The mysterious death of Ron Brown has caused much controversy and suspicion, and in this investigative book, Cashill takes a close look at Brown’s checkered career as Clinton fund-raiser and commerce secretary and consequently exposes the Clintons dirty, relentless practices for getting financial backing. Cashill answers the most trenchant questions surrounding Brown’s rise and fall: Why did his plane crash? Why did the White House suppress an investigation? What was the purpose of Brown’s trade missions? And what larger forces caused the Clintons to seek international cash? Using the case of Ron Brown’s untimely death as a touchstone for the Clintons unseemly and unsavory practices in the White House, Cashill explores the seedy depths of the most corrupt administration in American history during its two most desperate years and
focuses directly on the machinations of the direst threat to today's political scene, Hillary Clinton.

**Personal Review: Ron Browns Body : How One Mans Death Saved the Clinton Presidency and Hillarys Future by Jack Cashill**

Nearly flawless telling of another unreported tale. When a nitwit like Cindy Sheehan can get on TV any time she wants by uttering inanities and lies, while this book gets ignored, we know a lot about the press in this country. This is some serious "truth to power" folks.....Read the tale of Clinton's creation of the Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument and tell me how this wasn't a payback.

There is little point refuting the ad hominem attacks. These folks have not read the book, or suffer from that common disease of the left, "one-drop" thinking. In other words, one drop of evil, sin, or error permanently removes the sufferer from all future discussion. Therefore, it is vital to never be tainted with that drop. This is why the left feels they can shut up critics by smugly calling them racists, assuming no one else will listen again to one so thoroughly discredited. This effective way of disposing of opponents goes way back; Lenin said, "Why should we bother to reply to Kautski? He would reply to us, and we would have to reply to his reply. There's no end to that. It will be quite well enough for us to announce that Kautski is a traitor to the working class, and everyone will understand everything."

Thus the desperation to avoid any taint on either Clinton, even when the evidence is spelled out in names, dates and places. Once besmirched, they would be removed from all future thought. Only pure candidates can represent the left, and so they must define their candidates as pure and fight to the death those who propose otherwise. Just as only thugs, loonies, hypocrites, religious cranks, racists, Fascists or other nitwits could possibly question or criticize those saintly members of the pantheon. (And they think I operate on a foolish faith???)

Anyway, to the topic at hand. Jack Cashill (Clintonesque full disclosure: Jack and I go way back, having grown up near each other in New Jersey and still maintaining a close and deep friendship; honest full disclosure: I've met him at a book signing and e-mailed him a couple of times) is a smart man with a fire in his belly to expose corruption and decay wherever he finds it. That makes investigating the 8 years of Clinton a full-time job. No friend of Big Business, no lackey of any label that could not be defined, Jack evaluates and exposes whatever he turns up. For as this book amply, consistently, and with extensive footnotes and as much corroboration from folks who would never be in anyone's VRWC (except Hillary's, who defines all those who question as such) demonstrates, the Clinton years would require a lot of scouring to rise to the level of cesspool. For 4 years the only apparent purpose of the Department of Commerce was to raise money for the Clinton campaigns, and Ron Brown was the designated
hustler. From chaperoning business executives to Asia, strong-arming reluctant foreigners, or promulgating policies designed to pay back those contributors, the Clintons and their increasingly reluctant bagboy Ron Brown spent years hawking whatever they had to sell. And raising buckets of money doing so.

Well Ron had second thoughts, reluctantly departed on a poorly organized, hastily arranged trip, and died in a most mysterious manner. Those are facts. How he ended up on that hillside is the story Jack tells, and though all explanations are indeed merely conjecture, since those who know are either dead or not speaking, he makes a mighty convincing case. Read this to see how your welfare and safety have been sold, and how you got nothing from the sale but a degraded and cheesy President.

I'd dock a half-star for the incessant phony suspense "This is something Ron would only learn much later, when it was too late." Organ wheeze! The writing is corny in the beginning, but once Jack gets rolling, it is a freight-train of power as its sordid and miserable story unfolds. And photos. Two pictures? That's all? With so many characters, a few photos (or none) would have been nice. Minor quibbles in an otherwise gripping, serious book.

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