

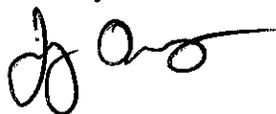
This is my statement regarding the morning in question that happened sometime in August of 2010. I traveled to Washington D.C. to visit Jim Rowe, whom I have known for some time and served in the military with. He had asked me to come out for a visit and see the final Marine Corps Parade for the year since I had never been out to see it. Sometime later that night Mrs. Clay (not sure of rank) came up and introduced herself to me, then proceeded to show me the bottle of whiskey she was carrying around in her purse. She proceeded to come up and ask Jim Rowe and myself if we wanted to go to her place and party, in which we declined. Towards the end of the night she came up to me again and introduced two women to me (don't know any names), and Mrs, Clay said that they wanted to party with Jim and myself, and again she proceeded to ask Jim and myself if we would come back to her house and party with them (Mrs, Clay and these other women). This time we told that we were not interested and to pretty much leave us alone. Mrs. Clay was not happy with the response at all, mumbled a couple of things and left. A short while later Jim, his wife and myself left and went to Jim's house. The next morning Jim and myself woke up early, he wanted to take me to the barracks to meet some of the other Marines, check out his office and to see the formation before the Marines were sent on leave. As we were driving down the streets to the barracks I was checking out all the houses and sights (I had never been to Washington D.C.), and I was talking to Jim about the houses when we noticed one them with the front door laid wide open showing the inside of the house. Jim stopped and told me that the house belonged to one of the Marines, Mrs. Clay's house from the night before. We stopped and Jim walked toward the house, when he got close to the house he picked up a dog running around and took it inside the house. I heard Jim yell for Mrs. Clay from the door way as I sat in the Jeep. A few minutes later Jim came to me and said he needed my help. We walked in to the house and Jim explained to me that one of his Marines was upstairs. He did not want to get the Marine in trouble so he asked me to go get the Marine upstairs and explain to him that he wasn't in trouble but he needed to leave Mrs. Clay's house and get to the barracks. Jim walked into the kitchen so he could not see the Marine (so the Marine would not get in trouble) and I proceeded up the stairs to get him. I opened the door, asked the Marine his name (don't remember) and told him that he was not in any trouble but he needed to get back to the barracks. The Marine finished getting dressed, we walked downstairs, Mrs. Clay was at the bottom of the stairs she never said a word to the Marine and he left. Jim came out from around the corner never seeing the Marine. Mrs. Clay apologized to Jim, and they started talking. Mrs. Clay asked Jim to threaten the Marine that left to keep quite about what had happened, Jim told her he wasn't going to say anything to the Marine and she got angry with him. Then she asked Jim to go upstairs to talk with her more, Jim said he couldn't we needed to get to the barracks and then we had a tour scheduled at the White House. Mrs. Clay refused to let us leave standing in the front doorway of the house, wrapping her arms around Jim asking him to just come upstairs for a few minutes to talk with her. Jim said she wouldn't let us leave until he went and talked with her so they walked upstairs. I sat at the bottom of the stairs and could hear them talking, laughing and giggling. I told Jim from the bottom of the stairs and that we needed to leave, I heard a little more giggling and he told me to come upstairs. I went to the top of the stairs where the bedroom was and walked in. Jim and Mrs. Clay were laying side by side naked in the bed talking and laughing. We made small talk, they got dressed and we went back downstairs, made a little more small talk and we left. Shortly after we left, the phone calls and texts

wanted to talk to him she could do it downstairs and that we needed to get going. Mrs. Clay told Jim that she needed to talk to him in private to please go upstairs with her. Jim proceeded to go upstairs with Mrs. Clay again. After a few minutes of being downstairs hearing them laughing and talking upstairs I could tell it wasn't something important or private that she wanted to talk to Jim about. I got frustrated, went upstairs and walked into the bedroom. Mrs. Clay was naked straddled on top of Jim masturbating and telling Jim she knew he would like that. I told Jim that I was leaving. Jim told Mrs. Clay to get off of him and we walked downstairs. Mrs. Clay followed us down after getting dressed and apologized, asked us to stay longer and tried to make conversation once again. I said no, and Jim said we were leaving. We left the house and went to check out the sights while Mrs. Clay's phone calls started up again. Finally Jim turned his phone off. We continued the day, went back to his house, had dinner with his wife and went to sleep. We got up the next morning and I went home.

This is my statement of the night of the last Marine Corp. Parade and the next day. I affirm that this statement is true to the best of my knowledge.

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Regards,  
Jeremy Owens



8/17/2011