

THE SEVEN LIES

DANIEL SPRINGFIELD



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Even though *The Seven Lies* is a fiction novel, Daniel Springfield spent thousands of hours meticulously researching to be historically accurate. Some characters are based on actual persons, and some are devised, yet the events, projects and organizations which shape the story are real. Many of the issues the lead characters experience, such as computer hacking and monitoring, Daniel writes with authenticity as they have happened to him – and still occur.

The story you are about to read was a ‘journey of revelations’ for the author. Daniel talked with experts; gaining firsthand technical knowledge, particularly of events relevant to September 11. He also thoroughly probed reams of recently released documents and whistleblowers’ confessions related to John and Robert Kennedy’s assassinations – and beyond. Few stones were left unturned.

Daniel says, ‘This book may be classified as fiction; however, I write with belief. If I don’t accept something as true or it lacks facts, I won’t write it. During the research and writing process, I discovered astonishing truths – what I call “wow-moments” – regularly giving me chills. I trust you’ll experience the same thrills and shocks I did.

CHAPTER ONE

She was the most recognizable American female journalist of the 1950s and early 60s: fifteen seasons on one of America's most popular TV shows; a Pulitzer-Prize nominated reporter with a star on the Hollywood Boulevard's Walk of Fame. Dorothy Kilgallen rubbed shoulders with the rich and famous.

Flying from Dallas to tape another TV episode in her hometown of New York, she bubbled with excitement. Earlier she'd interviewed Jack Ruby – the man who killed President Kennedy's accused assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald.

Back in New York she told friends and associates of new information that would '*bust the JFK murder investigation wide-open*'.

Dorothy was thorough in everything she did. Her exclusive interview with Ruby would become the centerpiece in the ongoing investigation surrounding JFK's assassination. Pages of notes were readied to publish what could become one of the most shocking revelations of the era.

After taping her show, she celebrated her exhaustive yet productive day in a bar with friends and colleagues. Still upbeat, she went home.

But was she alone?

Dorothy Kilgallen was found dead the next morning in her penthouse – in bed in a guest's room she never slept in. She was propped upright wearing full make up.

Her notes and papers were nowhere to be seen. Gone – never to be found.

★ ★ ★

Writer and journalist C.J. Stroheim inherited his late father's estate two years ago. An unexpected phone call from his father's Thai-based lawyer informs him of a small, sealed box waiting in Bangkok.

C.J. is in his early 30s. American-born, dashing handsome, athletic, and shrewd. He is married to the stunningly beautiful and feisty Australian lawyer Emma Burgess, and now he calls the southern Australian island state of Tasmania home.

Without hesitation, flights are booked to Thailand.

The Stroheims are abuzz with speculation.

What's inside this mystery box?

C.J.'s father, Dr. Max Stroheim, was a prominent American scientist with the NSA (National Security Agency) from 1948 to 1982. His secrets from 34 years behind the setup, growth, and administration of one of the most secretive organizations on the planet were revealed to his son only after Max Stroheim's passing. Dr. Stroheim orchestrated research-based questions and codes to be unlocked by C.J.; a tumultuous journey leading to his father's memoirs. These exposed the truth behind many of America's secretive projects, agencies, and corporations – and that truth was shocking.

C.J.'s father wanted his son to write a book, which C.J., and later Emma, duly researched and wrote.

Dr. Stroheim's memoirs were so extensive that C.J. assumed everything was revealed by his father.

So, what could be in the box?

It can't be money – C.J. inherited enough money to last several lifetimes. It can't be personal articles as Max Stroheim was a thorough man, moving most items of worth out of the USA to his lawyer in Bangkok. Those pieces were collected by C.J. almost two years prior.

Why would a box be taken to Thailand with instructions to contact C.J. two years after Max Stroheim's passing?

Landing in Bangkok, C.J. and Emma catch a cab to the stunning Shangri-La. Staying in a deluxe suite with views over the pool area to the Chao Phraya River is insignificant; all thoughts are on the mystery box. They hurriedly drop off their bags and catch a cab to the lawyer's offices.

'Welcome back to Bangkok,' says the lawyer, Wichit, with a welcoming smile. 'I bet you didn't expect to be here again so soon? Two years has gone by quickly.' Grasping how anxious the Stroheims are to see the box, Wichit says, 'The box is in our safe. I'll return in a few moments.'

The box is not really a box at all, but a small, portable safe with a four digit lock, currently engaged. An envelope is taped to the outside. Opening the envelope, C.J. discovers a handwritten note from his father. Wichit leaves the room momentarily and C.J. reads the note to Emma:

'Son, to open this envelope you must have told my story and avoided

persecution. I hope your expedition was not too dangerous. I am sure it would have been an enlightening journey. I mentioned in my memoirs that I wanted you to understand that the events of the past are linked to the present. I can now enlighten you about some of my thoughts and experiences with more recent events, but firstly let me explain why I chose this moment to tell you: I am sure writing the book about my 34 years with the NSA was a tense period in your life. The things you would have learned, and the enormity of the task would have been daunting, to say the least. I told you not to name the names of individuals or families at the core of The Group and their affiliated companies and think tanks.

'Most of the decisions which shaped the technological and surveillance culture of the US were set in motion after World War II. The late 1940s and 50s were a prolific period in American history: the setting up of the NSA, the CIA, the AEC, NATO, RAND Corporation; the MITRE Corporation, and the growth of future mega-corporations such as Bechtel and Raytheon – just to name a few. This you already know. I deliberately shielded you from information more relevant to the 1960s, continuing to the present.

'The information within this box will enlighten you on these more recent events. You may wish to write another book. I am sure you will.

'To access the box there is a code. You would by now be adept at solving my riddles, but I ask you to take the box away with you to solve the code in your own time. Do not rush. Open the box only when you are ready. The research required to open it will be valuable in your journey. You will no doubt realize this.

'Much of the information inside is about September 11, but to unlock the code you need to research events surrounding President John F. Kennedy's assassination. At first it may appear that the two events are not connected, however they are linked. Question the official findings. Look at all the facts. Research with an open mind.

'Before unlocking the code, I want you to investigate the following:

Dorothy Kilgallen, Jim (James) Angleton, Sidney Gottlieb, Bill (William) Colby, Richard Helms, Allen Dulles, and John McCone

Vannevar Bush (the CIA connection)

The Warren Commission (not the findings, but the people on the Commission)

Projects and Operations: MK-ULTRA, Paperclip, Chatter, Bluebird, Artichoke, Pandora, Verona, Shamrock, Minaret, Oxcart, U-2, and A-12.

‘Then unlock the four digit code:

The first and second digits: P-275 were replaced by R-?80?N.

Third digit: the combined sum of numbers for the group’s code word for JFK, converted to numeric telephone form, then divided by your age when you broke your arm.

The fourth digit: the combined sum of numbers for the group’s code word for Jacqueline Kennedy, converted to numeric telephone form, then divided by your age when you broke your toe.’

‘My father is talking about information relevant to President Kennedy’s assassination, as well as September 11. Wow, this I didn’t expect. And we have another code to decipher.’

Wichit returns with a bag to place the box in.

C.J. whispers to Emma, ‘We’ll talk about this later.’

Bidding farewell to Wichit, C.J. places his father’s note and the box into the bag, then into his backpack.

In the lift, C.J. tells Emma, ‘I know one or two of the names on the list, but not the others – or any of the projects and operations my father mentions’.

‘What about the code? There was something about a code word for JFK and another for Jacqueline Kennedy?’

‘We know JFK’s nickname was *Jack*, but my father specifically said “*The Group’s code word*” for both the president and his wife. *The Group* is MJ-12. We know MJ-12 were formed in 1947 to control the formation of the NSA, CIA, and the US’s whole nuclear program through the Atomic Energy Commission. But why is my father referring to MJ-12 having a code word for JFK over a dozen years later? And if MJ-12 had a nickname for JFK, I doubt *Jack* would be that word?’ ‘And Jacqueline Kennedy is not likely to be *Jackie*, either?’ notes Emma.

‘My father listed a bunch of letters and numbers as well. I have no idea what they mean. And whatever these numbers end up being, we need to divide them by the age I was when I broke my arm, which was five, and then the age I broke my toe. I broke my toe playing soccer when I was 12.’

The lift door opens.

A suspicious-looking Thai man loiters outside the lawyers’ office block.

Seeing the Stroheims entering the street, the man instantly looks away, then, when C.J. and Emma walk past, he follows them.

C.J. senses something is not right. He sees the Thai man from the corner of his eye. C.J. looks ahead, whispering to Emma, ‘I think we are being followed, but don’t stop. Keep walking – and don’t turn around – just follow me’.

C.J. leads Emma into a nearby bank, featuring a large glass window near the main entry. Once inside, C.J. walks briskly to face the window. He catches the Thai man staring in. The surprised man turns his head away, being startled momentarily, before continuing walking – quickening his stride.

‘He’s definitely following us. Quick, follow me.’

The bank has another exit leading to a common area, with an internal lift.

The doors open and they step in, with the Thai man glimpsing the Stroheims as they disappear behind the closing lift doors.

Leaving the lift on the third floor, C.J. and Emma locate a stairwell leading back to the ground, with a door opening into a laneway outside the building. Unable to see the man who followed them, they scurry outside.

The Stroheims have faced threats in the past – their computers hacked into, phones tapped, home and hotel rooms bugged. They have been chased by cars and shot at. Since the book was published, they have kept a low profile. They also stringently monitor what information they research and how to do it.

Whistleblower Edward Snowden alerted the world to the intrusive powers of the NSA. The Stroheims know firsthand of being monitored while on the Internet, with their files searched and downloaded, as well as their computers blocked from entering certain sites including well-known public pages such as Wikipedia. They have learned to take precautions.

The opportunity to uncover the truth behind JFK’s assassination, as well as September 11 has C.J. and Emma salivating at the thought.

Back in their hotel room, Emma smiles at her husband. ‘We’re going to write another book, aren’t we?’

He grabs Emma’s hands. ‘I love you more than anything in the world, but you do know if we go down this path ...’

She interjects. ‘You don’t need to ask my permission. We’re a team. We’re both on the same page here. I love you – now let’s get on with it; we have a book to write!’

C.J. pulls her in close, kissing her tenderly.

Later, Emma says, 'Before we start researching, we need to understand why and how we were followed. They know we came to Bangkok to pick up something. We'll be harassed and followed until they find out what it is. Maybe we should tell them!'

'Are you serious?'

'I think we should email and phone home to tell everyone why we came to Bangkok and what your father left for us. But not tell them what we really found. Think about it C.J.; they know we are here for a reason – they know we came to your father's lawyers. We can use this to our advantage.'

'Ahh' utters C.J., now understanding her logic.

'We know any emails or texts we send will be scrutinized. We might be able to throw them off our scent.'

'You are a devious woman. So, what do you suggest was our reason to come here?'

'I'll give it some thought. Let's grab a coffee on the way to the business center.'

The computers at the hotel's business center are free.

Emma sips her coffee, thinks, then comments, 'It can't be too obvious – they'll see through it. Apart from information, what were the most important things in your father's life?'

'Family; me and Mum.'

'Your mum!' exclaims Emma, as an idea comes to mind. 'Didn't you say that she always wanted to write a book? Well then, why don't we say that your mum was writing a book and your father had kept it hidden all these years. And it was kept here in Bangkok.'

'That's brilliant. We could say that my father did not want to give me Mum's book until now, because he wanted me to concentrate on researching and writing the book about *his* life. He felt that two years after his death would be the appropriate time to reveal Mum's writings.'

'The only thing is: *Why would he not show you your mum's writings while he was alive?* We need to make it plausible. I have an idea.'

Emma sends emails and text messages to her father and her friends:

Hi, CJ and I are in Bangkok. We have exciting news. Before Max Stroheim passed away, he left a package with lawyers in Bangkok. You may know that CJ's mother was quite creative. Unbeknown to CJ, she'd been writing a book, a novel, yet did not get the chance to finish it. The book is a work of fiction – a romantic spy novel. However Max felt that if the NSA ever saw the script they might misconstrue some of the information as being about his life, so he kept the papers hidden until now, for CJ to receive two years after the rest of the estate was settled.

We have read the manuscript – nine completed chapters and a few paragraphs of a tenth chapter. Although not complete, it is well written and entertaining. There are no references to the NSA or anything remotely resembling Max Stroheim's career, yet the lead character does resemble his personality and intellect. We're sure she based the character on her husband, yet we're also certain that Mary knew little to nothing of Max's NSA career. Even so, she had an active imagination. I can see where CJ gets his creative flair.

It's a shame Mary Stroheim never finished the book. Maybe CJ can finish it? He's entertaining the idea. We have no other business here in Bangkok, however we might stay for another week or so. The hotel is beautiful – and I've yet to hit the shops! Hope all is well. See you soon, love Emma and C.J., x.

'Alright, that's done,' announces Emma. 'Let's start on your father's list. The first name is *Dorothy Kilgallen*.'

'You said in your emails that you would do some shopping, so why don't you do some while you can. We're in no rush. I'll tell you all about Dorothy Kilgallen when you get back.'

'Who could argue with that logic!'