waist chain and ankle chains were put on my legs. I had no idea what was going on and was shuffled out the door to be put into a police car. I had Officers on both sides of me in the rear seat like the prior “Circus”, while a driver and passenger Officer were up front. A car with the same amount of Officers was in front of us, and the same behind us. This time, though, there were no sirens or lights. We just quickly headed to the airport. We drove into the airport parking lot and I was told I was being transferred to Anchorage. We sat in one spot for about 10 minutes until the radio spouted some numbers and all three cars immediately sped out of the

parking lot and onto a side road that led down the side of the airport runway. We drove on that road around a hill and came to a spot where a Federal Transport Plane was parked, already running. I had been to the airport many times and never knew that hidden area existed. The police hurried me out of the car and because I couldn't walk with all the chains on, 5 or 6 Officers actually grabbed me up and carried me to the plane. It was as if I were being kidnapped. I think they were using me for some kind of training. Maybe they really believed I was some bad guy who might try to escape, or that I had cohort friends who might try to help me escape? I don't know. They did, though, use the entire matter as a reason that 12 guys got a free airplane ride to Anchorage, and I think maybe a paid trip was behind all the pretending that they were on a secret mission. The plane rumbled out onto the runway and off we went. I, all by myself sitting in an airplane chair and chained so I couldn't move, with 12 cops fully armed!

Once all Kodiak hearings were over and done with, I was sent back to CIPT. This time I was actually escorted by one transportation Officer on a normal airline jet. We got on the airplane with everyone else and I even ran into a very good friend of mine. The one big difference between the normal people and me was that I was again chained wrist and ankle to belly chains. I didn't even feel embarrassed. I wasn't guilty of this crime and I had no reason to be embarrassed. There was never a time before I actually went to trial that I didn't believe I would be found not guilty, because I knew that I was not guilty in my mind and heart. It took a bit of time to get settled in. In prison I had to try to do the best I could for my own situation, and at the same time do what I could to try to find out what was happening about my case and upcoming trial. I will write more later about situations one goes thru in prison, what happened to me along the way, and all I went thru. Right now I'd like to discuss the trials with all the false evidence and lies used against me. The entire time going thru all this, I have always known that the State Attorney and police involved in trying to convict me never gave a damn if I was guilty or not. They looked at whatever they found and simply decided what the best way they could present it in Court to make it look as if it hinted any possibility that I had killed Laura, or that the "circumstances" in which the item existed was somehow damning evidence to be used against me.

I had a 25-caliber revolver in my van, and an M1 Carbine rifle. Both of those were guns that belonged to my Dad. The 25-caliber pistol was always in his dresser drawer, and the M1 hung in his closet. Dad actually gave me the little pistol in 1977 to take with me when my lady friend and I drove across the Country in a 1966 Ford Van that I had fixed up. I got a leather holster made with a special strap that wrapped around the handle and snapped shut to hold the gun in the holster. I took it to a specialist to make sure it was safe to shoot. When I came to Alaska, Dad was gone and I asked my Mom if I could have the M1. It was a favorite thing and connection between my Dad and I. She gave it to me and it was packed in plastic, nailed inside a 2" x 4" wood case I made for it. The pistol was in the van's glove box, and the box holding the rifle was in the rear of the van under a bunch of other belongings. The box had never even been opened, but both of these weapons were brought into the Courtroom to show what a bad guy I was. The M1 was out of the box and openly laying on the table. Anything tied to some kind of weapon like a gun or knife is what the DA's love to use against a defendant, you know! Neither that gun nor that rifle had been fired for years, yet they sat on the evidence table out of any box, plastic wrap or container, being used as "Circumstantial" evidence against me. You will find "Circumstantial" to be an ever-meaning large word that covers any amount of things. Anyone who wants to can decide something is "Circumstantial" evidence to be used against someone. All they have to do is make up a "possible" scenario that these "Circumstantial" things COULD HAVE been used for. They don't even have to prove the item "WAS" used as they describe. All they do is "Infer" the possibility. I had toolboxes full of tools in the van. I had ice picks, chains and a plastic bucket full of screwdrivers and excess metal tools like hammers and chisels right behind the engine compartment of the van and within my reach at all times. I had rope, wire and even plastic bags within reach in the van. Why is it that the only things brought into the Courtroom to make me look bad, was guns and knives? There was never even a dead body with any wounds to compare how a death might have occurred; yet knives and guns were used as "Circumstantial" evidence against me. How and why is that legal? Another gun brought into Court was the famous 357 Pistol! This 357 Pistol was properly disallowed in the 1st trial. The Judge ruled it had no significance and could not used as evidence against me in the 1st trial, correctly. That gun had absolutely NOTHING to do with Laura or the evening she

disappeared, in any way! But, because of a lie before the 2nd trial, it was then allowed in Court as evidence in the 2nd trial. Once again, it was to show what a bad man I was for being in possession of guns. When I sobered up and Jim Kerwin first went to work with me, he brought a duffle bag to have in the van for times he might sleep there, or things he might need. He pulled out this 357 Pistol to show me and said we might be able to sell it. I thought he had stolen it, because he couldn't tell me if it was licensed or to who. For sure it wasn't licensed to him, I knew. It was in a paper bag and I told him that was all good and well, but I didn't want that Pistol in my van. I told him I would put it under my mattress in the halfway house bedroom, and that is what I did. He told me there was a broken part on it, and we didn't even have any bullets for it. Under the mattress is where it stayed, until the night Laura disappeared. After Officer Palmer had come to the door screaming bloody murder at me and I had finally gone back to bed, I got to wondering if I had anything I didn't want in my possession, incase Palmer returned like he said he might. That gun was all I could think of, so I got it out from under the mattress and gave it to Galdys. I told her it belonged to Jim. I asked her to hold it for me, because I had no idea what was going on and Palmer had said he would possibly return. I told her it had been under the mattress and didn't have anything to do with anything at all that evening. THAT was the absolute truth! I learned later by being around Jim in prison and in hearings and trials, that Kerwin and Ibach had actually known each other. I had no idea of this back when he was working with me, but there was no reason to know that kind of thing or even care if they did know each other. The truth, I found out, is that Jim had tried to sell the gun to Ibach some time before Jim was working with me. Ibach hadn't bought it, but had then offered it to his friend, "John Kostal". Jim decided he wanted it back from Ibach, who in turn had to get it back from Kostal. This all happened without my knowledge. I ended up with the gun exactly how I just told you, from Jim and not wanting it in my van. Like I said, the DA tried to get it allowed into the courtroom as evidence in the 1st trial, but was disallowed. Sometime between the 1st and 2nd trials Ibach had called his friend John Kostal, just like he had been doing monthly all along. Kostal acted like he was scared about the 357, telling Ibach he wanted to know if the gun was involved in all this or not. He said he had been reading about it in the news coverage all over the place. Ibach told Kostal the 357 was nothing more than the DA trying to dirty up the

case with guns and such. The DA got Kostal to say Ibach had called him specifically to ask him not to mention the 357 pistol. THAT statement is how they got the 357 allowed in as evidence in the 2nd trial. They didn't use it as evidence to murder, but to what they claim "proved a connection" between Kerwin, Ibach and myself. As I told you, they didn't even have true testimony or proof of any kind that I had ever even spoken with Jack Ibach. They were trying to dig up and use anything "Circumstantial" that they could. I have found out that Kostal was also in some kind of past trouble having to do with probation or whatever. Having listened to Ibach's calls to Kostal, the police put pressure on Kostal. He was told he would testify to Jack asking him not to mention the gun, or he would be charged with a felon in possession. I had never even been tested for having gunshot residue on me when arrested. Nor was anyone else! I had no bullets to the 357 and yet to get past all that the KPD, for whatever reason you'll have to tell me, took the gun, BOUGHT bullets for it, and fired it. Why in the world would they do that? There was no body or wound to compare anything to. Like the shattered glass window that could never be retested by anyone else, it was done on purpose to make it so I could never prove it hadn't been fired. Nevertheless, the 357 Pistol was used in the 2nd trial as "Circumstantial" evidence against me.

When arrested I was wearing the belt knife I always wore. It seems the police weren't very interested in the black one I had in my pocket. I guess you could tell it was a tool because it was worn and torn a bit. The one I wore on my belt was kept sharp and clean. I used it to eat whenever I had to cut meat or whatever. I have many witnesses to that fact. During the investigation of all my "nasty weapons", another of the State's "paid" experts claimed to have found blood on the knife up in the hinge area, but it was too little of an amount to be able to tell if animal or human??? This was used as more of the "Circumstantial" evidence they claim is just as damning as finding a man standing over a dead body. I don't know, but it sure seems to me that if one can tell it is blood, they must also be able to tell what kind. How the numbers of these things were allowed into trial I have no idea, but I have no recollection of my Attorney doing much to argue against any of them. By themselves none of these items that the State makes up some story about is much harm at all. It's when the Jury adds it all together that it becomes thoughts of real evidence in their minds rather than just something called

“Circumstantial”. THAT was the State’s entire purpose for all those “Circumstantial” things! Lies were told and false evidence was used right from the start. In the Grand Jury the DA brought in a pair of boots belonging to Jim Kerwin that had a drop of “blood” on them. They had been found inside a duffle bag that he had stored in a locker. They “knew” he wasn’t wearing those boots the night in question, because he had been arrested wearing the clothes he had on that night and he had no ability to have accessed the locker the boots were later found in. These boots, as presented to the Grand Jury, had a drop of “Blood” on them, and when asked by one of the Jurors if the blood had been tested, the DA told them there hadn’t been time yet, but that this blood was “Positive Evidence” to Murder! Those boots were the only item in evidence that the DA made the Grand Jury Jurors take into deliberation with them. The blood later turned out to be deer blood from a hunting trip. The boots were properly disallowed from trial, but were allowed in both of the Grand Jury’s to get us charged with this crime. Over the years I have constantly argued with both Attorneys assigned to me and those that were paid for by my sister, that the original Grand Jury’s used to get me indicted needed to be gone thru and tossed out because of all the lies, inconsistencies, withheld evidence, and illegal evidence used. To the man, every one of those Attorneys has told me the Grand Jury is just a façade and doesn’t mean a thing as far as being able to appeal. It seems everyone knows that anything at all can be said or used as evidence in a Grand Jury, and its just done like that. “WHAT THE HELL?” Why is anything and everything possible allowed in a Grand Jury to get a man indicted for a crime? Why in the world is it impossible, as everyone says, to get a Grand Jury tossed out if you can show lies and false evidence were used, along with the fact that the DA has withheld exculpatory evidence?

The DA did effectively withhold exculpatory evidence in both Grand Juries held! “Exculpatory” means evidence in my behalf. They purposely made sure neither Jay nor Lorna Buckalew were called to testify at either of the 2 Grand Jury’s held. The State did not want the truth to be told by anyone having to do with the broken window in my van. When asked, they said Jay was out fishing and Lorna could not be found. The truth is that Jay and Lorna were both in Kodiak the entire time. Jay was not a fisherman as they said, and they actually “had” spoken with Lorna over the phone and had asked her to come to the Police Department to be

interviewed alone. When she told them she wanted to speak with her Attorney about it, they never contacted her again. They said they had gone to her place of work and were told by her boss, Don Zimmerman, that she was gone off the Island on a trip somewhere. Don Zimmerman later sent me a letter saying that was a complete lie, and that the KPD had never even spoken to him about finding Lorna or anything else having to do with my criminal case. As described earlier, that broken window had wrongly been used as evidence against me to seem as if it were some kind of proof that Laura had a terrible fight for her life in the rear of my van. I broke the window; Laura did not! The window had been broken for at least 5 or 6 months, contrary to the "paid" expert's testimony that because of the lack of dirt and "chattering" in the cracks he believed the window could not have been broken any more than a few days before it had been secured and sent to him. Why in the world would any professional "EXPERT" shatter the window to bits after testing it, before any other professional could have the chance to also test it? The entire window had one side covered with clear tape when it had been sent to him. Why in the world would he remove every bit of that protection? I couldn't believe what I was seeing when I looked into the box on the evidence table in front me in Court. Small little shattered pieces of glass were all that remained, and the window that had been sent out was safety glass. Safety Glass has two pieces of glass glued together, and that is why only one side of it cracked when hit from the other side. To break that window into shattered little pieces, the "Expert", or whoever handled it for him would have had to remove every piece of tape on it and beat the hell out of it with a hammer or heavy object of some kind. That glass wouldn't have shattered into little pieces if you had even dropped it on the cement floor. It might have cracked again, or a corner or edge break or chip, but it would never have shattered into the little pieces that were returned in that box on the evidence table! I broke the window when I moved my toolbox to the Body Doctors Shop one afternoon. My toolbox had tipped into the window, but hadn't broke any hole in it...it had just cracked the outside of it as testified to. The window did not leak and I wasn't worried about having to replace it. IT WAS SAFETY GLASS, and had an entire 2nd pane of glass glued on the inside of the entire window! That window was broken like that when I purchased the van from Jay, which was about 5 or 6 months before Laura disappeared. Once we agreed to the price I drove the van daily and had my belongings in it for months before I was

a client in the Hope House the 2nd time. Jay and Lorna both knew of the cracked window for all those months and the DA did NOT want their testimony in either Grand Jury! They made sure there was no explanation to the cracked window except what they wanted the Jury to hear and believe.

One of the Grand Jury jurors actually asked the DA a question because of feeling as if there wasn't enough evidence to charge me with this crime. He wanted to know if I would simply get away with everything, or could I be charged again when there was more evidence to be presented? The DA lied to him, telling the Jurors that if they didn't indict me right then, I would get away free and never be charged. This was a direct lie to pressure the jurors into indicting me without proper evidence in the first place. When Al Ruble testified before the Grand Jury, as mentioned before, he was actually asked by one of the Jurors if he had seen anyone other than Laura, or if he in any way knew there was anyone else in the van that night other than Laura and the driver. Ruble had said "NO", then changed his testimony later during trial when they needed him to backup the lies told by Officer Palmer about the conversation he and I had on the front porch. What did my "appointed" Attorney do about that change of testimony? NOTHING!

No one had any idea where I was the night Laura had disappeared, even though there were supposedly numbers of people looking. No one came forward with any kind of information that could be possible, even though thousands of dollars were set as reward for information. The entire investigation was set south of Kodiak, because that is the direction Ruble said I had headed when I left the spot I was parked. Sightings of me all over the area south of Kodiak came in. Each sighting was more outlandish than the last. Some sightings were at places I have never been to or seen, nor could my van even travel to. UNTIL, that is, the KPD decided to develop film in a camera in my van. This camera had pictures of Jim, Gladys, their son, and I, North of Kodiak, out by Monashka Bay. The rules at the Hope House were set that you had to remain "In House" for the first two weeks doing classes and attending meetings scheduled. The first weekend I was allowed to leave (after the third week), which was in early February 1986, Jim took me to find a little cabin he knew of out the north road by Monashka bay. He told me he had known about it for a couple years and that it was actually built on the

very edge of a cliff, overlooking the coast. He told me how "Cool" he thought it was and that he wondered if it was able to be somehow fixed up and even lived in. I wanted to see it, and we asked Gladys if she and their son would like to go. Once out in that area, it actually took us about an hour to find the cabin. It was about 50 to 75 yards off the road in the trees and dense bushes. It was overgrown, and Jim wasn't sure exactly where it was. We parked the van on the side of the road, walked thru the bushes to the cliff edge, and then walked along the cliff until we found it. What beautiful scenery it had right out its front porch! I loved thinking about whoever might have built it and maybe even lived in it a while, BUT, it was so overgrown and rotten that I was scared for my life to even get up on the porch which was facing the ocean. The front of the cabin was actually on stilts, so the front of it facing the ocean was hanging out over the edge of the cliff. ! I thought the entire place might fall off the cliff if I climbed up on the porch. I also would not go near the edge of the cliff next to or near where the cabin was, because the cliffs edge looked way too dangerous to me. About halfway from the road to the cabin was a tall outhouse, also unused for years. I liked it because whoever built it also carved a half moon in its door as a small window for light, or to look out of if needed. Jim said he had first seen this cabin some time ago, and that was the first time Gladys, or her son or I had ever seen it. That was also the very last time I ever saw the cabin. It was NOW, you see, because of the pictures developed by the KPD, that they finally had a direction and area to tie me to in their investigation. After all these months and after all the impossible alleged sightings of my van south of Kodiak, even though there had been a picture of the left front and front end of my van in the Kodiak Mirror that everyone saw and recognized, and even though there was NO ONE on Kodiak Island who wasn't aware of the "Disappearance of Laura Henderson"...now two men came forward with new evidence to be used against me. One man, who was a friend of a couple of the KPD Officers involved in this case, claims he decided one day to go beach combing on the beach area just below where the cabin was located. He says he wasn't interested in Laura's case and that he had "just decided" to take his son to that beach to look around. Never mind that the area was completely out of easy access and you either had to scale the cliff to reach the beach, or walk hundreds of yards during low tide to get there. You couldn't even just walk the beach to get there. It "HAD" to be at low tide! This man claims he came across a belt with

buckle, a pair of worn, torn and faded jeans, and a leather wallet purse that belonged to Laura. The purse, it seems, was still shiny and good leather with readable ID in it. Not torn or shredded from tidal action in the least? It turns out though; that it was the purse Laura let her little girls' play with back in her apartment because she did not use it anymore. It wasn't the one she had with her the night in question, which I am told is a larger purse with a shoulder strap. The ID in this leather clutch purse was old and out of date that she didn't need and hadn't used for some time. The strangest thing about these items being found is that the police had climbed the cliff, walked the beach, and scuba dived the area a number of times because of the photos found in my camera before these items were found by this "uninterested" man and his son. Why had nothing been found there before? Obviously, and also because of testimony and people recognizing the items, they did belong to Laura...but you can bet they came right out of Laura's apartment during the investigation and you will learn why as I write this story.

Month's after Laura disappeared and some of this new "north" of Kodiak information was coming to light, another man decided he recognized my van out north the night Laura disappeared. Never mind that he says he saw what was the exact photo of my van all over the newspaper for days after Laura disappeared. This man says he was running his dog that night and it had somehow slipped his mind, but he now remembers seeing my van heading away from Kodiak and driving toward him coming around a left turn...the "EXACT" photo in the paper back then! He was looking at the left front corner of my van, as I was "supposedly" driving by him while he was running his dog back toward town. The photo in the newspaper was of the left front corner and driver's side of my van. His testimony? He doesn't remember the color of the van. He doesn't remember if it was a window van or not, which it was. He doesn't know that the van had a missing front grill with a huge black area where the missing grill would have been, on a white van. He doesn't remember a large wooden front bumper. He doesn't know who was in the van or how many people. What this guy remembers is that the van had two "Large Round Headlights"! THAT is his ID of my van, and it came months after the fact! Oh, and don't forget he also had a good friend that was a KPD Officer. There is no way that man wouldn't have realized he saw my van the day after Laura disappeared! The entire town had total and complete knowledge of the Kidnapping / Murder accusation in a day or so and, as I

said, the rewards had everyone talking about nothing else! It wasn't until the police realized how little evidence they had found to convict me in Court, or tie me to ANYTHING, that a few friends came forward to help. I did NOT drive out that road the night Laura disappeared! To enforce my statement I need to talk about the roads that night. One of the KPD Officers made the statement about slipping and falling in the KPD parking lot, and the roads were out of control. My 1966 Dodge van was totally unable to handle snowy and icy roads and I would never have even tried to speed that road in the icy conditions that existed. There is NO WAY for me to have driven the distance they say I did in the amount of time allowed, either. I asked my trial Attorney to have that proven by having someone try to drive the distance on a good day, but nothing ever came of my request.

More testimony came from another supposed "beachcomber" that just happened to come across a pink tennis shoe somewhere on a beach, also north of town. The great evidence about this tennis shoe was that it had a band-aid lying inside it. This, the State says, proved it to be Laura's. Laura's Mom told them that Laura had a band-aid on her foot because she had just gotten a wart removed. No DNA, and why the hell would it be lying inside the tennis shoe, when she would have worn it on her foot under her sock? "It doesn't matter. This is great evidence," the State claims! Months later the second shoe floated up to make an exact pair, on another beach a mile on the other side of the cliff off which the State claims I tossed Laura. The cliff, of course, the very same one I was afraid to get too close to by that little cabin. I did all this, they say, to have her body washed out to sea and never seen again. At this point I have to say I wouldn't have gone anywhere near that cliff in the dark of the night like it was at that time. As I sat looking at the evidence table not 10 feet in front of me, I told my Attorney that it truly did appear something was wrong. The two shoes matched exactly, for sure. In fact, neither of them was torn or shredded in any way, and they looked as new as if they had just come off the store shelf. No fading of the pink color in the least, even though one was supposed to have been washing around and crashing against the Kodiak Island rocky cliffs for months? It WAS found in a pretty rough place! I was told to stop bothering my Attorney...she was busy! A pair of jeans was found that Laura's mother didn't recognize on her first trip to the Police station. The Officer in charge of matching up this pair of jeans to evidence in a murder case came up with an

answer, though. He called Laura's mother back to the Office to show her that the "INSIDE" of the pockets looked new in comparison to the jeans themselves. They had supposedly been washing along the beach for a month and were torn, shredded and discolored, as you would expect the tennis shoes would have been, too. There were cuts and slices on the jeans, but none looked as if other than normal wear and tear from rocks and being washed around on the beach. No slices or cuts from anything sharp existed. Looking at this new evidence, though, the inside of the pockets made the deal. Mom now recognized the jeans. Do you think just "maybe" the Officer had explained to her how much he needed her to recognize the jeans in order to get me? I am sure he mentioned how difficult it was going to be to convict the terrible guy who had killed her daughter. Just the same as what happens to defendants that lie or make up stories to try to defend themselves, lies and perjury in testimony by Officials and police also tend to catch up with them over time. The following was, of course, not caught in trial. Thru years of going thru transcripts I was able to compare what people said over time and found the perjury they committed to get me found guilty in trial. One time perjury was committed was in testimony about the pair of jeans that supposedly washed up on the Kodiak coastline a month or so after Laura went missing. The same jeans, you might remember, that her mother did NOT recognize until the police officer purposely called her to come back to the police station and recognize the "Inside of the Pockets"? During trial, Ruble and Jamin testified that they recognized the jeans as the ones Laura was wearing earlier when they met with her at Jamin's Office. They said they recognized the "design" on a rear pocket. What they forgot at that time was that Laura's mother already had testified that "AFTER" work and "AFTER" Laura met with her Attorney, she came home and changed her clothes! Laura's mother was with her when she changed her clothes and personally knew this as a FACT! Laura put those jeans on AFTER she had met with Ruble and Jamin! The lie was about Laura wearing the jeans when they met earlier, and that they recognized the jeans at all. Like I said, those in the legal system will do or say anything they need to, to "Get That Conviction". They believe their job is to win, no matter the cost and NO MATTER if they have proof of anything at all!

I really have no doubt all those items belonged to Laura. Is that strange for me to say? It happens that years later one of KPD's finest confided in an investigator I had working for me.

He told my investigator that there had been numbers of photos taken inside Laura's apartment during the investigation. Those "numbers" of photos were never presented in trial, nor have ever shown up at all. The Officer actually made the statement that if all those photos were to ever surface, he had no doubt that a few of the things that emerged along the Coastline would have also been in those photos. Do you think just maybe a couple of photos were accidentally taken of a few of the things that happened to wash up on a beach at just the right time for "uninterested" civilians to find? One thing to know that will straighten your hair is that I found out, many years after the trials, that the band-aid found in the tennis shoe just happened to be found in the wrong shoe? It turns out that Laura had the operation on her other foot, you see. The KPD professional investigators had actually placed the band-aid in the wrong tennis shoe! A professional investigator who actually "WAS" looking for the truth found this information by checking with the Doctor who had done Laura's wart removal. Along with that description of false evidence being lied about, a taped interview was actually tossed out by a KPD Officer who decided for himself that it wasn't to be believed or needed. The photos have never been found and you KNOW there would have been photos taken! The taped interview was with a man who said he had first hand knowledge of the man who claimed to have killed Laura. The Judge growled at the Officer who had tossed out the tapes and told him that was very shoddy police work during a hearing, but there was no penalty given and there is no reason whatsoever for any Officer to decide to destroy ANY evidence collected during a murder investigation! I have no doubt in my heart that every bit of the items that washed up on the Coastline came right from Laura's apartment! Pants do "NOT" come off a dead body in the water, and if the scenario is to be that the body was put in the water at a different time or different place, the Tidal action still must be taken in to play. The pants and the body would have been washed the very same way by the tide. I also asked for a Tidal action expert for my defense in trial, to no avail. Just maybe my Attorney thought the State had no case at all and she could win my freedom not even having to defend against all this? To tell you the truth, I actually felt that way in trial because I truly hadn't done the crime, and I could actually see there was no real or true evidence unlike the Jury who just weren't allowed the truth. What happens is that the Jury compiles all the stuff up in their mind and holds it against you if you can't come up with some kind of proof as to what

really happened. In their mind, you see, a Mother of two little girls had been murdered and someone was going to have to pay! A writer for a newspaper who I knew actually asked the Jury Foreman of the first trial how in the world they could have found me guilty of ANYTHING, let alone "Kidnapping", which is what they had found me guilty of. The Foreman simply said, "No one offered us any alternate explanation." You know, the legal point is that I do not have to prove what really happened to defend myself against this wrongful prosecution. The State was supposed to have to prove beyond a reasonable doubt, that I was guilty! THAT did NOT happen!

In 1990, the television show, "The Inside Edition" came to Alaska to interview me and went to visit Kodiak to see if they could prove my guilt or innocence. "Bob Reed", the man in charge, told me that if he came all the way to Alaska and found evidence of guilt, he would tell the world. I told him to hurry and get here! They did a 30-minute show and a 12-minute follow up a year later. They proved it was impossible for me to have tossed Laura's body off that cliff, because it would have never reached the water. She would have gotten hung up on the cliff side, which was angled and not straight down. Their entire show was centered on the fact that I did not do this crime and they are still interested in doing another follow up if anything actually happens in the case for them to report on. My sister and I have copies of both of those shows and have sent them out over the years to anyone interested.

Another lady claims to have seen my van in the parking lot at Laura's apartment the evening Laura vanished. This lady testified that she recognized the "pink and yellow flowers on the window curtains" from the newspaper photo. It just so happens that the photo in the newspaper was black and white, while the curtains in my van were completely white on the outside and blue / white striped on the inside. How she came up with "Pink and Yellow Flowers" is way beyond me? This stuff went on and on! As you can see by all the examples I have written about so far, the State went all out in saying something bad about anything they thought they could make look bad, or even questionable. There never was any true or real evidence to anything!

My friend Jim Kerwin was living in a house with a friend of his next to the McDonald's Hamburger Drive-In. Looking at the front of the house he lived in you would see McDonald's

on the right on a street corner, with a large parking lot behind it and on it's left side between McDonald's and the house Jim stayed in. Right next to the left side parking lot was the House Jim stayed in with his friend. Next, going to the left, would be a slender dirt driveway that was between Jim's house and the rear wall of a Furniture Store. Jim's house was directly behind another that was actually on the main street. The dirt driveway was the access to the two houses. Both houses had a very small area behind them to park a car and an entrance doorway was there on the rear of each house. I NEVER drove my van into that dirt driveway for fear that I would have to back all the way out. Especially if there was a car in the small area made for one car to park. I "ALWAYS" parked my car in the McDonald's parking lot and walked next door to Jim's house when I went there to get him or to see him. I know beyond a doubt that I was NEVER at that house with Jack Ibach. It is quite possible that Ibach may have visited Jim there, but I have no idea. I only know Jack Ibach and I were never at Jim's house at the same time! Jack Ibach had NEVER been inside my van! EVER! The reason I bring this up is because a guy named, "Peter Malley", testified that he had seen Jack Ibach, Jim Kerwin and I in my van, in that dirt driveway. I could never understand why that guy would lie about this, until I got all his statements together. He also testified that he had no idea who I was and that he had no knowledge whatsoever about my van. He said he had never seen the van before. It so happens, though, that the van was Jay's for a long time before I bought it from Jay. Jay lived there in Kodiak and had driven the van around town for quite some time. "Peter Malley" actually worked at DANAC Construction with Jay for some time before I got hired there, and worked there at the same time I did when I got the job on site. He "HAD" to have known or at least seen the van around at one time or another? I found out that his girl friend at the time was one of those who worked with Laura at the KWRCC. Alike the mistaking the names "Matt" and "Matt" told them by police, I am sure Peter Malley's testimony about seeing me with Ibach was tainted by his girl friend's feelings. None of this was ever in Court, but I had always wondered why the guy would actually say any such thing, when I was absolutely SURE I had never even driven my van into that dirt driveway! The women that worked with Laura were all angry and full of hatred of me, because the police had told them that I killed their friend, Laura. Peter Malley made up a lie to help out his girl friend's hurt feelings. None of this is provable, of

coarse, but I know it's true. I wonder if either Jay or I ever did anything to hurt Malley's feelings or whatever? Other than helping his girl friend's feelings and going to bat for Laura (seemingly), I could never understand why he would testify to what he did?

Let me tell you of the amazing "appearing" Earring, directed into the scene by a "Psychic"! While my van was located at the Kodiak Towing yard, it was supposedly enclosed in a garage without access by anyone. I learned from a guy who worked there, though, that many people had looked into the van and even climbed inside while it was being held as evidence before the trials. The fact that any of this happened "SHOULD" have disallowed anything from the van to be used as evidence in Court, but it didn't, of course. There came a time after the van had been gone thru a number of times already, after it had been torn apart and the floors vacuumed and the rugs ripped up, that one KPD Officer decided to investigate the van on his own. I had a "Skipper's" hat in the van with a bunch of pins on it that were held on the hat with backing clips that had little wings you pinch to release their grip. These are NOT the backs of earrings. One clip was found in my van somewhere along the way, which was silver. I knew it had fallen off my hat when I heard about it and never thought another thing about it. This single cop, though, "decided" it was a back to one of Laura's earrings. Even though Laura's earring post was gold and the clip was silver. His testimony includes contacting a "Psychic" in Chicago that he read about in some magazine. The "Psychic" told him..."Something is in the van", and that was enough for him! Bruce St. Pierre, the owner of the business, had always been allowed to be present during any investigation of any vehicle in his yard. This one time, though, the cop told him he had to leave and was barred from his own yard while the cop went thru my van, "BY HIMSELF"? This cop says he happened to look thru the driver's door window and saw a glimpse of gold, by the gas pedal. Low and behold, upon closer investigation, he found an earring sitting on the floorboards right next to the gas pedal. Never mind that it is impossible to see the gas pedal from where he said he was standing, this earring turned up after numerous professional investigations of, and the complete tearing up of everything in my van by "NUMBERS" of investigating police! The earring was Laura's, of course, and so proven by testimony of her Mother and friends. Hell, I know that! This cop went way out of the way to plant the earring and get it entered as evidence, though. Instead of just

confiscating it and writing a report, he called for another KPD Officer to be the one to actually confiscate the earring from the van and enter it into evidence. First of all, none of that overkill was ever necessary! When discussion came of just "how" that earring could get to where it had been found, they talked about it falling off her ear in a struggle and falling into the defroster opening in the dash, to go into and down thru the system and fall out on the floor. They said this because they had to admit to having looked at the gas pedal numbers of times before the van had been garaged at St. Pierre's yard. It had been totally investigated and searched at the Police Department a number of times by a number of cops when it was first held there the morning I was arrested. They said they had the van towed to a gas station to be filled with gas in order to try to estimate how far I had driven that day. How in the world they thought they could decide that when they had no idea how much gas was in the van when I gassed up or how much gas I actually put in the van is beyond me! All this is complete CRAP! None of the hoses were disconnected anywhere on the heater system and the earring could not have fallen into the opening and fallen out somewhere else! The entire scenario is so ridiculous that it stupefies me they would actually testify to what they did. The worst mistake made by them was during testimony. Not caught by my Attorney at the time and it seems to not matter to anyone any more, but...the two cops didn't coordinate their testimonies before or during trial, I guess. Sitting on the table as evidence, the earring now had a bent post, as if it had been smashed under something. The 2nd Officer who was called by the first cop to actually confiscate the earring from the van testified that the post was not bent when he took it from the van. He was sure of that! He said it was possible that the post had gotten bent during handling or shipment. Hearing this, I could only shrug my shoulders. The first cop, though, the one who had called the "Psychic" for a reason to plant the earring in my van, testified AFTER the 2nd cop. He actually testified that he remembers the earring post was bent when he first found it by the gas pedal? One honest Policeman and one liar took the stand that day. The first cop, the "LIAR", should have been smart enough to compare testimonies with the second cop, before he took the stand!

One huge argument I have constantly brought up with every Attorney involved with my case and have been told one excuse or another why it isn't important enough to cause an overturn (I "think" I don't have enough \$\$Dollar signs next to my name), is the fact that there

were two trials. In the first trial, the three of us were (wrongfully) held in one Courtroom with one Judge and one Jury...and it was called separate trials. Jim Kerwin was found not guilty of all charges, Jack Ibach had a hung Jury on both charges, and I was hung Jury on Murder, but was found Guilty of Kidnap? I was taken into the second trial already found guilty of Kidnap, and every Juror fully knew it! Every person who lived in Anchorage at that time knew it! In the 2nd trial, both Jack Ibach and I were again wrongfully held in the same Courtroom and with the same Judge and same Jury, called separate trials. Ibach was then found guilty of both charges and I was found guilty of Murder. Before sentencing, I had my Attorney argue the fact that in the State of Alaska the law states that a person can NOT be charged with or convicted of Kidnapping when found guilty of Murder, if both charges took place in the same act. There was never any evidence of any sort at all, so there was also no evidence to prove Laura had been kidnapped before she had been murdered. Even though there was absolutely NO evidence to any murder, either! The Judge had to agree with this, and to "Cure this problem", he said, he "VACATED" the Kidnap charge and didn't sentence me for Kidnapping. In truth, he tossed out the Kidnap conviction! My point is that I had to go thru the 2nd trial with the Jury prejudiced because they knew I had been found guilty of Kidnap in the first trial! No one alive can convince me that it wouldn't have made a huge difference to the Jury, if they knew the 1st trial had to be tossed out before they decided if I was guilty or not in the 2nd trial. This entire scenario SHOULD HAVE affected the 2nd trial's outcome for Jack Ibach also. Like from the very start of this story, though, if you don't have the money, you can't buy the Justice! Getting an Attorney to fight this like it was his or her life being slowly washed down the drain is damn near impossible, if you can't afford the cost. THAT is the name of our American Legal System, ladies and gentlemen..."JUST US"!

There was a time after the first trial, though, that I had a few feelings of elation. Even though I had been wrongfully convicted of Kidnapping in the 1st trial, I now had my eyewitness back. Jim Kerwin had been found "Not Guilty" of all charges, and he had been with me when I saw Laura the night she disappeared! I got to thinking of a "Not Guilty" verdict in the upcoming 2nd trial, and then an overturn of the 1st trial because of the prejudice caused by the "Vacated" Kidnap Guilty verdict that should never have been allowed in the first place. Don't

ever be too quick to smile, though, when you are up against the Courts of Corruption in Alaska, I found out. In the pre-trial hearings before the 2nd trial a ruling made by the Judge who would oversee the 2nd trial was: "The Jury can be told Jim Kerwin had been charged with this same crime...BUT, they cannot be told he's been found "Not Guilty" in a trial? To tell the Jury he had been found not guilty would prejudice them in this new trial??? What was more important than the truth that Jim Kerwin had been found "NOT GUILTY" of all this in a trial, and HE WAS WITH ME AT THE TIME? "My God", I said, "How in the hell can anyone prejudice this against me any more than this?" Well, I told my Attorney with no restraint that I was going to testify and tell the damn jury whatever I wanted to. You can bet your life I was going to say directly to the Jury that Jim Kerwin was found not guilty in a previous trial, and the Judges ruling can be damned! What were they going to do...put me in prison? I still have a letter from Jim written to me between the two trials stating facts that he was with me along with other evidence in my behalf. He was on my side and wanted to testify as badly as I did. Obvious to me now, my Attorney talked it over with whomever on how to shut Jim and I up. Jim was called by the DA in the second trial and asked only about whether or not he was with me. They asked him very little, just enough to connect him with me the night in question. He was called by the State Attorney and could only answer to what was asked. I fully expected him to be called by my Attorney later in trial, and when I asked her she told me not to worry and that he would be. The last evening before my case was rested, as it turned out, Jack and I were sitting in a holding cell under the Courthouse after the day in trial. I was called to go see my Attorney in another room. There, my Attorney told me she had decided she didn't want me to testify. She said they were making Kerwin look bad and trying to tie him to me. I HIT THE ROOF! I was yelling and pounding on the table so loudly that the black Police Sgt. who was in charge came to see what trouble there was. I told her in no uncertain terms that I was going to testify, by God! Jim was with me, and there was no way to untie him from me! He is an eyewitness!!! I was screaming so loud that all she said was Ok, Ok, you can testify...and she hurried off. I was left there fuming. She scurried away like a frightened mouse.

The next day trial went on as normal and I asked my Attorney how long until I needed to testify. I was getting worried, because she hadn't even tried to prepare me to take the stand. I

wanted to know when Jim Kerwin was going to be called back by her to testify for me? To shut me up she told me we had lots of time and not to worry. She told me to keep taking notes as I had all during both trials. At a later time in the afternoon all hell broke loose. She got up and told the Judge she rested my case. I jumped up out of my chair, saying, "What the hell?" At this point two officers of the Court grabbed me, and the Judge called a recess. The Jury was escorted out of the room and I was given a few minutes to "talk things over" with my Attorney. I can still remember what she said. She told me I could go ahead and take the stand if I wanted to, but I would do so without any further help from her. She made it sound as if she was defending her argument that she didn't want me to testify, but I knew in my heart it was because she had been told to not allow me to testify. She told me she wasn't going to call Kerwin to the stand and wasn't going to ask me the questions I needed to talk about on the stand. I adamantly wanted to testify, but I needed a conversation and many, many questions to take place so I could tell the Jury what I am now telling the public in this book. I was angry as hell, but had absolutely no idea what to do and ended up sitting down and not knowing what to do or say. There was gibberish between the Judge and her, and she made it sound as if she was deciding if I was to testify or not, but her decision had already been made...and I am not sure just by whom it had been made. For sure, she didn't have my best interests in mind. That, I was sure of! Right now, June 1, 2012, I have spent the last 4 years trying to get the proof of this into Court. It took many years and no one would actually listen, except my sister. Four years ago she found an expert to enhance the tapes of trial and I have proof, finally, that I was not allowed to testify in trial against my wishes and rights. The State has argued I hadn't been "diligent" all these years in prison (a totally ridiculous statement), and that I shouldn't be allowed into Court at all because of it. That is an example of how the Legal System handles people like me. They make it impossible to get anything done in your own behalf, then if you get lucky enough to get someone involved or obtain some kind of information that helps you, the DA says you took too long. The main fact is that they know damn well if I win a new trial I will overturn this entire matter and win my freedom. They DO NOT want me in Court with this! The Judge ruled in my behalf on the diligence issue and they asked for "reconsideration". He ruled against them on that and they appealed to the Appellate Court. The Appellate Court refused to hear the issue and

now they have asked the Supreme Court to hear the issue for them. They are doing whatever they can to drag their feet in hopes that “maybe” they can get this issue before a Judge that “understands” their situation. Everyone fully expects the Supreme Court not to hear it, but the State is trying to drag an anchor every step of the way. Hell, maybe I’ll die off in the meantime and they can get their win by attrition or default? The new enhancement solidly shows I was disallowed to testify and I believe I will win a new trial ruling. Time takes its toll, though, and I am 62 right now. THAT is the State’s main tactic. Believe me, it has nothing at all to do with the word, “Justice”!

Going back a bit, let me tell you what happened to Jim Kerwin, my eyewitness? After being found Not Guilty, Jim was ordered by the State not to leave Kodiak. He was to remain in Kodiak while on probation for that unrelated problem he’d had in Anchorage. I was with Jim one time when he went to see the doctor, and I heard the Doctor tell Jim he could possibly die if he ever took up drinking again. His liver was in bad shape. Shortly after getting the letter from Jim I told you of, he was found dead in his bed. I was given a copy of the “supposed” autopsy, and it said he died of natural causes. There had nothing been found wrong with this and that, etc...and nothing wrong with his “LIVER” was written there, too? I believe Jim died of an embolism of the brain, just about the size of a 22-caliber bullet, but have no proof. You see, Jim’s parents were actually born and raised in Ireland and did NOT believe in cremation. If asked, they would allow ONLY a Catholic burial for their son! Without even asking anyone, the State cremated Jim’s body within hours, I was told, after he died. Once again, no one gets the chance to investigate the State Prosecutors’ findings or reports. My eyewitness is nothing but ashes! I do have his letter, though, and he had it notarized. I also have transcripts of what little testimony he did give when he was called by the State in the 2nd trial. Jim was the one having past experience with the corruption in the legal system. His testimony will still help me in the long run, because he knew enough to get things recorded.

I have researched, read and reread the State of Alaska’s version of what happened. I have gone through all the transcripts of all the hearings, both Grand Jury’s, and both trials. I have read and reread all the appeals and paperwork entered both for me and against me. Throughout

both trials, I took notes on every person that testified and have made a synopsis showing when and what they testified to, and how their versions changed or were altered as needed. I wrote down pages of questions I wanted asked of me while I took the stand in my own testimony and was totally adamant about testifying in my own behalf. I was illegally forced into not being able to testify. I have all kinds of unanswered questions on how this entire matter was handled and I want to share them with you, the public. I realize that just reading what I put to paper isn't anything but my word. Just maybe all the actions I describe here will cause you these same questions. First of all, I know it is easiest for someone to read such a report and think I am making up all this craziness, because we all know these kinds of things don't happen in our Court's of Justice, right? Not quite! I implore ANYONE to research all I have stated in this and see the truth for yourself. If I were guilty of doing anything to Laura "Ibach" Henderson, who was a friend of mine, I would have shut up and sit down years ago. I would have realized I'd been caught and have to suffer the consequences. THAT is not what has happened here! I am NOT guilty, I have been used as the fall guy, and I will not ever stop fighting for my freedom while I am still standing and breathing!

As testified to by both Jamin and Ruble, they had decided on specific rules for Laura to adhere to the night she went to the "clandestine" meeting, which they made her agree to. They decided it sounded like a "Set up", as testified in Court, and wanted to ensure Laura's safety. She was "NOT" to get in any vehicle with the person she met. If there was any kind of trouble at all she was to yell and scream, because they would be near by. She was told she was "NOT" to do, or accept any drugs from the person she was meeting with. Why did Laura, then, go against every one of those rules set down by her Attorney and a professional private investigator? Especially after her Attorney was the one she had gone to for advice and protection! By their own testimony, they set down hard and fast rules. Laura went against every rule they set down and no one stepped in or called it off. Those two are the ones who had decided her life was some how in jeopardy, and those two are the ones who did absolutely nothing about it! Why wasn't Jamin also there protecting her as he had agreed to, and as she had told her family and friends? Ruble says he drove down to the lower street when he saw Laura drive by and lost sight of her, but why in the world would he just let her disregard all

their agreed upon instructions to not get in any vehicle? He should have stepped in way before he somehow completely "LOST" her on a waterfront street that was completely vacant of anyone else! How in the world can you lose anyone on a waterfront street in the matter of seconds or minutes when there is just NO PLACE TO GO! Why in the world didn't he just ride with Laura to protect her the entire time in question? There was absolutely no claim that the man Laura was to meet told her she had to come alone. NO ONE ever testified to anything like that! Laura never told anyone that the person giving her a tape of drug deals between her husband and City Officials had anything on them he himself was afraid of. He was actually doing a legal and correct action, if the truth is told. Why did neither Jamin nor Ruble ever state they thought the man would run off if he saw anyone with Laura? What kind of "Set up" did they think this alleged meeting was going to be? That was never answered in Court. If they actually thought her life was in danger, then for God's sake...all these questions and inconsistencies grow by the hundreds and thousands! Her life in danger, and Jamin thought it best he took a nap at his Office? How could the KPD even consider not being a part of the "sting" when drugs, voice tape recordings of drug deal conversations and most of all, a persons life is in some kind of danger is part of the scenario? Why are both Jamin and Ruble allowed to lie and commit perjury in Court and allowed to change their testimony? The arrest warrant given to them on me was because Ruble said he ran my van's license plate and found my name. This statement was a complete and total lie, and straight up "perjury"! They did and said anything they wanted to, or needed to, to prejudice the Jury against me. Nowhere, in any statement or transcript was it ever said by anyone that the meeting in question was to be ONLY between Laura and the person she was meeting with.

It so happens that Jack Ibach was called to work on a harbor tugboat the evening all this happened. It was proven he was called without any warning, at the last minute. Testimony shows that once Ruble lost Laura and then reported to Matt Jamin at Jamin's office, they both went back down to where Laura had parked the car she had driven. While on that street, almost directly in front of the Kodiak Harbor where Jack Ibach was working, they actually saw Jack come up from the docks with two men. In trial the DA tried to make it sound as if those two men could have been Jim Kerwin and I, but it was proven to be two other crewmen off the

tugboat. The complete and totally peculiar issue about this event is that neither Jamin nor Ruble even considered stopping Ibach to ask him if he'd seen Laura! They never even considered talking with Ibach? Why in the world would they not IMMEDIATELY think Ibach had Laura somewhere down on the docks or in the water, if they were truly afraid her life was in danger? Here is the alleged MAIN Suspect in this entire matter, yet a professional Private Investigator and an Attorney, both supposedly afraid now that Laura's life is somehow in danger, DO NOT try to even speak to Jack Ibach? They simply let him get into his vehicle and drive away. And, they testified to all this! They actually said they saw Jack start his vehicle and pull out on the street. They had actually driven up behind him when he was stopped at a stop sign. He drove away one way, while they drove away the other way??? These two "Professionals" did not have any inclination to at least follow Ibach, but way beyond that never even spoke to him or asked him if he'd seen Laura??? Like the fact that no one ever went into my bedroom looking for evidence, Jack "COULD HAVE" had Laura in the back of his vehicle...dead, or, alive? You need to tell me...

"WHAT THE HELL?"

Earlier, when Ruble says he got afraid because Laura had driven past him and he'd lost sight of her, he said he drove down to the lower road to see if he could find or see her or my van. There was a small dirt road that connected the upper and lower road right where he had situated himself. Why is it he turned back toward town, to the left, when he testified she had driven past going the other way, to his right? Why did he not follow her and try to find her? He is the one who was supposed to be protecting her! He "WAS" on the upper road, so if she had come to the "T" that made a person turn to drive out toward the airport or drive back to town...he would have known she did not drive by him on her way back to town. WHY DIDN'T HE FOLLOW HER? Here's one for you...Ruble states that he lost sight of Laura driving out of town and does not see her drive by him on the upper road where he was watching the area from. He claims he drove down and turned "left" to go back towards town. He actually says he then sees my van AND, the car Laura was driving!!! Topping this, he also saw Laura sitting in my van. Where the hell did she come from? This case has a lot of amazingly "appearing" things,

which in truth "APPEAR" to be nothing more than lies and fantasy! This all sounds as if I'm making it up, don't you think? Check it out for yourself!

Are we really supposed to believe that in less than a minute while Ruble claims he walked behind a building, I am supposed to have started my van up, warmed it up and driven off in a puff of smoke to who knows where? You would actually have to hear that van start up and try to then feather the gas pedal to get it to move in the cold, and then you would have to hear the muffler system to acknowledge the complete stupidity behind that statement. Try shutting the door without having to SLAM it once or twice. Anyone that lives in or knows the waterfront street in Kodiak realizes that this entire scenario is impossible. Believe me, there is NO WAY!

The State claims, and it is testified to, that Laura's stepfather found my van where I was living at 1 a.m., and reported that to everyone he could! Ruble and Jamin both testified that they reported the incident immediately after Laura disappeared. This would be about 9 p.m.! Why did no one, not the police or anyone else, come to my residence until Palmer showed up at 4 a.m.? Didn't I hear that there was fear for Laura's life being mentioned? There is testimony by police that a "shooting" had taken place somewhere in Kodiak that night, and all Officers were involved in that. I never found out who got shot, or who did the shooting, or anything else about that event being true or not? To actually come to my residence and investigate what Jamin and Ruble were reporting to be either a Kidnapping or a Murder and Laura Henderson's life is in danger, or all of the above, Palmer was called at his home because he had been off duty? If you remember, Palmer had a lot of "Knowledgeable" information that he shouted at me about "Bodies turning up or not turning up" and things like that. I must reiterate once again...why would he even say something like that, if he were only investigating a missing person as he said he was. Why is it that "Palmer" was situated right into the middle of all this at that time of night, or morning? Oh yes, there are many, many unanswered questions in this. Questions that weren't even considered or spoken about back when I was on trial for my life.

I find it really strange that it wasn't until NO damning evidence at all turned up from south of Kodiak, where the investigation was directed for weeks, that the police decided to develop the film in the camera that was found in my van. Why wouldn't they have done that

immediately upon finding a camera? It wasn't until they realized they had no evidence at all, that they used the developed film to tie me to a certain area. That marks the time when some people began finding things that belonged to Laura. It is strange that maybe just a few of those things couldn't have been found before they decided I must have gone north because of those pictures. I cannot believe they had absolutely no idea whatsoever where I was or where I had driven after talking with Laura that evening! Now that they had those pictures, I was supposed to have driven her north right thru town and out to the area where the cabin is located. I guess I must have tossed her off that cliff to have her clothes wash back in to the shore, while her body went to sea? Transcripts show the police climbed that cliff many times, coming up with nothing. They also walked the beach at low tide and scuba dove it many times to come up with no evidence. What was never done in my behalf is to exact a time line needed to drive to that spot, carry a dead 150 lb. woman some 50 to 75 yards off the road thru the heavy bushes in the dark, toss her off that cliff, get back to my van and drive all the way home for that 10 p.m. movie show we all watched. I only had an hour between the time I spoke with Laura and was watching that TV show, and this is all verified fact!

One thing that has always bothered me is the fact that I was supposed to have done this murder for hire on "credit". Have you ever heard of such a thing? There is proof that no money or anything else was exchanged between Jack Ibach and myself. He was never missing any money, and I had none I couldn't account for. Isn't it a bit strange that all the civic duty minded citizens came forward with stories of Jack telling them he was going to have Laura killed..."AFTER" she was missing? Not a one of them thought to tell the police before anything happened, even though you would think they might consider it..."IF" they thought Ibach was serious? Did the amounts of rewards offered have anything to do with them coming forward, I wonder? The guy who came forward to the police about Jack asking him about a hired killer, "Spanky Hutcherson"? It also turns out that Hutcherson was a taxi cab driver that Ibach purchased cocaine from numerous times. Ibach had done so the night Hutcherson claims he asked about a hired killer. Ibach paid him that night with a check and Hutcherson was given immunity from selling cocaine out of his cab a large number of times for his testimony against

Jack Ibach. Do you think his testimony was designed or altered from the true facts any, because of what was being held over his head?

The following is a statement written for me by "Ken Gage", who was an inmate here at Spring Creek with me for a time and has since been released.

KEN GAGE: "In the mid 1980's I was trained as an investigator by the Anchorage Police Department, worked eight years as a BEA (Bail Enforcement Agent) and then five years as a private investigator for the late Edgar Paul Boyko, Attorney at Law.

In 1998, I became greedy and did something very dumb. While working a homicide investigation, I signed a Judge's name on a search warrant. To make a long story short, my own criminal charges began rolling in and I was sentenced to twelve years with four suspended.

It was my own fault that I ended up in prison; however, I have to admit that I learned more about the Judicial System from the inside than I ever could have thru college training and reading books. When I was sent to Spring Creek Correctional Center, I learned real quick that it was best if I just blended into the environment and kept my mouth shut, especially due to my past occupations.

I met Don "Mac" McDonald in approximately 1999. He and I lived in the same module. By keeping my eyes open and my mouth shut I was able to learn a lot about the convicted murderers that were housed at this Institution. Prior to coming to prison and learning about the system and people in it, I used to rely on studies by criminal profilers, such as Agent John Douglas with the FBI. I figured that a person could hold an interview with a convicted murderer, and presto, they would have the truth. Profilers claim even now, many years later, that there is a lot of surprise and wonder that so many hardened inmates not only agree to talk with them, but also are very willing to come clean about so much of their personal life, their development, and their evolution into violent criminals. Why do they agree to talk? They figure there are a number of reasons, depending on the individual in question: curiosity, boredom, remorse, or an opportunity to relive predatory crimes that, for some, are among the most satisfying experiences in their lives.

I myself have studied criminal psychology for two years and I used to think the same way as that special agent. That was, of course, before I also committed a crime and became just another number in the correctional system. Textbook criminology and real life experience cannot even be compared. To know what goes on inside the mind of a killer cannot be accomplished by a mere interview within a prison setting. In order to really see and understand what a person is like, you need to spend every day with him, watch his habits, his attitudes and his moods and mood changes. Any person can put on a façade during an interview. Becoming a part of his daily life, though, gives the insight no one else can ever know or understand. A man serving a life sentence is not going to spill his guts to law enforcement during some interview. To think or believe he would is simply ludicrous. This may not be the case of a mentally ill killer, but as far as any adult male killer, you can never begin to understand him or his crimes unless you see and live with him in his daily life. A true cold-hearted killer has no regard for human life, including that of any law enforcement officer. I remember being told by a special agent once that it's one thing to decide you are going to try to interview this type of person, but it's quite another to actually go face to face with him! The FBI attempted to interview serial killer, Ed Kemper, who stands six feet nine inches and is well over three hundred pounds. If he wanted to, and at one point suggested he might, Kemper could have twisted their heads off and set them on the tables for the guards to find.

Interview a serial killer face to face? That statement tells me the interviewer had some fear about conducting any such interview! A serial killer can smell fear a mile away. "Live day in and day out with a serial killer the way I did each and every day, and then talk to me about having the guts to sit and interview a killer in a protected environment. The type of killer we are talking about will tell you what he thinks you want to hear. The first thing you learn doing time is that the man wearing the badge is no friend. Killers will talk to you just to break up the day to day boring routine of prison life.

While writing this, I reside in a module of fifteen convicted murderers. One of them happens to be "Robert Hansen", the "Butcher Baker" serial killer of who knows how many women and girls. By force of habit I watch them, listen to their stories, watch their body

language and even learn about their life before prison. I have become friends with many of these men. Mac is a friend of mine.

When I first met Mac, the first thing I noticed was the size of his arms. I thought to myself, "Don't piss this guy off!" I soon learned that he was here for the murder of Laura Henderson and as time went on, I also learned that the victim's ex-husband was also serving time here for the same murder. I, in fact, also worked daily with both Mac and Jack Ibach in the Prison Industries Program building furniture.

Since Mac and I live in the same module, it was easy for me to watch him and see how he lives and conducts himself. Mac is a big guy, but there was something about him that told me he was no killer. Mac was always even-tempered, easy going and I never saw him even get angry with anyone. Mac has explained his case to me over many conversations and has never backed away from questions about what happened. I have the opinion that he is telling the complete truth when he says he is not guilty. I can't even imagine him as a hired killer or "hit man". I have asked trick questions of him and he has never faulted or not held to the very same answer, no matter how the question is asked. A person doesn't have to remember past lies, you see, if they are telling the truth! Every crime has a motive. The State claims Mac's motive for killing Henderson was money. Regardless of reason, a person that commits murder has something about them that will become obvious in their daily life. To kill for money would indicate the killer was greedy, but there is also something else. The "Killer" lacks a normal conscience. Later interviews with police officers involved in Mac's case indicate they thought it was possible that Mac cut up Laura's body and placed her in crab pots to be dumped in the ocean and eaten by crabs. A hired killer, as the State claims Mac is, would never go thru the trouble to dispose of a body in such a time consuming fashion. There was no possible way for Mac to even have the time to do any such thing. Just for the argument, why wasn't there any blood found on Mac's clothing, or any forensic evidence showing a murder at all found ANYWHERE? Guns used in evidence, but no tests ever made to see if there had been a gun fired? The more I learned about Mac's homicide case, the more uneasy I felt about the so-called investigation and legal representation Mac received. There were so many things not done in this

case, it makes me wonder how much is truth and how much is made up evidence. Every bit of evidence, of course, was purely "Circumstantial". That alone is very bothering to me!

This particular case was so lacking in evidence that a "psychic" was actually called upon. It's not that I disbelieve or disapprove of psychics, but as a former investigator there is no way in the world I would even consider building a case on the hearsay of one. It has always puzzled me that one police officer claimed a psychic told him to search the front section of Mac's van once again and upon doing so, he mysteriously found an earring belonging to Henderson? If a psychic could allegedly locate a small earring on the floorboard of Mac's van from somewhere in Chicago or wherever he was, why couldn't he tell the policeman where Laura's body was? Here we are twenty some years after the disappearance of Laura Henderson and still no body or evidence of her remains have been located? There are so very many inconsistencies in Mac's case, yet a jury convicted him of Murder in the first degree? How could they have possibly decided the crime was proven beyond any doubt, when there was absolutely no proof of a crime at all?

In 2007, the superintendent of Spring Creek approved Mac to move from Juliet Mod, where I reside, to Fox Mod where the Youth Offender Program inmates reside. Mac was to be a "Mentor" to the youth in that Program. The reason being is that Mac is so mild mannered that he sets a good example for the troubled youths that live in that module. Sometime in 2010, an underage inmate was brought to Spring Creek, found guilty of having a gun he was handling go off accidentally. The mishap killed his best friend. He was small, intelligent, and "Not" a troubled youth. Being in prison full of predators and true killers...he was in big trouble! Upon a signed agreement to be sent here so he could attend the High School in Fox Mod, it was agreed that Mac would be assigned to be his mentor and protector. While here the younger boy was assigned to live with Mac. Mac put the word out, as he could do because of his size and strength, and because other inmates respect him. The young man was able to do the time given him, graduate from High School and go back to his family without one ounce of trouble while he was here. That is an example of what the Administration at Spring Creek and those who run DOC in Alaska think of Mac. Imagine the problem if that young underage boy had been hurt, raped, beaten up or even killed while here in this Maximum Security Prison!"

“Mac”...

I want to give some of the credit over the writing of this to Ken gage. He is the one who talked me into the idea, and who collaborated with me some about what was to be written. He was transferred out of here and as far as I know, was released and is now outside of prison living his life. He agreed to write this as a book and try to get it published, but I was only able to contact him a couple times thru friends after he was transferred and then he vanished. I took the notes we shared and went ahead with writing this on my own. I am not an accomplished writer or author, and hope I have simply stated the facts readers. There isn't one item I have written about that isn't the total truth, as I know it and remember it. My legal case was and remains a complete sham! I was railroaded and used as a fall guy. I have learned that Laura was using drugs and playing both sides of the street by telling on others...being an informant. She was trying to get whatever information she could to use against her ex husband, so she could get custody of the kids. There is evidence now that one of the larger drug dealers made the statement, “ The bitch knew too much and needed to be shut up. “ Laura was playing both sides of the street and got herself in trouble over it. A new trial will allow my investigator to show proof of what we have found these past 27 years. A new trial, though, if left up to the State, is not in the future for me. The State of Alaska does NOT want me back in Court over this. The State will drag their feet and appeal every word of the law they can, trying to force me to take some deal or give up. I will do neither! My sister has stood by me every step of the way in this and she has hocked her life's savings and even any chance of retirement to help me with this. I will win a new trial...and then I will win my freedom! The “Truth” will set me free!

For the record...the name of our Legal System is:

“Just Us”

“Hell, there's all kinds of Justice to be found in Alaska, son.

Just how much can you afford?”