

1 7. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice
2 to defraud that on or about February 23, 1972, defendant
3 DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY represented himself to be the person
4 known as "D. B. Cooper" for the purpose of being interviewed
5 by Karl Fleming, well knowing said representation would be
6 and was false when made.

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

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

19 COUNT II

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

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

2 1 Washington, in the execution of the afore said scheme and
3 2 artifice to defraud Karl Fleming, *Newsweek Magazine*, and
4 3 Platypus Publications of money in excess of \$5,000.

5 4 All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §2314 and §2.

6 5 COUNT III

7 6 1. Beginning on or about February 1, 1972, and
8 7 continuing thereafter through or about May 2, 1972, within
9 8 the Western District of Washington, defendants WILLIAM JOHN
10 9 LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, did willfully and unlaw-
11 10 fully combine, conspire and agree together and with other
12 11 unknown persons, to commit offenses against the United
13 12 States, to wit, to violate Section 2314, Title 18 U.S.C.,
14 13 by devising a scheme and artifice to defraud Karl Fleming,
15 14 *Newsweek Magazine*, and Platypus Publications of money in
16 15 excess of \$5,000, by means of false and fraudulent pretenses,
17 16 representations and promises and in execution thereof to
18 17 induce Karl Fleming to travel in and be transported in
19 18 interstate commerce from Los Angeles, California to
20 19 Seattle, Washington.

21 20 2. It was part of said conspiracy that defendant
22 21 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS would contact Karl Fleming and convince
23 22 him that defendant LEWIS knew the true identity of an
24 23 alleged aircraft hijacker known as "D. B. Cooper" and that
25 24 defendant LEWIS could arrange an exclusive interview between
26 25 Fleming and "D. B. Cooper."

27 26 3. It was further a part of said conspiracy that
28 27 defendant WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS demanded \$45,000 for the
29 28 interview.

2
3
4
1 4. It was further a part of said conspiracy that
5
6 2 defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY
7
8 would represent defendant MURPHY as "D. B. Cooper" and he
9
10 would be interviewed by Karl Fleming.
11
12

13 5. In furtherance of the said conspiracy the
14
15 6 defendants performed the following overt acts:
16
17

18 (1) On or about February 1, 1972, defendant
19
20 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS telephoned Karl Fleming at Los Angeles,
21
22 California.
23

24 (2) On or about February 13, 1972, defendant
25
26 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS made a reservation for Karl Fleming at
27
28 the Swept Wing Inn, Seattle, Washington.
29

30 (3) On or about February 16, 1972, defendant
31
32 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS met with Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing
33
34 Inn, Seattle, Washington.
35

36 (4) On or about February 23, 1972, defendants
37
38 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY met with
39
40 Karl Fleming.
41

42 (5) On or about February 23, 1972, defendant
43
44 DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, posing as "D. B. Cooper" partici-
45
46 pated in an interview with Karl Fleming.
47

48 All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §371.
49

50 COUNT IV
51

52 1. The United States Attorney realleges all of the
53
54 allegations contained in Count I, paragraphs 1 through 7,
55
56 of this Information.
57

58 2. On or about February 1, 1972, defendants WILLIAM
59
60 JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY transmitted and
61
62 caused to be transmitted, certain messages by means of wire
63
64

1 Seattle, Washington, and Los Angeles, California, for the
2 purpose of executing the aforesaid scheme and artifice to
3 defraud.

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

5 DATED this 13th day of July, 1972.

6
7 /s/ Stan Pitkin

8 STAN PITKIN
9 United States Attorney
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**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)

ENCLOSURE

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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:

Race.....	White.
Sex.....	Male.
Age.....	Middle 40's.
Height.....	5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet.
Weight.....	170 to 180 pounds.
Complexion.....	Olive, Latin appearance, medium smooth.
Hair.....	Dark brown or black, parted on left, combed back.
Eyes.....	Possibly brown. During latter part of flight he put on dark, wrap-around sunglasses with dark rims.
Voice.....	Low, spoke intelligently, no particu-

lar accent, possibly from the Midwest section of the United States.

Characteristics..... Heavy smoker of Raleigh filter-tip cigarettes.

Wearing apparel.... Black or brown suit, narrow black tie, black dress suit, black rain-type overcoat or dark topcoat; dark brief case or attache case; carried in paper bag—4 by 12 by 14 inches; brown shoes.

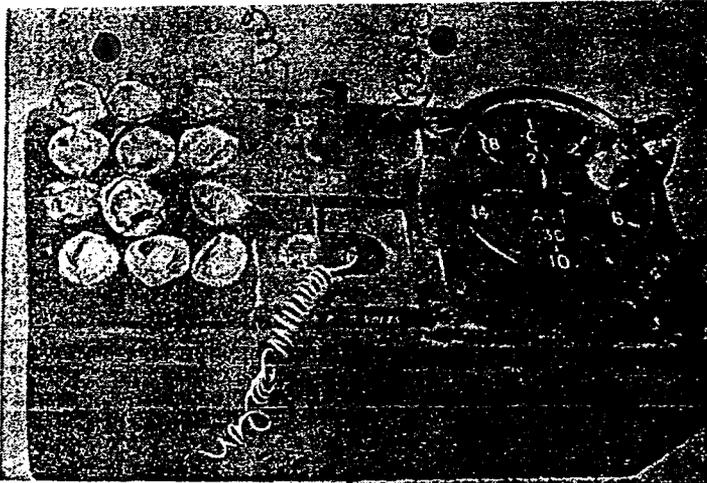
Remarks..... Very polite at all times.

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.

"FINDER" BEGINS OPERATION

A prototype automatic fingerprint reader system, known as "FINDER," which utilizes advanced optical scanning techniques and a computer to 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.



The gelignite bomb whose discovery in a locker at Sydney International Airport triggered off the train of events in Wednesday's £235,000 hoax involving a Qantas Boeing 707 airliner.

GLUES TO QANTAS HOAXER

By J. D. HOLDSWORTH
in Sydney

AUSTRALIAN police are hopeful that they will soon be able to trace Mr. Brown and his accomplice who hoaxed Qantas Airways into paying £235,000 ransom money after a bomb threat on Wednesday.

Close scrutiny of a bomb and bag found in a locker at Sydney Airport has yielded valuable information, they say. Examination of tape recordings of Mr. Brown's voice on the telephone has also given a lead to his national identity.

Information from a confidential source has given police leads and police hope the £235,000 reward offered will bring them from the underworld.

The ransom money was paid out in three instalments or nearly new banknotes after phone calls from the hoaxer.



All details of the hoaxer's name, Mr. Brown, and the bomb would explode on a Boeing 707 with 116 passengers aboard.

The serial numbers of the notes are known and lists are being published.

All international police agencies have been given a full description of the extortionist and an identikit picture has been distributed.

The airline defended their handling of the expensive hoax—they were not insured against such a loss and the money must be written off. Their critics were told by an airline spokesman yesterday: "Go to hell."

FOUND!



**THE MAN,
THE PLANE,
THE MONEY,
THE INTERVIEW.**

**THE MAN,
THE PLANE,
THE MONEY,
THE INTERVIEW.**



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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 727 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 while holding the plane's crew hostage at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport.

Since then the FBI, assisted by state and county men and by battalions of GIs from Fort Lewis have spent countless hours and many thousands of taxpayers' dollars trying to find Cooper.

But Cooper—the name the hijacker used at Portland when boarding Flight No. 305, Northwest's transcontinental "milk run" which emanated at National Airport in Washington, D.C.—has evaded his would-be captors with the same style and élan he 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 chiding 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 to simply 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

part, it came completely by accident. The Flag has spent considerable effort verifying the interview—we have yet to find a flaw. With the missing 20 dollar bill which the interviewer supplied, we must conclude that what you are about to read is the only authentic interview with D.B. Cooper in existence.

Let us begin.

ANONYMOUS INTERVIEWER: The pictures in the paper don't do you justice.

COOPER: My sentiments exactly. It's funny what eyewitnesses don't see. They were fifteen pounds and two inches off. And that artist's picture stunk. If I were a vain man, I'd sue him for libel. But I've got no reason to complain...

ANON: Why are you here, of all places?

COOPER: Why not?

ANON: Well, the papers say you're in Mexico, or South America.

COOPER: And that's where the authorities are looking, right? You don't escape just by crossing borders; look at James Earl Ray. The trick is not to be where they think you'll be. For instance, they didn't expect anyone to hijack a plane in the Northwest, and they didn't expect a parachutist, and... well, I'm sure you catch my drift. I'm not in Mexico or South America yet, so don't believe everything you read in the papers.

ANON: How long did it take you to plan the skyjacking?

COOPER: A year, six months. I had the notion for a long time, but I didn't start the ground work until June. Something happened which made me think it was time to do it.

ANON: What was that?

COOPER: Skip it. It would take too long to explain.

ANON: Tell us how you got the idea.

COOPER: It came to me while I was watching TV. Hijackers before me had always been first class fools. Can you imagine anything more stupid than risking the death penalty because you want to go to Cuba right now. Hell, you want to go to Cuba, charter a boat, or go to Mexico. Their airline isn't so bad.

These guys who get so worked up about politics are sick.

Me. I wanted money. Doing it for money is some

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

ANON: Didn't your family get suspicious?

COOPER: I don't have a family.

ANON: What about your friends?

COOPER: I don't have friends.

ANON: What I've been dying to ask you is what it felt like to step off the back stairs of a monstrous 727 going 200 MPH?

COOPER: Scarey.

ANON: Just Scarey?

COOPER: No, VERY scarey. Also cold, dark, loud and windy.

ANON: Can you give us some more details?

COOPER: I just did.

ANON: I mean, uh, more step by step description.

COOPER: Well, as you know, once I activated the stairs and the back door it was fucking cold. Below zero. I think I read. I had prepared myself as much as you can with gloves and long johns, but there's a limit to how much protection you can bring along on a business flight from Portland to Seattle. (laughing) It would have been a bit suspicious if I had come aboard in heavy boots, with Eddie Bauer sub-arctic gear and a sports chute. I would have had quite a time fitting into 15D.

ANON: I guess so, but did you, back on the subject, jump immediately after you opened the door.

COOPER: Hell, no. That would have been a very dead giveaway. I had to wait until I was over my touchdown area. This is where the FBI screwed up.

At the "appropriate" time I went back past all those empty seats to the stairs, Christ, it was noisy. Next time I'll have something better than kleenex for ear plugs. I tried to walk down all the stairs. About the tenth step, I think it was, I stepped off. It was all wind and gravity after that.

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

...captain... D.B. Cooper...
...pulling...
...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.

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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 he related it to us, and respect at all times his inalienable rights under the Constitution.

Namely: life, liberty--and the happiness of pursuit.

Editor's 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

...vainly...
...to complain

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COOPER: Why not?

ANON: Well, the papers say you're in Mexico, or South America.

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COOPER: Skip it. It would take too long to explain.

ANON: Tell us how you got the idea.

COOPER: It came to me while I was watching TV. Hijackers before me had always been first class fools. Can you imagine anything more stupid than risking the death penalty because you want to go to Cuba right now. Hell, you want to go to Cuba, charter a boat, or go to Mexico. Their airline isn't so bad.

These guys who get so worked up about politics are sick.

Me, I wanted money. Doing it for money, as some girls know, is a lot smarter. The trick I turned was not how to get the money--others had done that--but HOW to get AWAY with the money.

ANON: How did you prepare yourself?

COOPER: Like anything else, successful skyjacking takes training and hard work. My preparations were as extensive as any astronauts. The guy you're looking at is probable the world's greatest authority on skyjacking. Before I left home on the 22nd, I had a big fire. I burned graphs, airplane floorplans, timetables, weather reports, maps, over a hundred pages of notes...I earned my money.

...and wind

ANON: Can you give us some more details?

COOPER: I just did.

ANON: I mean, uh, more step by step description.

COOPER: Well, as you know, once I activated the stairs and the back door it was fucking cold. Below zero, I think I read. I had prepared myself as much as you can with gloves and long johns, but there's a limit to how much protection you can bring along on a business flight from Portland to Seattle. (laughing) It would have been a bit suspicious if I had come aboard in heavy boots, with Eddie Bauer sub-artic gear and a sports chute, I would have had quite a time fitting into 15D.

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At the "appropriate" time I went back past all those empty seats to the stairs. Christ, it was noisy. Next time I'll have something better than kleenex for ear plugs. I tried to walk down all the stairs. About the tenth step, I think it was, I stepped off. It was all wind and gravity after that.

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?

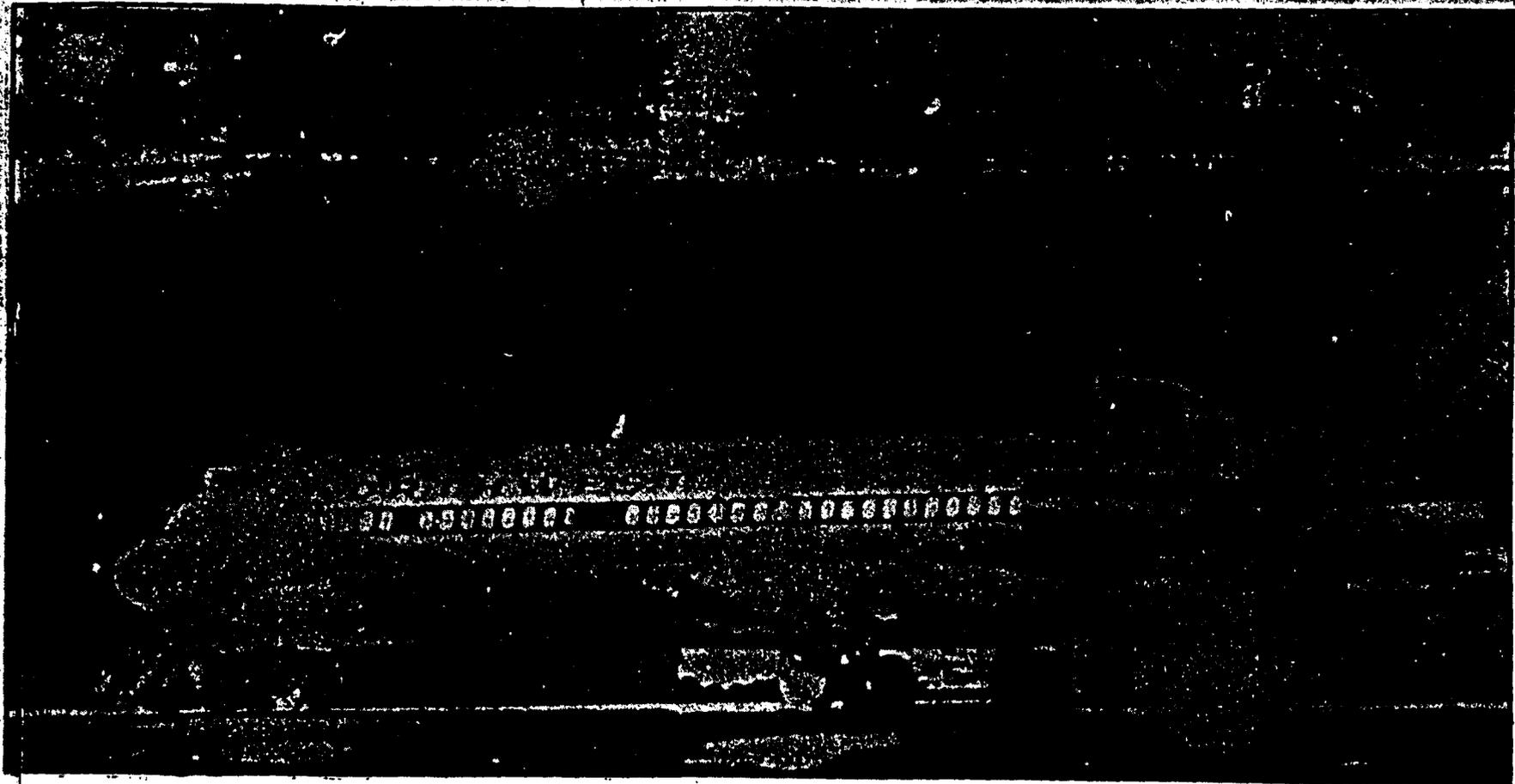
COOPER: Rough. Let's not talk about it.

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...”

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

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

the 727-100 is situated under the center engine, that meant that I could jump without being vacuum cleaned into the fuselage and turbine.

COOPER: Yes. In fact, I once was a

Well, I Had My Beretta...

that without any phony pride or ego. Anybody who tries to ape my skyjack is an out-and-out idiot. Like the hippie character at O'Hare in Chicago who 'jacked a 7 only to find that the entire crew had rabbitied on him.

ANON: Rabbitied?

COOPER: Ya, 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 ground 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 that guy a medal, if he hasn't already.

ANON: Speaking of the FBI, aren't you worried that

ANON: And the money, the 200 grand, the largest ransom ever paid in a U.S. skyjack? What about that, will it turn out to be your Achilles heel?

COOPER: Never happen! You must read the papers, too. It would take up to five full pages in almost any newspaper to run the serial numbers of each of those 10,000 bills. But even with the odds in my favor—I mean, who's going to pick out one number out of 10,000?—I'm in no hurry to go on a spending spree. Oh, yes, something else, too. I know those twenties were Xeroxed before they were delivered to me on the ground at Sea-Tac as ransom money. How do I know that? Easy. I could smell the Xerox fluid on them. Quite a telltale odor. I'd say they were run through the copying machines at the banks where Northwest collected the loot.

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

they got orders from the head man of Northwest himself, who told them to comply with all my demands.

Thankyou Mr. Nyrop, you did the right thing. It would be nice to think that they were being humanitarian, trying to take me alive, but that's a lot of bull.

ANON: What, then, was their rationale?

COOPER: Simple. They must have figured it this way: Why risk four lives—not including mine—and a \$5 million airplane for a mere \$200,000? It was lousy odds any way you look at that little equation from Northwest's point of view. Now if I had been too greedy, say, and asked for a million, there's no telling what they would have done. It would have raised hell 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 sharpshoot me. That had happened to some poor boob back east the week before so I was edgy. The chief pilot of Northwest drove out on the grinder with the ransom money and the two parachutes I had ordered. One of the stewardesses—I was holding another

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The Flag's editor was first approached in late March by a friend of a staffer 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

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"Just Air And Gravity..."

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: Yep, 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 two 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 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 stewartie 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-cleaned into a 3,156-pound turbofan or diced 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 gnat's ass. Even the stairway I 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 me laugh—and some of it makes me sick, to be frank with you. I want to tell you right now, and put it in capital letters. I did it for the money, true, BUT I ALSO DID IT BECAUSE IT WAS FUN. There is a thrill in being the first to do the impossible. Ask Armstrong.

ANON: How do you feel about the backlash of your hijack, the lives that were lost when people tried to copy your modus operandi?

COOPER: Well, for one thing, I was personally responsible for the stiffening of airline security. I say



SEATTLE FLAG

Vol. 1, No. 5

May 10

25 cents

D.B. COOPER

FOUND!

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Peeking through one of the cabin windows I could see the refueling truck crewmen at the fueling point, at the underside of the starboard wing at mid-span. The statistics, from my Boeing days and homework, clicked in my head: standard fuel capacity for the 727-400 is precisely 7,174 gallons. That's U.S. Gallons. I was convinced we'd need every drop of it-including most of the fumes, where we were heading.

ANON: And where was that...?

COOPER: Mexico. (Clears his throat loudly.) Or at least that's where I wanted them to think I was taking them.

Our Scoop

The Flag's editor was first approached in late March by a friend of a staffer 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 some proof, Clifford Irving still fresh in our minds. It was then that our source turned

over the picture and we saw a photograph of a twenty. "This bill," he said, "used to be in a local bank, then it was pulled out of a vault on Wednesday, the 24th of November, put in a case and taken to Seatac where it was delivered to D.B. Cooper, who some time later bailed out of a Northwest 727 with it in a sack tied to his body. There is no other way it could have gotten here without my meeting and talking to Cooper himself."

After calling a bank to verify, we met all the stated conditions.

Later, when we had heard the tape and realized just how great it was, we asked our anonymous source why he came to us. Well, the PI was out, it seems, because they were offering \$5,000 for his head. The Times was considered untrustworthy. And all the television stations would have required a tape from which voice prints could be made. The Flag was the last resort.

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. And there were other considerations, too. There had never been a real skyjack at Seattle, and Northwest definitely does not have what I would call a "take me to

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, so to speak. Sure, I've done a lot of skydiving over the

"Take me to
Katmandu."

war II hero who saw 'Airport' and wants to get a medal hung around his neck at the White House and a free lifetime pass to ride on Northwest airplanes anywhere in the world."

ANON: What would you have done to stop the man?

COOPER: Well, I had my Beretta. Fortunately for both of us, he was not playing hero. He had only left his briefcase on his seat and was rushing back to pick it up. I sympathized with the man. He had that harried, pinch-faced look of an unemployed Boeing accountant. (General laughter.)

ANON: Now you were holding one of the stewardesses hostage. Where was this?

COOPER: Part of the time behind the rear galley curtain, part of the time in the toilet.

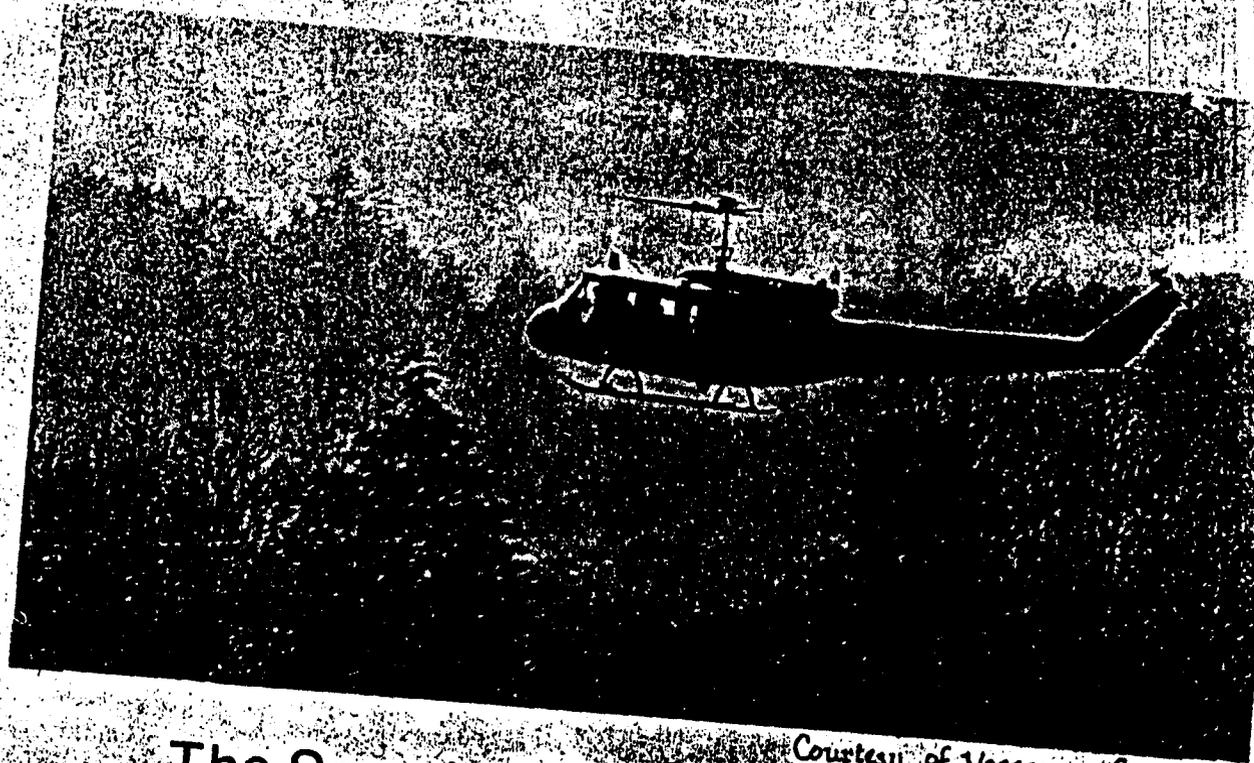
ANON: Which Stew was this?

COOPER: Mucklow. She was the blond, tall one. Had a wristwatch with a clunky leather band, as I remember. Hell, you've seen one stew, you've seen 'em all.

ANON: What did you do while you were waiting for the money and chutes.

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

If 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 and that another truck was coming. I said, "OK, but remember, one truck at a time." Eventually five trucks came out, but only three of them were able to deliver. At this juncture,



The Search: "The FBI was wrong."

Courtesy of Vancouver Columbian

way to Cuba. I began to realize that if I didn't hurry up and do it, I was going to go dingy.

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

COOPER: Yes, A. I.

playing hero? Uh-uh.

He did try to buy

flashing my "bomb" of course.

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 he 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.

ANON: You said, not too gently as I recall, "God damnit, I can't take for departure—lift the nose and rotate—with those flaps down." 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 stewardess. 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 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." Thirty words. You know that's \$6,666 a word?

ANON: 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 give the note to some dolly stewardess, and she would turn around and tell me that she was very sorry but that the plane had already been hijacked and we were on our

COOPER: ...I told him to knock it off, but he wouldn't. 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 maybe, to bail out with you. What did you do with the extra parachute?

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. Do you know how eerie it is to have a complete airplane to yourself except for some scared robots? Anyway I got on the blower 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 by

...I told him to knock it off, but he wouldn't. I was beginning to bug me and that I got too bugged, my bomb was liable to go off. Then I said, as I remember,

"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?" They understood.

ANON: It was at that time that you leaped clear with the \$200,000?

COOPER: Well, sometime after that.

ANON: One final thing, Mr. Cooper. You've got \$200,000, a national reputation, you've been first at something you've wanted to do. That's awkward but you know what I mean...what now?

COOPER: I'm going to retire. Tonight, I am leaving for parts unknown.

ANON: You aren't going to fly, are you?

COOPER: What do you think?

ANON: Don't know, to tell the truth.

COOPER: Good. Loose lips sink ships. I've let mine flap far too freely. It's very hard to keep a story like mine inside. Especially after all the nonsense that has been written about me. Just as well that we cleared the air. You were the first to ask, did you know that?

ANON: My privilege. For your sake I hope I'm the only one to ask. When will you be back?

COOPER: Somewhere in the neighborhood of five years.

ANON: Why five years?

COOPER: That, my friend, is the statute of limitations.

FLAG: Goodbye Mr. Cooper, wherever you are, and good luck.

Nov 23 10 14 AM '73

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THE JOURNAL IS RUNNING A LIST OF THE SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE \$20 BILL TAKEN BY COOPER AS AN AID TO THE PUBLIC SEARCH FOR THE RANSOM MONEY. THE FBI OFFICES AROUND THE NATION, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN BECOMING A U.S. COOPER GAME PLAYER.

IT WAS FOUND THAT THE SO-CALLED "STERILE CONCOURSE" CONCEPT IS IN FORCE AT AIRPORTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. UNDER THE SYSTEM NO ONE ENTERS AN AIRCRAFT LANDING AREA WITHOUT SCREENING.

THE JOURNAL HAS OFFERED \$1,000 REWARD TO ANYONE WHO FINDS AIRCRAFT W/BACK THAT CHANGED COMMERCIAL AIR TRAVEL FOR EVERYONE.

THE ORIGINAL SKYJACKER, AND ONLY SUCCESSFUL ONE, STILL AT LARGE WITH \$200,000 IN RANSOM. COOPER JUMPED WITH THE MONEY FROM PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI)--THE RIGHT \$20 BILL CAN GET YOU \$1,000 IN THIS ONE LOTTERY THE FBI HOPES SOMEBODY CASHES IN ON.

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NON-PROFIT

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- Asst. Dir.:
- Admin.
- Comp. Syst.
- Ext. Affairs
- Files & Com.
- Ident. Inv.
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- Intell.
- Laboratory
- Plan. & Eval.
- Spec. Inv.
- Training
- Legal Coun.
- Telephone Rm.
- Director Sec'y

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KIPERTS 11-10
 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 MATTSO, 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.

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6-DEF file

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