

Says waitress of terror pilots: “I thought they were Mafia

By Daniel Hopsicker

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Less than six weeks before the September 11 attack, Mohamed Atta and Marwan Al-Shehhi engaged in a fist-pounding shouting match, according to eyewitnesses, at The Pelican Alley restaurant in Venice, Florida.

Long after the FBI’s official chronology asserts that Atta’s Hamburg cadre had left Venice, their initial port of entry into American pilot training, the core of the terrorist group was still moving in and out of town, asserts “*Mohamed Atta & the Venice Flying Circus*,” a new documentary investigating the Florida flight schools training terrorist pilots. An eight-minute segment is airing this week at www.theconspiracychannel.com.

Just six weeks before they are incinerated along with thousands of their victims after they apparently murderously wrenched control of their planes from their pilots and steered them into the World Trade Center Towers, Atta and his young sidekick Marwan were arguing so loudly in a Gulf-front restaurant that their waitress alerted the restaurant’s manager.

“Right after [Sept 11] we had newspapers come down, and immediately we knew what it was about, because I remembered the table, and so did Tom,” says Renee Adorna. “And when they showed us their pictures, I immediately recognized them, because they’d caused a scene in our restaurant.”

Maybe the FBI Knew What They’d Find . . . If They Looked

Though it was said to be the most massive investigation in FBI history, it is a scene the FBI doesn’t even know occurred. Even though the restaurant is located barely a block from the terrorists rented home, agents never bothered to question anyone there.

How massive is that?

What Atta and Marwan were arguing about offers clues to what was going through their heads, and strangely, although the terrorist pilots have been universally labeled “Islamic fundamentalists,” what they were pounding the table over wasn’t an argument about fine points in the Koran . . .

They were arguing about *money*.

“The big guy was pounding his fist on the table, saying ‘We’re talking \$200,000! We’ve got to answer to the Family!’” recalls Renee Adorna, who with her husband Tom, owns and manages the restaurant.

“I thought they were Mafia, and tried to stay away from their table.”

“There were three of them, and they all looked of the Egyptian persuasion,” she continued. “Dark skin, dark hair. They were dressed in Florida-type shirts, you know, the silk with the pattern. And they were all wearing lots of jewelry . . . *Lots* of jewelry.”

“And I could have sworn that the one guy was wearing a cross, you know, the big gaudy gold cross on the chest. But I’m not sure now. But I know he had a big watch on,” Renee says.

Big Watch. Big Jewelry. Big Trouble for the “official story?”

And if it were, would it be any Big Surprise?

Witnesses to the Conspiracy in Progress

“I only recognized one of them, Atta,” Renee continues. “He barely spoke a word to me. But he had a really mean expression on his face. He seemed very unhappy. The other guy—the heavy-set guy, did all the talking and was very friendly and outgoing.”

“Atta and the big guy were arguing. And it was the big guy that was yelling at Atta, saying ‘we’re talking \$200,000! We’ve got to answer to the Family!’” she recalls.

“I thought they were Mafia, and tried to stay away from the table, pretty much, until it looked like it could get out of hand, and so I went and got the owner.”

“Renee came into the office and said there were three gentlemen who were getting very loud, and creating a scene,” Tom recalls. “She was afraid that it might get too out of control.”

Tom thereupon sat at a nearby table for the next 10 minutes, which served to quell the disturbance.

“I remember they were arguing about money,” he says. “The big guy was doing most of the talking. The other guy, the main guy, Atta, he sat there not saying a word.”

When they were asked if the FBI’s “massive” investigation had sent anyone into their restaurant, the answer, perhaps predictably, was, “No.”

“The FBI was right down the street at their [Atta and Marwan’s rented] house, but they never came by to see us,” Tom Adorna says.

“When nobody came over here to talk to us, only newspaper people, I thought it was pretty strange,” Renee Adorna states.

Maybe They Already Had Everything They Needed

“I mean, we thought that maybe they might want some information. But maybe they already had all the information that they needed.”

The FBI never finished its investigation into the Sept 11 disaster.

Their work was halted by George W. Bush, in an effort, he said, to free more manpower for the anthrax investigation.

Well, the anthrax is behind us now . . .

Three thousand dead people command us to find the truth about how it is they came to die on September 11 in the year 2001.

And any real search for that truth inevitably winds up, incongruously, in tiny Venice, Florida, at the Venice Municipal Airport, on whose runways, barely 18 months ago, Mohamed Atta joined the Venice Flying Circus.

Recognition of this prompted federal authorities responsible for barring dangerous aliens from the United States to send Atta's and al-Shehhi's names on federal visa approval forms to “flight school owner” Rudi Dekkers, supposedly six months to the day after the attack.

In an action akin to LBJ's presidential aides inviting Lee Harvey Oswald to a state dinner in the White House, Rudi Dekkers got a Free Ride.

It's known as “preparing the battlefield.”

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