

Statement of Juanita Broadrick

In recent months, my name has been released in connection with *Jones v. Clinton*. My family and I value our privacy. We do not want continued contact from the media. I am releasing this statement to provide the full story with the hopes that this will end the speculation which has surrounded me. I will not grant any requests for further interviews.

I met Mr. Clinton in 1978 when he was attorney general of Arkansas. Mr. Clinton was running for governor, and I worked for his campaign on the local county level. During a campaign stop at my nursing home, Mr. Clinton suggested that whenever I was in Little Rock I should visit the campaign headquarters. I informed Mr. Clinton that my director of nursing, Norma Rogers Kelsay, and I would be in Little Rock in a few weeks for a nursing home meeting. Mr. Clinton suggested that I call him if I had time to come by the campaign headquarters.

Mrs. Kelsay and I went to Little Rock the night before our nursing home meeting and spent the night at the Camelot Hotel. I called the campaign headquarters the next morning to see if we could come by the headquarters later in the day and pick up campaign items. The campaign worker gave me a message from Mr. Clinton requesting that I call him at his apartment. I called Mr. Clinton at the number which was provided, and Mr. Clinton said that he wanted to talk to me about something and he requested that we meet in the Camelot coffee shop. Mr. Clinton suggested the coffee shop because he said he was not going to the headquarters that day. Mr. Clinton said he would phone my room when he arrived at the hotel.

Mrs. Kelsay left to attend to our business in Little Rock. I planned to join Mrs. Kelsay as soon as I met with Mr. Clinton in the coffee shop. I received a call from Mr. Clinton; he stated that there were reporters in the coffee shop and could we meet and have coffee in my room. I agreed and ordered coffee for the meeting. When Mr. Clinton arrived at my room, he walked in and removed his suit jacket and hung it on a chair. We stood at the window looking out on the Arkansas River and drinking coffee. We talked for a few minutes. He began talking about the historic value of an old jail building on the river that he wanted to restore if he became governor. He suddenly came up behind me and as he did he turned me around and kissed me on the lips. I was quite surprised by Mr. Clinton's actions. I pushed him away and a struggle began. When the struggle ended, I had been sexually assaulted and raped by Bill Clinton. As he was leaving my room he put on his sunglasses and casually said, "You had better get some ice on that," referring to my swollen and bruised lips. I was dazed and experiencing a lot of pain. It was a terrible nightmare that has haunted me to this day.

Norma Rogers Kelsay returned about an hour after Mr. Clinton left my room. I told her what had happened. Mrs. Kelsay immediately got ice for my face. I had been too frightened to

leave my room for ice. We checked out of the hotel and drove home. During the drive I kept ice on my face. Mrs. Kelsay and I talked on the way home how unbelievable it was that a man who was the attorney general and about to be governor had sexually assaulted and raped me.

I was in shock. My biggest concern at that time was what to tell my husband about the injuries on my face. In the 1970s, allowing a man into a hotel room was enough to condemn me and not him. Mrs. Kelsay and I decided on the way home that ~~we~~^I couldn't tell about this incident, because we didn't think anyone would believe ~~us~~^{me}. When I arrived home, I told my husband that I had been hit in the face by a revolving door. He accepted this without suspicion.

In 1991, I was at a nursing home meeting in Little Rock, Arkansas. During the meeting, a man came to me and said that someone was waiting outside the meeting to talk with me. It was Mr. Clinton. He was standing away from the other people. I walked over to where he was standing. He grabbed my hand and immediately began a profuse apology for what he had done to me in 1978. He was making statements such as, "Can you ever forgive me for what I did" and "I am not the same man I used to be" and "How can I make this up to you." I was in a state of absolute shock that I was standing there listening to Bill Clinton apologize to me after all those years. I told him "You can go to hell." I turned and walked back to my friend, Mrs. Darden, who had followed me out of the meeting and was standing behind me. Mrs. Darden had observed my encounter with Mr. Clinton. Mrs. Darden and I returned to the meeting and told Mrs. Kelsay what had happened.

In the fall of 1992, Phil Yokum and Sheffield Nelson came to my office at Brownwood Manor. Mr. Yokum was had associates in the nursing home business in northwest Arkansas and was an acquaintance of mine. I had never met Mr. Nelson.

Mr. Yokum began talking about the 1978 incident with Mr. Clinton. Mr. Yokum and Mr. Nelson wanted me to come forward and tell the story publicly in order to damage Mr. Clinton politically. I was very surprised and asked Mr. Yokum where he had gotten this information. He said I had told him in 1981. I told him that was not true; he and I had not discussed the incident. I do not know how Mr. Yokum found out. I told him that any decision to come forward would be a joint decision made by me and my husband. My husband and I decided that it was not in our best interest to come forward.

Mr. Nelson and Mr. Yokum called my husband on several occasions seeking to convince him that I should make a statement regarding the incident. During one such call, Mr. Yokum stated that he had recorded the conversation that we had that day in my office and that he had this recording in a safe place. This was done without my knowledge. Mr. Yokum then contacted the media and calls from reporters soon followed. I have been bothered by the media on a consistent basis ever since.

Mr. Yokum sent me a letter, which, among other false statements, accused us of being bribed by Mr. Clinton for the purpose of not talking about the incident. This is completely untrue. The last thing in the world I would do is take a bribe from a man who is responsible for the most horrific event in my life. A bribe was never offered by anyone.

In November 1997, two investigators came to my home wanting information about the incident for use in *Jones v Clinton*. The encounter, which was brief, took place at my front door. I told them I did not want to cooperate and would not testify. This conversation was recorded without my knowledge and was subsequently released to the media. Shortly after this visit, I received a subpoena to appear in *Jones v Clinton*.

I still did not want to be involved. I wanted my right to privacy respected. My attorney told me that it would be difficult to quash the subpoena but that I might be able to provide an affidavit instead of a deposition. I gave an affidavit; a deposition was still demanded. I did not tell about the incident in the affidavit or deposition in order to avoid being a witness at the trial. I did not want the most horrific event of my life to be paraded in front of total strangers.

The Jones' lawyers continued to press the matter and attached a copy of the Yokum letter as an exhibit to a brief. This was in violation of the court's order that any material containing my name or the name of several other Jane Does was not to be released to the public. This was compounded by John Whitehead, co-counsel for Ms. Jones, appearing on national television and stating that he was sure we were bribed and intimidated. I have never met or spoken to Mr. Whitehead, and his assertions were untrue.

Because of the investigation being conducted by the Office of Independent Counsel and the pending impeachment trial, my name and story continue to be the subject of press speculation. It is my hope that the information contained in this statement will render it unnecessary for the media to speculate further or to continue to intrude in my life.