

# The Franklin coverup: child abuse, Satanism, and murder in Nebraska

by John DeCamp

*John DeCamp is a former Nebraska state senator who practices law in Lincoln, Nebraska. The following is the edited text of his speech to a Schiller Institute forum in St. Paul, Minnesota on Feb. 2. Mr. DeCamp's book, The Franklin Cover-Up: Child Abuse, Satanism, and Murder in Nebraska, was published in 1992 by AWT, Inc. of Lincoln, and is available from Ben Franklin Booksellers, Inc., 107 S. King St., Leesburg, Va. 22075. Call (703) 777-3661 or toll-free (800) 453-4108.*

Somebody asked me at the hotel when I came in, "Are you one of those LaRouchies?" I said, "I don't know what a LaRouchie is; I'm a Republican." They said, "Then what are you doing here?" I said, "They invited me up. And I've gone to any group—whether from the right, the left, the up, the down, the Republicans, the Democrats, the Socialists, the Communists—if they're interested in looking in to these matters, if they're interested in learning and doing something about it." That's why I'm here.

I've also found that "the LaRouchies," or whatever their official name is, are one of the few groups that have dared to print some of the things early on, that since have come out to be absolutely true.

For example, the Nebraska Supreme Court unanimously ruled in the past month that the entire grand jury report on the Franklin Community Federal Credit Union case *should be expunged from any and all records*. Not just sealed, but officially *expunged*; that it was fraudulent, dishonest, and in violation of every law. They ["the LaRouchies"] had torn apart that grand jury report and shown how it was fraudulent [see, for example, *EIR*, Aug. 3, 1990, "Nebraska Grand Jury Protects Child Abuse"], and had been condemned by the *Omaha World Herald* and everybody else for daring even to suggest that the grand jury was less than the most perfect grand jury ever convened. They were one of the first who dared to go out and say these things, and they've been vindicated.

## How the story began

Why did I write a book? I'm not an author. I'll tell you how it all got started.

I have a very close friend, and his name is Bill Colby. He

used to be the head of the Central Intelligence Agency, under Presidents Nixon and Ford. Colby and I have been together, one way or another, since I was a combat captain in Vietnam, assigned to special things for him over there. He was ambassador there at the time, but in fact, secretly, he was head of the CIA, I'm now convinced. He allowed me to do something unusual, and nobody's ever going to be able to do it again. I actually ran my original Senate campaign from Vietnam, without setting foot in the United States, and won the election from Vietnam. Now the Army's changed the rules; you can't do that anymore.

When I first heard about the Franklin case, I said it was all nonsense. But the deeper I got in, the more I learned. I reached a certain point where I sat down with Bill in Washington, and we talked, and I said, "Bill, I don't know what to do. I'm convinced there's a coverup going on. Something's got to be done. It's not a coverup of just some low-life clowns; it's people like the local FBI, certain judges and public officials, and some of the most powerful folk in our state and in this country. What do I do next?" And he said, "I'll tell you what you do next. *You get completely out of this thing*. You walk away, you leave it alone, you forget it. If you don't, you're going to get yourself killed." By that time, 15 other people, as I documented in my book, had been killed as a result of this, including the Senate investigator who got blown up in an airplane along with his kid, when he was coming back to testify and provide documentation.

Colby said, "You've just got to face the fact that sometimes evil does triumph, and there's nothing you can do about it, at least not the way you want to. You're dealing with something too big, too powerful. It goes too high, involves too much, and if you keep playing around with it, you're going to get yourself killed. Get away." I said, "I can't do that." He said, "The only thing I can tell you then, is to tell the story. Write it up. Get the national and international press interested in it. Maybe they will do something."

So I went home, wrote the book, published it myself, for all practical purposes, and 25,000 copies have gone all over the United States. Since the book was written, information has come out, events have occurred, things have developed that seem like a miracle. They validate and prove one thing after another in the book.

## The Franklin credit union

My story starts with a man named Larry King, the man who opened the Republican National Convention in 1984 and 1988, in Dallas and New Orleans. Remember his beautiful singing of the National Anthem? He was the fastest rising star in the Republican Party. In 1988, on Election Day, Larry King's credit union was raided by federal authorities. He had a small, \$2 million credit union in Omaha, which was to serve the black community of Omaha.

When they raided the credit union, they discovered a secret set of books, with another \$40 million on it, that came from prominent sources, from Union Pacific Railroad to Boys Town. The \$40 million was missing. Larry apparently had spent that.

One thing led to another, and the Nebraska legislature created a special committee to investigate, to find out what banking laws were violated. Then kids started coming forward and telling tales of having been involved with Larry King and other very prominent Omaha officials and people in Washington. One of these people was Harold Andersen, one of the most prominent individuals in that state. He was the owner and publisher of the *Omaha World Herald*, the World Press Associate International and the Press Freedom Associate president. Another was Alan Baer, the bluest of the bluebloods in Nebraska, super-rich. One of the kids said she had been the private toy, when she was 12, 13, 14, 15 years old, of the police chief of Omaha, Robert Wadman.

I was one of the first ones to say publicly, as these stories started coming out, that they must be exaggerations. My position was, I don't believe in conspiracy theories. I still don't—to the degree I don't have smoking guns in front of me. I am a little skeptical when people go around accusing prominent people of these things.

I was the attorney for the chairman of the Senate investigating committee. As time went on, I began noticing a pattern. Any time the evidence started getting too hot, law enforcement at the top level—not just the state, but the Feds—would step in, and the thing would be suppressed. The *World Herald*, on a daily basis, was denouncing all this as fraud and criticizing the victim-witnesses. I finally said, something's not right here.

I wrote a memo, which received incredible attention, for whatever reason. That memo questioned whether there was a coverup. I said, at least the citizens are convinced that there is. The memo generated a grand jury, and the grand jury heard 40 or 50 days of testimony. Some of us said, "Wait a minute, the way this is being done is suspicious in itself. A person who should never be in charge of that grand jury has been put in charge of it." The grand jury ended up indicting the key victim-witness, a girl named Alisha Owen, and one of the boy witnesses, for lying. The lies were 1) that they had seen these people at these parties, and 2) the girl said that she had had this relationship with the police chief, and the boy said that he saw the girl with the police chief, and that he

himself had a relationship with another guy.

It was about that time that the boy called me, and I went to see him. His name was Paul Bonacci. I told him the truth: "I don't believe you. Offer me some independent evidence that I can go out and investigate and corroborate for myself. Because the grand jury said this is a 'carefully crafted hoax.' "

Remember, as of a month ago, the grand jury report was officially thrown out by the Supreme Court.

The boy gave me some information. I went out and checked it. Everything he said turned out to be true, so I finally agreed to represent him.

All kinds of additional information started coming out. I got all the charges against the boy thrown out. The girl was convicted. I did not represent her. She had a 30-day trial. The essence of the trial was to show that this was a "carefully crafted hoax." The chief witness at the grand jury and at the trial of the girl was another boy, one of the child victim-witnesses, who testified that all these stories they had originally told were false, that they made them up.

About a month and a half ago, the boy, Troy Boner, also became my client. He came forward, along with his mother and some other people, and signed 13 pages of sworn affidavits in which he made it very clear—he says he's ready to die for it, and he's gone on the line with lie detector tests—that indeed he was telling the truth originally, as were Alisha and all the other kids. He said that when he was taken in by the FBI on repeated occasions, they made it clear to him, "If you stick by that story, we guarantee that you'll be in prison for 20 years or more." They warned him that he was posing great risks to his family by sticking with those stories, and accusing these individuals.

About the time he was to testify, his brother blew his brains out, supposedly. He was found in an apartment where he'd never been before, with all kinds of satanic materials. Supposedly he had been playing Russian roulette with some kids he'd never been with before. Troy got the message, when he was ready to testify, that he'd better do what the FBI says. He has now signed 13 pages of sworn affidavits, where he explains, in detail, exactly what they did, how they made clear to him, "You either tell the story we want, or if you stick by your original story and defend these other kids, you will go to prison." So, obviously, he lied at trial.

We are going to have hearings on this issue, hopefully in the next couple of months. Now the issue before the court is whether the County Attorney who was the original prosecutor can be involved in the case.

The essence of the story the children told, was that they were used in a coordinated ring of child abuse. When I say child abuse, I don't mean the traditional child abuse that social workers yak about, but *serious, big league abuse of children*. They are used as drug couriers, as sexual objects to compromise this or that politician or businessman. They are used in the most gross fashion possible, including ritual mur-

## FBI paid agent \$1.5 million to keep his mouth shut

*During the question period, Mr. DeCamp was asked about the FBI role in the Franklin coverup. He answered:*

I don't have any answers on the FBI on anything. I do believe, as I've stated in my book, that for whatever reason, they orchestrated the coverup of the Franklin affair. I'm sure it was done under the guise of national security, or something.

Let me give you one more little piece. My book deals with a black FBI agent in Omaha named Donald Rochon. He started finding links between Larry King, Boys Town, and some of his own FBI agents. He named them. Rochon, for whatever reason, got run out of the FBI. He reacted by

suing the FBI. He claimed in his lawsuit—it's in the public record—that FBI agents were involved in perverted activity, and covering up for it. Remarkably enough, the FBI settled. Paid him \$1.5 million, so far as I can figure, calculating the numbers from the court documents.

Ever hear of William Sessions? He had a job as head of the FBI until a little while ago. Bill Clinton fired him. When people get fired, they like to say, "He's wrong and I'm right! He shouldn't have fired me. I was a good FBI chief." And that's what Sessions did, on C-SPAN, and in the *New York Times*.

They asked: If you're so good, what's the great job you did?

He answered: Number one, I settled the Rochon case. Why did I settle the Rochon case? Because everything Mr. Rochon was saying would have been established in a court as true, which would have done tremendous damage to the FBI.

der and things like that. I am talking about the most unbelievable things, which I still have difficulty believing. But having seen enough evidence, I know they exist, in an organized fashion, and not committed by the sleazes in the bars and the guys in the alley. I'm talking about the most prominent of citizens, the most respectable.

In my memo I named five or six individuals, including the police chief, including Harold Andersen, including Larry King, including Peter Citron, the entertainment editor of the *Omaha World Herald*. It was arranged—this was public knowledge at the time I wrote my memo—that Peter Citron was going to be the one to sue me for libel and slander. He was about ready to do it, until some of the mothers who had read my memo and the publicity surrounding it, starting questioning their little boys. They knew that their little boys frequently went to Peter's house. The little boys started talking, and one thing led to another, and yes, everything I said about Peter was true, and a lot worse. Peter ended up copping a plea and going to prison for a couple of years. He just got out.

The tale involves a complex scheme of high-profile people, involved in the grossest things, up to and including the Washington congressmen that they compromised, up to and including what we later learned was the organized kidnapping of boys.

### More evidence surfaces

It's what happened after the book came out, that amazes me as much as anything. I anticipated that I would be attacked for writing the book, because I didn't avoid naming names, I tried to lay it all out very specifically, using the words of the kids themselves. I realized it would be libelous—if it

weren't true. When the book came out, some of the most prominent attorneys in Nebraska and elsewhere said this was the most libelous thing they'd ever read. I told them, "I agree. If anybody had said any of these things about me, I'd sue 'em. The only thing worse than child abuse, is falsely accusing people. *If I'm lying*, I should be sued, I should be destroyed, I should be eliminated."

There was one lawsuit for libel, and it was successful. That was my lawsuit against the TV station in Wilmington, North Carolina. The police chief of Omaha had moved to Wilmington, and was now the police chief there. He went on television and said a, b, c, and d are false. I sued the TV station, demanded a retraction. They said, we won't retract; we have the police chief's word. I said, fine, let's go to court. Within three weeks, they had made their own investigation. They called me up, and we reached a very generous financial settlement that I'm not allowed to disclose, but it is more than X number of thousands, and less than 50. Two nights in a row, the lead story on the news, they had to have a public apology and retraction, and on the morning news, two days running.

That was the only libel suit to come out of the book. Does that mean the book's all true? I don't know. I believe everything I said I can document and prove. But it's the miracles that have occurred since the book appeared, that validate one thing after another.

One of the key entities in the book is a place called Boys Town, one of the most respected institutions not only in this country, but in the world, for the protection and health of young boys. Properly it should be: It has done wonderful work over the years, since Father Flanigan founded it. It's probably the biggest organization, financially, of its kind in

the world. It has reserves approaching a billion dollars. Boys Town figures heavily in my book. Some of the priests were pedophiles there. Boys were taken on trips to Washington, used for sexual purposes.

I anticipated that I would receive tremendous flak from Boys Town, and I did, from some of the people. But one person, who has become the best ally I've ever had, since the book came out, is a man named Msgr. Robert Hupp, who was the head of Boys Town during all the critical years in question. I would have expected him to work to destroy my credibility, because I made such serious accusations. He set up a private meeting with me and said, you've identified the game; I'll help you provide the names. Everything in your book is true, and a lot worse.

Let me give you one story that he was able to validate. One of the kids had told me an insane tale: He had been picked up in a helicopter and taken down the interstate to an Indian-sounding place, where they turned off and landed in a farmyard a couple miles off the interstate. They landed there, with the cow and the pig and the horse and the cornfield—and a big Quonset hut. They pushed a button, and the big doors of the Quonset hut opened, and inside the Quonset hut, out there in the middle of nowhere, were headquarters, offices, living quarters. He spent a day or two there, and they engaged in all kinds of pornographic films and other things.

I put this in the same category as the stories about space ships and Martians and green cheese. You don't read about it in the book, because anything I couldn't document is not in there.

So I'm with Monsignor Hupp, and I know that his closest friend and hunting partner, whom he's gone all over the country with, is Harold Andersen, publisher of the *World Herald*, the same one the kid had claimed took him there.

I asked Monsignor Hupp, "You're closest friends of anybody with Harold Andersen. Let me ask you: Did you ever see anything unusual?"

And he answered: "I'll be honest with you, no. Harold was strange, but if you're asking if I ever saw him engage in any conduct with any young boys, the answer is no. But you know, there was one strange thing. On one of our hunting trips, we were going down the interstate, and we got off at the Squaw Creek exit. We went a couple miles off the road. I want to take you there and show you—you won't believe this. We pulled off and went to this farm area: cows, pigs, the horse, the cornfield, the little white house. And there's a great, big, huge Quonset hut."

About this time, my ears perked up.

He continued, "We push a button, the big doors open, and it's the strangest thing I've ever seen in my life. We drive inside."

Remember now, this isn't some strange kid who may or may not be tethered to reality, telling me this tale. It's the head of Boys Town, a monsignor, a man who just came out with a fairly prominent book called *Boys Town*, somebody

who has all the credibility in the world.

He said, "We go in, and inside—complete headquarters, living quarters, right there built in the middle of nowhere inside a Quonset. It's the strangest thing I ever saw. I never asked Harold why we had these places built inside Quonsets in the middle of a farm, but I've always wondered about it. You might check on that."

As I say, it's just one more little piece that validated some strange story. And there have been a hundred of those.

### The Joe Malek case

I'll use another example. I was to meet a group in Omaha about this size, right after the book came out. One of the people in the book is a man named Joe Malek, a prominent businessman in Omaha. Joe Malek was the owner of Peony Park, the equivalent of our Disneyland, a big theme park, the only one within a couple hundred miles of Kansas City and Minneapolis and Des Moines. I identified him as one of the ones who got involved in this nest of pedophiles and perverts, who got his park used as a money-laundering machine for the drugs; who became involved in the whole sordid world of compromise with Larry King and the kids. And I specifically said his supposed suicide was probably in fact a murder.

It was pre-arranged at this meeting that I was to go to in Omaha, that some businessmen would stand up and confront me. And indeed they did. They started out with their spokesman saying, "We're friends of Joe Malek. You have maligned and libeled him. We grew up with Joe Malek through grade school, through college, through the high school. We know him. We know that everything you're written about him is absolute falsehood and libel. We're demanding here in front of everybody before you even start, a public apology and a retraction."

I was about ready to give my standard answer, which is that anything I put in my book, I think I have the documents to prove. I can't guarantee that everything that somebody else wrote is true, but at least the document is there and I'll validate that. But then I was interrupted.

A little old lady in the back of the room said, "Mr. De-Camp, maybe I can help you a minute. I'm here today to hear you, but I'm also here to buy some books. I've been buying them everywhere I can and distributing them. I can guarantee that everything you're written about Mr. Malek is tragically and unfortunately the truth, and a lot worse. I think I know. I'm Mrs. Malek. I and my children should have been on to it years ago. We denied what we should have faced up to."

So the businessmen sat down and I haven't heard from them since.

There have been a hundred of these mini-miracles that keep leading to the next stage, the next proof, the next exposure.

I'm doing the appeal now for Alisha Owen. I don't know how it will come out. I did not do her original trial. If I

had, she would never have been convicted. The trial, in my opinion and the more I read the record, was truly a “carefully crafted hoax.” I’ve also agreed to represent this other boy—all, unfortunately, *pro bono*.

We have gone on the offensive. We’ve filed a federal civil rights case against the Harold Andersens and a whole bunch of these people, and we’re making progress.

## Compromising videotapes

Something that we thought we’d never uncover, we uncovered here in the last six months. When Peter Citron, the entertainment editor of the *World Herald*, was arrested, we heard, but were not able to verify, that there were seized at that time thousands of hours of videotapes of various people—some of them really prominent, whose names you’ll recognize whether you’re from Nebraska or California. For years, it was denied that the tapes even *existed*. The Senate committee was never able to get access to them. Through a fluke, through fate, through luck and pressure, we got just enough information to establish that probably they existed and probably someone in the FBI or whatever had them in their possession. We went in and out of federal court and state court and finally got a judge to order them turned over to us—eventually.

Unfortunately, the conditions under which they’ve been turned over to us are unbelievable. I’ve talked to other lawyers, judges, the federal clerk of the District Court in Nebraska, who’s in charge of allowing me access to them. Never, never, he said, has he seen anything like it. There were 13 attorneys, including two former U.S. Attorneys, there, fighting my having access to the tapes. Thirteen, representing various people, and each one of them consistently said, “None of *our* people are on these tapes, but we don’t want DeCamp, under any circumstances, to have access to them.” Finally, we won access, but with these conditions, spelled out in a seven-page written court document: I can never disclose what’s on them; my viewing has to be arranged with notice to all these 13 attorneys and everybody else and a minimum of 30 days in advance for each showing; the showing can last four hours, to a maximum of eight hours; I have to be accompanied and can’t take any notes or bring any documents in. The information can only be used or disclosed *if* I win the next case to prove they’re relevant to our case, my specific case, and *if* I find other information that I can’t use in my case, I can’t ever speak about, disclose it, or anything.

If we continue this process, it would take us something like five years just to go through the tapes. There are incredible quantities. We have now found that some of them are missing, but that’s another issue.

I can say this, which I don’t think would be violating anything: I had certain beliefs, based on information I had from the children, about what might be on these tapes. That’s now in sealed documents with the courts. Based upon the

limited experience that I’ve had to this point, I can say that I think my beliefs will be validated in every way.

## The kidnapping of Johnny Gosch

After my book came out, a TV program called “America’s Most Wanted” got interested in it and started doing some investigation of their own. They sent a team to Nebraska. They got interested because some of the testimony of Paul Bonacci that we had filed identified him personally, when he was a young boy and growing up, as being involved with this kidnapping and pedophile ring. He specifically identified various kidnappings he had been involved in, giving details, times, places.

He described a kidnapping in Iowa on a certain date and at a certain place. We had heard about such a kidnapping. I sent a letter to somebody named John Gosch, whom I tracked down from the papers as the individual who had had a boy kidnapped. I simply said to him, “I don’t know if this has any relationship to your problem at all, I don’t know how valid or true it is, I don’t know anything other than I thought I at least had an obligation to at least send you this information.” Mr. Gosch contacted me back. He said, “I’m not interested in any way. I don’t want you calling my wife. We have been plagued, harassed, we’ve had the psychics, we’ve had the hustlers, who have this information about where my boy is buried. I want nothing to do with it.” I said, “I understand.”

This was early on, before I knew how valid Paul Bonacci’s statements were. A month or two later, Mr. Gosch called and said, “I have to go through Nebraska. Would you at least allow me to meet with this kid?” I said, “Absolutely.” Mr. Gosch walked into the prison. I said to Paul Bonacci, “I have somebody here who would like to talk to you. Would you be willing to talk to him?” He looked at him, just stared at him, and said, “You’re Johnny Gosch. No, you’re Johnny Gosch’s father, aren’t you?”

Mr. Gosch was stunned. He sat down with Paul and they spent hours together. Then he brought his own investigator, who investigated everything that Paul was claiming. They became totally convinced that Paul was telling the truth, that he was in on the kidnapping. They went on television, on “America’s Most Wanted,” then Dan Rather’s [CBS] evening news.

“America’s Most Wanted” then started doing almost a series on this. They brought out the fact that Paul had described how certain kids who were part of this ring—Johnny Gosch and some others—were branded, like you brand a steer! He described the brand, and drew it for them.

“America’s Most Wanted” then got the largest volume of calls they had ever received. One of them claimed to be from Johnny Gosch, calling from San Francisco. They put their team on it. They flew people out there. They got the FBI involved, and they were about to find the missing Johnny Gosch.

About that time they got a call from Madison, Wisconsin,

## The Finders case: CIA link to pedophile rings

*During the question period, Mr. DeCamp was asked about a Dec. 27, 1993 article in U.S. News and World Report alleging CIA connections to a pedophile ring in Florida. Here is his answer:*

That was the result of my book, and information I was being fed anonymously from Florida. I turned it over to the *Washington Times*. It's about an outfit called The Finders. A lot more is developing on that; there is a congressional investigation.

That ring dated back eight or nine years, and links directly into Omaha. The Finders had about eight kids. Somebody was arrested because they couldn't explain things adequately. A customs agent followed the kids, and they went to a trailer where they found all kinds of computers and sophisticated equipment. That led them to Washington, D.C., to a big warehouse, where they got

a CIA linkup. They started an investigation. And then everything stopped.

I was getting information anonymously. I found out later that it came from CIA people who were concerned about what had happened.

The CIA has denied any involvement in it, even today. But there is enough documentation to show that children, at a fairly tender age, were being used for sexual purposes, to compromise people, and for the "mind control" nonsense. Why? I don't know, and I don't claim to know.

I confronted Bill Colby on it one time. I said, "I want to know the truth, are we using kids for this? Are we doing this mind control stuff?" He said, "Look, there was a period, particularly following the Vietnam War, when this country was humiliated, when everybody was paranoid about terrorism, mind control. After the Korean War. We made sure that whatever the Russians were doing, the communists, we knew more and we were doing it better." I said, "*Did we use children?*" He replied, "Not that I know of, absolutely not. We only used volunteers."

That's what Bill told me. Do I believe it? No. Do I believe we did use children? Yes.

from a kid who said, "You're wrong. If you think that's Johnny Gosch, you're going to discover that's a hoax. It's not Johnny Gosch. Johnny Gosch wasn't there, 'cause he's with me."

"America's Most Wanted" the next week had to admit that, indeed, the FBI did find out that it was a hoax and they picked up the kid that pulled off the hoax. So now they asked, who was this "Jimmy," who warned us in advance that it was a hoax and could guarantee it? He must really know something.

To make a long story short, Jimmy was brought to my office, under careful security. Jimmy had a wealth of information. He validated Paul's story; they recognized each other instantly when they walked into the room. But there was one other thing that I noted right quick: Branded on the kid's leg, in so deep that it had to have hurt, was the exact brand that Paul had described on "America's Most Wanted." It was on his butt, it was on his shoulder, I think, exactly where Paul had said the one on Johnny Gosch was.

As we investigated further, we learned a lot more and finally got a couple of people to infiltrate this network of kids, who operated primarily out of Madison, Wisconsin and Council Bluffs, Iowa. They were the kidnapped kids—or at least that's what they claimed—and the bad news is, they weren't the sweet, innocent children they were when they were kidnapped. They were simply perpetrators, exactly like the people who had done it in the first place.

How was Jacob Wetterling involved? Jimmy, and at least

two of the others, had absolutely assured us that Jacob Wetterling was part of the group. We believe we've had people physically present on two occasions when Jacob was there under another name. Why don't they come forward? Why can't you grab them? The Gosches were ready to do exactly that.

The kids are spooked. They've been involved in very serious things. They're scared of the people who've controlled them all these years—the Emilios and the Charlies and the various people who run the ring. More important than that, they've been involved in things for which you don't get forgiveness, which don't have a statute of limitations. They're living a life of drugs and the whole works. So the victims are now the perpetrators.

What's going to happen? I don't know. I think we've developed enough information. I think we've had enough contact that within the next year or so, you will see some of these kids come forward, in one way or another.

We have received help through Bill Colby again. He's been most helpful. He went to Attorney General Janet Reno a month or a month and a half ago, laid out my book to her, told her how much credibility he believes I have, and asked her to put a team on to investigate it. Surprise of surprises—he didn't think they'd do anything, as he told me—he got a letter back about two weeks ago, where they assured him they are going to do precisely that and they've assigned a team. I don't know what's going to happen, but at least we're on the offense and I think that's important.

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