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Sent: Thursday, June 05, 2008 7:37 PM PT

To: President@whitehouse.gov

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Subject: Part XIV - Closer Look - license plate - Smugglers' Cove

Dear Mr. President,

I know this is a busy day for you and Sec. James A. Baker III's Secretary of Offense/Defense Robert Gates, but perhaps you can help out both Kelly Ryan and Paul Bloom, anchors for KUSI TV, San Diego as well as photojournalist Sasha Foo who ended their "chit chat" saying something about San Diego Sheriffs Deputies having nothing to go on apart from the description of a "white pickup truck, no license number" that was used by drug smugglers here at Smuggler's Cove aka 11th Street, Del Mar, California, now an official drought zone.

Assuming you can pull away Defense/Offense Secretary pulling his hair out following my last two heavily broadcasted communiqués earlier today, click HERE, and HERE, I suggest the two of you watch this very important KUSI video; click hyperlink below:

<http://www.kusi.com/news/local/19554809.html>

Cutting to the chase the license plate of that white **Ford** pickup truck is, **7H36082**.

But the story gets better.

Al Tarkington, second on the left below, who is the neighbor being interviewed by Shasha Foo, you may recall from this past Sundays neighborhood gathering



on the bluffs of heavily De Beers real estate and city council corrupt Del Mar, as we all spent plus or minus 7 hours waiting for this steam engine train to arrive.



Half of Al's great wood and glass house held together by a very large concrete chimney which you cannot see on the right, is in the background; and please note the reflection of the Pacific Ocean on the side of the train.

BTW my very excellent artist painter French-Canadian wife plans to paint this exact photo; and possibly she will have giclees-exact copies made if it turns out great. I would suggest MDG price the first copies at around US\$800 that will allow her to give a healthy kickback to Conoco, a young Japanese lady who took this great photo.

So here is the real story. First though, I need to give you a better perspective of Smuggler's Cove.

The awesome gallery-studio house that we rent is across the street from Al, about 50 short paces from his front door, square between the two most beautiful and large "Monetary" [sic] Pines you see in the top photo that were planted in the 1880s, I seem to recall Al mentioning the year 1886, that would make them older than you and I combined.

A regular surfer who arrives pretty much each day at 4:30 AM and waits for daylight before heading out noticed this white pickup truck that had in fact the night before been stopped by San Diego Sheriff's Deputies who let the occupants go because they had nothing to hold them on besides for driving Mexican which is not yet in violation of our sacrosanct anti-Trust/anti Monopolies/anti-Price Fixing/anti-Fair Competition laws.

This surfer whose name could be Alan pulled up next to the truck and parked his car, again waiting for daylight.

Now come back to the KUSI broadcast where the two yoyos are "chit chatting" about "connecting the dots" after hearing an official looking San Diego Sheriff's Deputy talking about how the pickup on shore by the drug smugglers "was disrupted or they ran out of room" in the pickup truck.

Then you recall Al making funny mention of these smugglers who left behind according to this one official looking San Diego Sheriff, "70 pounds of marijuana worth between US\$300 and US\$400 a pound on the street:

"They will think twice about doing this!"

Please note the grin on Al's face.

Bear in mind this is now the second time in less than a month such a drop has occurred right on 11th street, in nothing short of our backyards which you will recall Adam L. Tucker's mother refers to as a "toilet".

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/pdf/merletucker-toilietrim.pdf>

Again, you cannot get out of your heads these tow yoyo talking heads saying, "Pretty difficult to find this white pickup truck; not much more to go on!" before then quickly moving on to the next so very important news item of the day that makes the discombobulated masses feel comforted we have our police, our military, now without Air Force Commanding Officers, and most of all our reporters, so very wordy, reassuring us that everything is just fine and dandy, and we and our even more discombobulated children can sleep peacefully at night, not ever to be bothered by that Israeli Military Intelligence report that speaks volumes about most of all our poor choices in sleeping partners, wouldn't you agree?

Do you know what TV anchors are paid to sit in front of cameras and read lines and I doubt very much they have much if any pay deducted when they go and do business #1 and #2 during commercial breaks or if they even bother to think the person last cleaning the toilets left behind a device to read their mindless minds?

Bear in mind this highly regular event all occurred early morning yesterday.

I would bet Greedy Greg up the alley was happy to hear that some 70 pounds of pot will take a while to get back on the streets allowing him more of a profit.

One of Al's English guests who are also in the group photo above, one of the far left next to Al and other in the long yellow and red striped pants kneeling next me, heard a commotion at around 3am and apparently saw a boat bringing in what was most likely a whole lot more than pot, and I would not necessarily know.

Apparently the noises sounded like one of little powered planes that fly constantly by our beachfront properties most likely more so these days trying to get a closer look.



Al's English guest, very possibly Jim because Pete is a Physical Trainer for the British police force and might have thought it only right to call in the SAS, the British equivalent of Israel's Flotilla 13 commandos who you know run circles around our Navy SEALs who when not "spaced out" play quite the role in the trafficking of drugs out of Afghanistan into the US via Coronado Island, San Diego, the home base of the SEALs.

After seeing the boat carrying stuff, and looking through his binoculars the English guest went back to sleep.

Then at 5:30AM, the surfer sees the drugs being hauled up the cliff and without blasting his horn rudely and waking up the neighborhood just enjoying the sound of the pounding surf and constant flow of ocean swept fresh air that keeps all the mosquitoes away versus The IT's house right next to the swamp that has his son being bitten alive, calls San Diego Sheriff Deputies, I assume by pushing the buttons 911 on his cell phone, and the Deputies arrive some two and a half hours later, at around 8am, just in time for the morning live newscast.

Mr. President, I thought in addition to the war on Al Quaida that has us in control of the poppy fields of Afghanistan we also had a war on drugs?

Do you understand better why my very worldly mother would say, "The only difference between Americans and us English is the language!" also thought it smart when I was still very young to go from one kibbutz in Israel to the next without me once ever feeling the need to ask her why?

Only if you think it is necessary for me to explain the "tardiness" of San Diego Sheriff Deputies who show up on time when I am afforded my 3 minutes to speak out against the corrupt Del Mar City council, will I do so.

But it gets better.

Our one very close neighbor was visited yesterday morning shortly after the Sheriff Deputies found the 70 pounds of pot, by Special Agents for the US Customs Service who wanted to hear if she had heard anything and when she told them "no" because her bedroom is a good distance from 11th Street, they felt the need to let this very on-top-of-things young lady with two young grandchildren know that she should be vigilant, and that to do so, it would help by keeping her eyes and ears open at all times; and so being neighborly this again very close neighbor decided to call and let me know, and since I am waiting for my F-C wife to arrive back from teaching her weekly oil painting class in Rancho Sante Fe where one woman I understand, just this past week, stabbed her husband 4 times, I saw this as an excellent use of my time.

Did I mention that at around 2:30 PM yesterday afternoon that same white pickup license number 7h36082 came back to pick up what the San Diego Sheriffs' Deputies had left behind filling their same white pickup truck license number 7H36082 to the brim, and this same neighbor walks casually outside, notices 2 Mexican looking gentlemen in the white pickup truck license number 7H36082, writes down the license plate number 7H36082, also notices that Nick our postman is sitting eating his lunch in a US Postal Service truck apparently, and for good reason not thinking anything unusual, and this lady without feeling the need to call and bother you or Laura simply calls up the same US Customs Special Agent who first flashed her his badge when arriving earlier in the day at her front door, right across from Al's front door, and shares the license number 7H36082, and as you would expect, the US Customs Special Agent then repeats the license number 7H36082 back to her to confirm, before then ending the phone conversation by reminding her again to keep her eyes and ears open.

Again, license plate number 7H36082.

Mr. President, assuming you cannot or do not want to call for a Constitutional Amendment allowing you to run for President for a third term bearing in mind De Beers President Franklin D. Roosevelt was their President for 4 terms dying in his 4th, I think we should have our very excellent close neighbor Merna be the next President as well as Attorney General of the United States.

Could you please guide me through the process.

Sincerely yours,

Gary S. Gevisser

Ps – Wouldn't you agree that the price of the marijuana quoted by the San Diego Sheriffs Deputy seems incredibly low unless it was extraordinarily poor quality and the smoker might be better off smoking the packaging?

If you speak with Greedy Greg Beckham he will tell you that the price on the street is between US\$200 and US\$300 an ounce, closer to US\$300 an ounce.

Although I am not well-schooled in the non-metric system, I seem to recall that there are some 16 ounces to the pound, making what was seized worth - between Greedy Greg's shop on the top of the alley that splits 10th and 11th Street and 11th street, about a 100 meters as the crow flies - a cool US\$280,000?

So let's assume they only came back once to load up a second time the Ford white pickup truck license number 7H36082, that can hold, I would guess, at least half a ton; i.e. approximately 1,000 pounds but because they most likely didn't want to expose the cargo to very alert San Diego Sheriffs Deputies they may have only filled up the bed, so at least another 500 pounds which assumes they had to travel a distance.

Mr. President, please have Condoleezza Rice give you her counterpart in Israel's private cell phone number and when speaking with Israel Foreign Minister Tzipi Livni and asking this former Paris, France based Mossad agent what she thinks of all this, tell her I said, "Hi".

[Word count 1949]