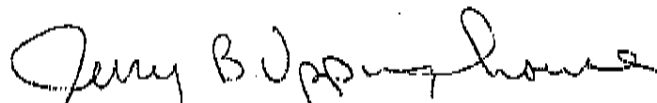


M E M O R A N D U M

To: Don
From: Jerry
Date: 1-20-82
Re: Fletcher Thorton

Due to circumstances which we have discussed, it becomes necessary to suspend Fletcher Thorton from coaching and/or instructing in River City Judo Club here at West Central Community Center. This decision will remain in effect until a resolution of this problem has been established. It is my understanding that this issue is scheduled for hearing by the National Judo Association at their February 1982 meeting. I expect that there will be a resolution of the matter at that time.

As per our conversation, and on the advise of Mr. Hennessey, our attorney, Mr. Thorton is prohibited from coaching and instructing in Judo Activities. I feel that as long as West Central Community Center Staff are present during Judo Club Meetings, a continued high quality of program integrity will be maintained.


Jerry Uppinhouse, Recreation Director
West Central Community Center

cc: Don Higgins
River City Judo Club
Fletcher Thorton
Harry Hennessey, Attorney
Lois Stratton, Representative

JU:fmg

AFFIDAVIT OF ROBERT A. WOEHLIN

ROBERT A WOEHLIN, being first duly sworn, on oath, desposes and says:

I am writing you this to inform you on the actions of Mr. Fletcher Thornton that I myself have witnessed over the past two or three years.

May 20, 1978, Fletch, Denise Hill, Kris Thomfochela, Helene Young, and myself went to Missoula, Montana for a judo clinic. After the clinic one of the instructors from the Missoula area was having a barbecue at his residence in the woods. Before going there, Fletcher bought a case of beer. On our way there he asked us if we wanted a beer. Denise and I obliged ourselves. By the time we arrived at the barbecue I was feeling pretty good and so was Denise. Denise, Kris and I stayed in his van by ourselves. It was getting late and we took a walk around. I then saw a group of people where Fletcher and Denise were standing. They were all smoking pot. They passed it to me and I smoked some. That was the last thing I remember. Then I woke up in the guys house the next morning.

July, 1978, Fletcher, Denise, Jerry Davis, and I went to St. Louis, Missouri for the USJA Nationals. We all stayed in a large suite, along with Dawn Beers, a girl 16 or 17 from Utah. The "very" first night Jerry and I "had" to stay with Jim McMullen, an adult from our club, because Fletcher told us to. The second night and from then on Jerry and I stayed in the suite with Fletcher and the girls. That day Fletcher brought to the room a fifth of Vodka and asked Denise, Jerry and myself if we wanted a drink -- then he left. Jerry and I had very little. Then Denise within 20 minutes had drunk practically the whole fifth. She got very sick. Jerry and I had to clean up the terrible mess she made. That night Fletcher brought out some pot. I smoked some with Dawn Beers. Denise never got to smoke any

AFFIDAVIT OF ROBERT A. WOEHRLIN
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because Fletcher said she was a 'bad girl' that day from getting sick, not from drinking, but for making such a mess. That night I ^{saw} ~~saw~~ Fletcher and Denise in bed doing something.

The next night we all got very stoned. I know that his pot was laced because one joint between two or three people paralyzed your whole body and made you not able to talk well.

The evening after we fought and we got very stoned again with Fletcher. He had some beer and wine in the room and people started getting very drunk. And thats all.

Let me state that Jerry Davis did not smoke any pot the whole trip or at any other time that I have known him.

September, 1978, we went to Scottsdale, Arizona for a tournament. The day we arrived Denise and I went into Thornton's hotel room to see what he was doing. We walked in and he was laying 'on' his bed in his underwear only and never did cover himself. He asked denise and I if we wanted to smoke some pot. So we smoked a little and left.

March, 1978, our judo club went to Columbia Falls, Montana. My friend and I stayed with my parents. We went to Denise' room to see what she was doing. She said Fletcher had invited her to his room so we went too. He asked us if we wanted to get stoned. My friend and I didn't, but Denise did. Then we went back to our rooms.

October 20, 1979, our club went to Portland, Oregon. After fighting, Fletcher asked Julie Korski and I what we were doing that night. We said we were going to Julie's sisters house. He gave Julie some pot to give to me, so we could party. He wanted what was left given back. Well I took

AFFIDAVIT OF ROBERT A. WOEHRLIN
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it home with me. Fletcher has also given me pot after judo practices,
quite a few times. I never did ask him for it.

This has been signed of my own free will.

Robert A. Woehrlin

ROBERT A. WOEHRLIN

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN to before me this 22nd day of Dec,

1981.

Reggie G. Van Hoff

Notary Public in and for the State
of Washington, residing at Spokane.



AFFIDAVIT OF JULIE KORSKI

On November 19, 1977 I went to Richland, Washington for a judo tournament. I went down with my parents and after the tournament I came home with Fletcher Thornton and Denise Hill in his van. On the way home, after driving about 45 minutes, Fletcher pulled over onto a side road. When he had pulled over he had Denise and I go to the back of the van with him. Fletcher sat between Denise and I (which was not uncommon, since he usually was always touching us in some way). Then we all smoked one joint and we left. We were driving home and within about 15-20 minutes I was asleep leaning against Fletcher's shoulder. I was sitting on pillows on the floor because there were only two seats. I know Fletcher put something in that pot because the times that I had smoked pot before that I had never fallen asleep so fast and felt so out of it and drugged just by one joint, that I had just a little of. I had kind-of woke up and I felt Fletcher's hand inside my shirt rubbing my breasts. I was so startled and scared to do anything about it. I fell asleep again and then he pulled over onto a dirt road. My head was on Fletcher's knees and he had unzipped his pants and exposed himself. He turned my head towards him and tried to force his penis into my mouth. I kept turning my head away and he soon gave up. Then he told Denise to go to the back of the van behind the curtain or whatever it was, so she did. He took me and put me on the seat and undid my shirt and pants, then started licking and sucking my vagina and rubbing my breasts. I was very very scared and so embarrassed. Then, he started to unzip his pants and was going to put his penis in me, but I could finally clear my head enough and kept saying "no". Then a car was coming towards us and Fletcher got scared and got up, then we left really fast. Nothing else happened to me on the way home, he took me home and dropped me off. Denise Hill had mentioned to me that "something" had happened to her on the way up to

Richland riding up with just her and Fletcher, but, I didn't ask any questions, but with Fletcher I could just imagine.

I was up at judo camp, Camp Seiko Ku at Materderi, Washington on June 17-27, 1978. I was upset and Fletcher asked me if I wanted to go talk. So we went to his van and he asked me if I wanted a joint, I said "no". He started to rub my neck, then my shoulders and then I said I felt better, so he let me go. Even though he never really touched me that time in the van, I was very scared and emotionally very hurt and upset.

Another time I was at Am Can Judo Tournament on May 27, 1978 at the Sheraton Hotel. I was standing there talking to Fletcher and he told me to keep talking and we'd walk up to his hotel room for a second, so he could get something. I didn't think anything of it, so I went. We got to the room and he told me to sit down. He offered be a beer but, I said "no" and sat down. He sat down behind me and started rubbing my whole back and shoulders. He asked me how things were going down in Oregon where I had moved and I had a feeling what might happen so I started right in talking about unimportant things and so we left.

One time I walked into a hotel room of Fletcher's and there were two young girls who I didn't know and he was walking around in just his underwear.

When I was at judo practice and doing mat work with Fletcher, he would grab my judo gi and start pushing on my breasts. When we were both on the floor his hands would be on my breasts, around my vaginal area and on my bottom, it was very intentional. They were definitely not any judo holds or techniques.

There was a tournament in Portland, Oregon on October 20, 1979. Bobby Woehrlin, Helen Young, and myself were going to go stay with my older sister, Sue. Before we left, Fletcher asked us what we were going to do that night and he gave me some pot to give to Bobby to have a party. Fletcher had told us not to smoke

AFFIDAVIT OF KRISTINE THOMFOHRDE

KRISTINE THOMFOHRDE, being first duly sworn, on oath, deposes and says:

Montana's Clinic, May 19th and 20th 1978. Team members involved; 3 females and one male, ranging between 12 & 16 years of age.

On the way over to the Montana Clinic a team member asked Fletcher Thornton if he had brought any pot. Thornton said he has some in his briefcase. He said he could get in a lot of trouble if he was caught with it. He said if anyone of us told our parents he would come and get us (do bodily harm). Also he repeated this treat on the way back from Montana.

Later, after the clinic, we went up into the mountains. Before we got up there, Fletcher stoped at a local store and bought a case of beer. Anyway, we could have some when we got up to this mans cabin.

Thornton told us we were going to this mans cabin to have a barbecue. This man was the Sencel of Missoula's Judo Club. He was a black belt and a good friend of Thornton.

Almost everyone that went to the clinic was there. We got there around 5:00 PM or so, and steaks and salads were being prepared. There were two kuggers and an ice chest full of beer. Thornton didn't care if any of his kids were drinking. In face he encouraged it. I and another didn't partake of any.

Thornton and two of my team mates were sitting in his jeep finishing off the case of beer and were drinking the beers in the ice chest. One of the kids had at least 23 beers and was feeling no pain. Thornton thought that was funny and didn't even care.

9:00 PM -- The party was growing smaller as alot of people were going home.

Thats when the quiet little barbecue became a roaring pot party. Thornton and the coach of Missoula's club decided to light up a pipe with pot laced with angel dust. There was a group of about 7-10 peope circled around, smoking the pipe. Thornton tryed to pressure me into smoking the pipe, but I would not smoke the pot.

Later after most of the peope were stoned and out of it, myself and another team member ate some chocolate cake. Thornton encouraged us to eat this cake, to have several more pieces. He stated that we would have fun and enjoy it.

Later, I felt tired and depressed and hungry.

I wondered IF the cake has been "laced", when Thornton stated "your two are acting funny (saracastically).

Two weeks later, I asked the lady who made the cake if she or someone had laced the cake, but she said she couldn't remember.

AFFIDAVIT OF KRISTINE THOMFOHRDE

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About 10 PM they formed a circle again & smoked the pipe.

One boy (a team member) was stoned and Thornton knew it. He helped him get that way. The boy wanted to have sex with a specific girl, but could not tell the difference between the other girls and that girl. Thornton really encouraged the boy to have sex with the girl (one of my teammates).

The boy finally crashed in Thornton's jeep and got sick all over his new brown pants. Thornton told us and him to lie to his parents and tell them he got sick on his pants because of roasted hot dogs. This was on May 20th - the next day.

About 12:00 in the evening, the boy and girl (2 of my teammates) fell asleep together in Thornton's jeep. Almost everyone had left. Thornton and the coach who was the owner of the cabin we were staying at, prepared another pipe. This time it was made of anything they could get their hands on; cinnamon, parsley, etc.

at 2:00 AM all the team that went down with Thornton drove into town to eat breakfast with him.

We went back to the cabin and we were all sleeping together, in one room, on the floor.

One female member told me 3-4 days later that she saw Thornton in the same sleeping bag with another female member of the team.

In the winter of 1978 at the Denver Classic, most of our club was eating dinner in a restaurant. I was eating with my mom. I went to another table to talk to a young girl from our team. I and this girl had just finished dinner. She told me earlier that Thornton was going to buy her some liquor at the store across the street. This girl went into the bar and got him. Thornton called to me to come along and I jumped to his order. I asked where they were going and the reply was to the store for beer or something.

I remember what he told us -- that our parents don't even exist. He makes the decisions and we follow them. That when we are on the mat or on a trip somewhere, we have to obey him and only him, not our parents. He said we were his responsibility and that we have to do as he says, no matter what.

My mom called me back because she knew where they were going and didn't want me involved. Thornton got really mad and was frustrated. He gave mom a dirty look and said don't mind your mother, wouldn't you rather go with me? I was caught in the middle. I finally went back to mom and Thornton took this other girl over to the store and got some beer. My mom wouldn't let me go anywhere with Thornton that trip.

In July, 1978, at the USJA Nationals in St. Louis, Missouri, Thornton and 4 others (2 boys ages 12&13 and 2 girls ages 12&16) were all staying in the same bedroom. It had two single beds and a living room, it was a suite.

A girl from our club and a girl from Utah were on the bed getting a massage from Thornton. Then the youngest girl (12) showed me what Thornton had gotten for them. They had a bottle of hard liquor in this cabinet -