FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION/PRIVACY ACTS SECTION

COVER SHEET

SUBJECT: D. B. COOPER
NOTICE

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UNKNOWN SUBJECT;  
HIJACKING OF NORTHWEST AIRLINES FLIGHT 305  
PORTLAND, OREGON  
11/24/71  
CAA - HIJACKING; EXTORTION
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
DECEMBER 3, 1971

Attorney General John N. Mitchell announced today that
a "ransom list" of the known serial-numbered bills that were given to
the hijacker of Northwest Orient Airlines Flight 305 on November 24, 1971,
has been prepared and is being distributed by the FBI throughout the country.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover advised that the "ransom list,"
34 pages in length, contains the serial numbers of 500 Federal Reserve
Notes which were paid to the hijacker for the release of 36 passengers
and two crew members. The hijacker boarded the flight at Portland, Oregon
and hijacked the plane just prior to arrival in Seattle, Washington. He is
believed to have parachuted from the Boeing 707 aircraft while it was in a
flight from Seattle to Reno, Nevada.

Mr. Hoover advised that copies of the "ransom list" are
being furnished to FBI offices and police departments throughout the
United States, as well as certain financial and business establishments.
He requested anyone having any information concerning this matter to
immediately contact the nearest office of the FBI, the telephone number
of which may be found on the first page of most telephone directories.
UNKNOWN SUBJECT, also known as Dan Cooper, Northwest Airlines Flight #305, Portland to Seattle, November 24, 1971

"The Daily Telegraph", a London, England, newspaper, contained an article on May 28, 1971, on Page 4, describing a plot by an unknown subject using the name "Mr. Brown". This individual hoaxed the Qantas Airline at the Sydney International Airport, apparently in Australia, into paying 235,000 pounds ransom money after a bomb threat. The aircraft involved was a Boeing 707 Airliner. "Mr. Brown" is not described in the article, but an "Identikit" picture of him bears a resemblance to an artist's sketch of an unknown subject who hijacked an airliner between Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington, on November 24, 1971, and extorted $200,000 from Northwest Orient Airlines. This individual is described as white male, 6'1" tall, 170-175 pounds, age-mid-forties, olive complexion, brown eyes, black hair, conventional cut, parted on left; slender build.
UNKNOWN SUBJECT
NORTHWEST AIRLINES, FLIGHT 305
PORTLAND TO SEATTLE
NOVEMBER 24, 1971
CRIME ABOARD AIRCRAFT - HIJACKING; EXTORTION
The Robin Hood syndrome

Once upon a time there was an English archer named Robin Hood who lived in Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire. He gathered unto himself a band of rebels who supported themselves by robbing the rich upperclass gentry that ventured into his domain.

Over the years, Mr. Hood has been immortalized in song and poem for his legendary deeds. Many proverbs and sayings have been handed down in English literature that give this group of rogues an undeserved aura of respectability.

Legends die hard. Mr. Hood and his gangsters still occupy an honored place in story books, cartoons and films although their greedy motivations have been sanitized for young minds.

While Air Line Pilot is not in the business of destroying legends, one fact is clear. Mr. Hood was a thief, pure and simple, even though those he relieved of their gold might have been able to afford the loss.

A modern-day Robin Hood has now emerged. He told Northwest Airlines his name was D. B. Cooper when he boarded Flight 305 during the Thanksgiving holidays. After takeoff, he commandeered the 727, threatened to blow it up, demanded and got $200,000 and four parachutes and then bailed out somewhere between Portland, Ore., and Reno, Nev.

When it turned out that Mr. Cooper couldn’t be promptly located, his name and dramatic deed caught the public fancy. There were some citizens who felt he had earned the $200,000 through his act of bravery and daring. A song was written about him; a Portland vendor is reportedly doing well selling T-shirts featuring a parachute descending with a suitcase full of greenbacks.

Dr. Otto Larsen, sociology professor at Washington University, is reported to have explained the newly aroused Robin Hood syndrome this way:

“We all like adventure stories. That hijacker took the greatest ultimate risk. He showed real heroic features—mystery, drama, romanticism, a high degree of skill and all the necessities for the perfect crime.

“This man was neither political nor neurotic. His motive was simply $200,000 and people can understand that.

“His was an awesome feat in the battle of man against machine. One individual overcoming, for the time being anyway, technology, the corporation, the establishment, the system.”

Although it may be comforting to some to be able to explain human aberrations so easily, the fact remains that Mr. Cooper, or whatever his name is, committed a serious crime and is no less a criminal because social scientists can explain why he committed it. He endangered a plane-load of passengers, intimidated the crew, blackmailed the airline out of hard-earned cash and caused damage to an aircraft.

Mr. Cooper is no hero. He is a criminal in every sense of the word. He is being sought for an act of piracy that cannot be condoned or excused.

If Mr. Cooper is dead, justice has been done. If not, we have news for him. He is the object of one of the most thorough searches ever conducted by the FBI for a wanted criminal. Whoever is found, he will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This Robin Hood will end up
The FAA On Seatbelts

It is certainly recognized that a person experiencing an inadvertent parachute opening while secured by a safety belt would suffer serious or possibly fatal injury. On the other hand, we have evidence to show that accidents have been caused by jump occupants who were not wearing their safety belts. The Southern Region recently investigated two such accidents. The pilot in each case was unable to maintain control of the jump aircraft because the parachutists on board were not wearing their safety belts. What should have been nothing more than two minor incidents resulted in serious accidents through noncompliance with Federal Aviation Regulation (FAR) 91.14.

It is our feeling that safety would suffer far more by allowing parachutists to ignore this rule than would be the case of requiring them to have their safety belts fastened during takeoff and landing. The chances of a pilot having to abort a takeoff run or make an emergency stop during landing will, I think, be greater than inadvertent parachute openings during takeoff and landing.

FAR 91.14 applies only during takeoff and landing. The rule does not prohibit unfastening safety belts after a takeoff has been completed; however, I would sincerely hope that jump aircraft pilots would request that safety belts be kept fastened until an altitude has been attained which would at least give the victim of an inadvertent parachute opening a fighting chance for survival.

Your interest in aviation safety is greatly appreciated and we will further explore this problem with the United States Parachute Association and others that we have contact with. It is hoped that you will continue to assist us in our efforts to keep the Federal Aviation Regulations realistic and effective.

James F. Rudolph
Director, Flight Standards Service
Federal Aviation Administration

A BULLETIN FROM THE F.B.I.

Following is an artist's conception of the hijacker who extorted $200,000 from Northwest Airlines on November 24, 1971.

THIS MAN IS DESCRIBED AS FOLLOWS:

Race .......... White
Sex ........... Male
Age ........... Mid 40's
Height .......... 5' 10" to 6'
Weight .......... 170 to 180 pounds
Build .......... Average to well built
Complexion .... Olive, Latin appearance, medium smooth
Hair ........... Dark brown or black, normal style, parted on left, combed back; sideburns, low ear level
Eyes .......... Possibly brown. During latter part of flight, put on dark, wrap-around sunglasses with dark rims
Voice .......... Low, spoke intelligently; no particular accent, possibly from Midwest section of U.S.
Characteristics Heavy smoker of Raleigh filter tip cigarettes
Wearing Apparel Black suit; white shirt; narrow black tie; black dress suit; black rain-type overcoat or dark top coat; dark briefcase or attache case; carried paper bag 4" x 12" x 14"; brown shoes.

If you have any information which might lead to the identity of this individual, please contact the nearest FBI Office which would be found in the front of your telephone directory.
ALPA EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETS

The Executive Board of the Association met at its 14th meeting (Dec. 7-10) in Washington to register "total opposition" to FAA's proposal to impose responsibility for medical certification and surveillance of flight crew members up to the individual airline carriers. The Board directed the Aero-medical-Flight Time/Study Time Committee "to take any and all steps it deems necessary to prevent the adoption" of the proposal and instructed the Association's President to "provide the necessary support and resources," and including "if necessary" recommending the Executive Board for consideration "of other appropriate courses of action."

The Board, after lengthy discussion concerning the impact of the Alaska operation award on ALPA's crew comple- ment policy, reaffirmed its "full and vigorous support of the crew complement policy and of all existing agreements and awards establishing the same." The Board said that consistent with the Nov. 23 arbitration award (which included "interpretation and presentation of the Association's policy as being founded on safety as related to the operating conditions and environment of the carrier involved") and consistent with past practice, the Boeing 737 crew complement policy is interpreted to require "with the concurrence of the Executive Committee and the President" that the MEC and all aircrews involved make aircrews aware of the effects and environmental factors "and reach a determination as to the basis of implementation" of the crew complement policy. The Board ordered the President to "cause the Association to pro- vide full support to such determinations" and to conclude agreements that give full effect to such determinations.

Finally, the Board said the President and the Executive Committee should study and evaluate "crew coordi- nation and operating techniques on all airline jet aircraft."

Other actions taken by the Executive Board include the following:

— Supported the Airworthiness and Performance Committee in its concern over the use of reduced-thrust takeoff procedures.

— Referred a proposal that ALPA initiate an aggressive policy with FAA to establish positive control, climb and descent corridors "a high- ly complicated subject," to the National ATC Committee, the national committee involved with this problem.

— Noted that "it is in the best interest of ALPA to present a united position to the government and industry on those subject areas which affect the entire membership" and resolved "that before any pilot group representing body of the Association takes action on subject under the view of an ALPA national committee not covered by ALPA policy, proposed action be brought to the attention of the responsible national committees for their review and analysis to ensure a coordinated position."

— Directed the President to "actively pursue" ALPA policy, adopt in 1974, "to work to bring in operational flight duty time limits to line with domestic FAR limits."

— Directed the Association to institute a procedure of withholding data from flight pay loss checks.

— Noted that the use of "Airline Pilots" in the name of any organiza- tion, other than ALPA, "is confusing and misleading to the membership of the public, the government and industry and might be harmful to the public image of the Association."

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COOPER IS NO 'ROBIN HOOD'

Despite some attempts to prove otherwise through opportunism and commercialism, the person who labels himself as "D. B. Cooper" is--if he is still alive--no modern-day Robin Hood. He is a thief and a criminal of the highest order. He demonstrated more than passing knowledge of the air environment, especially parachuting. It is possible that "D. B. Cooper's" path may have crossed that of airline personnel--and airline pilots--at some time under another name. He is reported to have a bitter hatred against the airlines--he may have worked for one.

For these reasons PILOT BULLETIN is printing the specifications of the criminal that extorted $200,000 from Northwest Airlines on Nov. 24, 1971. Two artist drawings of "Cooper" are included in the hope they may prod the memories of ALPA members who may have seen or known him in the past.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation describes the man as follows:
Race: White
Age: Mid-40s

Artists sketch of Cooper with and without glasses

- Height: 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet
- Weight: 170 to 180 pounds
- Build: Average to well built
- Complexion: Olive, Latin appearance, medium smooth
- Hair: Dark brown or black, normal style, parted in left, combed back, sideburns, low ear level
- Eyes: Possibly brown; during later part of flight put on dark wrap-around sunglasses with dark rims
- Voice: Low, spoke intelligently, no particular accent

ALPA PRESSES FOR ACTION ON MID-AIR COLLISIONS

Pointing to a "needless slaughter" resulting from 70 mid-air collisions of U. S. airlines in the past 25 years, ALPA urged congressional action to make collision-avoidance equipment a mandatory requirement for all aircraft operating in government-controlled airspace.

In testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Aviation on Dec. 1, the Association emphasized the increasing hazards of mid-air accidents. A study made by the Department of Transportation, ALPA said, projected that by 1980 there would be approximately 10 mid-air collisions occurring each year. In 1971, there were four such tragedies.

ALPA recommended two government actions that should be taken immediately to reduce or eliminate the mid-air collision hazard:
- The first of these requires an immediate decision on the part of the U. S. government that the use of an adequate collision avoidance system or proximity warning indicator should be made mandatory for every aircraft operated within controlled airspace.
- The other action requires that the Federal Aviation Administration take a more realistic and sophisticated approach to inflight segregation of military and general aviation aircraft from airline and other high performance civil aircraft.

In addition to these recommendations, ALPA asked for a live evaluation of the several collision avoidance systems now available. Recognizing that installation of these systems would entail particular burdens for light plane owner, ALPA called for development of a plan to help them finance this hardware.

Although ALPA does not endorse any particular equipment now being offered as solutions to the collision problem, it supported the Senate bill under consideration (S. 2264), which would facilitate the installation of collision avoidance devices. "The establishment of definite compliance dates," ALPA said, "will also emphasize the urgency of the problem and take it out of the purely voluntary category."

FAA Continuing Taxiway - Exit Identification Light Test At JFK And Newark

The September 1971 PILOT BULLETIN announced the beginning of taxiway exit light testing at Newark runway 4L-22R. The test is ready to be implemented on runway 31R-13L. The runways show red threshold lights at ends, green flush centerline lights at runway and taxiway intersections. The main features of this light along with green curved led lights at the center taxiway.

The airlines have produced ready issued information and procedures to pilots operating into airports. FAA will provide the airlines and pilots with the latest information. ALPA requests that pilots cooperate in this evaluation. Please send a copy of your comments to the ALPA Committee on FAA for preliminary analysis.
STAN PITKIN
United States Attorney
1012 United States Courthouse
Seattle, Washington 98104
(206) 442-7970

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON
AT SEATTLE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
Plaintiff,

v.

WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS, also known as JACK LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY,

Defendants.

COUNT I

That beginning on or about the first day of February 1972, and continuing to the date of this complaint in King County and Kitsap County in the West. m. District of Washington, William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy, the defendants, therein, did willfully and unlawfully combine, conspire and agree to commit offenses against the United States, to wit, to violate Section 2314, Title 15, United States Code, by

1. Using and intending to use a scheme for obtaining certain payment by means of false and fraudulent pretenses and representations, to fraudulently induce Karl Payne Fleming to travel in interstate commerce from

2. Angeles County, California to King County, Washington, in execution of the scheme to defraud said Karl Payne Fleming of forty-five thousand dollars. The form and manner of the conspiracy was as follows:

...
MANNER AND MEANS

It was a part of the conspiracy that the defendant William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis, responding to an advertisement in the Seattle Times newspaper soliciting a contact from the alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" called Karl Payne Fleming at his home in Los Angeles, California on or about February 1, 1972 and stated that he, "Seth Thomas" (a fictitious name adopted by the defendant Jack Lewis for the purposes of this scheme) had been in touch with "D. B. Cooper", knew his true identity and could arrange an interview.

It was further a part of the conspiracy that the defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis, and Donald Sylvester Murphy arranged for Donald Sylvester Murphy to pose as the alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper". Jack Lewis photographed Donald Murphy wearing a wig and glasses and otherwise appearing much like the widely circulated "artist's conception" of "D. B. Cooper" and delivered a print to Karl Fleming in support of the scheme to defraud. Jack Lewis and Donald Murphy arranged to copy three twenty dollar bills with serial numbers to be Copies of twenty dollar bills acquired by the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" as ransom for the release of passengers on Northwest Orient Airlines Flight 305 at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport on November 21, 1971. Jack Lewis furnished this fraudulent copy of the three twenty dollar bills (copy attached hereto) as Exhibit "A", Karl Fleming in support of the scheme to defraud.

It was further a part of the conspiracy that the defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis, and Donald Sylvester Murphy falsely represented Donald Murph

-2-
to be the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" when they met with Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn in King County, Washington on or about February 16, 1972 and demanded that Karl Fleming produce forty-five thousand dollars in return for "D. B. Cooper's" story about the hi-jacking. The defendants agreed to accept thirty thousand dollars fraudulently representing that the money would be held in trust by Jack Lewis for the legal defense of "D. B. Cooper" should he be apprehended. Jack Lewis signed the document recording that payment, one signed as "Seth Thomas" and wherein he signed his true name (copy attached hereto Exhibit "B").

It was further a part of the conspiracy that the defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy prepared Donald Murphy to be the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" by reading the published information about the hi-jacking of Flight 305 and the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" and otherwise developing a plausible theory of the hi-jacking which was with a "confession" of the crime. Extraordinary steps to the security of the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" such requiring that the cameraman and auditions record the interview do so from an extreme distance while using ear plugs, added credibility to the fraudulent scheme.

OVER ACTS

1. On or about February 1, 1972 the defendant
   William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis called Karl Payne Fleming in Los Angeles, California from his residence at Seavue Estates, Seabrook, Washington.

2. On or about February 13, 1972 the defendant
   William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis called the
Swept Wing Inn near Seattle-Tacoma International Airport and made reservations for Karl Fleming for February 16, 1972, requesting a ground floor room.

3. On or about February 16, 1972 the defendant William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis met with Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn in King County, Washington and used the fictitious name "Seth Thomas".

4. On or about February 16, 1972 the defendant Donald Sylvester Murphy met with Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn in King County, Washington and used the fictitious name "D. B. Cooper".

5. On or about February 21, 1972 the defendant William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis received three hundred dollars from Karl Fleming for expenses.

6. On or about February 11, 1972 the defendant William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis received two thousand dollars from Karl Fleming and signed two receipts recording the payment, one using his true name and one using the fictitious name "Seth Thomas".

7. On or about February 21, 1972 the defendant William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis drove Karl Fleming around King County, Washington looking for a secret place to film the interview with "D. B. Cooper".

8. On or about February 22, 1972 and February 23, 1972 the defendant Donald Sylvester Murphy, posing as the alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" spoke views with Karl Fleming, and fraudulently confessed to hi-jacking Northwest Orient Airlines Flight 305 on November 29, 1971.

9. On or about February 23, 1972 the defendant Donald Sylvester Murphy was photographed posing as the alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" and displayed
a copy of three twenty dollar bills in front of the camera.

All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. Section 371.

COUNT II

1. The defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy devise and artifice to obtain money from Karl Payne Fleming by fraudulently representing the defendant Donald Sylvester Murphy to be the alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. E. Cooper" as more particularly alleged in Count I of this complaint and all of the allegations of Count I are realleged and incorporated herein as if fully set out in Count.

2. On or about the 16th day and the 24th day of February, 1972 the defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy, having advised and having intended to devise the aforesaid scheme and artifice to defraud and to obtain money by means of false and fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises unlawfully and fraudulently induce Karl Payne Fleming to travel in interstate commerce from Los Angeles County, California to King County, Washington in execution of the aforesaid scheme and artifice to defraud said Karl Payne Fleming of money in an amount exceeding five thousand dollars, that is, forty-five thousand dollars in cash.

All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. Section 2314.
The complainant states that this complaint is based on the copy of three twenty dollar bills bearing serial numbers 554904730A, L33529797A, and L20168977A acquired from Karl Fleming who states that the copy of the three bills Fleming received (now in the custody of the F.B.I.) was delivered to him by Jack Lewis in support of the claim that Fleming was interviewing the real "D.B. Cooper," which copy is attached hereto as exhibit "A." The original copy has been examined by the F.B.I. laboratory in Washington, D.C. and determined to be fraudulent in that the serial numbers, which do not bear three numbers from the ransom paid were superimposed on twenty dollar bills prior to being copied.

Further, Jack Lewis executed the two receipts for thirty thousand dollars attached hereto as exhibit "B" (original in the custody of the F.B.I.) in the presence of Karl Fleming and "D.B. Cooper." Fingerprints lifted from these receipts by the F.B.I. laboratory in Washington, D.C. have been identified as belonging to William John Lewis.

Further, movie film and an audio tape of the interview between Karl Fleming and Donald Murphy, posing as "D.B. Cooper," which took place on the morning of February 23, 1972 on a beach fronting Puget Sound in King County, Washington, has been viewed and heard by agents of the F.B.I. personally familiar with the defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis, and Donald Sylvester Murphy, Donald Murphy having been listed on film as "D.B. Cooper." The interview of February 23, 1972 was recorded on movie film and audio tape taken by Neil Peter Reischlin and William Berman Kaplan, from a location remote from the point of interview at the request of Karl Fleming (originals of the tape...
recordings, movie film and audio tape are in the custody of
the F.B.I.). Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation
familiar with William John Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy
have listened to tapes, made by Karl Fleming, of interviews
of "D.B. Cooper" and "Seth Thomas" and have identified the
voices appearing on the tapes as William John Lewis and
Donald Sylvester Murphy.

Complainant further states that Karl Fleming has been
interviewed by Special Agents of the F.B.I. and has related
the following:

That he, Karl Fleming, placed an advertisement
in the Seattle Times newspaper, on or about
West Coast, requesting that the alleged liberal
hi-jacker "D.B. Cooper" contact him. Karl Fleming
was then a Contributing Editor of Newsweek magazine
stationed in Los Angeles and the advertisement listed
his home telephone number and indicated that he
represented a national news magazine.

On or about February 1, 1972 Karl Fleming
received two telephone calls from a "Seth Thomas," who in subsequent personal contacts identified himself
as Jack Lewis, the caller stating that he knew the
identity of "D.B. Cooper" and could arrange an
interview.

In response to this information Karl Fleming
flew from Los Angeles County, California to King
County, Washington on or about February 10, 1972
and checked into a ground floor room at the Sceptre Inn which had been reserved for him by Jack Lewis,
alias "Seth Thomas."

Jack Lewis contacted him there and later
introduced him to "D.B. Cooper" who entered the
door through a sliding patio-type door.

The individuals identifying themselves as "Seth
Thomas" and "D.B. Cooper" requested forty-five
thousand dollars for the story and details of
the hi-jacking. The initial payment of fifteen
thousand dollars to be paid upon Karl Fleming's
satisfaction he was talking to the hi-jacker, a second
installment in the same amount upon completion of the
interviews, and a final payment upon publication of the
story.
"Seth Thomas" and "D.B. Cooper" agreed to submit to interviews which would be taped and photographed after being advised by Karl Fleming that Newsweek magazine would not support the undertaking but that a partner of Fleming's in Platyplus Publications, Incorporated would put up thirty thousand dollars.

On or about February 20, 1972 Karl Fleming traveled from Los Angeles County, California to King County, Washington with thirty thousand dollars in cash consisting of an unknown number of bills in twenty, fifty, and one hundred dollar denominations. He stayed at the Edgewater Inn, in Seattle, Washington through February 25, 1972 and interviewed "D.B. Cooper" on February 22 and 23.

Karl Fleming was furnished the xerox copy of the three twenty dollar bills, allegedly part of the ransom paid to "D.B. Cooper" (Exhibit "A") and on or about February 21, 1972, paid the thirty thousand dollars to Jack Lewis who signed a receipt (Exhibit "B"). Karl Fleming related that Jack Lewis was also known as "Seth Thomas," prior to giving him the receipt and that "D.B. Cooper" appeared to Karl Lewis' disclosure of his true name.

Karl Fleming also paid three hundred dollars to Jack Lewis on or about February 21, 1972 for disclosure.

The complainant further states that he believes that statements made by Karl Fleming to Special Agents of the F.B.I. are accurate in that checks of motel, airline, renting car, and telephone toll records corroborate his story and photographs of William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy have been identified by Karl Fleming, and other persons, as the individuals who called themselves "Seth Thomas" and "D.B. Cooper" respectively.

UNITED STATES MAGISTRATE

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, 1972.

CHARLES E. FARRELL
Special Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation
[Handwritten text that is not legible due to degradation and handwriting style.]

[Signature and date at the bottom of the page.]
Karl Fleming do hereby on Feb. 20, 1972, convey to Seth Thomas, who purports to be agent for D. B. Cooper, $30,000 to be held in trust for use on a legal defense fund for D. B. Cooper when or if he is apprehended or surrendered, and with the understanding that the money is to be used for that purpose alone.

Seth Thomas
21 Feb 1972
By Karl Fleming

D.B. COOPER AROSE AT 6 A.M. THAT day, leaving his wife of 25 years asleep in their ranch-style suburban Seattle home, dressed hurriedly in a dark business suit, and packed his briefcase with the tools he would need to carry him through this, the most important day of his life.

Cooper, age 49, a balding unprepossessing out-of-work Boeing engineer, had never been arrested for anything more serious than a traffic violation.

This day, Thanksgiving Eve of last year, he would hijack a Northwest Airlines Boeing 727 between Portland and Seattle, would successfully bail out with $200,000 of the airline's money, and then watch as if it evaporated. He still hasn't been discovered by the law.

Cooper planned the hijacking for more than a year. Every detail had been carefully researched. Every step had been painstakingly rehearsed. Every possible "go-up" had been anticipated—every marked-money bag and bad weather. Every...-

A LONER, D.B. COOPER TELLS HOW HE STOLE PLANE AND GOT AWAY

The hijack note. Under his suit, he wore a heavy sweatshirt. It would be cold that night when he jumped. On his feet he wore high-topped Western style boots. They could pass as dress shoes, and at the same time could protect his ankles when he hit the ground after parachuting from the plane.

Making Plans

As he drove, he listened idly to the radio and methodically reviewed his plan—the landing site, the weather, the timing, the getaway route, the minute details. He had brooded over with Slide rule precision for months. He originally had wanted to bring in a confederate, in flight so that a jump could be accomplished without ripping a chute to pieces. Also, this particular daily commuter flight was chosen because of the route it followed. Cooper chose it after patiently studying dozens of aerial maps. The route, over rural terrain where the land was hilly, but not too rough, was close enough to a freeway to make a getaway possible. It was sufficiently removed from water and high tension lines, which a parachutist always fears and was remote enough so he could land without detection.

The spot Cooper selected was just east of the tiny farming village of La Center, less than five miles from the river or windy enough to make the jump overly hazardous.

The day he chose was perfect: rainy, overcast and gusty—which would discourage light planes and helicopters from following. And he had chosen this day for another reason. It was a holiday. He had wanted July 4, but hadn't been able to get his plan perfected in time.

He wanted a holiday because people in airports would be in a festive mood, there would be huge crowds and a lot of confusion.

The Triangle

Cooper turned off Interstate 5 at Woodland at about 9:45 a.m. drove along the macadam rural road to Main Street in La Center and parked his car in the gravel lot beside the post office.

He applied his make-up, a suit to alter his facial coloring and white paste to obscure his bald cap, and put on his topee. He drove into the laundromat country to set his radio transmitter in place. There were three of them placed.

The STORER, D.B. COOPER TELLS HOW HE STOLE PLANE AND GOT AWAY

The hijack note. Under his suit, he wore a heavy sweatshirt. It would be cold that night when he jumped. On his feet he wore high-topped Western style boots. They could pass as dress shoes, and at the same time could protect his ankles when he hit the ground after parachuting from the plane.

Making Plans

As he drove, he listened idly to the radio and methodically reviewed his plan—the landing site, the weather, the timing, the getaway route, the minute details. He had brooded over with Slide rule precision for months. He originally had wanted to bring in a confederate, in flight so that a jump could be accomplished without ripping a chute to pieces. Also, this particular daily commuter flight was chosen because of the route it followed. Cooper chose it after patiently studying dozens of aerial maps. The route, over rural terrain where the land was hilly, but not too rough, was close enough to a freeway to make a getaway possible. It was sufficiently removed from water and high tension lines, which a parachutist always fears and was remote enough so he could land without detection. The spot Cooper selected was just east of the tiny farming village of La Center, less than five miles from the river or windy enough to make the jump overly hazardous.

The day he chose was perfect: rainy, overcast and gusty—which would discourage light planes and helicopters from following. And he had chosen this day for another reason. It was a holiday. He had wanted July 4, but hadn't been able to get his plan perfected in time. He wanted a holiday because people in airports would be in a festive mood, there would be huge crowds and a lot of confusion.

The Triangle

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Fleming clandestinely interviewed D.B. Cooper outside Seattle.
A Little Satire

Cooper had made practice runs on the Portland-Seattle flight a half-dozen times, checking the terrain, checking the compass route, familiarizing himself with landmarks and on the final checkride he had placed his small transmitters and had taken his walkie-talkie on board with him. Approaching the planned jump spot, he concealed the walkie-talkie in a pillow and held the pillow up to his ear. Sure enough, when he was over the right place—and could see where he was—the signals began to come in, demonstrating the system would work.

After setting them out on the day of the hijacking, Cooper returned to the post office lot, parked the car, walked...
A HIJACKING
along the road to Woodland, went into a restaurant and had a ham and cheese sandwich and a piece of apple pie, while he waited for the Greyhound bus. He had already purchased a ticket, to Portland, for 90 cents, and had a plane ticket from Portland to Seattle as well.

On the practice flights, he had used several aliases, including Montgomery and Wright. For the big trip, he chose the name D.B. Cooper.

It was a little satire, he said. He had worked at Boeing where noise was always a problem. So he chose the word decibel and took the letter "D" from it. And what, he said, would make more noise than a lot of decibels in the rear of the plane. Had there been air marshals on board, which was happening on some flights, he planned just to sit tight and take a normal flight to Seattle. No marshals were on board, however, so Cooper took a seat in the extreme left rear of the plane and just waited.

"I was still safe. I still had the note. I still had the option just to take a ride. But I knew this was the beginning. Right here. All the work that had gone on before, that was just an accessory. Because nobody knew what I was doing. And I wasn't doing wrong to anybody.

"Odd as it may seem, I had prepared for this so long that when it actually might not open. But other than me, nobody was endangered at any time, Cooper said.

The crucial flight was about six minutes late leaving. When it was about 10 minutes out of Portland, the stewardess taking orders for drinks, had worked her way back to Cooper's seat. When she asked him what he wanted to drink, Cooper reached inside his jacket and handed her the note. It was typewritten on plain white paper, and the message was plain: "I have a bomb in this briefcase. I am hijacking this plane."

The stewardess's eyes widened. "Surprised?" Cooper said. "Just following the orders of a friend from Minnesota, so we talked briefly about Minnesota, and how did she like flying and this sort of thing. But actually, the atmosphere wasn't too conducive to idle conversation. Because I was very keen, I had to be very alert. I didn't want to get lost in conversation."

The captain informed the passengers there was a minor mechanical problem. While the FBI was rounding up the money and parachutes, Cooper sent word that when the plane landed he wanted it parked away from the terminal, in a well-lighted area so he could see out the windows and protect himself from possible ambush. When that was..."
along the road to Woodland, went into a restaurant and had a ham and cheese sandwich and a piece of apple pie, while he waited for the Greyhound bus. He had already purchased a ticket, to Portland, for 90 cents, and a plane ticket from Portland to Seattle as well.

On the practice flights, he had used several aliases, including Montgomery and Wright. For the big trip, he chose the name D.B. Cooper.

It was a little satirical, he said. He had worked at Boeing where noise was always a problem. So he chose the word decibels, and took the letter "D" from it. And what, he said, would make more noise than a lot of decibels in a barrel? Thus "B." And who makes barrels? A "cooper." Thus, D.B. Cooper, just the kind of name a methodical-minded engineer would choose.

When the bus reached Portland, at about 1:45 p.m., Cooper caught a taxi to the airport, arriving at about 2:15. The flight was scheduled to leave at 2:40 p.m. Cooper strolled around the terminal to kill time, then walked directly to the gate, boarding his briefcase. He watched as the check-in line formed, apprehensive for fear federal agents would be at the gate searching hand luggage. There were no such agents present, so Cooper tagged along at the end of the line, so he could get a seat at the back of the plane. Had there been air marshals on board, which was happening on some flights, he planned just to sit tight and take a normal flight to Seattle. No marshals were on board, however, so Cooper took a seat in the extreme rear of the plane and just waited.

"I was still safe. I still had the note. Still had the option just to take a ride. But I knew this was the beginning. Right here. All the work that had gone on before, that was just an accessory. Because nobody knew what I was doing. And I wasn't doing wrong to anybody. Odd as it may seem, I had prepared for this so long that when it actually took place, it was just like having a dress rehearsal," Cooper said.

The Crucial Flight

Cooper avoided any weapons—he said he dislikes guns—and the way his plan was to go the only person who would ever see his "bomb" would be the stewardess. And she would be "scared to death, and wouldn't know a real bomb from anything at all. I could have made it out of paper and she wouldn't have known any difference."

"So, what was the worst that could happen? They could apprehend me. Or, if I got as far as putting the plan into motion, and left the plane with a chute I wasn't familiar with, then the chute might not open. But other than me, nobody was endangered at any time," Cooper said.

The crucial flight was about six minutes late leaving. When it was about 10 minutes out of Portland, the stewardess, taking orders for drinks, had worked her way back to Cooper's seat. When she asked him what he wanted to drink, Cooper reached inside his jacket and handed her the note. It was typewritten on plain white paper, and the message was plain: "I have a bomb in this briefcase. I am hijacking this plane."

The stewardess's eyes widened. "Surprised?" Cooper said. "Just follow my instructions. Exactly! And everything will be fine and no one will be any wiser. Just report this to your captain."

That was the substance, if not the verbatim words, of the conversation. For the next two and a half hours, Cooper and the stewardess were seatmates. He kept her beside him and used her as a courier to take instructions to the captain. When the plane reached Seattle and began circling, Cooper instructed her to go forward and tell the captain "to advise Seatac (Seattle-Tacoma Airport) and Northwest to procure $200,000 in $20 bills and four parachutes, and have them at the plane."

While the plane circled, Cooper and the stewardess chatted. "She told me she was from Minnesota, so we talked briefly about Minnesota and how did she like flying and that sort of thing. But actually, the atmosphere wasn't too conducive to idle conversation. Because I was very keen, I had to be very alert. I didn't want to get lost in conversation."

The captain informed the passengers there was a minor mechanical problem. While the FBI was rounding up the money and parachutes, Cooper sent word that when the plane landed he wanted it parked away from the terminal, in a well-lighted area so he could see out the windows and protect himself from possible ambush. When that was done, and the money and parachutes were delivered to the plane by courier, a bus came out, and everyone deplaned except one stewardess. She was vital to Cooper's plan and was seated in his ordering of four parachutes.

The Order for Two

No one had pulled this kind of hijacking before, so Cooper had had some careful planning to do. "The one thing I had to watch very carefully was the chutes. I decided to order two complete sets. Why? Because if they thought I was going out of that plane alone, I wouldn't have given you a plugged nickel for my chances. Because they wouldn't care if I dropped out and went straight..."
FELL FREE FOR 22 SECONDS...
Cooper demanded in a suitcase. He had a special harness to be attached across his back. He planned to put his suitcase along with the money inside it. He strapped on the harness so he could carry the money in his hands. But instead, he couldn't jump with the harness on. He was brooding about the harness.

The plane took off from Seattle at about 7:30 p.m. It was dark. Cooper ordered the stewardess to tell the captain to fly on the normal course to Reno, which he knew would carry him directly to M101135 miles.

He said that when he jumped, his altimeter showed about 7,500 feet, and he executed a free fall without opening his chute, for precisely 22 seconds which shot him down through a thick cloud bank—thus preventing a possible injury.

Free Fall

"I remembered why I had come to this point, and all the reasons for it. The long planning. All the research. And the provocation—that was what I was thinking of. It didn't take me long to reflect on this. Just a fraction of a second. Then the die was cast."

When he jumped, his altimeter showed 7,500 feet, and he executed a "free fall" without opening his chute, for precisely 22 seconds which shot him down through a thick cloud bank—thus preventing...
EXHILARATION FILLED HIM

the follow-on planes from spotting him. The free fall carried him to about 4,500 feet, where he opened the chute. Below, he picked up familiar landmarks—fields, farms, roads, and the power line he needed to avoid. The wind was from the east, which was fine. He needed to drift westward, closer to the freeway and the sea to the east which was near. He needed to walk downhill to his car, anyway. He landed skillfully in a big open field (it was the first jump he had made in several years) fearing only one thing: that dogs might spot him and begin barking. They didn’t. He gathered up the white parachute, walked downhill to a weed-choked gully beside a small dirt road, and there stashed the money and the chutes. Then he simply walked up the road to his car, ducking off into the weeds three times when cars passed. When he reached his car, he got in, drove back, collected the money and chute, picked up the radio transmitters, packed everything in the trunk, got on the freeway, and drove home.

Exhilaration poured over him. “I felt like I could have walked all the way to Chicago,” he said. “Not only did I have the money, but I had a plan and carried the plan through under conditions that a lot of people would be reluctant to jump in. But then the reaction hit me. I became extremely nervous driving up the freeway. I became almost paranoid. Because if I were ever stopped, if I had shown the trunk, I was dead in the water. I considered stopping and getting away, but I had all the evidence. But there! So I figured the best thing I could do was keep on going. And this is what I did.”

in a shopping bag, and returned it to the car trunk.

Next morning, he drove to a remote spot, burned part of his gear and buried the rest, along with the money, “in a spot where nobody will ever, ever find it.”

Several days later, Cooper inadvertently discovered that although the money was not marked, authorities had the serial numbers of every $20 bill he possessed. So though he had the money, he couldn’t spend it. What to do? He thought of taking it to Mexico, or Europe, and “founding” it. But he was an engineer, not a criminal. Therefore, operating on alien turf, he figured to lose not only the money, but his life as well. He was furious. He felt he had been double-crossed. Here he had a fortune, and couldn’t spend a dime of it.

That is roughly where I came into the picture. The foregoing narrative was related to me by the man I believed to be Cooper in a series of taped interviews in a Seattle motel that ran for some eight hours over a period of three days last month. He also guided me by car over the route of his crime.

It had started when a man calling himself “Seth Thomas” contacted me on the night of Jan. 31, saying he was acting as intermediary for Cooper. He said Cooper was interested in telling his story, but wanted to be paid, because he couldn’t spend the money he had stolen. It was here that Cooper realized that the recent Clifford Irving/Howard Hughes hoax would devalue the Cooper story if it were in the minds of potential publishers, but that they had thought and thought and finally agreed on what
After Cooper hit the ground, he stashed the money and parachutes in the marsh, walked to his car, returned to collect everything, and drove home.
How Did It Go?

What he feared was a roadblock. There was none. In his planning, he had figured that law enforcement wouldn't really begin to react until the next day. It takes a while for a bureaucracy to crank up. So he didn't spot a single lawman all the way home.

He got there at about midnight. His wife awoke long enough to say "How did it go?"

He had told her he was going on a business trip. "The same," he said. "Same old story."

She went back to sleep. Cooper went to the kitchen, turned on the radio and listened to news bulletins about the skyjacking while he had coffee. Then he went out and brought in the money and examined it with a "black" light to see if he could detect whether it had been marked by the law with special paint. It hadn't. He stowed the money.
PLEASE HELP

The family of Richard Floyd McCoy, Jr., who is a native of Craven County in the Cove City area, are asking friends who would like to contribute to his legal defense, to send funds to Russell E. McCoy, Box 7, Cove City, N. C.

He has served his country in the army, nine years and has three different missions to Vietnam. He was in the Special Forces, a helicopter pilot and suffered head wounds in action and underwent head surgery. He was awarded the Purple Heart and many other decorations.

He was attending Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, as a law enforcement officer, and was to graduate in August 1972. His only funds for support was the G.I. bill. He has two minor children, ages 2 and 4, and his wife is in the hospital.

Your help will be greatly appreciated.
briefing

Air Safety Forum to ask ‘What Price Safety?’

“What Price Safety?” will be theme of the 1972 ALPA Air Safety Forum to be held May 23-25 at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Captain Richard Heller, Region Three safety chairman, has been named general chairman of the 19th annual Pilot Division safety conference. Margie Slagle (PAI) will be chairman of the 10th S&S Division Forum.

Tentative agenda for the pilots’ forum calls for a closed luncheon meeting Tuesday, May 23, followed by closed sessions in the afternoon and meetings of the five regional safety committees in the evening.

Open sessions begin Wednesday morning, May 24, with a welcome by ALPA President John J. O’Donnell. Wednesday morning programs will discuss hijacking. There will be a formal luncheon. The afternoon will be devoted to disaster planning, two-segment approaches and noise-abatement procedures.

Thursday morning sessions will be devoted to airport safety, status of the airport certification program and ALPA’s plan to accelerate installation of airport facilities. Thursday afternoon will schedule workshop action groups on air traffic control, collision avoidance systems, airworthiness and performance and accident prevention. Honors night reception and banquet is set for Thursday evening.

Buses will leave the Mayflower Hotel at 10 a.m. Friday morning for a special VIP preview of Transpo ‘72 at Dulles International Airport.

NAS Planning Review Conference set for May

The Fourth Annual National Aviation System Planning Review Conference will be held May 1-3 at the Twin Bridges Marriott Hotel in Washington according to FAA.

Papers have been invited on following tentative list of subjects: Human Factors and Biomedical Factors in Aviation; National Airspace System of the Future; Airport Development Assistance Program; Aviation Trust Fund; Balanced Transportation; New Technology, and Environmental Factors Affecting Aviation.

Registration is open to anyone interested. Registration fee of $5 is required of those who wish to receive all conference papers and the 1972 editions of the NAS Policy Summary and the 10-year plan. Register by writing to FAA, Attention: HQ-200, 800 Independence Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20591.

Have you seen ‘D. B. Cooper’?

The man calling himself “D. B. Cooper” who hijacked a Northwest 727 and extorted $200,000 in the process last November is the subject of a widespread manhunt. During the episode, “Cooper” demonstrated more than a passing knowledge of the air environment, especially parachuting. He also showed a fair familiarity with airline aircraft operation.

It is possible that “D. B. Cooper’s” path may have crossed that of airline personnel at some time under another name. He expressed a bitter hatred for the airlines and may have worked for one.

From descriptions furnished by those involved, the FBI has provided the following description and artist drawings of “Cooper” in the hope that ALPA members and other readers may be able to furnish some lead as to his whereabouts, dead or alive:

Race: White
Age: Mid-40s

Height: 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet
Weight: 170 to 180 pounds
Build: Average to well built
Complexion: Olive, Latin appearance
Hair: Dark brown or black, normal style, parted on left; combed back
Sideburns, low ear lobe
Eyes: Possibly brown; during latter part of flight put on dark wrap-around sunglasses with dark rim
Voice: Low, spoke intelligently, no particular accent
Characteristics: Heavy smoker of Raleigh filter-tip cigarettes
Wearing apparel: Black shirt, white tie, narrow black tie, black dress suit, black rain-type overcoat or dark topcoat, brown shoes; carried paper bag 4 inches by 12 inches by 14 inches and dark briefcase or attaché case

If you have any information that might lead to the identity of this individual, please contact the nearest FBI office.

U.S. limits housing near noisy airports

The federal government is discouraging community development around airports by withholding funds for housing loans where it thinks noise complaints are likely to occur.

The Department of Housing and Urban Development is working closely with FAA to develop guidelines called “noise exposure forecasts,” which are based on FAA’s composite noise rating calculations. New construction is “unacceptable” to HUD in an area where noise exceeds 80 db for one hour out of every 24, or 75 db for eight hours of every 24. Locations are normally acceptable if noise does not exceed 65-75 db more than eight hours a day.

In FAA’s composite noise rating calculations, “takeoffs” and “landings” under 100 db and run-ups under 80 db are rated acceptable by HUD.
IS D.B. COOPER THE

LEGAL TROUBLES, MORAL PROBLEMS

STOP PUBLICATION OF THE STORY

By Karl Fleming

In the previous two segments of this series, the man who called himself D.B. Cooper described how he singlehandedly hijacked a Northwest Airlines plane last Thanksgiving Eve and parachuted to safety with $200,000, and why he did it—mainly to prove he wasn’t “over the hill,” the implied message he got when he was fired by Boeing where he had worked for 15 years as an engineer. He showed author Fleming three of the stolen bills, and told part of the story, whereupon Fleming paid him $30,000, and then got the rest of the story in vivid detail on tape and film. In this concluding installment, Fleming tells what happened after that.

my classified ad in the Seattle Times, and decided to make contact with me—purely to sell Cooper’s story for money. Having sold it, they expressed a desire to keep in touch. Before leaving Seattle after my interviews, I asked Lewis, who said he was an engineer, to send me aerial maps showing the area where Cooper claimed he landed, 50 miles north of Portland. When the maps arrived, they came in a package containing a worn brass and wood hat rack—that being the antique “Gift” Lewis mentioned in his letter.

By the time he wrote, I had resigned from Newsweek, had been married, and had completed the backbreaking job of transcribing the eight-odd hours of taped conversations with Cooper. Ordinarily, a reporter doesn’t do that. He takes notes, and if he uses a tape recorder, he merely selects nuggets from the tapes as he plays them back.

But this was important stuff. I had, in fact, recorded my clandestine conversations with Cooper with two tape machines. I also had a 30-minute filmed interview with him, as well as several rolls of film, and photostats of some of the stolen money.

Curtain Act

Originally, I saw the Cooper story as but a fitting curtain act for Newsweek, which I was leaving, with mixed emotions, after 11 eventful and satisfying years. And it would be, if the timing
A few years ago an engineer by name of Fleming was hired to build a structure. He worked hard and saved money, and eventually, he bought his own company. Fleming was known for his honesty and integrity, and his company grew steadily over the years.

Fleming's success attracted the attention of a rival company, which offered him a job as their head engineer. Fleming accepted the offer, but he soon found himself in a difficult position. His new company was in financial trouble, and he was under pressure to produce results quickly.

Fleming worked long hours and put in extra effort to meet the demands of his new job. However, he soon realized that the company was using substandard materials and cutting corners to save money. Fleming knew that this would compromise the safety of the structures he was designing, but he felt compelled to work with the company.

One day, a catastrophic failure of a structure caused the deaths of several people. The public became aware of the shoddy workmanship and demanded answers. Flemings' name became synonymous with the tragedy, and he was forced to step down from his position.

Fleming's career never fully recovered from the scandal. He spent the rest of his life trying to clear his name and repair the damage he had caused. He died a broken man, but his story serves as a警示 about the dangers of sacrificing integrity for short-term gains.
Karl Fleming was associated with Newsweek magazine as correspondent, Los Angeles bureau chief and contributing editor for 11 years before resigning April 15 to found LA. While with Newsweek, he covered virtually every significant civil rights story of the turbulent '60s, including Birmingham, Selma, Ole Miss, Little Rock, and Watts. He covered the assassinations of President John F. Kennedy and his brother Robert and those of Martin Luther King and Medgar Evers. He was assigned to Richard Nixon during the last Presidential campaign and has covered Lyndon Johnson, George Wallace, Hubert Humphrey, Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan. He also reported on the Charles Manson and Jack Ruby trials for Newsweek and the trial of Pueblo spy ship captain Lloyd M. Bucher.
REAL D.B. COOPER?

happened to be right, a fitting curtain-raiser for LA. It soon became apparent, however, that the newspaper would not be launched in time to have the story.

Another possibility arose. The best man at my wedding was a trusted old friend from the South, Charles Morgan Jr., a brilliant and courageous civil rights lawyer who had been a classmate of George Wallace at Alabama and later infuriated Wallace and other such prehensile hatemongers by legally representing blacks trying to get into white Alabama schools.

When Morgan arrived, I explained the story to him. He had agreed to legally advise me. He said I should try to get the story into print as soon as possible, in order to prevent even the appearance that I was overstepping my Constitutional rights as a reporter by withholding information about a wanted criminal. As he saw it, I didn't have a legal obligation to turn Cooper in, only to print my story as quickly as possible, and then possibly turn over my information to the authorities.

Morgan said, and I agreed, that the story seemed a natural for a book. Morgan had recently represented Col. Anthony Herbert, the officer who spoke out on military scandal cover ups, had done a book with him. He suggested I contact Col. Herbert's agent, Gerard McCauley, in New York.

There were enormous problems ahead. Complicating either publication of a magazine article or a book. There was a possibility, of course, that the whole story was a fraud, a la Clifford Irving. Cooper had readily and thoroughly answered every question I asked him, and I asked him some pretty tough ones over three days of intense interviewing. Questions I didn't believe anyone except a con man could have predicted. The details he spun on the performance of the crisis and his motives for doing it were endless.

He yielded up so much information, in fact, that I soon felt I knew a lot more than I wanted to know. Details I believed, that would result in his being captured if they were published. I urged him to turn himself in and take his chances with 12 fair-minded jurors who might be impressed with the story of why he said he did it—out of rage and out of a desire to prove he wasn't the used up old man Boeing implied he was when the company summarily fired him at age 49.

He said he'd think about it. He said, meantime, he wasn't worried that any details he'd given me would endanger him. He just said he didn't want to talk to me anymore until after the story was published.

Criminal At Large

Contemplating publication, I was in a dilemma. To print it would lead, most certainly to Cooper's capture. For the law to catch Cooper would be fine, but for him to be caught on the basis of information I had gathered I didn't think was right. Nonetheless, Morgan urged me to print the story and quit worrying about it. I couldn't. At one time, I strongly considered destroying all the
Criminal Action

Contemplating publication, it was
a dilemma. To print, it would lead me
certainly to Cooper's capture. For the
law to catch Cooper, would be, after
the man to be caught on the basis of
information I had gathered as a reporter
and I didn't like it. Nonsense, Morgan urged
the man was criminal; he knew what
was going on, the story and was
caring about it. I couldn't. As one
I strongly considered destroying all the
tapes, photos, notes, everything
pertaining to the story. That posed the
man's prospects would thus be forfeit.
Constitutional press freedom protection
and would be guilty of actually destroying
evidence. I had seen enough brutal acts
from the outside to know I didn't want
to see one from the inside.

In any case, it seemed important to
publish the story. If it was true, Cooper's
account of how he robbed the airline
and the eloquent explanation of why he
did it - striking back at the Establishment
for selling him an American Dream
that turned out to be a nightmare - seemed
an important if perhaps cliched
commentary on the problems of mass produc-
capitalism. And Madison Avenue
huckstering.

As I discussed a possible book with
McCauley, it occurred to me: Cooper
could be induced to turn in the money
by giving him a share, say 20 per cent
of the book proceeds, or arranging with
a publisher a plan by which royalties
would be put into a legal defense fund.

The return of the $200,000 in $50s
would, naturally, be proof that we had
the right man.

I had stored the tapes and other doc-
ument in a friend's safety deposit box
and was reading stories in the press that
military hands were searching the
woods around Lake Merwin for
Cooper's body. In New York, McCauley
made a quiet inquiry about a book with
a friend at Harper Magazine. Press
negotiations he could make would
have to be extremely discreet because
of a chance the story would get out. Har-
per & Row was eager to do it, especially
if McCauley told them any contract
mention of the American Cooper returning...
Our D. B. Cooper

A Possible Book

Still, a book began to look like a reality. McCauley called to say he was arriv-
Nicholas von Hoffman

Is It Fat City or Rat City?

HEY, PUT A PICTURE IN THE WIND, THE OTHER DAY OF A FIREMAN 200,000 STRIKING WORKERS...A LARGE NIXON CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTOR AND A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE OF G. UMBERTO ELLIS, A LARGE NIXON CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTOR AND A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE OF G. UMBERTO ELLIS...
Nicholas von Hoffman

Is It Fat City or Rat City?

HEY PUT A PICTURE IN THE newspapers the other day of a fine, sleek-coated, long-tailed rat taking in the sun near two old ladies in a park a few blocks from the White House. The sound of scratching and scuffling is audible in the capital of the world. Claws and fingernails on cement. The news media. The mice on tinting sheets... of glassy-eyed comments... and Washington's rat race.

In the first wave of the Nixon Administration the rats were like those of all other cities, visible only by night, and then just in the alleys. About the time of the Cambodian invasion, they grew more populous and emboldened enough to appear by day scuffling under cars and running across the streets. Now at the end of the term, with John Connally heading up the Democrats for Republicans Committee, they're in public scattering and running, standing still, and contesting with the pigeons for dry bread crumbs. In this city of predators the rats have no natural enemies. Yes, there's a rat abatement program, but it seems to be much under the Nixon Administration. It doesn't work. People don't realize that they think these Republicans are efficient because they don't make big, dreamy, Democratic promises and then fail to carry them out.

You can break modest promises too, but that hasn't sunk in any more than the Watergate Scandal or the McGovern Scandal or the You-Know-What-Else, or the White House, you know.

While their rations reduced to the level of pungent anemia last week, the rats squealed at their keeper as he stood in front of the White House. In the White House, Cooper, which means the public.

Cooper, not the real Cooper. A private investigator checked on last week and says that Murphy had been seen at Boeing and certainly known to the FBI to verify the story would not be intelligent. That would be blowing my nose, and that's why Cooper's arrest even before anything could be published.

If there was now a chance Thomas or someone else there might talk as seemed necessary, then I would have to do something...
FAT CITY, RAG CITY, who's to blame?

One test of an administration is how it runs Washington. Do we blame the low caliber of Nixon's appointees or are the crooks bribing their way out? That accusation has been made but not answered. No questions get answered in the rat kingdom where the rodents cover up their tracks. And the faceless President slips down and out of sight broadcasting modest radio messages in the Television Age from impenetrable places.

Many, many questions. There are questions to be asked about John Ale-
THE D.B. COOPER SKYJACKING STORY

Part II: ‘Sex Is Better on Payday’ (Page 18)

Von Hoffman  Lance Rentzel  Politics
Reporter Faces Jail  Encounter Groups
D.B. COOPER
WHY HE HIJACKED
PLANE FOR $200,000

By Karl Fleming

in last week's first installment, the man claiming to
be D.B. Cooper told how he
planned the hijacking for
more than a year, how he did
it alone, how he decided
where to do it, how after
he parachuted to earth with
$200,000, he walked to his
and drove home, how he
there that he would surface and expose
himself to capture? If Cooper was smart
enough to essay such a slickly pulled-off
crime, he doubtless would be smart
enough to know with what appetite
agents of the law were seeking his cap-
ture. His getting away with it, after all,
would only encourage others to mimic
his deed, at God knows what cost to the
airlines in hard dollars, and possibly in
human life.

Advertise! a

ground revolutionary bomber group to
tell his story: advertising.

"Accordiing, I placed a classified ad-
vertisement in several Pacific North-
west newspapers addressing to Cooper
inviting him to contact me and assu-
ing him we could talk without exposing
him to capture. An "innocent" and
wasted effort, probably, I had not been
able to pay away from this, at any case,
there but a "chance" Cooper would
respond, but a minefield of hooby traps
and pitfalls lay in wait. I would be
secret? Or would I be obligated as a
citizen with knowledge of a crime, to
turn Cooper in?

Moreover, suppose, in fact someone
came forward representing himself as
Cooper. How could I know he was the
right man? After all, the Clifford Irving
hoax was much in the press. How could
I be sure someone wouldn't try the same
move to pay away from this, no enemy was
as well, and one thing it always
seemed to prove his identity: If Cooper
responded to my ad, I could demand
how he produced money, controls.
By Karl Fleming

In last week's first installment, the man claiming to be D.B. Cooper told how he planned the skyjacking, for more than year, how he did it alone, how he decided where to land, how, after he parachuted to earth with $200,000, he walked to his car and drove home, how he discovered he couldn't spend the money. This week, he explains why he did it.

THREE WEEKS AFTER D.B. COOPER skyjacked a Northwest Airline plane and got away with $200,000, the following letter appeared in a Reno newspaper:

"I did rob North West Orient (sic) because I thought it would be romantic, heroic or anything the other euphemisms that seem to attach themselves to situations of high risk. I am not a modern-day Robin Hood. Unfortunately, I do have only 24 months to live. My life has been one of hate, turmoil, frustration and more hate. This seems like the fastest and most profitable way to gain a few last plains of peace of mind. I am not holding up in some obscure backwoods town. Neither am I a psychopathic killer. As a matter of fact, I've never even received a speeding ticket."

"Here, the long-trained reporter's instinct suggested, was a man who wanted to talk, to justify, to rationalise and to do verbal penance for his deed.

What he had done was to execute the most daring and ingenious crime in history, doing it all alone and diving out of the plane with $200,000 in loot, and to all appearances, getting away with it. Half the FBI agents in the country were looking for him. Hundreds of military troops fanned out on foot to search the countryside around Lake Merwin, Wash., where it was believed he landed after parachuting.

Academy revolution bomber group to tell his story: advertising.

Accordingly, I placed a classified advertisement in several Pacific North- west newspapers, addressed to Cooper, inviting him to contact me, and assuring him we could talk without exposing him to capture. An imprudent and wasteful effort, probably. I had not been one to shy away from risks. No only was there but a tiny chance Cooper would respond, but a minefield of booby-traps and pitfalls lay in wait. I would be working alone and underground, outside the law, treading a delicate constitutional line. If I found Cooper, would I have constitutional privilege as a reporter to keep my source of information secret? Or would I be obligated, as citizen with knowledge of a criminal, to turn Cooper in?

Moreover, suppose in fact someone came forward, representing himself as Cooper. How could I know he was the right man? After all, the Clifford Irving saga was too fresh in my mind. How could I be sure someone wouldn't try the same scheme on me? There was one way. It involved to prove his identity. If Cooper repaid me the $200,000 in my ad, I could demand that he produce the money from the skyjacking. Therefore, he would be strongly proof.

Preparing for such an eventualty, I obtained the 34-page FBI booklet containing the numbers of every one of the stolen bills. The FBI was circulating it to banks and other money institutions.

Midnight Phone Call

Then an entire month passed. The few respondents to the ad were cranks. Nothing more. Then on the night of Jan. 31, precisely at midnight my phone rang and when I answered a voice said: "This call is from the Pacific Northwest."

I was fully awake in an instant and said: "Don't say a word more. Call me tomorrow night at 9 o'clock and I will have made arrangements for us to talk on a safe telephone."

As is many a reporter who has been involved in hairy, dangerous stories (I had covered Birmingham, Selma, Jackson, Watts, and four assassinations), I was careful almost to the point of paranoia about telephone tapping. Once, a reporter friend was detaining his integration story to his office by long-distance call when a voice, obviously white, probably cop, broke in and said: "You goddammed nigger-loving son-of-a-bitch."

One learned to be careful about phones. By next morning, I had arranged an elaborate system involving four phones: my answering service was in-
After May, a company

Karl Fleming was associated with
Newsweek magazine as correspondent.

Los Angeles bureau chief and contributing
editor for 11 years before resigning April
15 to found LA. While with Newsweek, he
covered virtually every significant civil
rights story of the turbulent '60s, including
Birmingham, Selma, Ole Miss, Little Rock
and Watts. He covered the assassinations
of President John F. Kennedy and his bro-
ther Robert and those of Martin Luther
King and Medgar Evers. He was assigned
to Richard Nixon during the last Presi-
dential campaign and has covered Lyndon
Johnson, George Wallace, Hubert Hum-
phrey, Barry Goldwater and Ronald Rea-
gan. He also reported on the Charles Man-
son and Jack Ruby trials for Newsweek
and the trial of Pueblo spy ship captain
Lloyd M. Rucker.
The D. B. Cooper Story, an artist's conception of what he says he was, is, and might be: a Boeing engineer, a skyjacker riding the plane he parachuted from; a vacationer enjoying his spoils; or a convict, caught and dispatched to jail.
COOPER THOUGHT ABOUT SUICIDE
BUT IN THE CHURCH IT'S A SIN

He was struggling to make ends meet and was under financial pressure. At 9 p.m., he was about to take the call and refer it to another number, where a friend was standing by with instructions to take the call, refer the caller to yet another number—where he was waiting—and then get out of the house. In case the call was traced to that number, the friend would be absent if anyone came knocking.

Feathers His Neck

He had been married to the same woman for 25 years, had never cheated on her once, belonged to the country club, the PTA, and had been so faithful an upward-gauging engineer at Boeing that he carried two cheese sandwiches to lunch every day, and often toileted into the night at his job. He was a perfect Free enterprise specimen.

Seth Thomas Shows Up

Next week, the intermediary came to Los Angeles, and we met at the Airport Marina Hotel, where 'I had taken a room. Seth Thomas was a well-dressed, black-haired, spade-bearded, real estate broker and investment counselor of sorts, whom he described as himself—and he brought with him several Polaroid photographs of his client's pictures that looked

felt guilty even when stealing cookies from a jar when he was a child.

He had been married to the same woman for 25 years, had never cheated on her once, belonged to the country club, the PTA, and had been so faithful an upward-gauging engineer at Boeing that he carried two cheese sandwiches to lunch every day, and often toileted into the night at his job. He was a perfect Free enterprise specimen.

Feathers His Neck

Item: "You don't laugh at motherhood. You don't laugh at tradition, at religion, at everything possible that a man could hold dear," he said.

Item: "When you're at the football game and somebody gets up and sings the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' it still makes the feathers come up on my neck when I hear it."

Item: "When I had my first sexual experience with a girl, I was 17 years old. This was an older woman. I was so dumb. I was drinking beer with her. I was away from home and it was Christmas Eve. We went to her apartment. She asked me if I wanted to play cards. So I said yes. So we're playing strip poker. For real. So, the next thing, I had to go to the bathroom and when I came back, she was in bed. So I said 'Well, I guess I'll be going, Irene.' And she said 'Oh, it's cold in here. If you'd just come over and warm me up a bit.' Well, I'm a pretty shy fellow. I just didn't do it, and I phased out everybody in their 25 because it would be cheaper, and better economy to keep the young blood coming in. If you can suck the last drop of gray matter from the ones you're going to dump and put it into the brains of the younger ones, then see how much more money you're ahead!"

The first shock passed, and Cooper realized that his situation—though he had a $300 a month mortgage on a suburban home, two cars, a boat, a camper and two children to support—wasn't too bad. After all, this executive at Northwest, upon whom occasionally Cooper paid service calls, had 'made a special offer that any time I wanted to change companies...it would be great to have me on the Northwest team.' The Northwest man had been buttering him up, courting him even.

So Cooper telephoned him. The secretary said he was on another line and would call back. When he didn't, Cooper telephoned again. He was not in the office, the secretary said, but she would have him call. He didn't. Cooper telephoned again. He was in conference, the secretary said. Finally, another bolt of truth; his old pal at Northwest, his occasional golf partner, was 'avoiding him...' There would be no job.

As the out-of-work days passed, Cooper began slipping into his savings and thinking of what he would do with the rest of his life. His pride had been hurt. Any man who retires and goes to work...
He said Cooper was interested in explaining the American people the reason for the skyjacking, but Cooper was having a hard time financially. He wasn't able to spend $20,000, for the money was hot. The FBI had the numbers of the bills, therefore, he was forced to sell his story for $45,000, to be paid in three segments: $15,000 if I was sure I had the right man: $15,000 when my interviews were completed (he suggested a filmed interview with masks); and $15,000 upon publication of the story.

Seth Thomas Shows Up

Next week, the intermediary came to Los Angeles, and we met at the Airport Marina Hotel, where I had taken a room. "Seth Thomas" was a plump, black-haired, spade-bearded real estate broker and investment counselor, he described himself—and he brought with him several Polaroid photographs of his client, pictures that looked remarkably like the composite drawing of D.B. Cooper which the FBI circulated to newspapers. He also produced a paper containing three serial numbers, which coincided with three numbers on the FBI list.

That, I told him, was hardly real proof, for anyone could obtain the list and copy numbers out of it. How about the real bills?

As we dicussed the interview fee, he promised the real bills would be produced. We agreed on a price, $30,000, and on Febr. 18, 1963, I nervously boarded a Western flight to Seattle, carrying cameras, two tape recorders, and $30,000 in $20 and $50 bills, concealed in several envelopes and buried in my tennis equipment case.

Shortly after checking into The Swept Wing Motel near the Seattle airport Thomas arrived, and minutes later, Cooper himself appeared, entering my room furtively from the parking lot. He was a nervously built, balding middle-aged man who wore a black raincoat, black shoes and black gloves. He kept the gloves on while he chain-smoked filter cigarettes. He spoke in a raspy voice that reminded me instantaneously of the Pueblo spy ship commander Pete Bucher.

Cooper was anxious to have the money right away. He intended on going back to Chicago, so he could take care of a matter there. He said he had been offered a job as a security guard at the airport, but he didn't want that. He wanted to get a job as a bookkeeper in a construction company, but he couldn't afford the capital. He had made an abortive attempt to get into the house trailer business, but he had no money.

Finally, he gritted his teeth and did something inimical to everything he stood for. He went to the unemployment office, in a typically crisp, impersonal, just-as-tell-less bureaucrat, he said coolly interrogated him about his qualifications, then suggested he take a job as an "auxiliary." He left in a boiling rage.

The humiliation of that experience, the anger at being fired and tossed on the junkheap, the betrayal of his friend, they all came together at once and washed over him in tear-stained anger.

He couldn't get work. His pride was deteriorating. He began to contemplate suicide. Pills, he finally decided, would be the way. He tried, but he couldn't do it. The Catholic Church had instilled a deep fear of God, and suicide was a sin.
Isak.

"I was a nervous, slightly-built, balding middle-aged man who wore a black coat, black shoes and black gloves. I kept the gloves on while he chain-smoked filter cigarettes. He spoke in a raspy voice that reminded me instantly of the Pueblo spy ship commander Pete Bucher. Cooper was anxious to have the money handed over. But I insisted on seeing the real money, whereupon Thomas extracted a wallet and produced three crisp $20 bills. I checked their serial numbers against the FBI list. They matched.

Cooper asked if I would like to have the three $20 bills. "And I have $199,940 more of them buried in the ground. I will be happy to give you in exchange for other bills," he said. I told him I didn't think I wanted to have any stolen bills in my possession.

I continued to hesitate, prodding Cooper to yield up details of the hijacking, a few of which had appeared in the press. He began hesitantly, but soon convinced me I had the right man. Subsequently I handed over the money, with the stipulation that it be held for Cooper's legal defense, which he was caught. What helped convince me was what Cooper said was his motive.

He was raised in an authoritarian Catholic household, Cooper said, and

\[\text{Bitter Payoff}\]

"His payoff," he related bitterly, came one day when he went to his Boeing desk and found a pink slip of dismissal. He was crushed.

"I was crushed, but a look at my watch made me feel just like the first time I jumped out of an airplane... just bereft of everything that's inside you, that's all," he said.

He was being replaced, he discovered, by a man 15 years his junior, a junior man he had carefully trained. He had been a believer, an unquestioning cog, but now a jolt of hard truth hit him: "You're dead wood. If they could, they'd..."

\[\text{Karl Fleming and D. B. Cooper}\]

At home every day, he read a lot of newspapers. They were full of hijacking stories, which he read after vainly searching the classified job section. And then you get thoughts like: how many millionaires made $1 last year and didn't pay taxes. And look at the oil companies. I could put the money I would steal down as a depletion allowance," Cooper said.

So he planned, "I didn't want to give anything I had up, and in order to even maintain what I had, I had to do something. And then I was, if you'll pardon the expression, very much pissed off right then. So more and more, I planned, for over a year, and still I was not sure I would go through with it. But my bitterness was changing to hard cynicism..."

If he did it, how much money would he ask? Had he worked at Boeing to retire, his annual income, with company..."
benefits and his few investments, would be about $12,000. He went to "Seth Thomas," investment counselor, who had approached him several times previous about putting his money into land.

even all of it. I had more coming than that, I didn't do anything wrong," he said.

Wax in Ears
When we finished some eight hours the rat race again? Or would be fulfill his fantasy and travel?

"If anything, I've done the people a favor," he said, "I've shown them that it can be done. You don't have to be the stereotyped individual that hits and their escape through drugs. Well, I showed them. I'm not over the hill. I can make another jump tomorrow. I can make one 10 years from now, God willing. You bet."
And: "I proved to the Establishment
benefits and his few investments, would be about $12,000. He went to "Seth Thomas," investment counselor, who had approached him several times previously about putting his money into land. How much of a capital sum, Cooper asked, would a man have to invest to yield an annual income of about $12,000? Thomas took his pencil and worked it out: $250,000. Cooper thought about it, but then decided his needs were modest, so he scaled down the figure to $200,000.

And that was how he decided to hijack the plane for $200,000.

After relating how he hijacked the plane and drove home in his car with the money, he insisted he didn't feel guilty over the crime, or over the possibility that he might encourage others to stage hijackings, until someone got killed.

"I took what I figured was mine, not even all of it. I had more coming than that, I didn't do anything wrong," he said.

**Wax in Ears**

When we finished some eight hours of taped interviews, he put on make-up and a wool cap and allowed himself to be filmed by a freelance cameraman and soundman I had brought up after instructing them to hear nothing, see nothing, ask no questions. I made them stick wads of wax into their ears while I interviewed Cooper, and made them turn their backs from the camera when he raised the photostats of the stolen bills to be filmed.

That afternoon, we rode—along with Seth Thomas, whose name I now knew to be Jack Lewis—down Interstate 5, and he showed me all the key spots in the hijacking. As we drove, he talked about his future. Would he get back in the rat race again? Or would he fulfill his fantasy and travel?

"If anything, I've done the people a favor," he said. "I've shown them that it can be done. You don't have to be the stereotyped individual that hijacks planes. You don't have to even raise your voice. You don't have to use violence. You don't have to use any threats, and you can still tell that plane where to go and not jeopardize all those people.

I showed them their screening system doesn't work." He "never dreamed I would be saying anything against the Establishment but here he had hijacked this plane in a cold vengeful rage. Now he had a message to the younger generation that wants to shoot everybody over 30. They've botched every single one they've ever done, with all their bombings and all their riots and cold-blooded murders and their escape through drugs. Well, I showed them. I'm not over the hill.

I can make another jump tomorrow. I can make one 10 years from now, God willing. You bet."

And: "I proved to the Establishment that I'm not just a faceless number. I'm a person. I'm a human being. I proved that Old Dad can still do it."

Jubilantly, I packed my film, my tapes, my copies of the bills and headed home. I was still euphoric when the plane reached Los Angeles. I felt that if I never wrote another story, I had justified my existence, by creating something worthwhile, something that would stand. I presumed to imagine— as a classic commentary on American society.
Will This Happen to the Man Who Says He Is D.B. Cooper? NEXT WEEK: THE AFTERMATH

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Will This Happen to the Man Who Says He Is D.B. Cooper?NEXT WEEK: THE AFTERMATH
Weekly's Hijacking Story Turns Into Tall Tale--Later

BY ALEXANDER AUERBACH
Times Staff Writer

Somebody happens to people is news. Somebody happens to reporters isn't. A Boston city editor who reads at reporters who write first-person accounts of their experiences has had this happen. What happens if the reporter is a sleuth who solved one of the greatest crimes in recent memory, or (B) the victim of the classic news hoaxes since Clifford Irving's fake autobiography of Howard Hughes?

So a new weekly newspaper in the Los Angeles area, first released a three-installment series entitled the 'solution' of the 1961 $200,000 hijacking of a Northwest Orient Airlines jet last Nov. 24.

Only at the end of the series did the paper's readers that the whole story was an apparent hoax that cost the paper's backers $30,000.

Earl Fleming, LA's editor, says he told the story in a way that the readers found misleading in order to let them vicariously undergo the same experience he did. Without realizing it, they were reading a story about Fleming, not simply his story.

The first installment told of D. B. Cooper (an ordinary, God-fearing, patriotic, country club-oriented, upward-climbing WASP engineer) leaving his suburban Seattle home with a briefcase stuffed with two suitcases, an altimeter and compass, a makeup kit, gloves and three red flares wired to look like a dynamite bomb.

Fleming, a respected veteran newsmen (formerly bureau chief and contributing editor with Newsweek for 11 years) went on to describe every detail of Cooper's hijacking, in an article that ran some 4,000 words and took five pages of the tabloid, not counting a cover photo and a last-page teaser for the next installment.

One illustration showed Xerox copies of three $20 bills given to Fleming as proof of Cooper's identity; their serial numbers matched those on the FBI's list of bills that made up the ransom paid by the airline.

The second piece described how Fleming got the story. While still on Newsweek's staff, he put a classified
Continued from 10th Page

ad in newspapers around Oregon and Washington, asking Cooper to contact him.

Later, while Fleming and millionaire Max Palevsky were organizing LA, an intermediary offered to put the newsmen in contact with Cooper—for $30,000. Palevsky put up the money and Fleming flew up to meet Cooper, dragging along two tape recorders, a motion picture camera, two cameramen and $30,000 in cash.

The headline on the third and final installment read: "Is D. B. Cooper the real D. B. Cooper?" There is considerable reason for doubt, since the men who police say talked to Fleming—and who allegedly took his $30,000—have been arrested by the FBI on charges of defrauding Fleming of his money.

Arrested Before Story

The arrest took place on May 2, long before Fleming wrote his story for LA.

Why did Fleming publish the story in a manner that led some readers, unaware of the fraud arrest, to believe that the early installments were the real thing?

Fleming doesn’t feel that the initial installment was deceptive, noting that “there were disclaimers in it,” referring to two lines near the end: “The foregoing narrative was related to me by the man I believed to be Cooper . . .” and “Doubts about whether I had the right man would arise later . . .”

“I wanted the reader to experience it just exactly as I did,” Fleming says. “It’s an adventure story, as much about me as about D. B. Cooper, and I wanted to put the reader in my shoes. If the reader was reasonably alert, he would have seen in the press that these guys had been busted by the FBI.”

If the man Fleming interviewed was not D. B. Cooper—and Fleming isn’t totally sure he was not the hijacker—then he was a masterful con man, to hear Fleming tell it.

Paid at First Meeting

“I gave him the whole $30,000 at our first meeting, after I was convinced that this was D. B. Cooper,” Fleming says. “At that point a con man would have taken the money and run like hell, but this guy, Cooper, came back and submitted himself to eight hours of taped interviews, 30 minutes of filmed interviews and still photographs. His intermediary signed a contract (saying the $30,000 would be used for Cooper’s legal defense) with his real name and left his fingerprints all over the contract.”

The story was to have been in the opening issue of LA. To avoid charges of aiding a fugitive from justice, Fleming turned his material over to the FBI 10 days before publication (he had told Cooper not to tell him anything he didn’t want the police to know.) Included were Xerox copies of the $20 bills Fleming had been shown as proof of Cooper’s identity. The serial numbers matched those on the list of ransom bills but FBI documents experts said that the photocopies indicated that the bills were counterfeited.

With all the information Fleming’s subjects had supplied, the FBI had no
trouble rounding them up.

With their trial scheduled to begin Nov. 27, Fleming says he still finds it "difficult to accept" the possibility that he was duped. "I asked that guy questions no con man could have prepared for," he says. "I went over him like a vacuum cleaner."

Fleming notes that "Cooper" went into detail on matters of air navigation and parachute procedure—unaware that Fleming is a licensed private pilot with some 700 hours in the air.

Because of the magnitude of the story and because of its intended role as the kick-off piece for his new newspaper, Fleming says, he was extremely careful in his questioning. "At the risk of sounding immodest," he adds, "I wouldn't want to do anything to damage my own very good reputation as a reporter."

He has an ingenious, mirror-within-a-mirror theory of his own.

"I'm not saying that the FBI was wrong, and I would never suggest that they would deliberately distort the facts—though if I, one lonely reporter, could get the story when 8,000 FBI agents couldn't, then that's not the kind of publicity that J. Edgar Hoover, then alive, would want for the FBI."

Noting that "Cooper" was aware the information would be published and got to the police, Fleming says, "It is very, very difficult for me to accept the fact that a mind brilliant enough to concoct a story as sophisticated as the one this guy told me, would be stupid enough to turn around and expose himself to capture this way.

"I don't exclude the possibility that he was both smart enough to pull off the hijacking, sell me the story and spread enough false clues in the story so it would not look right and the FBI would say he isn't the hijacker. So, if he does do any time, it's for fraud, not for hijacking."

In that case, of course, Fleming's series would be a true account of the hijacking, as readers of Part One might have thought, not the account of how a reporter got duped, as Part Three indicates, or perhaps it would be both.

In any event, Fleming has no regrets about the adventure. "I've always been a reporter who takes risks. You don't get the plums at the top of the tree unless you jump high."

Fleming may have some lingering doubts about the man he interviewed, but Platy pus Publications, publisher of LA, appears to have none. It has filed a $30,000 civil suit against the man arrested by the FBI, claiming it was defrauded because the men were not the people they claimed to be.
NEXT WEEK:

Why
D.B.
Cooper
Did It,
And
Why He
Demanded
Only
$200,000.

A NON-STORY—When L.A. began this series it knew—but didn't
tell its readers—that its "D. B. Cooper" was not an airplane
hijacker but, according to FBI charges, only a con man.
UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON
AT SEATTLE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
Plaintiff,

v.
WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS, a/k/a,
JACK LEWIS, and DONALD SYLVESTER
MURPHY,
Defendants.

The United States Attorney Charges that:

COUNT I
1. Beginning on or about February 1, 1972 and
continuing thereafter through or about May 2, 1972, within
the Western District of Washington, defendants WILLIAM JOHN
LEWIS (also known as Jack Lewis) and DONALD SYLVESTER
MURPHY devised and intended to devise a scheme and artifice
to defraud Karl Payne Fleming, Newsweek Magazine, Platypeus
Publications, and other persons, businesses and corporations
by means of the following false and fraudulent pretenses,
representations and promises, well knowing the same would
be and were false when made, for the purpose of obtaining
money in excess of $5,000 by means thereof.
2. It was a part of said scheme and artifice to defraud that on or about February 1, 1972, William John Lewis phoned Karl Fleming in Los Angeles, California; that defendant Lewis identified himself as "Seth Thomas" and told Fleming that he could arrange an interview between Fleming and "D. B. Cooper."

3. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice to defraud that on or about February 13, 1972, defendant William John Lewis made a reservation for Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn, Seattle, Washington.

4. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice to defraud that on or about February 16, 1972, defendant William John Lewis met with Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn, Seattle, Washington, and informed Fleming that an interview with "D. B. Cooper" would be arranged by William John Lewis for the sum of $45,000, payable in three installments; and that defendant William John Lewis knew said representation and promise would be and was false when made.

5. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice to defraud that on or about February 23, 1972, defendants William John Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy met with Karl Fleming at the Edgewater Inn, Seattle, Washington, and represented that defendant Murphy was "D. B. Cooper," well knowing said representation would be and was false when made.

6. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice to defraud that on or about February 23, 1972, defendants William John Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy took the sum of $30,000 from Karl Fleming as payment for an interview with "D. B. Cooper."
7. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice to defraud that on or about February 23, 1972, defendants DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY represented himself to be the person known as "D. B. Cooper" for the purpose of being interviewed by Karl Fleming, well knowing said representation would be and was false when made.

8. On or about February 16, 1972, defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, having devised and intended to devise the aforesaid scheme and artifice to defraud, and for obtaining money by means of false and fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises, did induce Karl Fleming to travel in and be transported in interstate commerce from Los Angeles, California to Seattle, Washington, within the Western District of Washington, in the execution of the aforesaid scheme and artifice to defraud Karl Fleming, Newsweek Magazine, and Platypus Publications of money in excess of $5,000.

All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §2314 and §2.

COUNT II

1. The United States Attorney realleges all of the allegations contained in Count I, paragraphs 1 through 7, of this Information.

2. On or about February 20, 1972, defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, having devised and intended to devise the aforesaid scheme and artifice to defraud, and for obtaining money by means of false and fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises, did induce Karl Fleming to travel in, and be transported in interstate commerce from Los Angeles, California to Seattle, Washington, within the Western District of...

All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §2314 and §2.

**COUNT III**

1. Beginning on or about February 1, 1972, and continuing thereafter through or about May 2, 1972, within the Western District of Washington, defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, did willfully and unlawfully combine, conspire and agree together and with other unknown persons, to commit offenses against the United States, to wit, to violate Section 2314, Title 18 U.S.C., by devising a scheme and artifice to defraud Karl Fleming, *Newsweek Magazine*, and Platypus Publications of money in excess of $5,000, by means of false and fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises and in execution thereof to induce Karl Fleming to travel in and be transported in interstate commerce from Los Angeles, California to Seattle, Washington.

2. It was part of said conspiracy that defendant WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS would contact Karl Fleming and convince him that defendant LEWIS knew the true identity of an alleged aircraft hijacker known as "D. B. Cooper" and that defendant LEWIS could arrange an exclusive interview between Fleming and "D. B. Cooper."

3. It was further a part of said conspiracy that defendant WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS demanded $45,000 for the interview:
4. It was further a part of said conspiracy that defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY would represent defendant MURPHY as "D. B. Cooper" and he would be interviewed by Karl Fleming.

5. In furtherance of the said conspiracy the defendants performed the following overt acts:

   (1) On or about February 1, 1972, defendant WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS telephoned Karl Fleming at Los Angeles, California.

   (2) On or about February 13, 1972, defendant WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS made a reservation for Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn, Seattle, Washington.

   (3) On or about February 16, 1972, defendant WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS met with Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn, Seattle, Washington.

   (4) On or about February 23, 1972, defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY met with Karl Fleming.

   (5) On or about February 23, 1972, defendant DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, posing as "D. B. Cooper" participated in an interview with Karl Fleming.

All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §371.

COUNT IV

1. The United States Attorney realleges all of the allegations contained in Count I, paragraphs 1 through 7, of this Information.

2. On or about February 1, 1972, defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY transmitted and caused to be transmitted, certain messages by means of
Seattle, Washington, and Los Angeles, California, for the purpose of executing the aforesaid scheme and artifice to defraud.

All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §1343 and §2.

DATED this 13th day of July, 1972.

/s/ Stan Pitkin

STAN PITKIN
United States Attorney
Cooper Still At Large

These are official FBI sketches of a man who gave his name as Dan Cooper and hijacked a Northwest Airlines jet en route from Portland to Seattle last Thanksgiving Eve. The hijacker parachuted from the plane with $200,000 in ransom money and signaled the era of the parachuting hijacker. He is still at large and authorities say they have no firm clues to his whereabouts.

(AP Wirephoto)
Police Legal Unit, by Edwin D. Heath, Jr., Director of Police, Criminal Justice Interface Division, Police Department, Dallas, Tex., August 1972, vol. 41, No. 8, p. 22.


The Stark County MEG Unit—A Response to Fragmented Law Enforcement, by David D. Dowd, Jr., Stark County Prosecuting Attorney, Canton, Ohio, September 1972, vol. 41, No. 9, p. 13.


**PERSONNEL**


"Friendly Towns" by William Bry, Chief of Police, Danville, Ill., April 1972, vol. 41, No. 4, p. 16.


**ENTERPRISE**


Examination of Biological Fluids, June 1972, vol. 41, No. 6, p. 12.

**LABORATORY**

For the Student...To Be a Forensic Scientist, by Lloyd J. Leivis, D.D.S., Consultant in Forensic-Dentistry, Office of Chief Medical Examiner, New York, N.Y., August 1972, vol. 41, No. 6, p. 6.


**TECHNIQUES**


Mock Disaster Training Program, by William C. Sampson, Training Officer, Dade County Public Safety Department, Miami, Fla., January 1972, vol. 41, No. 1, p. 16.


Trailers Are Tempting Targets for Thieves, August 1972, vol. 41, No. 8, p. 10.

**PUBLIC SAFETY**


A Program for Hit-and-Run Violations, by Edward L. Wright, Jr., Chief of Police, Montgomery, Ala., September 1972, vol. 41, No. 9, p. 16.
**Can You Identify This Hijacker?**

**The Crime**

A lone white male using the name Dan Cooper boarded Northwest Orient Airlines Flight No. 305 at Portland, Oreg., on November 24, 1971. At approximately 3:22 p.m., while the flight was en route to Seattle, Wash., he indicated to a stewardess that his briefcase contained a bomb which would blow up the plane unless his demands were met.

The hijacker demanded $200,000 and four parachutes in exchange for the safety of the 36 passengers aboard the plane. When the aircraft landed at Seattle, Northwest Orient Airlines complied with his instructions. After he received the parachutes and money, the hijacker allowed all passengers and two of the airline stewardesses to deplane.

He then ordered the remaining crew members into the first-class section of the aircraft and informed them he desired to fly to Mexico City. The hijacker instructed that the plane proceed in a southerly direction and fly at a low altitude and slow speed which enabled the rear door of the plane to be opened during the flight.

The hijacker apparently bailed out somewhere between Seattle and Reno, Nev., where, when the plane landed, it was determined that “Cooper,” two parachutes, and the ransom money had disappeared.

**The Criminal**

Artist conception drawings of the aircraft hijacker were prepared by the FBI Exhibits Section and are considered an excellent likeness. He is described as follows:

**Characteristics**

- Height: 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet
- Weight: 170 to 180 pounds
- Complexion: Olive, medium smooth
- Hair: Dark brown or black, parted on left, combed back
- Eyes: Possibly brown, wearing dark rimmed glasses
- Voice: Low, spoke intelligently

**Wearing apparel**

- Black or brown suit, dark coat or overcoat; black or brown tie
- Black or brown shoes

**Remarks**

- Very polite at all times

**Notification**

Anyone having any information or knowledge believed to refer to this individual, please notify the Acting Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D.C. 20535, or the Special Agent in Charge of the nearest FBI field office, the telephone number of which appears on the first page of most local telephone directories.

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**"FINDER" BEGINS OPERATION**

A prototype automatic fingerprint reader system, known as "FINDER" which utilizes advanced optical scanning techniques and a computer automatically classify, search, and compare fingerprints, is now in operation in the Identification Division of the FBI. The equipment will permit the FBI to test, evaluate, and perfect on the job its theories of automatic fingerprint identification which, when fully operational, will insure greatly increased operating efficiency and resultant economies to the Government.
FOUND!

THE MAN,

THE PLANE,

THE MONEY,

THE INTERVIEW.
THE MAN,
THE PLANE,
THE MONEY,
THE INTERVIEW.
"I Earn My Money..."

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On the storm-blown Thanksgiving Eve of November 24, 1971, a man calling himself "D.B. Cooper" parachuted out of the belly of a Northwest Orient Airlines jetliner somewhere between Seattle and Reno. Strapped to his waist was a packet stuffed with 10,000 twenty-dollar bills, the ransom he had received.

"Oh yes, and I also put the torch to an annual report from Northwest Airlines with an adorable picture of Donald J. Nixon in it. He's their president."

"ANON: Didn't your family get suspicious?"

"COOPER: I didn't have a family."

"ANON: What about your friends?"

"COOPER: I didn't have any friends."
The story began on the storm-blown Thanksgiving Eve of November 24, 1974, when a man calling himself "D.B. Cooper" parachuted out of the belly of a Northwest Orient Airlines 727 jetliner somewhere between Seattle and Reno. Cooper was a package stuffed with $10,000, twenty-dollar bills, the ransom he had received while holding the plane's crew hostage at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport.

Since then the FBI, assisted by state and county police and by battalions of CIA agents and FBI agents, has been trying to find Cooper. But Cooper—the name the hijacker used at Portland when boarding Flights No. 305, Northwest's transcontinental "mail run" which emanated at National Airport in Washington, D.C.—has evaded his would-be captors with the same skill and elan exhibited in pulling the most bizarre caper in the history of aerial piracy.

Goaded by public adoration of the skyjacker, and rankled almost to tears by such Coopermaniacal items as ballads ("D.B. Cooper, Where Are You Now"), D.B. Cooper sweatshirts, and even memorial bikini panties, the Seattle office of the FBI has sworn to scour every inch of terrain between Sea-Tac and Reno to track down their man. At this writing it looks very much as if Mr. Hoover's minions may have to do exactly that.

The media has been just as eager for clues to Cooper's whereabouts, his true identity, his motives. Locally, the P-I offered a $5,000 reward under their Secret Witness crime fighter series. The Seattle Times, while gently editing editorially those who would adulate Cooper, has pretty much kept its button-down cool about the whole thing.

Now, into this lacuna-filled tangle of pop heroism, electronic legend and FBI fumbling, steps the Seattle Flag with an authentic, first-person, totally exclusive interview with D.B. Cooper himself.

Elsewhere in this issue we have explained something about how that worldwide scoop was obtained, and the lengths to which the Flag is prepared to go to protect the anonymity of "D.B. Cooper". In no way do we either condone or condemn Cooper's crime; our task is simply to report the news, from any viable source.

All we promised, in return for this interview, was that we would under no circumstances include grand jury

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...continued.

Cooper: Yes, I couldn't see them in the plane or during my call, but there is no chance I could miss hearing them once I bailed out. Knowing how close McChord is to Sea-Tac, I would have had to be awfully stupid not to figure on having company as we flew south down Vector 23. It was a calculated risk. That is why I jumped in bad weather and at night. And I suppose I waited just a little longer than I should have.
first, Boeing 727-300, standard transpots that are normally flown by Eastern Airlines way back in 1960s.

ANON: A nice ironic touch.

COOPER: Yeah, one of many.

ANON: So you got to know the 727 from the inside out. What attracted you to the plane as being ideal for a parachute skyjack?

COOPER: First of all, the alignment of the three Pratt & Whitney engines—two on the sides of the rear fuselage and the third at the base of the T-tail assembly. I also liked the down-flaps stalling speed. One hundred and nine miles per hour, to be exact. Risky, but jumpable. Then I figured in the small crew; three on the flight deck and the three stewardesses. Two central galleys and the wardrobes with two crappers to the rear. I figured those might come in handy as a place to hold a stewie hostage. As it turned out, I was right. I can even tell you the number of passenger seats, right down to the last piece of lint.

ANON: Go ahead.

COOPER: Ninety-four. 28 first-class seats, four abreast. Sixty-six tourist seats, six abreast.

ANON: What about your exit?

COOPER: I was getting to that. The ventral door on
Editors' Note: For reasons that are obvious, we are not able to give the full story of how this interview was obtained and who was the Flag's source. We can say that the interview occurred in the metropolitan area of Seattle sometime in the month of March. It was not the result of any supersleuthing or investigation on our part. It was the result of any supersleuthing or investigation on the part of D.B. Cooper himself.

Elsewhere in this issue we have explained something about how that worldwide scoop was obtained, and the lengths to which the Flag is prepared to go to protect the anonymity of "D.B. Cooper." In no way do we either condone or condemn Cooper's crime; our task is to imply report the news, from any viable source.

All we promised, in return for this interview, was that we would under no circumstances— including grand jury investigation— divulge our source of information; and that we would tell D.B.'s adventure exactly as we related it to us, and respect at all times his inalienable rights under the Constitution.

Namely: life, liberty—and the happiness of pursuits.

ANON: Were you aware that planes were following the Northwest 727?

COOPER: Yes, I couldn't see them in the plane or during my fall, but there is NO WAY I could miss hearing them once I bailed out. Knowing how close McChord is to Sea-Tac, I would have had to be awfully stupid not to figure on having company as we flew south down Vector 23. It was a calculated risk. That is why I jumped in bad weather and at night. And I suppose I waited just a little longer than I wanted before pulling the chute.

ANON: How long was your free fall?

COOPER: About 5,000 of the 7,000 feet. Kind of hairy when you can't see the ground or the horizon.

ANON: How was the landing?

COOPER: Rough. Let's not talk about it.

ANON: Is that where you got the limp?

COOPER: No, as a matter of fact, I did that in January, skiing.

ANON: You went skiing in January?

COOPER: I should go in June? I'm not going to give up what I like to do just because I'm a celebrity. Who'd
“Just Air And Gravity...”
"Well, I Had My Beretta..."

that without my phony pride or ego. Anybody who tries to ape my skyjack is an out-and-out idiot. Like a hippie character at O'Hare in Chicago who 'jacked a jet only to find that the entire crew had rabbited on him.

ANON: Rabbited?

COOPER: Yes, you know, slipped out when he was in back. It left him with a great big airplane but no pilot. Or the weirdo who jumped out a Hughes Airwest DC-9 at Denver. He busted up a few bones and was caught in a little over an hour. The "D.B. Cooper" of Dallas, a real psycho if there ever was one, was captured on the run and one fellow in New York somewhere got his head splattered by a shotgun. An FBI marksman did that, it said in the papers. Some marksman. He let fly at about sixteen inches with buckshot. J. Edgar should give him a medal, if he hasn't already.

ANON: Speaking of the FBI, aren't you worried that papers were Xeroxed to the ground with the Xerox operators, that's damn sure.

ANON: Did you, anywhere along the line, improvise during the skyjack itself, or did you stick to your original game plan?

COOPER: I tried to stay pretty loose, ready to adjust to any situation that might pop up. As it turned out everything followed my script almost to the letter. There was one pretty bad moment, though, that I hadn't planned for. (Long pause.)

ANON: That being...?

COOPER: It happened while we were still negotiating on the ground at Sea-Tac. I was getting pretty antsy anyhow, since the refueling was not being done and I guessed somebody was doing a lot of stalling, planning some kind of strategy or hoping to get a man in close enough to sharpen the blade. That had happened to poor old John Z. the week before I was sky-boarding. The chief pilot of Northwest drove out on the grinder with the ransom money, and the "two passenger" ordered. One of the stewardesses was holding another..."
look for me up there, anyway?

ANON: (laughter) Well, what about the landing,
where did you come down?

COOPER: Sorry, I can’t tell you that. I’ll give you a
clue though; it’s over a hundred miles away from S.W.
Washington.

ANON: But the FBI contends you bailed out
down by Vancouver Washington, if I remember right.

COOPER: I don’t want to disappoint you or your local
Efrem Zimbalist, but they are wrong. If they had as
much in the brains department as they do in the money
department, I’d be in jail right now instead of talking
to you. While we’re on the subject, I wish somebody
would ask that Milnes character just how much money
he’s spending to chase my ass, I bet it’s a pretty penny
over $200,000.

ANON: How do you know his name?

COOPER: I read the papers just like everyone else.
After all, I’m in them.

ANON: Can you tell us what the first thing you did
on landing?

COOPER: Sure. I buried my chute.

ANON: Were you in wooded terrain?

COOPER: Yes, an evergreen jungle.

ANON: How far were you from where you wanted to
be?

COOPER: In the neighborhood of five miles. Not too
shabby for a first try.

ANON: How did you get so close?

COOPER: Only one of my projected calculations
were off. They weren’t important as it turned out.
Second, I have a very good Japanese watch.

ANON: So?

COOPER: Multiply time by speed and you come up
with distance. I knew how fast we were going—after all I
told the pilot what speed to go—what vector we were

ANON: Let’s go back a little in time and space. You
said knew how close McChord is to Sea-Tac. Does that
mean you ever lived in the Seattle area?

COOPER: Yes. In fact, I once was a Larry
Lunchbucket at Boeing’s.

ANON: Outrageous!

Were you an engineer at Boeing, or something like
that?

COOPER: No, nothing that fancy. Just an ordinary
badger, but I did work on the 727’s. I worked on the
first Boeing 727-100 standard transport that was first
flown by Eastern Airlines way back in 1964.

ANON: A nice ironic touch...

COOPER: Yeah, one of many...

ANON: ...So you got to know the 727 from the inside
out. What attracted you to the plane as being ideal for
a parachute skyjack?

COOPER: First of all, the alignment of the three
Pratt & Whitney engines—two on the sides of the rear
fuselage and the third at the base of the T-tail assembly.
I also liked the down-flaps stalling speed. One hundred
and nine miles per hour, to be exact. Risky, but
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flight deck and the three stewardesses. Two central
galleys and the wardrobes with two crappers to the
rear. I figured those might come in handy as a place to
hold a stevie hostage. As it turned out, I was right. I can
even tell you the number of passenger seats, right down
to the last piece of lint.

ANON: Go ahead.

COOPER: Ninety-four. 28 first-class seats, four
 abreast. Sixty-six tourist seats, six abreast.

ANON: What about your exit?

COOPER: I was getting to that. The ventral door on
the 727-100 is situated under the center engine. That
meant that I could jump: without being vacuum-cleansed into a 3,156-pound turbofan, or dined
into french fries on a flap. It was really the only ship; all
80 tons of it, that would fit my needs, and the door was
the crux, the key. It’s six-foot, four inches high and two
feet, eight inches in width. Room to spare for an
ordinary-sized person like myself, chute pack and all.

Look. You don’t get an encore for an act like mine. I
figured everything down to a gnats’s ass. Even the
stairway was to chute from. It’s a
hydraulically-operated number, and has automatic
reversion to manual control. You might say, that in
skyjacking, it’s the little things that count.

ANON: Let’s interrupt the chronology for a minute
and talk about motivation. Why did you do it? Of course
there was the $200,000, but what else impelled you?

COOPER: I’ve read the papers, watched television, all
of that. I’ve read that I’m a non-hero, a pop hero, an
anti-hero, and a plain old hero hero. The Ordinary Guy
who beat the system and became the instant idol of
every stiff on unemployment from Vancouver to
Tijuana. I’ve been called a jet-age Jesse James and the
Robin Hood of the air. Some of that drivel makes

I

BECAUSE IT WAS FUN. There it

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Efrem Zimbalist, but they are wrong. If they had as
much in the brains department as they do in the money
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to you. While we’re on the subject, I wish somebody
would ask that Milnes character just how much money
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on landing?

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be?

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shabby for a first try.

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were off. They weren’t important as it turned out.
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COOPER: Multiply time by speed and you come up
with distance. I knew how fast we were going—after all I
told the pilot what speed to go—what vector we were
SEATTLE FLAG

Vol. 1, No. 5
May 10

D. B. COOPER FOUND!
The Flag's editor was first approached in late March by a friend of a staff who claimed to have an interview with the infamous D.B. Cooper. In defiance of expectations, we met an ordinary looking man of 20 plus years who said he had a taped conversation with D.B. On the chance it might bear fruit we accompanied him to an office where he brought out a tape recorder and photograph. Before we were allowed access to either, we signed an agreement of confidentiality.

It stated that under no conditions could we divulge our source, that we were not allowed to print the interview before the 1st of May, that after transcription the tape must be destroyed, in addition we agreed not to cooperate in any way with local police authorities.

All these conditions were quite amenable. But the next one required $1000 cash. Before agreeing to say goodbye to real unmarked money we asked to see the Bureau is going to search every inch of ground between Seattle and Reno to find you?

COOPER: Happy Trails.

ANON: Aren't you afraid that they'll trace you through your skydiving experience or some of those 21 pounds of twenties you got from Northwest?

COOPER: What skydiving experience? What 21 pounds of twenties? It requires very few smarts to guess that anybody who can pull the first skydive from a commercial jet--in the dead of night, free-falling with 200 grand strapped around his gut, wearing street clothes and low-cut shoes--knows his ass from a D-ring, or to speak. Sure, I've done a lot of skydiving over the machines at the bank where Northwest collected its loot.

ANON: May I ask why you picked on Northwest? Did you have a grudge against that airline or something?

COOPER: Would it make a better story if I did?

ANON: No. But other lines fly the 727, don't they...?

COOPER: No. I had nothing against Northwest at all, far from it. They happen to be my very favorite airline right now. But I did know that Northwest is one of the biggest profit-makers of all the airlines, and that they could raise the $200,000 fast. I was sure Northwest could get the money for me even if Flight 305 got in from Portland after the banks had closed for the day.

And there were other considerations, too. There had never been a real skyjacker at Seattle, and Northwest definitely does not have what I would call a "take me to..." thing. All of these things--plus some other
The weather conditions were quite amenable. But the next one required $1000 each. Before departing for the last trip, we asked to see some proof. Clifford Irving still fresh in our minds, it was then that our source turned out to be a sheeny, a real trouper. We have not seen him since, but we assume he will pick up a copy of this issue.

COOPER: Would it make a better story for you if I did?

ANON: No. But other lines fly the 727, don’t they?

COOPER: No. I had nothing against Northwest at all, far from it. They happen to be my very favorite airline right now. But I did know that Northwest is one of the biggest profit-makers of all the airlines, and that they could raise the $200,000 fast. I was sure Northwest could get the money for me even if Flight 305 got in from Portland after the banks had closed for the day.

ANON: Let’s touch a little on the actual drama of the skyjack itself, shall we?

COOPER: All right...

ANON: Was your briefcase bomb real, or was it fake?

COOPER: It was real, in the sense that it worked. In actuality, it was a fake. The dynamite sticks the stewardesses blabbered about were nothing more than some Gillette shaving-cream cans rigged with prima-cord fuses. Five of them were in the briefcase I flashed. I painted them red because people always associate that color with something explosive, like dynamite.

ANON: Why did they fall for it? Were they stupid, super-cautious, or what?

COOPER: I’d say none of those, only well-endoctrinated and thoroughly trained. Of course, the FBI is going to search every inch of ground between Seattle and Reno to find you.

ANON: Aren’t you afraid that they’ll trace you through your skydiving experience or some of those 21 pounds of twenties you got from Northwest?

COOPER: WHAT skydiving experience? WHAT 21 pounds of twenties? It requires very few smarts to guess that anybody who can pull the first skydive from a commercial jet— in the dead of night, free-falling with 200 grand strapped around his gut, wearing street clothes and low-cut shoes—knows his ass from a D-ring. So speak. Sure, I’ve done a lot of skydiving over the years and belonged to several clubs, but I don’t think that’s much of a lead for the FBI to go on.

ANON: Why not?

COOPER: Because maybe 20,000, maybe more, people make the one jump—each year, I mean—that’s needed to get their certificate. Most of them, maybe 75 per cent, qualify and then stop jumping. With a turnover like that, it’ll take the law years to pick up my scent. I did have one private quirk as a skydiver, though...

ANON: That being...

COOPER: I did thousands of weight-lifts to build up my ankles. Even did roadwork with weighted leather sacks of sand buckled to my ankles. Occasionally I would jump wearing low-cuts, but none of the other skydivers—they’ve got to be the most vain, glory-hounding types you’ll find anywhere—ever noticed. They were too wrapped up in their own Superman fantasies.

Seattle Flag, May 10, page 4

"Take me to Katmandu."

ANON: OK. Go on...

COOPER: I checked out the chutes and the loot, then I hit the intercom to the flight deck. My words were, "Let the passengers off. But I want everybody in the cockpit and the other two stewards to stay on the plane. Is that clear?"

The captain rogered that. It was at this point that my game plan, as you call it, went a little haywire. The passengers—there were around 34, 35 of them, by my count—began their exit, using the front airstairs and walking across the concrete to where a bus was waiting. Holding my bomb attache case, I went out into the cabin. Right then this guy, middle-aged and executive-looking, began to push his way back through the line into the tourist compartment. I tensed, telling myself, “Oh-oh. Here’s the oddball, the frustrated World
The Search: "The FBI was wrong."

"He didn't hurry up and do it. It was going to go dingy."

"It sounds like a Jerry Lewis movie. Have you heard that song about you?"

"No, I don't think so."
ANON: Do you recall what you told the captain?

COOPER: The last time, I do. I said, "It's takeoff time. Take me to Mexico."

ANON: What was the captain's reaction?

COOPER: About the same as if I had said, "Take me to Katmandu." He looked at me as if I were totally insane. He said I could try Medford, Red Bluff or Reno, all on Vector 23. My response was negative. He then suggested San Francisco; I told him no, very emphatically. I said, "I want the flaps at 15 per cent and the gear down, I also want the ventral staircase down when you take off." He gave me a negative on the stairs. I said, not too gently as I recall, "God damn it, I can't do departure—lift the nose and rotate—with those nose banks.

He also told me that he couldn't make Mexico with the flaps and gear down, but that he would compute the fuel consumption and shoot for Reno. I was glad he got my idea all by himself. I told him affirmative, to head south. Then I slammed the cockpit door and went back to the tourist compartment with the stew. According to my watch, we got airborne at 7:40 p.m., four hours and 42 minutes since leaving Portland. Like I said, I have a very good watch.

ANON: Speaking of Portland...Shortly after takeoff you handed your skyjack note to one of the stewardesses...

COOPER: Yes. The brunette, and she thought I was trying to proposition her...In a way, she was right.

ANON: You were very careful about retrieving that note, about not leaving it— or anything else—behind as such. Could you tell us what the note said?

COOPER: Word for word. It said, "I am hijacking this aircraft. Relay instructions to the ground that I want $200,000 in $20's and two parachutes delivered to me when the plane lands. I have a bomb."

ANON: You know that's $6,666 a word?

COOPER: Not bad by anyone's standards. Tell me, were you scared of anything in particular when you first got on the plane?

COOPER: There was one thing. I had nightmares for almost a week prior to the jack. I would be on a plane with my homemade bomb and my note. And I would get the note to some dolly stewardess, and she would turn it on and tell me that she was very sorry that the plane had already been hijacked and we were on our way.

ANON: But how could you be sure he'd follow your orders?

COOPER: He'd been told to cooperate. More importantly, he'd seen me pop into his cockpit. I made a point of reading his gauges. If you were him would you want to risk upsetting a madman with a bomb by going unnoticed or anything else, leaving it—or anything else—behind?

COOPER: We'd like to know something about the parachutes that were delivered to you aboard the jet. Were they to your liking?

ANON: Everyone assumed you asked for two parachutes so they wouldn't give you one with a note that said crime doesn't pay in it, not knowing whether you were going to force somebody, like the stewardess maybe, to bail out with you. What did you do with the extra parachute?

COOPER: I made a special point of leaving it behind in the cabin. I cut it up into strips and used the strips to tie the money bag to my waist, very securely.

ANON: You've told us something about the jump, about working the escape door and plunging out into the darkness. How did you bail out without tipping off the crew?

COOPER: (tape garbled briefly here.)

...took the stewardess forward, and ordered the captain to lock the door from the inside. I checked it out. It was locked. I returned aft, closing the first-class and tourist compartment curtains securely behind me. Do you know how eerie it is to have a complete airplane to yourself except for some scared robots? Anyway I got on the blowers to the flight deck again, telling Scott to hold the aircraft at 7,000 feet, and speed at 200 miles per hour.

ANON: But how could you be sure he'd follow your orders?

COOPER: He'd been told to cooperate. More importantly, he'd seen me pop into his cockpit. I made a point of reading his gauges. If you were him would you want to risk upsetting a madman with a bomb?
PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) -- The FBI says it has definitely eliminated any connection between a captured bank robbery suspect and the elusive skyjacker "D. B. COOPER" who parachuted from an airliner in 1971 with $200,000 in ransom.

Julius Mattson, FBI special agent, said Friday robbery suspect Arvidis J. Kiperts, 41, of Vancouver, Wash., was not the man who called himself "COOPER" in the hijacking of the Northwest Airlines jetliner.

The agent said "COOPER" was described as thin but Kiperts was stocky. He added that witnesses to the hijacking looked at a picture of Kiperts and said he was not "COOPER."

The FBI said it had conclusive evidence that Kiperts was somewhere else at the time of the plane hijacking.

Kiperts was arrested in San Diego, Calif., Monday night on an Oregon bank robbery charge and is a suspect in a second bank robbery in Oregon in which the holdup man doodled the name "D. B. COOPER" on a bank deposit slip.

A man who called himself D. B. COOPER hijacked the plane between Portland and Seattle on Thanksgiving Eve, 1971, and demanded the ransom and four parachutes. He bailed out of the plane somewhere between Seattle and Reno, Nev., and disappeared without a trace.

Kiperts is being held in lieu of $150,000 bail and is scheduled to appear before a U.S. magistrate in San Diego Nov. 19.

UPI 11-10 04120 AES
Cooper Bill List Creates 'Unusual Interest' In $20s

Banks in the Portland area are reporting an "unusual interest" in $20 bills.

They believe the demand for the bills is the result of the decision of The Journal to publish the numbers of all the $20 bills included in $20,000 extorted by airline hijacker D. B. Cooper two years ago.

A man calling himself Cooper extorted the money from Northwest Orient Airlines, then apparently bailed out of a skyjacked plane over Southwestern Washington.

John Kodel of First National Bank said all of the tellers of the bank's Head Office branch had been asked to change money into $20 bills by persons hoping to cash in on The Journal's offer to pay $1,000 to the person bringing in the first $20 bill from Cooper's haul.

The money may also be turned in to any office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Kodel said fairly large sums of money were being exchanged for $20 bills, many by people carrying copies of The Journal's listings.

The largest sum was brought in by a man who said five $100 bills on the counter, and asked for $20 bills in return," said Kodel.

One woman wrote The Journal from Orlando, Fla., saying that she had asked for her Social Security payment in $20 bills.

The Florida correspondent and others writing from New York, Virginia, Vermont, California and Hawaii have been advised to check the numbers of their $20 bills at local offices of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Copies of the numbers also are in the hands of Scotland Yard, Interpol and major police agencies throughout the world.
The Search: "The FBI was wrong"

"I'll be back in five years..."

"Now hear me, this is your skyjacker speaking. Nobody under any circumstances, is to attempt to make any further contact with me. Is that understood?" The voice was the voice of the man who had called himself "The Skycrasher." He had been given the name by the media, but he was known to the police as "The FBI was wrong."

"I'm going to retire. Tonight, I'm leaving for parts unknown."

"You aren't going to fly, are you?"

"What do you think?"

"Don't know, to tell the truth."

"COOPER: Good. Loose lips sink ships. I've let my flaps far too freely. It's very hard to keep a story..."

"He did try to humor me with a steady beam on the passenger P.A. And he was a smooth talker."

"COOPER: What did he say?"

"ANON: What did he say?"

"COOPER: He kept saying that a man had hijacked an airplane in San Francisco, things like that. Jesus, I almost thought he was in my corner. I didn't take much of that to pass me. I told him to knock it off, that his monologue was beginning to bug me and that if I got too buggy, my bomb was liable to go off. Then I said, as I remember..."

"ANON: You were in the cockpit?"

"COOPER: I watched, waited, and smoked. Oh, and I played to high heaven they didn't call my bluff. All I could have done was give them a shove. Seems like, I smoked to couple packs of Raleighs too.

"The FBI was going to make a move it would have been at Sea-Tac. Everybody but the stew with me and the three-man crew was clear of the aircraft. I buzzed the cockpit and asked the captain what the hell was the holdup. He said they were having trouble with the vapor lock, that another truck was coming. I said, "OK, remember one truck at a time." Eventually five trucks came out, but only three of them able to deliver. At this juncture, I came awfully close to blowing my cool. Went forward to the cockpit.

"ANON: You were in the cockpit?"

"COOPER: Affirmative. In point of fact, I was there twice while the ship was on the ground, both times flushing my "bomb," of course.

"ANON: Do you recall what you told the captain?

"COOPER: The last time, I did. I said, "It's takeoff time. Take me to Mexico.""

"ANON: What was the Captain's reaction?"

"COOPER: About the same as if I had said, "Take me to Katmandu." He looked at me as if I were totally insane. He seemed to try Medford, Red Bluff or Reno, all on Vector 23. My response was negative. He then suggested San Francisco. I told him no, very emphatically. I said, "I want the flaps at 15 per cent down and the gear down, also I want the ventral staircase down when you take off." He gave me a negative on the stairs. He said, not too gently as I recall, "God damn, I can't rotate for departure—lift the nose and rotate—with those stairs down." He also told me that he couldn't make Mexico with the flaps and gear down, that he would compute the fuel consumption and shoot for Reno. I was glad he got my idea all by himself. I told him affirmative, to head south. Then I slammed the cockpit door and went back to the tourist compartment with the stew. According to my watch, we got airborne at 7:40 p.m., four hours and 42 minutes since leaving Portland. Like I said, I have a very good watch.

"ANON: Speaking of Portland...Shortly after takeoff you handed your "skyjack note" to one of the stewardesses..."

"COOPER: Yes. The brunette, and she thought I was trying to proposition her...In a way, she was right.

"ANON: You were very careful about retrieving that note, about not leaving it—or anything else—behind as evidence. Could you tell us what the note said?"

"COOPER: Word for word. It said, "I am hijacking way to Cuba. I began to realize that if I didn't hurry up and do it, I was going to get dingy."

"ANON: It sounds like a Jerry Lewis movie. Have you heard that song about you?"

"COOPER: Yes. And I still hear it in my sleep. I think it should be number one on the shit parade. It sinks.

"ANON: D.B. Cooper...Is that your real name?"

"COOPER: Of course not!

"ANON: There was another passenger on Flight 305 named Cooper. Was that your inspiration or what?"

"COOPER: I stuck a pen in a Seattle phone book. You can look it up if you like. There is a D.B. Cooper listed.

"ANON: We'd like to know something about the parachutes that were delivered to you aboard the jet. Were they to your liking?"

"COOPER: Negative. Somebody was playing games there. The backpack harness did not have the necessary D-rings for attaching the chestpacks. They were some sort of emergency rigs for aerobatic flying, I guess. So I just said to hell with it, I'd have to jump without a reserve.

"ANON: Everyone assumed you asked for two parachutes so they wouldn't give you one with a note that said crime doesn't pay in it, not knowing whether you were going to force somebody, like the stewardess..."

"COOPER: I made a special point of not leaving it behind in the cabin. I cut it up into strips and used the strips to tie the money bag to my waist, very securely."

"Next question.

"ANON: You've told us something about the jump, about working the escape door and plunging out into the darkness. How did you bail out without tipping off the crew?"

"COOPER:

(tape garbled briefly here.)

"...took the stewardess forward, and ordered the captain to lock the door from the inside. I checked it out. It was locked. I returned aft, closing the first-class and tourist compartment curtains securely behind me."

"It is to have a complete airplane..."
Hijack

“ Didn’t just for recovery of the ransom has failed the offer.

But last week, on the second anniversary of the hijacking, the Oregon Journal newspaper offered $1,000 to anyone who could produce one of the $20 bills. There have been no takers. Mattson says a number of FBI agents have worked on the case, to no avail. Is he convinced Cooper is dead?

“No: The terrain is just too rugged... to be thoroughly searched. And there is still the possibility he may have landed in Lake Merwin, which is 30 miles long, a mile wide and too deep to be searched by divers.

“We are keeping an open mind for lack of evidence to rule out either way — that he is dead or alive. We are still working as hard on the case now as we were two years ago.”
'Cooper' Bill Reward Offered

The Journal, in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is publishing the complete list of serial numbers of 10,000 $20 bills paid to the man identified as "D.B. Cooper" Thanksgiving Eve, 1971, in return for the release of passengers and some stewardesses of a Northwest Orient Airlines 727 jet he hijacked out of Portland.

Because of the enormity of the task, the list of serial numbers will be published in installments. The first group of numbers is at the left.

There are 34 pages of numbers in the FBI's official list and each of these pages will be reproduced by The Journal. Readers can clip and mount the reproductions on notebook paper and create their own copies of the official list.

The currency paid to Cooper was collected in a few short hours in the Seattle area that night two years ago while the hijacked jetliner waited on a runway at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport and airline and law enforcement officials negotiated for release of passengers and some crew members.

The money was all in $20 Federal Reserve notes.

It disappeared with Cooper when he parachuted from the rear stairs of the jetliner between Seattle and Reno.

Banks and other financial institutions have had copies of the list of serial numbers since it was first prepared by the FBI shortly after the air piracy occurred. This is the first time that the list has been made available to the public.

The series year for the bills, if known, is shown after the serial numbers.

Readers are requested to examine all $20 bills now in their possession or which hereafter come into their possession to ascertain whether they have any of the missing ransom money.

The Journal will pay $1,000 for the first $20 bill from that ransom money that is turned in either to the newspaper or to the FBI.

Check the list of serial numbers published in this and subsequent editions of the newspaper. You may have one of the missing bills.
Winner Of D.B. Cooper $20 Bill Hunt

Gets $1,000

Are you checking the serial numbers of the $20 bills in your possession against the list being published in The Journal of bills given to the aircraft hijacker identified as D.B. or Dan Cooper?

It's a fascinating game which could pay you $1,000 for one of the Cooper 20s and could result in solution of one of law enforcement's most baffling cases.

Checking serial numbers has resulted in solution of two Pacific Northwest crimes in the past decade, according to files of the FBI.

The Bank of California in Tacoma, Wash., was robbed Feb. 14, 1966 of $9,950 and the amount included 10 $20 bills that could be identified by serial number.

Numbers of the bills were circulated by Tacoma police in shopping centers and a few days later a man was arrested after he passed two bills identifiable as part of the bank robbery money.

He said he stole the money from a parked car, but in subsequent investigation he and two other men were implicated in the bank robbery and each was later sentenced to prison.

The second case had thrilling overtones and involved the leaving of $25,000 at a specified site in Anchorage, Alaska, in answer to a demand from a man who telephoned an airline that a crooked egg (bomb) was aboard a Seattle-bound jetliner and would explode the plane at 10,000 feet.

The jet had 118 passengers, including 72 children, and 9 crew members aboard. Under those conditions, the airline arranged for the money to be delivered to the designated site and then awaited a call to describe the hiding place of the bomb and how to disarm it.

The call never came and eventually the jet had to land after five tension-filled hours and did so at Seattle with people praying and holding their breath. There was no bomb.

But in the bundle of bills making up the $25,000 was a number of bills in which the serial numbers had been recorded and these numbers were distributed to airlines, banks, savings and loan associations, car rental companies, hotels, finance companies, grocery stores and other places.

The extortion occurred Aug. 11, 1970. In mid-September one of the identifiable bills turned up in a bank. FBI agents traced the bill to an apartment house manager, then to a renter of an apartment and finally to another house by plane descended for one of the Cooper 20s and could result in solution of one of law enforcement's most baffling cases.

Still later, the microfilm film Police Department inquired about a man who had arrived in that city with a large amount of money and had paid off his wife's debts. FBI agents based in Portland determined that the man had been a big spender, while in Oregon, giving his wife $1,400, his mother $400, paying $100 to a bar owner for loss of a barmaid for one night, buying two cars and spending $380 to $1,000 per evening buying drinks for customers in a bar.

Sept. 20, 1970, the FBI arrested a West German citizen in Portland and he admitted making the hoax calls to the airline. He later that year was sentenced to five years in the custody of the Attorney General of the United States on a charge of imparting or conveying false information.

Checking the $20 bills in your possession against those in the so-called Cooper caper might result in solution of that case also. The Journal is publishing the serial numbers in installments (some are at left) and will publish more of them over the next several days until the complete list has been made available to readers.
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This table provides the details for each day of the month, including the day of the week, the year, and any additional notes.
Skyjacked $20 Report May Be Secret

By ROLLA J. CRICK
Journal Staff Writer

The Journal is making its "Secret Witness" plan available for use in helping recover the "Cooper cash," the $200,000 that disappeared the night of Nov. 24, 1971, with the parachuting hijacker popularly known as D. B. Cooper.

The plan can be used with or separate from the newspaper's offer to pay $1,000 for the first $20 bill, to be turned in that can be verified by the FBI to be part of the money Cooper obtained from Northwest Orient Airlines prior to jumping from a jetliner he had commandeered. It can be used to return the money, enter into negotiations for its return or to provide information on the whereabouts of the elusive hijacker.

The "Secret Witness" plan will enable someone with one or more of the missing bills to surrender the money and still keep his or her identity secret.

Here is how to use the plan:
1. Place the money in a place of your choosing and write down instructions for locating it.
2. Do not sign your name, but on both lower corners of the first page write a code using any combination of numbers and letters.
3. Tear off one of the corners, making a jagged tear. Keep the torn off corner bearing your code and mail the report containing the duplicate code to "Secret Witness," The Journal, 1200 SW Broadway, Portland, Ore. 97201.

The Journal will forward your information to the FBI which will pick up the money and verify whether it is indeed from the Cooper ransom. If it is, that fact will be published in the newspaper.

After that, give the torn off corner you have kept to a trusted friend or to an attorney or to your minister with instructions to take it direct.
by to the Secret Witness plan coordinator at The Journal. If the codes and torn edges match, your agent will be given the $1,000 for the first $20 of the "Cooper cash" to be turned in.

The procedure listed in points 1, 2 and 3 can be followed for supplying information about what happened to Cooper.

Julius Mattson, agent in charge of the Portland office of the FBI, says he can visualize situations where people with the money might be willing to turn it in, but do not wish it to become known that they have the money.

"Suppose someone had found the money and has been holding onto it afraid to turn it in, or has even spent some of it and then become afraid of the consequences; such a person might welcome the 'Secret Witness' opportunity," Mattson added.

There has long been speculation that the hijacker perished in his nocturnal leap from the jetliner and that some day a hunter or hiker would find his body or the money somewhere along the flight path of the aircraft between Seattle and Reno. It is this possibility to which Mattson refers.
List of $20 Numbers Spurs Hunt For D.B. Cooper

BY ROLLA J. CRICK
Journal Staff Writer

The search goes on.

"For two years, the FBI has combed the woods for a clue to the location of the airline hijacker who called himself Dan Cooper and of the $200,000 he extorted from Northwest Orient Airlines.

"We've never stopped looking for the man or the money or both," J. Earl Milne, agent in charge of the Seattle office of the FBI, informed The Journal Tuesday in thanking the newspaper for publishing the serial numbers of the missing $20 bills.

The baffling Cooper case falls under the jurisdiction of the Seattle FBI office because the actual extortion of the money occurred in Seattle, although the crime had its beginning in Portland.

"Leads continually are being received and we check them out," Milne said.

"But I would like to add my continued plea for people to look for the missing bills. If we could recover just one of those $20 bills, it would be a big help of what we have been trying to do.

The Journal is offering $1,000 for the first of the missing bills to be turned in either to the newspaper or to any office of the FBI. Authenticity of the bill as a part of the Cooper ransom money will be verified by the FBI and then The Journal will pay the $1,000 to the person who had it.

The reward offer has attracted attention across the nation. Inquiries about it have been received by the newspaper from as far away as Virginia, New York, Los Angeles and Hawaii.

"Reproduction of the FBI's official 34-page booklet of the 10,000 "Cooper cash" serial numbers was started in The Journal Thanksgiving Day and will be continued in installments." Persons who cannot easily obtain copies of the newspaper could inquire at the FBI office nearest their home cities as to whether they could obtain or inspect a copy of the FBI's list.

Since making the reward offer, The Journal has referred to the FBI information coming to it on the finding of part of a parachute at the 6,000-foot level on the northeast slope of Mt. Hood.

The find was recent and may have no connection with the Cooper case, but Julius Mattson, agent in charge of the Portland office of the FBI, said a part of the find is being sent to Seattle for comparison with what is known about the four parachutes delivered to the hijacker. The parachutes and the money were delivered to "Cooper" as ransom for the passengers and some crew members of the jet he commandeered out of Portland.

Milne said the composite picture of the hijacker published on Page 1 of this edition of The Journal "is the best likeness we have ever had of the man." The hijacker bought a ticket to Seattle, giving the name Dan Cooper, about an hour before he boarded NWA flight 305 at Portland International Airport on Thanksgiving Eve, 1971. He handed his demand note to a stewardess, displayed a weapon that appeared to be a dynamite bomb in the briefcase he carried, and warned, "No funny stuff!"

The crew cautioned against intervention from law enforcement people for fear the hijacker would carry out his threat. The jet spent several hours on the ground at Seattle while the money was rounded up. Then the passengers and all but a skeleton crew were released and the N7 took off toward Reno.

The hijacker disappeared from the jetliner after the rear stairway was lowered in flight. So did the money.

"Cooper spoke in a low, calm, intelligent voice. There was no particular accent, according to the witnesses, although possibly he spoke as someone from the mid-West section of the United States."

He smoked Raleigh filter-tipped cigarettes. He was dressed in a black or brown suit, narrow black tie, white shirt, black raincoat over coat and brown shoes. He carried a dark briefcase and a paper bag.

During part of the flight, he put on dark wrap-around sunglasses with dark frames. He was thought to be in his mid-40s, 5 feet 10 to 6 feet, 170 to 180 pounds and had an olive or Latin appearance. He parted his dark hair on the left and combed it back.
Where's D.B. Cooper?
Journal Reward Aids Search

Have You Seen Him?
HERE ARE artist's composite sketches of parachuting hijacker Dan Cooper who disappeared with $200,000 from Northwest Orient Airlines jet Nov. 24, 1971, as it flew at his orders between Seattle and Reno.

The FBI is still looking for him and money. The Journal is offering $1,000 for first $20 of that money to be turned in if money matches serial numbers of any of 10,000 bills that vanished with Cooper. Some of serial numbers are to be found on page 2.
301A HFR 11-24

ADV FOR SUNDAY, NOV. 24
A THREE-YEAR-OLD QUESTION:
WHERE IS D. B. COOPER?

BY B. J. MCFARLAND

PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) -- IT'S THANKSGIVING TIME AND THOUGHTS AROUND HERE NOT ONLY TURN TO TURKEY, PUMPKIN PIE AND FOOTBALL, BUT ALSO TO D. B. COOPER, HISTORY'S FIRST AND ONLY SUCCESSFUL PARACHUTING SKY BANDIT. WHERE IS HE AND WHERE DID HE STASH THE CASH?

THREE YEARS AGO ON THANKSGIVING EVE COOPER WENT ABOARD A NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES FLIGHT IN PORTLAND FOR A SHORT HOP TO SEATTLE. THE PLANE WASN'T AIRBORNE MUCH MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES WHEN ONE OF THE MORE BIZARRE CRIMES IN HISTORY WAS COMMITTED.

COOPER, THREATENING TO SET OFF AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE, DEMANDED AND GOT $200,000 IN $20 BILLS DELIVERED, ALONG WITH THREE PARACHUTES, TO THE PLANE IN SEATTLE. THEN AFTER ALLOWING THE PASSENGERS TO DEBARK, HE ORDERED THE CREW TO FLY THE 727 TO RENO, NEV., FOLLOWING A COURSE DOWN THE WESTERN SECTOR OF WASHINGTON AND OREGON BEFORE CUTTING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS ON A DIRECT FLIGHT TO RENO. SOMEWHERE IN ROUTE, HE BAILOUT VIA THE TAIL EXIT.

NO TRACE OF COOPER OR THE MONEY EVER WAS FOUND.

IT SET OFF A CHAIN OF SIMILAR SKYJACKINGS THAT CHANGED THE FACE OF AIR TRAVEL THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

BUT ONLY COOPER BEAT THE LAW AT TAKING THE MONEY AND JUMPING. THE LAW STILL IS LOOKING FOR HIM.

"THE CASE IS AN ACTIVE ONE, NOT ONLY HERE BUT THROUGH THE UNITED STATES," SAID JULIUS MATTSON, AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE FBI PORTLAND OFFICE.

"WE'RE STILL GETTING LEADS," HE SAID, "BUT NOT QUITE AS HEAVY AS WE WERE. THE CASE STILL IS IN THE PUBLIC MIND AND WHEN THE PUBLIC THINKS OF IT, IT ALSO THINKS OF US.

"THERE REALLY HAS BEEN NO SUBSTANTIVE DEVELOPMENT. THE WORK NOW IS MOSTLY ELIMINATING POSSIBILITIES, PROVING OR DISPROVING TIPS OFFERED..."
Perfect Crime Fans

Count the Years: 1, 2, 3

By B. J. McFarland

AROUND this time of year in the Pacific Northwest, thoughts turn to the mystery of D. B. Cooper, history's first and only successful stowaway sky bandit. Where is he, and where did he stash the cash?

Three years ago, Cooper went aboard a Northwest Orient airlines flight in Portland for a short hop to Seattle.

The plane wasn't airborne much more than five minutes when one of the more bizarre crimes in history was committed.

Got What He Wanted

Cooper, threatening to set off an explosive device, demanded and got $200,000 in $20 bills delivered, along with three parachutes, to the plane in Seattle. Then after allowing the passengers to disembark, he ordered the crew to fly the 727 to Reno, following a course down the western sector of Washington and Oregon before cutting across the mountains on a direct flight to Reno.

Somewhere en route, he bailed out from the tail exit.

No trace of Cooper or the money ever was found.

Cooper's foray set off a rain of similar skyjackings that changed the face of air travel throughout the world.

But only Cooper beat the law at taking the money and jumping. The law is still looking for him.

"The case is an active one, not only here but throughout the United States," said Julius McIlvain, agent in charge of the FBI's Portland office.

"We're still getting police sketches of Cooper, he said, "but not quite as heavy as we were. The case still is in the public mind and when the public thinks of it, it also thinks of us."

"There really has been no substantive development. The work now is mostly elimination of possibilities, proving or disproving those offered.

The Washington Post
Washington Star-News
Daily News (New York)
The New York Times
The Wall Street Journal
The National Observer
The Los Angeles Times

Date DEC 1 1974

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JAN 1 1975
Is hijacker Dan Cooper alive and wealthy? Or dead in chute?
within the special aircraft jurisdiction of the United States by seizing and exercising control by force and violence and by threats of force and violence and with wrongful intent, of a civil aircraft of the United States while such aircraft was in flight, that is, a civil aircraft then being operated by Northwest Orient Airlines as Flight No. 305 between Portland, Oregon, in the District of Oregon, and Seattle-Tacoma International Airport in the Western District of Washington, all in violation of Section 902(i) of the Federal Aviation Act of 1958, 49 U.S.C. §1301(15) and (34) and §1472(i).

COUNT II

On or about the 24th day of November, 1971, in the District of Oregon, JOHN DOE, also known as DAN COOPER, a male Caucasian, age mid-Forties; height 5'10"-6'; weight 170-180 lbs.; physical build average to well built; complexion olive, medium smooth; hair dark brown or black, parted on left, combed back, of greasy appearance; sideburns at low ear level; eyes brown or dark; voice low without particular accent using an intelligent vocabulary; and a heavy smoker of cigarettes, defendant, did knowingly and wilfully attempt to obstruct, delay and affect commerce and the movement of articles and commodities in commerce, that is, a Boeing 727 three engine jet airliner, aircraft passengers, their baggage, freight and U.S. Mail, known as and include within Northwest Orient Airlines Flight No. 305 between Portland, Oregon, in the District of Oregon, and Seattle-Tacoma International Airport in the Western District of Washington, by extortion, that is to say, defendant attempted to obtain and did obtain the sum of $200,000 in the form of United States currency from and with the consent of
Northwest Orient Airlines, such consent induced by a wrongful use of actual and threatened force, violence and fear in that defendant did, while on board the aircraft, display to members of the aircraft crew a device claimed by defendant to be a bomb coupled with defendant's demand that the sum of $200,000 be delivered to him in order to assure the continued safety of the aircraft and its contents, all in violation of 18 U.S.C. §1951.

Dated this _______ day of November, 1976.

A TRUE BILL.

__________________________
Foreman.

SIDNEY I. LEZAK
United States Attorney
District of Oregon

JACK G. COLLINS
First Assistant United States Attorney
Friday's house looks down on long, frigid Lake Merwin. Everyone breathed a sigh when he wasn't found. They feel the glory—and the money—belong to us."

In Mrs. Friday's book, which her brother-in-law, Bill, illustrated with cartoons (right), the skyjacker meets an ignominious end. Indeed, the FBI informed residents that Cooper may have been devoured by animals, and asked them to look for remains. But like most of her neighbors, Anna Friday doesn't believe that Cooper died. "It was too carelessly planned for him to flub up at the last minute," she says, fixing a thoughtful gaze out through the low-lying fog. "And remember—there were just enough odd things that happened around here that night."

Richard Woodsbury
With a make-believe bomb, a passenger using the name D. B. Cooper (in FBI sketch, far left) hijacked this Northwest jet, then bailed out into the dense woods of southwestern Washington state (below).

A recently published book by Anne Friday (below, right) includes some cartoon speculation as to what may have happened to Cooper after he parachuted to earth.

Like down the road at Jess Hefield’s place: ‘Old Jess’ heard a thumping on his roof, but by the time he got out there, rifle at the ready, there was nothing. In the nearby community of View, it was black and blustery—hardly a night for small planes—but at a seldom-used airstrip near the cemetery there were strange goings-on. Emil Neiger’s wife recalls seeing an aircraft circling for nearly an hour. She doesn’t know if it landed, but Mrs. Melvin Anderson, who lives across the way, says that it did.

Five miles to the west of Center, there’s another airstrip adjacent to Donald Hurt’s blueberry farm. On the preceding evening, forbidding weather, his wife remembers the thump as she dozed with a book near the wood stove with the door ajar. ‘I just heard a noise and it continued a little longer than usual. I couldn’t see what it was. It’s hard to believe Cooper would have gone that way because the trees are so thick,’ she said.

On each side of the airport was a large billboard showing a picture of Cooper. The FBI did a lot of searching afterward, but with no luck.
dressed in a business suit, top coat
and brown oxfords, and he had
$200,000 in ransom strapped to his
chest. This exploit has become leg-
end in the Northwest: A macabre
conspiracy has formed around him, and
at least three subsequent hijackers
have used Cooper's technique. All
were later arrested. Cooper him-
self remains a total mystery. The
name he used to buy his airline
ticket turned out to be an alias.

After 'Cooper' jumped, it was
two days before the heavy clouds
cleared enough to permit a heli-
copter search of the steep lava
top of Mount Rainier, and farlands. The
authorities figured that Cooper prob-
ably came down near the shore of
Lake Merwin. But the search
yielded nothing, and heavy snows
soon sealed the woods off.

'Did 'Cooper' get away or not?
That is one of the questions that
plagues the loggers who spend long hours
debating around the stove in the
Ariel general store and across the
river at Nick's Tavern. (Amboy) If
Cooper did, then why haven't any
two of the ten thousand, $20 bills all
carefully recorded by the FBI
shown up? Could the skyjackers have
died or lived on the ground? Or if Cooper is hanging
deep加密 in a fir tree out there
above Merwin Dam, why hasn't his body or the money been
found? Have the searchers been
looking in the wrong place?

No answers. The prospect of
all that money sent fortune
hunters racing into the woods last
fall. And even today campers keep
an eagle eye out for the skyjack-
er's loot. Meanwhile, the North-
west has eulogized D.B. Cooper
in song and verse. Promoters have
capitalized on Cooper T-shirts and
bumper stickers. Two men were ar-
rested and charged with fleecing
an interview with Cooper. An un-
derground newspaper at Seattle
published another "interview" with
the skyjacker, but it was promptly
debunked by authorities. With the
passage of time, Cooper has as-
sumed a certain Jesse James quas-
ality. At the Ariel store, an autog-
ograph party was held this month
to celebrate publication of Ami-
na's whimsical book on the
skyjacker. Entitled "Skyjack's
Guide" the book is titled "Please Hold This Bomb,
While I Hold the Key." The people of Ariel, and the
people of Seattle, Cooper and the

NWA hijacker continues

United Press International

A fugitive hijacker who demanded $200,000 ransom, took over a Northwest Airlines 727 jet Wednesday, collected ransom money and cut off telephone communications.

The hijacker took over a Northwest Airlines 727 jet Wednesday, collected $200,000 ransom and cut off telephone communications.

The ground and air search started near Woodland, Wash. yesterday. FBI officials said the plane was spotted over the mountains between Seattle and Reno, Nev.

After East Pakistan Indian troops claim success in East Pakistan
Hijack: Stewardess remembers seeing red cylinder in suitcase

Continued from front page...

In describing the events of the hijacking, Flight Officer John Mulcahy, a former police officer, said the hijackers were demanding to be flown to Mexico City.

Mulcahy said he and his co-pilot were directed to land the plane in the desert near Yuma, Arizona, and that the hijackers threatened to kill them if they did not comply.

After landing, the hijackers took control of the cockpit and the crew was forced to remain in their seats.

They never saw the cylinder, but when the plane was refueled, they noticed a red cylinder in the fuel tank.

The hijackers were eventually arrested and charged with hijacking.

Source: The Seattle Times
Hijacker Believed Injured

WOODLAND, Wash. (UPI) — The FBI said yesterday a hijacker was parachuted from an airplane with two 320-pound hand grenades. His leg appears to be broken and he might be unconscious, the FBI said.
Lookout

D.B. Cooper Was Here

by Ken Littoe

I have been passed more evidence that D.B. Cooper, the 1971 hijacker who escaped with $200,000 from the United States, actually surfaced—at least briefly—In Cambridge. Cooper has been eluding the F.B.I. rather successfully all through the seventies, but my source, whom I cannot name, tells me that D.B. Cooper lived in the Boston area from 1971 to at least 1978. He also maintains that prominent F.B.I. officials knew this but didn't report it to the FBI. The F.B.I. also says that former New Hampshire Governor Mel Thompson gave information to Cooper concerning the possibility of transferring some South African funds. The question is, what did the F.B.I. do, and, who was it, who did Governor Thompson think was the man who did Arthur F. Burns, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, think he was communicating with when he received a letter from D.B. Cooper dated December 30, 1972? This letter is noteworthy, since Cooper indicates that if Burns is interested, Cooper would actually send him some money. Why? Surely, Burns has enough of his own, and yet, here was a D.B. Cooper (3) offering money to the outgoing chairman of the F.B.I. (B) must be something quite amusing, quite unusual. What, for example, who is he, what is he, why, like Thompson, did Burns say nothing about the matter to law enforcement officials? The F.B.I. has offered no portion of the letter as evidence, "We haven't found any evidence in the evidence in the case at all on the case, we've been hard at the F.B.I. and the case at all. We've been working very closely all the years we've been on the case..."

The reply is terse, even perplexing: "It was good of you to write me suggesting I deeply appreciate your kind thoughts. That's it! Maybe Burns is merely simple, maybe he never crossed my mind that this might be the same D.B. Cooper. But how, really, do any of us know for certain that it was not?"

Ronald Reagan is calling for an end to the war, and lying to the public. Why do I think Ted Kennedy is any different than Richard Nixon, a liar and a cheat?

Lawrence A. Cunningham
Quincy, MA.

Ohl Revisited

Doooooommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
Lookout

D.B. Cooper in Cambridge

by Ken Lisette

The news media in this town ain't so special, nor are the F.B.I. anywhere. They've been tracking down D.B. Cooper for years, since 1971 in fact, and looking for the $200 G's he obtained in ransom from an airline hijacking. a feat of no minuscule proportion considering he escaped—yes, ESCAPED! — by parachuting into the Southern California countryside. The one that did it, AND GOT AWAY, that's Daniel B. Cooper.

Legend has it, however, that Cooper dropped the money, either in part or all, as he floated to earth and that twenty-dollar bills were thus deposited throughout the town and villages in his landing area. Yet, strangely, none of the money, not one buck, was ever found, and even more strange, every year, on the anniversary of his escape, the towns and villages in that area throw a "D.B. Cooper Celebration" to honor him for, well, for something! They appreciate him, though one can only speculate as to why, and there seems to be a genuine hope that the feds never caught him, wherever he be.

And could that "wherever" be, or have been, Cambridge? According to a most reliable source of mine, a D.B. Cooper lived near Central Square during the winter months of 1978. His name was clearly displayed on a mailbox and correspondence to and from him was regularly delivered. Was this the same D.B. Cooper who has corresponded with many well-known public officials, including Arthur F. Burns, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Bob Bergland, Secretary of Agriculture, Benjamin E. Barzar, Postmaster-General of the United States, our own Mel Thomson of New Hampshire, and a Dr. Red Metamarch, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Southern Africa Freedom Foundation. Apparently, Cooper wrote to Metamarch asking about getting out of the country and escaping to South Africa. His initial contact, however, had been with Thomson, who had directed him to Metamarch. Was Thomson collaborating with hijacker Cooper to help him get out of the country? Or was Thomson unaware that a hijacker seven years earlier had been named D.B. Cooper? Whatever the answer, did Thomson, or any of the others report this correspondence to the FBI as any good law-abiding American should? A check with both the Bureau and offices of these gentlemen reveals they did not.

Where are you now, Alan Lupo? The Globe Spotlight Team? Mark Zanger? Peter Lucas? All the other great investigative minds of Boston journalism? Was D.B. Cooper, the hijacker that got away, right here in the Boston area for a year or more? Is he now in South Africa? How can the FBI take so much credit for finding "bits of twenty dollar bills," as they did this month, when Cooper may not even be in the country any longer? After all, it's been nine years, and those bits they found in the California mud are the most they've got to show for the years and talent poured into this enduring manhunt.

It would seem very strange if D.B. Cooper wanted to truly remain a stranger, to be invisible, to have no link to past that Abby Hoffman: No one would ever suspect that a fugitive would keep his true name. This obviously has been the case with D.B. Cooper.

February 25, 1980
D.B. Cooper enthusiast plans to continue search

PORTLAND, Ore. (UPI) - A former FBI agent, fascinated by the 11-year-old legend of skyjacker D.B. Cooper, plans to search the Columbia River where he believes the still-missing Cooper left some of his $200,000 ransom.

Richard Tosaw also has entered into an agreement with four brothers who own farm land west of Portland to search an area in which part of the $200,000 ransom paid by Northwest Airlines on Thanksgiving Eve 1971 was found.

An 8-year-old boy picnicking with his family on a beach on the Fazio Bros. property found rotting packets containing $5,800 in $20 bills; the only money recovered from the skyjacking.

Tosaw, a Ceres, Calif., probate attorney writing a book on the skyjacking, wants to start searching Nov. 24 - the 11th anniversary of the day a man using the name Cooper bailed out of a Northwest Boeing 727 with the money apparently strapped around his body in one of the spare parachutes he demanded.

Cooper hijacked the plane after it left Portland, let the passengers off in Seattle and ordered the crew to stay in the cockpit area and fly him to Reno, Nev., with the ransom money he got from the airline.

He parachuted from the plane's rear door. The FBI computed he landed in the Lake Merwin area northeast of Vancouver, Wash.

Tosaw, who left the FBI before the skyjacking, became interested in the case after the money was found and decided Cooper landed nearby, some nine miles west of Vancouver.

He wants someone to drag the river with grappling hooks to try to snag Cooper’s parachute, his body or anything else that divers could then check.

“My theory is that the parachute would be easiest to find because it’s 28 feet across and with nylon cords and a canvas harness,” Tosaw said.

He figures the money found was churned up by an Army Corps of Engineers’ dredge working the area in early 1980.

Tosaw has withdrawn a reward he had offered for finding any sign of Cooper.

He believes the hijacker was an ex-military man with parachute training, and possibly a strong swimmer who could have made it to shore after dumping the chute and the heavy money bag in the water.
BY BARNEY LETEN

PORTLAND, Ore. (UPI) - A tattered piece of cloth-covered nylon, a piece of rope and a bone scooped from the Columbia River may provide clues to the whereabouts of skyjacker D.B. Cooper.

Blake Payne of Florence, Ore., mailed the items to ex-FBI agent Richard Tosaw, a Ceres, Calif., lawyer writing a book about Cooper's mysterious disappearance after he pulled off the world's first aerial hijack for ransom 11 years ago.

"As long as it's related to that jump, I'll feel we've hit paydirt," Tosaw said Friday.

Most authorities decided long ago the man named on passenger lists as Dan Cooper probably was killed when he parachuted out of a Northwest Airlines Boeing 727 over southwest Washington on a rainy Thanksgiving eve in 1971 with $200,000 in ransom strapped to his waist.

The only concrete clues to Cooper's fate so far have been some tattered bills from the ransom money dug up along the shore of the Columbia in February 1980.

Payne, skipper of the fishing boat "Magnum," was hired by Tosaw last month to dredge the bottom of the Columbia between Portland and Vancouver, Wash., in the plane's flight path.

"He's been making the river with a 12-foot rake - he calls it a 'Cooper snooper' - from the stern of his boat," Tosaw said in a phone interview.

"He goes back and forth right where the airplane flew over that night; at the tip of Hayden Island in the Columbia.

Payne found the nylon, cord and bone Thursday. He said he will leave the significance of his find to the experts.

"It's something, anyway," he said. "It's definitely canvas, and that nylon cord is the type Cooper had. It's been 11 years, and this stuff looked like it had been there that long."

"We're interested in examining it to see if there's any indication it's part of Cooper's gear," Tosaw said. He said he will ask Earl Cossey of Seattle, who packed the parachutes used by Cooper, to help determine its validity.

"The bone probably has no connection at all," Tosaw said. He said it is not possible to confirm the identity of a bone, and he was not even sure if it was human.

Whether or not the clues prove to have merit, Tosaw said he will keep up the search; which already has cost him $10,000. A major find couldn't hurt sales of Tosaw's book, which he plans to publish in two months, called "D.B. Cooper: Dead or Alive?"

A Northwest legend has grown around Cooper, who pulled off the nation's only unsolved hijacking, triggering heightened security procedures at airports throughout the country.

Songs have been written and T-shirts printed; while residents of Aries, Wash., in the area where Cooper jumped, hold an annual party and invite Cooper to attend. He has yet to do so.
By BARNEY LERTEN

PORTLAND, Ore. (UPI) - The FBI has discounted any link between
missing skyjacker D.B. Cooper and part of a parachute and other items
scooped from the Columbia River.

"This item, if it's the olive-drab color you describe, has nothing
to do with Cooper," FBI Agent Dorwin Schreuder said Monday.

Schreuder and other agents looked at black-and-white photos of the
dark piece of fabric.

The parachute part was found Saturday by charter boat captain Blake
Payne, who returned to his Florence, Ore., home to await further
instructions from former FBI agent Richard Tosan of Ceres, Calif., who
is paying for the river search.

Schreuder said one of the four parachutes provided to Cooper along
with $200,000 before the skyjacker leaped from a Northwest Airlines
Boeing 727 on Thanksgiving Eve of 1971 was similar. But he said it was
left behind on the plane and "was not one that he took with him."

Some of the money has been found on a bank of the Washington side
of the Columbia River.

Last week Payne mailed Tosan a piece of nylon cord, a tattered
piece of fabric and a bone he scooped from the Columbia River with a
metal device called the "Cooper Snooper."

Schreuder, after viewing photos of the materials found by Payne,
said: "They don't appear to be among the items" left by the legendary
skyjacker.

Tosan is writing a book about Cooper. He surmised the fabric might
be part of a bag stuffed with the $200,000 the skyjacker strapped to his
waist before sailing out of the jetliner somewhere over Southwest
Washington.

Tosan said the cord might have come from one of the parachutes. He
said Cooper might have been an ex-Green Beret who decided to use a
military chute rather than the civilian one given to him because he
would have been more familiar with it.

The hijack marked the world's first air piracy for ransom and
remains the nation's only unsolved hijacking.
(COMBINING TAKES)

(SGRAFFITI XXXHE SAID. - FBI DISCOUNTS FIND)

PORTLAND, Ore. (UPI) - A charter boat captain engaged in a search of the Columbia River for legendary skyjacker D.B. Cooper, Monday reported finding a piece of olive-drab fabric that could be part of a parachute.

"I've seen a couple of chutes before - this looks like one. It's got silk in it, just like a chute has," said the boat captain, Blake Payne, who is employed by Richard Tosan, a Ceres, Calif., attorney who plans to write a book about the skyjacking mystery.

Last week, Payne mailed to Tosan a piece of nylon cord, a tattered piece of fabric and a bone he dredged from the river bottom with a heavy metal rake.

The two men surmised the fabric found last week might be part of a money bag stuffed with $200,000 that the skyjacker strapped to his waist on a rainy Thanksgiving Eve 1971 as he jumped from a Northwest Airlines Boeing 727 over southwest Washington.

The cord, Payne said, might have come from one of four parachutes demanded by Cooper. The cloth reported Monday may also be from one of the parachutes the skyjacker had, he said.

FBI agents, however, discounted any link between the material and Cooper.

"This item, if it's the olive-drab color you describe, has nothing to do with Cooper," Dorwin Schreuder of the FBI's Portland office said after he and other agents viewed black-and-white photos of the dark piece of fabric.

Payne found the item Saturday while dredging the river between Oregon and Washington. He was back in his Florence, Ore., home awaiting further instructions from Tosan, a former FBI agent who is funding the river search.

Schreuder said one of the four parachutes provided to Cooper along with $200,000 ransom before he jumped from a Northwest Airlines Boeing 727 on a rainy Thanksgiving Eve in 1971 was of a similar nature but had been left behind on the plane and "was not one that he took with him."

Schreuder said he could not discuss unreleased details about the case in order to protect the 11-year-old investigation. However, after viewing photos of the materials found by Payne, he said "they don't appear to be among the items" provided to Cooper.
VANCOUVER, WASH. (AP) -- As hordes of reporters and a herd of cows looked on, scientists and FBI agents sifted through sand along the Columbia River, searching for more of the loot that had been missing since Sky Pirate D.B. Cooper parachuted from a plane nine years ago.

Agents tending the riverbank Wednesday found a few more scraps of the $200,000 ransom but no sign of the first man to hijack an airliner for money.

And the FBI agent who led the investigation since the 1971 hijack says the discovery tends to confirm his speculation that Cooper, who has become something of a folk hero, died the night he parachuted into a storm somewhere over southwestern Washington.

Soggy and battered fragments of several thousand dollars in $20 bills were discovered Sunday by an 8-year-old boy during a family picnic. Serial numbers confirmed they were part of the ransom.

FBI agent Paul Hudson said he ruled out the possibility that the money was buried along the river near Vancouver.

"However they got there, they must have been deposited within a couple of years after the hijacking," said agent Ralph Himmelsbach, due to retire in two weeks after heading the Cooper investigation since the hijack. "Rubber bands deteriorate rapidly and could not have held the bundles together very long."

The Corps of Engineers identified a layer of sand as having been deposited when the 40-foot ship channel was dredged in August 1974. Agents speculated Cooper's body would have clogged the dredge if it had been in the channel then, but a sachet could have gone through.

Agents also speculated the bills could have washed into the Columbia from a tributary in the area near Lacenter, Wash., into which Cooper apparently parachuted.

Officials roped off the riverbank to keep would-be treasure seekers from the area as they dug for more of the ransom. The only spectators allowed in Wednesday were reporters, a throng of fishermen and dairy cows.

"I'll admit to a certain sense of satisfaction," said Himmelsbach. "The case isn't solved, but this is certainly a major milestone."

AP-NW-0214 1049EST. WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE
PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) - FBI AGENT RALPH HIMMELSBACK RETIRES FRIDAY, GIVING UP HIS EIGHT-YEAR HUNT FOR ONE OF AMERICA'S LEGENDARY CRIMINALS - SKYJACKER D.B. COOPER, WHO PARACHUTED FROM A JET WITH $200,000 IN RANSOM.

THE FBI, OF COURSE, WILL CONTINUE TO PURSUE COOPER BUT HIMMELSBACK, 54, IS TURNING IN HIS CREDENTIALS SEVEN MONTHS EARLY, USING ACCUMULATED SICK LEAVE TO GET FAVORABLE RETIREMENT BENEFITS.

"IF I HAD MY CHOICE, I'D STAY ON," HE SAID. "I'M IN TOP PHYSICAL SHAPE."
VANCOUVER, WASH. (AP) -- THE CRUMBLING REMAINS OF $20 BILLS UNEARTHED BY A VANCOUVER FAMILY MORE THAN TWO WEEKS AGO REPRESENT ABOUT $5,800 OF THE $200,000 TAKEN BY SKYJACKER D.B. COOPER IN 1971, THE FBI SAYS.

RAY MATHIS, SENIOR AGENT FROM THE BUREAU'S SEATTLE OFFICE, SAID WEDNESDAY THAT OFFICIALS COUNTED THE DECAYING GREENBACKS DURING FBI LABORATORY TESTS IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

OTIS COX OF THE BUREAU'S WASHINGTON, D.C., OFFICE CONFIRMED THAT THE COUNT WAS MADE, BUT SAID LITTLE ELSE HAS BEEN REVEALED ABOUT THE MONEY. LAB TECHNICIANS CONTINUE TO STUDY THE LOOT, PARTICULARLY FOR EVIDENCE OF WHERE IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BEFORE IT WASHED UP ON THE BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OTIS SAID.

THOUGH LUMPY WADS OF THE MONEY WERE FOUND BURIED BENEATH A SHALLOW COVER OF SAND, COOPER, AMERICA'S FIRST SKYJACKER-FOR-MONEY, HAS NEVER BEEN LOCATED. AUTHORITIES TEND TO BELIEVE HE IS DEAD, BUT ACKNOWLEDGE THEY DON'T KNOW FOR SURE.

AP-WX-0228 1423EDT
PORTLAND, Ore. (UPI) - THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION CALLED NEWS CONFERENCES IN PORTLAND AND SEATTLE TODAY TO ANNOUNCE "A MAJOR DEVELOPMENT" IN THE D.B. COOPER AIRLINE HIJACKING.

THE NEWS CONFERENCES WERE CALLED FOR 6 P.M. EST.

NEITHER COOPER, WHO PARACHUTED FROM A NORTHWEST AIRLINES JET OVER THE NORTHWEST ON THANKSGIVING EVE 1971, NOR ANY OF THE $200,000 IN $20 BILLS HE COLLECTED EVER HAS BEEN FOUND.

FBI SPOKESMAN BILL WILLIAMS REFUSED TO DIVULGE WHAT THE ANNOUNCEMENT WOULD BE BUT INDICATED IT DEVELOPED THIS MORNING AND "WE FIRST THOUGHT IT WAS A HOAX."

THE FBI HAS SAID SINCE SHORTLY AFTER THE HIJACKING IT BELIEVED THAT COOPER - WHOSE REAL NAME WAS NEVER LEARNED - JUMPED FROM THE REAR OF A BOEING 727 OVER SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON AND PROBABLY WAS KILLED WHEN HE LANDED.

COOPER BOARDED A NORTHWEST FLIGHT IN PORTLAND UNDER THE NAME DAN COOPER. BEFORE THE PLANE REACHED SEATTLE, COOPER THREATENED TO EXPLODE A "BOMB" IN HIS BRIEF CASE IF HE WERE NOT GIVEN THE MONEY AND FOUR PARACHUTES AND FLOWN TO RENO, NEV.


THE FLIGHT RECORDER AND CREW TESTIMONY INDICATED COOPER HAD JUMPED NEAR THE LITTLE TOWN OF ARIEL ABOUT 30 MILES NORTH OF PORTLAND, A DENSELY WOODED AREA IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.


UP1 02-12 04:52 PES
VANCOUVER, WASH. (AP) -- THE SEARCH ALONG A COLUMBIA RIVER BEACH FOR MORE MONEY FROM THE D.B. COOPER HIJACKING EIGHT YEARS AGO PROBABLY WILL BE SUSPENDED AFTER FRIDAY, FBI OFFICIALS SAID THURSDAY.

MEANWHILE, A GEOLOGIST CONCLUDED THAT SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS FOUND SUNDAY BY AN 8-YEAR-OLD BOY ON A FAMILY PICNIC WAS DEPOSITED ON THE BEACH IN THE PAST YEAR OR TWO.

FBI AGENTS CONTINUED TO DIG FOR MORE OF THE $200,000 THAT COOPER TOOK WITH HIM WHEN HE BAILED OUT OF A PLANE ON THANKSGIVING EVE IN 1971.

THE SEARCH BEGAN TUESDAY ALONG THE RIVER'S NORTH SHORE, ABOUT THREE MILES SOUTHWEST OF DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER. ADDITIONAL SCRAPS OF MONEY WERE FOUND ON WEDNESDAY.

A MAN WHOSE PASSENGER LIST WAS SIGNED 'DAN COOPER' LEFT A NORTHWEST AIRLINES PLANE THAT WAS BOUND FOR RENO FROM SEATTLE AFTER HE DISPLAYED WHAT APPEARED TO BE A BOMB AND OBTAINED A PACKAGE OF $20 BILLS AND THREE PARACHUTES.

FBI AGENTS BELIEVED HE LEFT THE PLANE, DURING A STORM, ABOUT 20 MILES NORTHEAST OF WHERE THE CRUMLED AND WEATHERED BILLS WERE FOUND.

'IT IS THE NATION'S ONLY UNSOLVED HIJACKING. 'WE'LL WORK TODAY AND TOMORROW AND PROBABLY KNOCK IT OFF AND BRING MY TROOPS BACK UP HERE AND REASSESS THE SITUATION,' SAID JACK PRINGLE, ASSISTANT AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE SEATTLE OFFICE WHICH TOOK OVER THE SEARCH OPERATIONS.

'SOME OF THE AREA IS INACCESSIBLE AND THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN SEARCH THE WHOLE RIVER,' PRINGLE SAID.

HE SAID GEOLOGIST LEONARD PALMER OF PORTLAND STATE UNIVERSITY CONCLUDED THAT THE DREDGING OPERATION IN 1974 DID NOT PUT THE MONEY ONTO THE BEACH, BECAUSE THE BILLS WERE FOUND ABOVE CLAY DEPOSITS PUT ON THE BANKS BY THE DREDGE.
VANCOUVER, WASH. (AP) -- THE FBI TODAY CALLED OFF THE SEARCH ALONG A COLUMBIA RIVER BEACH FOR MORE OF THE $200,000 MISSING FROM THE 1971 D.B. COOPER HIJACKING.

"NOT A THING" WAS FOUND THURSDAY AS AGENTS FINISHED SIFTING THE SANDS ON THE NORTHERN BANK OF THE RIVER, SAID JACK PRINGLE, ASSISTANT AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE SEATTLE OFFICE.

"THEY REALLY HAVE NO FURTHER PLACES TO SEARCH" THE BEACH, PRINGLE SAID. IN ADDITION, HE NOTED THE AREA WAS COVERED BY A FRESH SNOWFALL.

HE SAID ANY DECISION ON EXTENDING OR MOVING THE SEARCH TO OTHER AREAS WOULD NOT BE MADE UNTIL EARLY NEXT WEEK.

KEN MOORE, THE SEATTLE AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE DIGGING, SAID THE MONEY PROBABLY WAS WASHED DOWNSTREAM INTO THE COLUMBIA, MOST LIKELY FROM THE WASHOUGAL RIVER OR FROM ONE OF SEVERAL SMALLER STREAMS IN THE AREA IN WHICH COOPER PROBABLY LANDED.

"TOURISTS WHO WANT TO LOOK FOR MORE COOPER MONEY PROBABLY SHOULD LOOK ON THE WASHOUGAL RIVER," MOORE SAID.

THE FBI SAID A GEOLOGIST HAD CONCLUDED THAT SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS FOUND SUNDAY BY A YOUNG BOY HAD BEEN DEPOSITED ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER BEACH AFTER 1974.

THE SEARCH BEGAN TUESDAY THREE MILES SOUTHWEST OF VANCOUVER AFTER A COMPARISON OF SERIAL NUMBERS CONFIRMED THE BOY'S FIND WAS PART OF THE COOPER RANSOM. ADDITIONAL SCRAPS OF MONEY WERE FOUND ON WEDNESDAY.

NO TRACE OF COOPER, THE FIRST PERSON TO HIJACK AN AIRLINER FOR MONEY, HAS BEEN FOUND.

FBI AGENTS HAD BELIEVED HE PARACHUTED FROM THE PLANE ABOUT 20 MILES NORTHWEST OF WHERE THE CRUMBELED AND WEATHERED BILLS WERE FOUND.

HOWEVER, MOORE SAID IT WAS UNLIKELY THAT THE BILLS HAD WASHED DOWN THE LEWIS RIVER AND THEN BEEN PUSHED UP THE COLUMBIA BY TIDAL ACTION.

"THERE IS NOTHING INFALLIBLE ABOUT OUR ORIGINAL ESTIMATE OF WHERE HE LANDED," PRINGLE SAID. "BECAUSE OF STRONG WIND CURRENTS AND OCEAN WAVES, WE COULD HAVE BEEN A LITTLE OFF IN OUR ORIGINAL ESTIMATES."
Eight Years Then Irony

Ralph Himmelsbach is reluctantly retiring from the FBI without having closed the case on the skyjacker called D.B. Cooper. Himmelsbach, based in Portland, Ore., pursued more than a thousand potential suspects and thousands of leads that took him nowhere in the eight years since a man who identified himself as Dan Cooper commandeered a Northwest Airlines jetliner and demanded and received $200,000 and four parachutes. Said Himmelsbach: "We don't know who he was, but we do know a lot of people who he wasn't." Himmelsbach dismisses the idea that he's been on a kind of obsessed manhunt like Inspector Javert in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," but he admits that the case has seldom strayed from his mind over the last eight years. The discovery of some of the ransom money last week leads Himmelsbach "to assume more and more the possibility that (Cooper) didn't make it." "Irony... isn't it?" Himmelsbach asked, that "the first and only concrete bit of information comes only 17 days before I retire."
Journal Completes ‘Cooper’ Bill

Listing

The Journal in this contact reproduces the last of the official FBI list of serial numbers of $20 bills that disappeared with the hijacker known as D.B. or Dan Cooper when he parachuted from a Northwest Orient Airlines jet Thanksgiving Eve, 1971, between Seattle and Reno.

He extorted $200,000 from the airline that night as ransom for the release of the passengers and some of the crew of the jet he originally hijacked just after it left Portland for Seattle.

To date, neither Cooper nor the money has shown up.

The Journal in its last Nov. 22 offered to pay $1,000 for the first of the missing $20 bills to be turned in to the newspaper or to any FBI office in the nation. The offer triggered requests from all parts of the country, by telephone and letter, for copies of the list of serial numbers that the newspaper has been publishing in installments.

In checking bills in their possession, many people have come close to matching them with the serial numbers of the missing currency, but so far none of the money Cooper took has been recovered.

Many readers have prepared their own booklets from the newspaper listings and with this edition those readers will have complete copies of the official document prepared by the FBI and heretofore distributed mainly to financial institutions.

Persons who are missing key editions of The Journal may order them from the Circulation Department by telephoning 231-8240 or writing to The Journal, 1120 SW Broadway, Portland, Ore. 97201. For people who are outside of the normal circulation area of the newspaper, check with the nearest FBI office for permission to inspect a copy of the list there.

(Date: December 14, 1971
Edition: R
Author: Rolla J. Crick
Editor: Donald Sterling
Title: NORJAK

Character: Bufile
Classification: 164-2111
Submitting Office: Portland

Being Investigated
Search For Skyjacked Bills Revives 'D.B. Cooper' Song

BY ROLLA J. CRICK
Journal Staff Writer

Remember the song, "D.B. Cooper: Where Are You?"
Since The Journal made its offer to pay $1,000 for the first $20 bill turned in from the money the man popularly known as D.B. Cooper parachuted into the night with, the song has been played periodically on disc jockey programs.

It had almost faded away, but the new Cooper publicity gave it new life.

It was written by Judy Sword, 25, of Baker, a guitarist now singing in a Yaki-

JUDY SWORD
... writes 'D.B.' song

When the song first aired on Portland radio, the name D.B. Cooper was on everyone's lips.

Whether prophetic or not, the song's lyrics and music within two weeks of the incident and indicated that Cooper died, hanging in a tree in the shroud of a parachute while his stolen money drifted to the ground.

The song further emphasized the D.B. Cooper name in the minds of the public in those first weeks as the search for the hijacker ranged from Seattle to Reno.

Ironically, though, D.B. Cooper is the wrong name. Somehow in the first hours after the hijack the name D.B. Cooper cropped up stuck. It may have been because the FBI was checking on an individual whose name really was D.B. Cooper, but he was in jail at the time of the hijack.

When the hijacker bought his Portland to Seattle ticket, the name Dan Cooper. The FBI now officially identified the man they want as Dan Cooper. That name was obtained by a process of elimination as the only passenger left on the 777 jetliner in Seattle after the hijacker let the other passengers go.

Curiously, there was a bona fide Cooper who got off the still-to-be-hijacked plane at Portland. The FBI investigated him and determined that he had not flown on to Seattle and thus could not be the hijacker. His first name was not Dan; it was Michael.

"Dan Cooper was not the right name for the hijacker in any case, the FBI believes,."

But whether Dan or D.B. Cooper still eludes the FBI, they would like to talk to him if he is the hijacker.

And The Journal still is willing to pay $1,000 for that first $20 of "Cooper cash" to be turned in. Serial numbers of some of the bills are at right.

Date: December 13
Edition:
Author: Rolla J. Crick
Editor: Donald Sterling
Title: MORJAK
Character:
Classification: 16/1-21
Submitting Office: Portland

Being Investigated
JOURNAL ASKS: D. B. COOPER, WHERE ARE YOU?

$1,000 Offered For First $20 Bill

By ROLLA J. CRICK
Journal Staff Writer

The Journal will pay $1,000 for the first $20 bill turned in to the newspaper upon verification by the Federal Bureau of Investigation that the bill is a bona fide part of the $200,000 extorted from Northwest Orient Airlines in the "D. B. Cooper skyjack" of Nov. 24, 1971.

The offer is made with the concurrence of the FBI that obtaining any of the missing money would be a substantial aid to the two-year long investigation of the nation's most elaborate airline hijacking.

It is also made in the belief that if any of the money is in circulation, that fact can be established by alert readers who check the serial numbers on $20 bills in their possession.

The man known as Cooper demanded and obtained $200,000 in $20 bills, plus four parachutes, and disappeared into the rain-splattered night somewhere between Seattle and Reno from the 727 he had commandeered at Portland International Airport. Neither he nor the money have appeared since, but there is a chance that almost anyone by now may have come into possession of one of the bills.

To assist in the search for the money, The Journal is publishing on page 31 the serial numbers of some of the missing twenties and will publish more of the list on succeeding days. Serial numbers of the bills that were delivered to Cooper were recorded before the delivery was made.

This is the first time that the list of numbers has been made public, and other financial institutions have had a 33-page booklet of the numbers since its preparation by the FBI shortly after the hijacking.

Journal readers who keep each of the partial lists published by the newspaper will be able to put together their own copies of the complete official list.

The Journal invites other media to aid in the distribution of serial numbers. Northwest Airlines initially offered a reward of 15 percent of the extortion money recovered up to a maximum of $25,000, but the reward has been discontinued, the airline informed the newspaper.

Northwest Airlines initially offered a reward of 15 percent of the extortion money recovered up to a maximum of $25,000, but the reward has been discontinued, the airline informed the newspaper.

The Journal's $1,000 for $20 bill will be paid even if the first bill to be turned in is issued direct to the FBI at any of its field offices, once it is established that the bill surfaced because of the newspaper's publication of the list of serial numbers. "D. B. Cooper" or "Dan Cooper" is the name assigned to the middle-aged, dark-haired man who boarded a Northwest flight 305 at Portland Thanksgiving Eve, 1971, and presented a note to a stewardess. The note demanded money and parachutes and was backed up by display of what the man claimed was a bomb. After negotiations on the ground in Seattle the demand was met and the plane took off for Reno.

The plane reached Reno, but Cooper was not to be found. A flight recorder indicated that the rear door of the 727 was opened shortly after takeoff and it was assumed that Cooper had parachuted about then.

There has been a widespread belief that the hijacker disappeared in the nocturnal jump. Speculation has ranged from the possibility that his body someday would be found hanging in the shrouds of parachutes caught in a tree to the chance that he and the money are at the bottom of Lake Merwin near Cougar, Wash., the location of an intensive search in 1972.