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#### EX-DETROIT COPS: PROBE OF DANCER SHANTA BROWN'S DEATH HIT HURDLES

Two former Detroit police officers – a dispatcher and a homicide detective – said in sworn affidavits that police officials tried to cover up investigations into a long-rumoured wild party at the mayoral Mannogian Mansion and the slaying of dancer Shanta Brown.

#### Arthur 'Danny' Daniels, ex-cop

It was the dancer who started everything. The press was right, police officials did try to cover up investigations into the party at the mayor's mansion, but the mayor didn't have the dancer taken out. I'm not saying he's clean. He's a million miles from clean, but on that point they got it wrong. Someone wanted to take Mr. Mayor down. And who could blame them.

I had history with the *Free Press* you might say, so when the time was right, I called up Alison and said, 'let's meet.'

There's this bar I like up in Ferndale. Actually it's a gay bar. I don't play that way, but I like to mess with people's perceptions. Turns out the girl, I'm sorry, woman. I'd better say right now I treat everyone equal but I'm not into all that PC nonsense, I call a spade a spade and if a female is nearly thirty years younger than me, well she's a girl, but anyways, seems Alison felt kind of at home at that bar. Shame 'cause I thought she was a fine looking woman, but I'm too old for all that run around. Give me a pack of Marlboro's, a good book or an old film and I'm a happy man. I like those Raymond Chandler's. *Lady in the Lake*, *The Blue Dablia* and all that. Kind of ironic that dancer called herself Jessica Rabbit. Maybe she'd have called herself Veronica Lake if she hadn't been born after Veronica bought it. Old Philip Marlowe sure would be in his element here with all the corruption we got going on. Anyway, we had some good talks in our time, me and Alison. It makes a pleasant change to meet a journo who really wants to know the truth, 'cause everyone's pretty much scheming one way or another, just trying to get by in this broken town and no one cares about the truth.

That's how it started, but this story goes way back. Back to when I was a homicide cop. I saw my fair share of wackos, as well as all the day-to-day drug stuff. Over 300 murders a year we had when I was at my