

An eyewitness observer speaks out on the du Pont case

by Max Lewis

This article was written pseudonymously by an eyewitness "outside" observer to the events described. The discussion in the piece, while not in keeping with the usual analysis presented by the EIR editorial board, is nonetheless extremely valuable to provide another viewpoint on the Lewis du Pont Smith kidnap case described in our recent book, Travesty: a True Crime Story.

Most Americans would probably not be surprised to learn that there exists a cozy relationship between the nation's first family of chemistry and the official kitchen of political alchemy, but recent events would seem to indicate that this relationship may be more akin to incest between Siamese twins than flirtations among first cousins.

The recent trial of four men charged with conspiracy to kidnap du Pont heir Lewis du Pont Smith, featured over 60 hours of FBI recorded phone conversations and government wiretaps of the alleged plotters. During one of those conversations, the intended victim's brother, Stockton Newbold Smith, is referred to by one of the co-conspirators as being "CIA." (According to one source, Stockton barely escaped indictment by the Feds for his role in the conspiracy to kidnap Lewis du Pont Smith. A former Navy F-14 fighter pilot, Stockton is rumored to be a member of the Office of Naval Intelligence, which would place him in the same dirty intelligence community networks which ran the treasonous Iran-Contra Affair.)

Intrigue at Summit Airport

These revelations would seem to confirm more than a decade of intrigue surrounding a small airfield in northern Delaware known as Summit Airport, known corporately as Summit Aviation. In March of 1992, Stockton Smith was named CEO of Atlantic Aviation. According to personal biographical information supplied to the *Wilmington News Journal*, Smith had served a number of years as a "director" of Summit Aviation.

Summit Airport is a single paved runway and several hangars nestled among the cornfields of New Castle County on the southern banks of the C&D Canal. Despite its similarity to other small airfields on the Delmarva Peninsula, it possessed an ominous reputation as early as 1974.

It was during this author's flight training in 1974 that an instructor cautioned, "Never land at Summit unless you've got a damn good reason!" The admonition seemed illogical in light of the fact that larger fields in Dover and Georgetown were openly available for students who wished to practice their approach and landing skills. The ex-military flight instructor never offered an explanation, but older veteran pilots would occasionally explain that Summit was "serious people . . . serious government."

In March of 1980, a tragic and mysterious event occurred which would add to Summit's legacy of intrigue.

The mysterious 'copter crash

A small helicopter, the very one which appeared on newspapers around the world the previous March as it hovered above the cooling tower of the crippled Three Mile Island nuclear reactor, crashed into the Chesapeake Bay near the fishing village of Rock Hall, Maryland.

In the hours, days, and weeks following the crash, a storm of curious and contradictory events unfolded which remain unexplained to this date. The craft, which was owned by the Department of Energy and packed with radiological monitoring gear, was reportedly en route from its base at Andrews Airforce Base to Summit Airport, to "pick up a part."

A small armada of planes literally scrambled out of Summit in search of the downed 'copter only moments after its reported crash. What followed was nearly three weeks of confusion as various local groups were enlisted to search for the downed chopper. All the while, a shadowy presence observed from a distance.

As one researcher told me, "It was like they really didn't want us to find the darn thing!"

The litany of misinformation, confusion, and intrigue surrounding this event is far too lengthy to explain in this paper, but three vital occurrences must be revealed.

The alleged flight path of the doomed helicopter was not an appropriate course from Andrews to Summit, but rather toward a large isthmus known as Pioneer Point. The secluded 1,100-acre farm at the tip of this landmass was the property of the Soviet Union and was used as a summer retreat (playground) for diplomats from Washington and New York.

A high-ranking local official who was involved in the search efforts confirmed that the “parts run” story was indeed a fabrication, but he always stopped short of saying exactly what mission led to the crash which killed the pilot and copilot of the Hughes 500 aircraft.

The most telling incident surrounding the crash occurred in the summer of 1986, when a young waterman, crabbing just off the shores of Rock Hall, apparently pulled up the barnacle-encrusted tail fin of the wreck.

Acting on a tip, this author arrived at the location in advance of three men who showed up in an inter-agency motorpool pickup truck. While the senior member of the trio journeyed out into the bay with the young waterman, I remained on shore with the two other men.

The pair was dressed in crisp white shirts, blue jeans, and military boots. Each wore mirror-lens sunglasses and blue baseball caps. The caps were blue with gold lettering and an insignia. The insignia was clearly the logo of the CIA, and the three-line text read, “Admit nothing, confirm less, lie like hell.”

I approached the duo and asked if they were employees of the Department of Energy. They quickly asked who I was and what I was doing. I informed them that I was a reporter and was simply following the story.

After a long pause, one replied very flatly, “No.” I then asked, referring to the tall blond man who had ventured out in the boat to the apparent crash site, “Does your boss work for the Energy Department?” This time, the answer was very quick: “He’s not our boss; we work for Perdux Corporation.” They then turned away, indicating there would be no more answers to my questions.

When the tall blond man returned to the dock, I approached and asked him if he thought the wreckage was from the lost DOE ‘copter, to which he replied, “Yes.” He then loaded the tailfin into the rear of the pickup and quietly stated to his companions, “Let’s get this over to the lab and see what Sunshine has to say.”

The du Pont angle

While numerous questions remain unanswered, the incident indicated some possible connection between the DOE, the CIA, and the Du Pont-controlled operation at Summit. The Du Pont Company enjoyed a very profitable relationship at this time with the DOE. Du Pont held the lucrative management contract to the DOE’s Savannah River Nuclear Plant in Georgia, where bomb-grade plutonium was refined.

A clearly more direct link between Du Pont and the CIA was detailed in a 1984 *Washington Post* article which stated:

“According to congressional sources, Summit is known to do contract work for the CIA and has had former CIA personnel on its payroll. The company was linked through ownership records to a Cessna 404 airplane—flown by a Contra pilot—that crashed during a bombing run in Managua on Sept. 8 last year.”

The link between Stockton Smith, Summit, and the CIA brings new insight into the efforts launched in 1983 to declare Lewis du Pont Smith incompetent.

LaRouche and his supporters have long been vocal critics of the Bush-Kissinger genocide and dope operations in Central America. The so-called Contra freedom fighters were central to the operations of the Dope, Inc. cartel whose laundered blood money funded Ronald Reagan’s bogus economic recovery.

Lewis Smith’s family moved to have him declared incompetent after he used part of his personal fortune to reprint and distribute the landmark exposé book, *Dope, Inc.*

The situation must have presented a genuinely mind-numbing dichotomy for the dirty-trick think tanks in Langley. Here is one member of the illustrious du Pont hierarchy overseeing armament shipments for Ollie North’s dope runners—while his own brother, in association with LaRouche, was doing his best to expose those efforts. Lewis Smith was apparently unaware until recently that his own brother, through his directorship at Summit, was indeed a pawn of the CIA.

Enter the Anti-Defamation League

The palace guards of the Dope, Inc. cartel (a.k.a. the Anti-Defamation League of B’nai B’rith [ADL] and the Thornburgh Justice Department, as well as the ADL/dope-linked Canadian organized-crime Bronfman family of Seagram’s fame, which had taken over 25% of Du Pont), moved swiftly following the 1984 election to discredit and jail LaRouche and many of his associates. The du Pont Smith family was apparently ordered to deal with the “Lewis problem” and likewise moved rapidly to have Lewis declared incompetent in the Republican kangaroo courts of Chester County, Pennsylvania.

In the fall of 1992, the FBI uncovered a plot involving Edgar Newbold Smith, father of Lewis and Stockton, to have Lewis kidnapped and “deprogrammed” by ADL henchman Galen Kelly, a high priest of the pedophile-riddled Cult Awareness Network.

During the trial of Newbold Smith, Kelly, and two other cohorts, the jury heard numerous secretly recorded phone calls and conversations where the means, methods and motives were openly discussed. Despite irrefutable evidence that the quartet was clearly engaged in a conspiracy, the jury was corralled into a not-guilty verdict. The acquittal was brought about when the judge, in a precedent-setting interpretation of conspiracy, instructed the jurors that all the plotters had to agree on each detail of the plan in order for conspiracy to exist.

Edgar Newbold Smith walked out of a courtroom in northern Virginia amidst a small armada of the same ADL soldiers who’d railroaded LaRouche. Newbold Smith was a free man, having just cashed in the marker he so clearly earned eight years prior.